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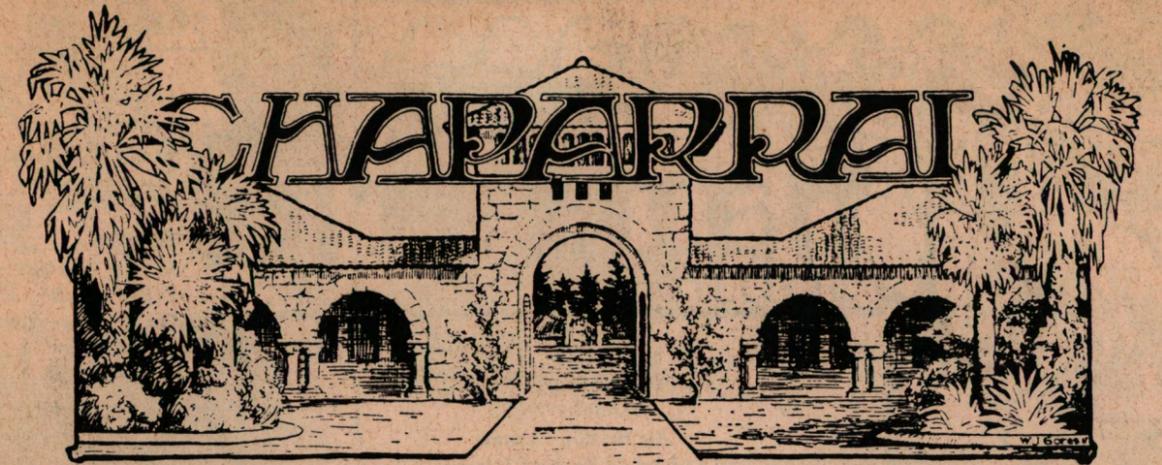
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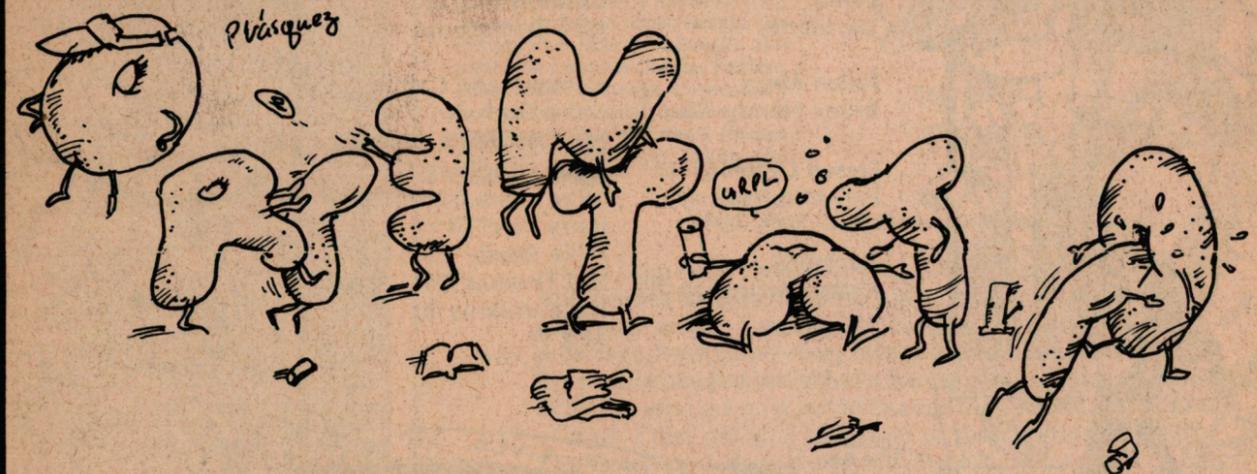
Courses Begin: Tuesday, October 23
 Wednesday, October 24th

Hours: 2:30-5:30 PM /or/ 7:00-10:00 PM



volume 81, number 1 freshman orientation, 1979

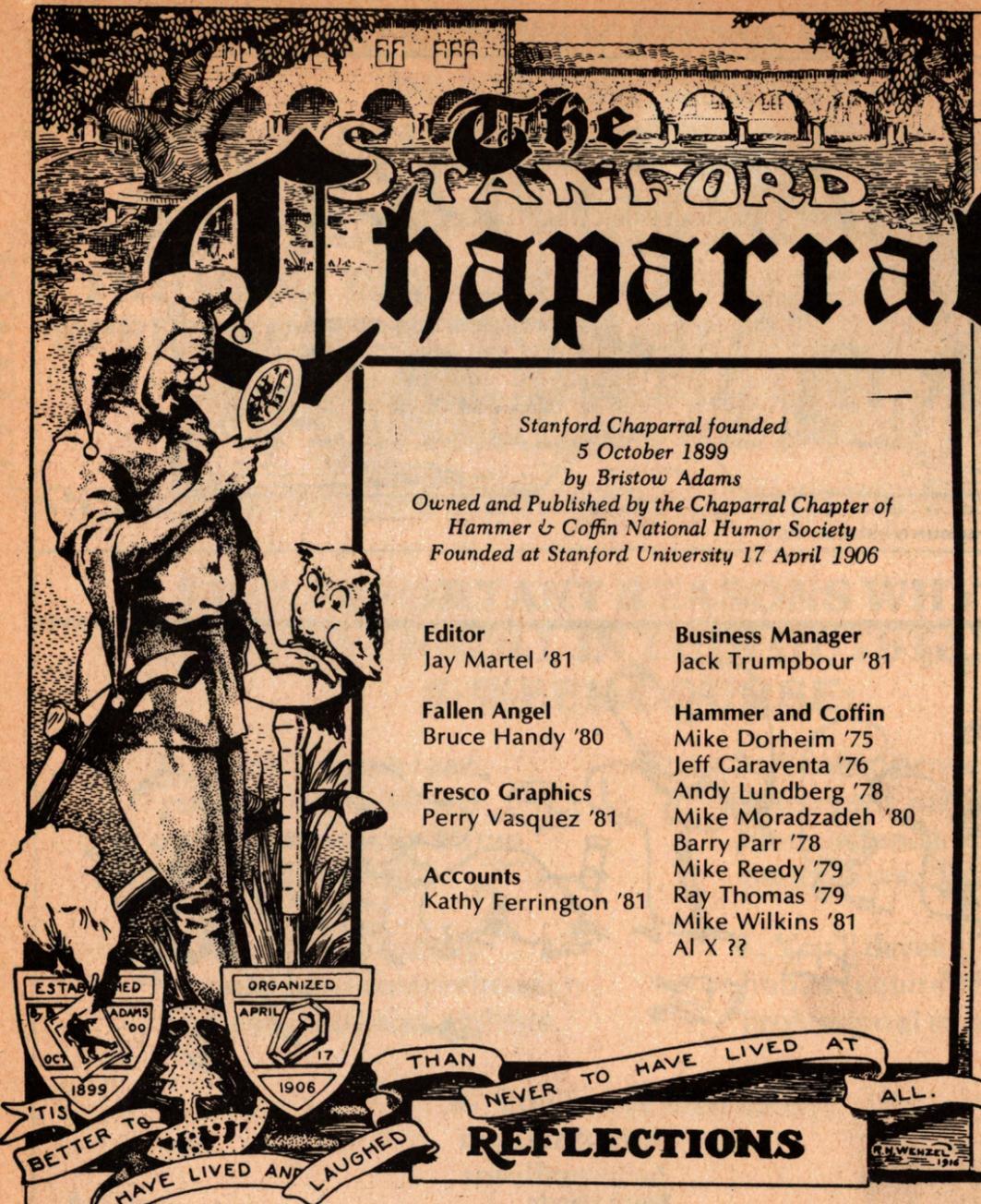
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Stanford Chaparral founded October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams. Owned and Published by the Chaparral Chapter of the Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Society, founded at Stanford University, April 17, 1906. Bona fide college magazines are granted reprint rights of editorial material provided credit is given to the Stanford Chaparral. All others must pay . . . cash. ©1979 by the Stanford Chaparral. P.S.S.S.S.S.: Come on, Jane, write! Editor, Stanford Chaparral, Storke Student Publications Building, Stanford, Ca. 94305.

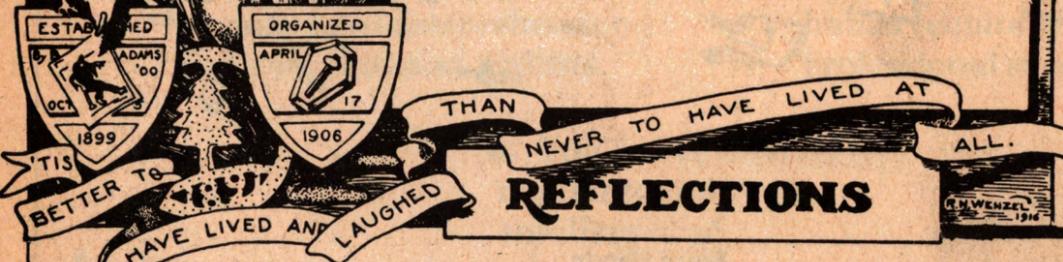




The Stanford Chaparral

Stanford Chaparral founded
5 October 1899
by Bristow Adams
Owned and Published by the Chaparral Chapter of
Hammer & Coffin National Humor Society
Founded at Stanford University 17 April 1906

Editor Jay Martel '81	Business Manager Jack Trumpbour '81
Fallen Angel Bruce Handy '80	Hammer and Coffin Mike Dorheim '75 Jeff Garaventa '76 Andy Lundberg '78 Mike Moradzadeh '80 Barry Parr '78
Fresco Graphics Perry Vasquez '81	Mike Reedy '79 Ray Thomas '79 Mike Wilkins '81 Al X ??
Accounts Kathy Ferrington '81	



new that
the decision has been made as far as your life is concerned, we'd like to be among the first to congratulate you. No school boasts a bigger and better line of T-shirts than Stanford. And for the money you pay, you'll undoubtedly be impressed by the quality of

education here. We certainly are.
Now that wasn't so hard. The fuzzy feeling tweaks all the tissues in your body, but you are not alone. Yes, you have all come from other worlds and have materialized on this secluded planet of spreading palms and no seconds. After counting the particles of your body to make sure everything's arrived, you must quickly learn the necessities of living in this new world: A collection of electrical components that woofs louder

than the next one, and the ability to hit a small green ball with a strung oval.
The spread-out campus, with the tribute to Hoover erected sharply in the center, excites you. Of course it does. But life here isn't all a bowl of cherries, although some of the dorms may have more than their share. You, the fresh one, will surely meet with some surprises in your first year stretch. Allow the legendary Old Boy, with sacred hammer close at hand, to bust a few of these "cherries" before

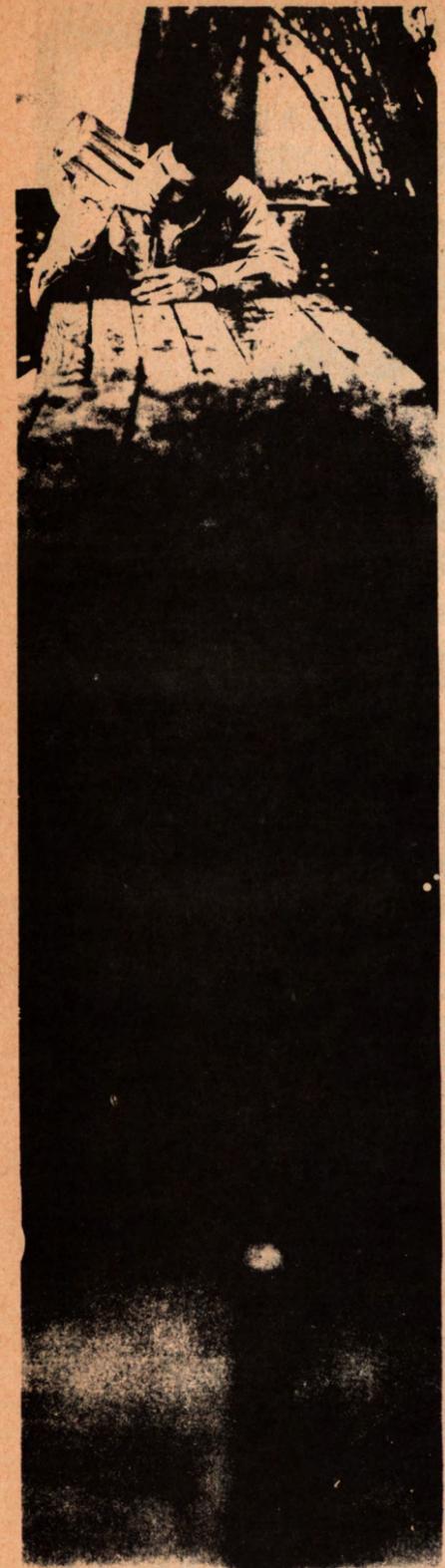
staff

Editorial
Steve Adolph
Rob Holbrook
Doug Steiner

Graphics
Kelsie Harder
Dave Lyon
Derek Mueller

Sure, Kesslah
Steve Kessler

Senator
Geoff Baskir



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I Can Give You a Conservative Student Body in Only Five Years!

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY:
"Before taking the Charles Radless course in Admission Dynamics, my student body was the laughingstock of the conference. I suffered from trashed facilities, conscientious objection, and radical outbreaks. But right after I sent for Charles Radless, things began to change. Unnecessary and unsightly facial hair began to disappear. Also, my mean income and test scores rose. Thank you Charles Radless!"



1970 — 1975
TYPICAL FRESHMAN

—Dick Lyman
Major West Coast University President

And I can do the same for you. When I started as Dean of Admissions at Swarthmore, I was plagued by the same problems as Mr. Lyman. My campus was covered with rads, fags, freaks, and every other sort of human aberration. This really bugged me. What's the use of educating a bunch of creeps who are only out to change the system, anyway?

Well, I just got sick and tired of their jeers and scorn. That's when I developed Admissions Dynamics. My method is simplicity itself. Just a few simple manipulations every year and suddenly I had a new, conservative student body. Admissions Dynamics is based upon the well-known principle that student bodies replace themselves every four years. This idea is a revolution in student body-building.

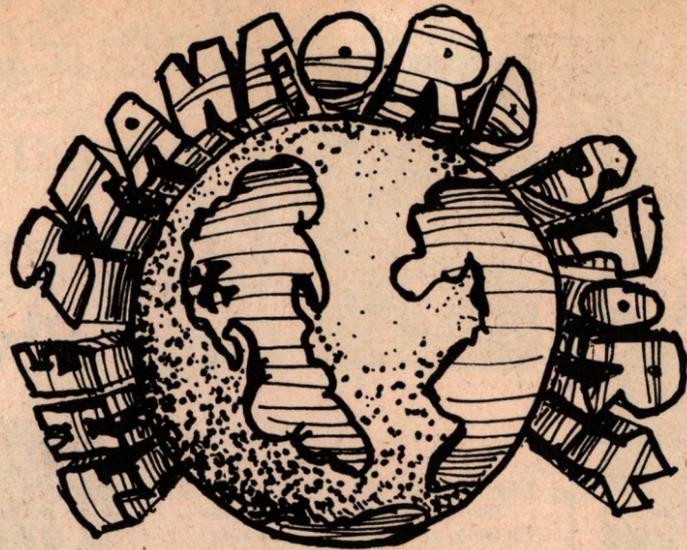
Why not fill out the application today? I'll send you complete information on Charles Radless Admissions Dynamics.

Charles Radless Admission Dynamics

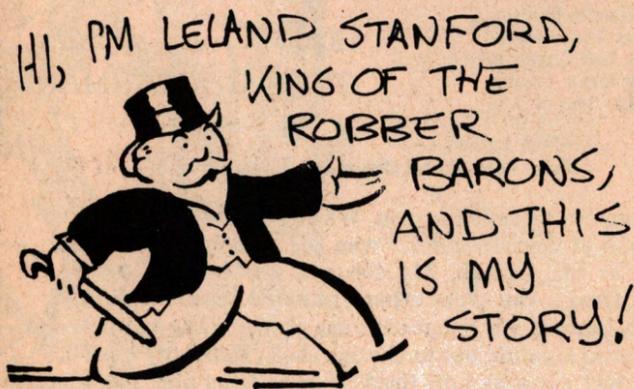
c/o Fred Hargadon
Dean of Admissions
Stanford, CA 94305

Yes! I'm tired of being laughed at for my radical tendencies. I want a new, conservative student body. I'm enclosing a \$25 application fee for complete information.

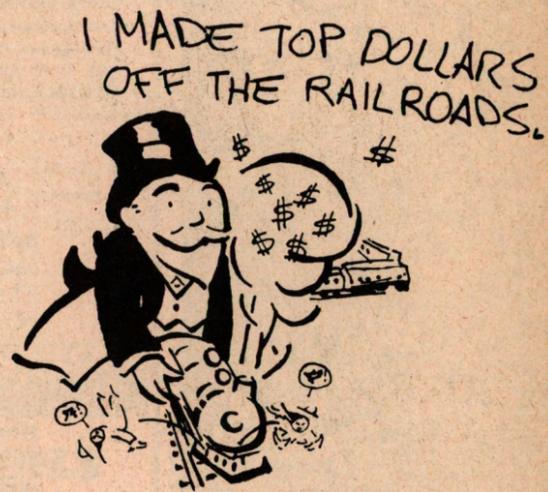
President _____ Dean _____ Commandant _____
University _____
Luftstalg _____ State _____ Zip _____



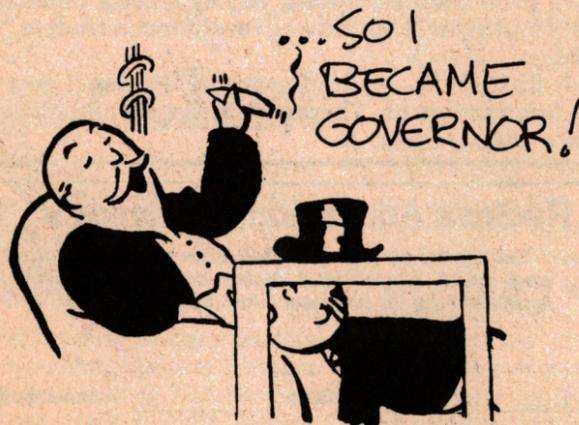
• SPANNING THE GLOBE TO BRING YOU A QUALITY EDUCATION •



Hi, PM LELAND STANFORD, KING OF THE ROBBER BARONS, AND THIS IS MY STORY!



I MADE TOP DOLLARS OFF THE RAILROADS.



...SO I BECAME GOVERNOR!

BUT THEN, TRAGEDY ENTERED MY PARADISE..



MY SON, LELAND JR. DIED...

SO I FOUNDED A UNIVERSITY IN HIS MEMORY!



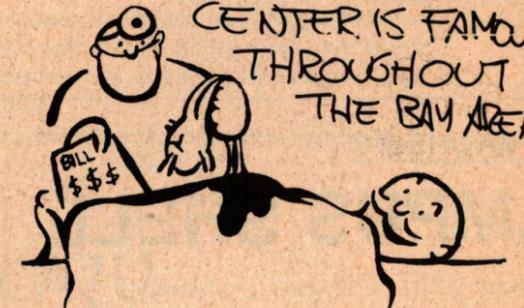
ONE OF OUR ALUMNI BECAME PRESIDENT!



STANFORD PLAYED A VITAL ROLE IN THE EDUCATIONAL REFORMS OF THE 60'S!



AND STANFORD MEDICAL CENTER IS FAMOUS THROUGHOUT THE BAY AREA!



STANFORD WORKS HAND IN HAND WITH BUSINESS AND GOVERNMENT!



AND THAT'S HOW CAPITALISM WORKS!



PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE PRESENTED BY NEW FOUNDER'S LEAGUE

THIS MAN CAN'T COPE WITH THE 70'S



HE'S TRIED DRUGS • HE'S TRIED RELIGION • HE'S TRIED T.M.T.A., EST., ECT., CHANTING, JOGGING, P.T.A. THINKING WORKING EVEN TELEVISION. BUT NOTHING COULD HELP THIS MAN COPE UNTIL THE DAY HE WANDERED INTO A WEIRD STORE AND DISCOVERED THE WORLD OF...

COMICS AND COMIX!

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What's Wrong with this Picture?

An odd question? Perhaps, but as you will see, one which bears some consideration. If you saw nothing wrong, examine the photograph again, carefully. You probably see a college-age couple casually caught by the camera in this affectionate pose between classes. A typical scene of young love on the campus of a major university.

Yet isn't there something about the couple that fails to stir those softly sweet images of romance usually associated with such a pair in the spring of their years? Isn't there something about the couple that is not quite normal? Does something that you can't quite put your finger on, call it instinct, tell you that one of them is different? And this difference although barely perceptible, is enough to raise that primal loathing in your consciousness; making you suspect that maybe, just maybe that the guy is a NERD!

Introduction to

Stanford Typology

When the first men emerged from the caves into the brilliant light of prehistory, they all looked the same. True, they were quite ugly but they were all ugly in the same way. This universally conformative ugliness caused a great identity crisis among them. They longed to be different, to be unique. They began to paint their bodies in an attempt to distinguish themselves but this proved to be only temporary and somewhat sticky in warm weather. They began to contort their faces and limbs into different positions and soon began to make radical permanent changes in their facial and anatomical structure through the use of large stones and primitive tools. Limbs and organs were discarded, traded, and arranged in new, exciting combinations. Most of these combinations were quickly abandoned as they were unpleasant and impractical. However, one idea did catch on: by discarding a portion of the brain, subtracting specific organs, making a few basic biological adjustments, and adding a rib: Woman was created. Finally, here was a means of producing variations rela-

tively painlessly through genetics. So gene pools were quickly formed and the newly-developed women were impregnated and soon, Diversity was born.

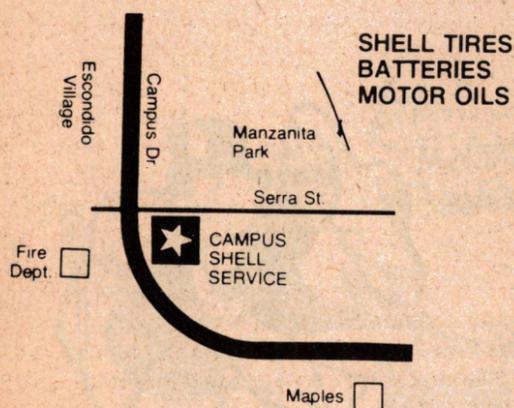
With diversity, society became possible and society created institutions to regulate diversity into various distinct types which in turn serve its ends and perpetuate its existence. We at Stanford are fortunate in being attached to one of the more successful of those institutions. Stanford's record in producing doctors, lawyers, business men, bureaucrats, engineers, faculty, and dropouts is admired by all and equaled by few.

It is also here that we learn the intricacies of types. We study type interaction, type management, typesetting, type casting, stereo-typing and all the other aspects of type science that go into maintaining a social system based on typical ecology. We learn to distinguish different types and treat them according to their position in society. In addition to our studies we are also given the opportunity to put into practice what we learn by actually engaging typology in our daily lives. We have been

GARY ANDREW'S

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715 SERRA STREET, CORNER OF CAMPUS DR.

encouraged to become types ourselves and establish our own archetypal socio-ecological system which we all work to maintain by keeping our places and respecting those of others. A secure, comfortable society has resulted, in which we all live in understanding and harmony.

Because we are so pleased with our little society and the native typology it is built upon, it has recently caused concern among many of us that many of the newly entered students are not learning the typical structure satisfactorily. It is a sad fact that the average freshman has almost no familiarity with campus types. One notices them constantly in the university's many dining halls, their little ears perked intently to the fast-flowing conversations of upper-classmen, and one sees them tilt their chubby heads in puppy-like bewilderment at such terms as, "frat-rat," "bio major," and "schmuck." Through no fault of their own, baring innate infantilism, they have no understanding of such types as "coffee-house resident" or that decorous being euphemistically known as the "Stanford girl."

This simplicity on the part of our youngers is in itself only cause for passing amusement, but the implications for the future give cause for serious concern. First of all because of unawareness of the workings of Stanford typology, the freshmen often refer to the wrong sources in their never ending search for information. We have, in the course of one day, witnessed several of these earnest ignorants: asking an art history major to explain nucleophilic aromatic substitution; asking a Delt, directions to the Old Firehouse; and asking a Dolly for the name of a good beauty salon.

The short term effects of this situation have caused many hapless freshmen to give excellent critiques of Carravaggio on their Chem midterms, enjoy all-expense-paid excursions to Cowell Med Center, receive mud packs with large sacks of wet nickels.

But the long term effects come as this muddle of misinformation is gathered into the hamper-like minds of the lower classmen and retained there.

Imagine, if you will, a nightmare campus; roving bands of pre-meds incessantly swill beer, while engaging in riotous living and gross debauchery. Imagine the Big Game bonfire, blazing in unequaled fury, fueled by its bearded sponsors in Columbae and Synergy, which have become respectively, campus headquarters of the Young Republicans and Junk Food Theme House. And most horrifying of all, imagine the muscular frames of varsity football players being displaced at "Zot's" by horn-rimmed engineers who have succeeded in brow-beating them into forsaking the fairer sex for the relative security of calculators and study carrels.

Such is the fate of our beloved university if this lamentable state of affairs continues. Yet such a grim future need not come if we but take action to: (1) acquaint the present underclass with the basics of campus typology and (2) refrain from allowing the continued existence of the imperceptive dullards who are the result of Mr. Hargadon's calamitous admission's

The Stanford Man:

Varsity Man, He-Man, Frat Man (except Dekes), Fresh man, Ladies Man, and Pilt-down.

Habits:

Likes to roam wide-open spaces such as the many campus athletic fields, the minds and bedrooms of Freshman Girls. Usually lives and travels in groups composed of others of his type in order to facilitate partying, sports and the relating of rude stories. Avoids bright artificially lit areas as classrooms and libraries.



1. Necklace
2. Rugby Shirt
3. Beer & Gut combination (courtesy of Adolf Coors)
4. Hair
5. Wristwatch (tells time, date(s), and sperm count)
6. Stanford gym shorts w/optional codpiece
7. High striped tube socks
8. "Sneaks" (Adidas, Puma, "Tigers," etc.)

policy. However, as it has been argued that many of the dullest, most slow-witted freshmen often become RA's, "Daily" staffers, and ASSU officials; that eliminating them might adversely affect the delicate balance of Stanford's social ecology; only the former solution will be discussed in the present article.

The Stanford Female:

Money Bunny (Richy Bitchy), Western Jewish American Princess, Punaho Pineapple Princess, Stanford Queen and California Girl ("and the 10th one goes to Stanford")

Habits:

Often giggles and smiles during conversation but rarely contradicts as it is highly unusual for her to entertain an original thought. Known for modest but contradictory behavior such as publicly lamenting poor performance on a mid-term and later receiving an A plus in the same class. Her favorite pastimes are trading cookie recipes and fad diets.



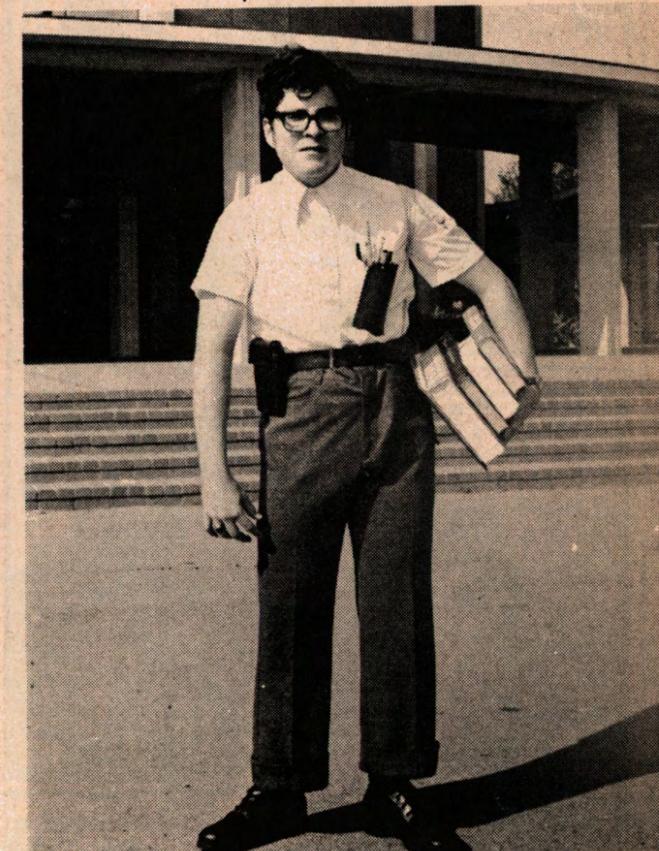
1. Low pH, sun-drenched hair
2. Dazzling smile (courtesy of the California Association of Orthodontists)
3. Puka shells
4. Torso display ensemble (A T-shirt usually worn in conjunction with an elastic undergarment that lifts and separates)
5. Stanford gym shorts
6. Backpack w/tennis racquet handle growing from it
7. Golf socks w/pastel pom-poms
8. Tennis shoes (Head, Nike, etc.)

The Nerd:

EE major, Math Science major, Mech E major, Geology major, Exchange students, Faculty offspring, Dekes, General dwids and jerks, and Pre-Meds.

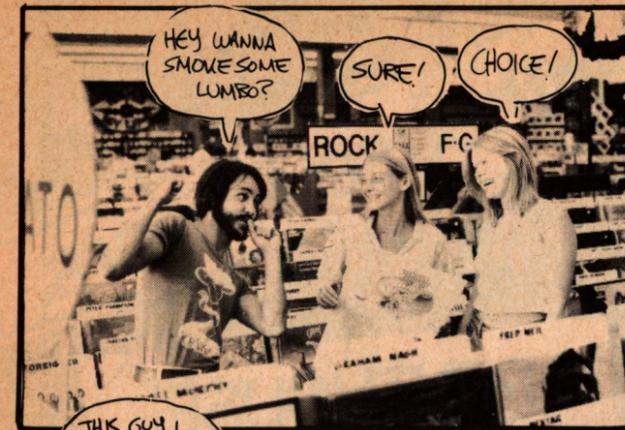
Habits:

Only seen in bright artificially lit areas such as classrooms, libraries, and computer terminals. Known widely for his uncanny ability to recite problem sets, chem formulas and computer programs whether asked to do so or not. For a long time it was thought that they were incapable of thinking about anything else, but further research has determined that nerds are vast repositories of Star Trek dialogue, Guinness World Records, Sports Trivia, and other such highly useful and sought-after information.



1. Black horn-rimmed glasses
2. Collar Buttoned
3. Ring (around collar)
4. The new HP67 calculator w/89 functions, 256 steps programmable, magnetic card reader; data or program
5. High school class ring
6. Assorted writing styluses
7. Plain white undershirt
8. Textbooks
9. Skindiver wristwatch
10. Trousers (note the regulation 3 inches above-the-ankle cuff)
11. Functional Footwear

5th Period



WRITERS We'll take anything from We're not particularly in

ARTISTS Cartoonists, illustrators, student publication that do a cover.

PHOTOGRAPHERS The Chaparral has a con will be better than ever. I in color work, we need

BUSINESS STAFFERS The Chaparral pays the ads is a great way to lea



Penthouse Papers.

STANFORD
Chaparral
Post Office Box 8585
Stanford University (415) 324-8814

Penthouse International Ltd.
909 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

To whom it may concern:

In keeping with the long and hallowed traditional rites of journalistic exchange, we would like to offer you a subscription to THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL in exchange for a subscription to our humor magazine and you send us dirty pictures, get it? So be cool and don't be a fool and do it.

Sincerely
al X
Al X
Chappie Clown

PENTHOUSE
PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD. 909 THIRD AVENUE NEW YORK, NY 10022 PHONE 212-933-3303

October 9, 1975

Mr. Al X
Chaparral Clown
THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL
Storke Student Publications Building
Stanford University
California 94305

Dear Mr. X:

Professionally, your invitation to exchange magazines is appreciated. However, your reference to PENTHOUSE as a "dirty pictures" magazine is disappointing in that you fail to distinguish PENTHOUSE from the many "skin" magazines on the market. If you want "dirty pictures" there are more than enough publications from which to choose.

No doubt your publication is a fine one, but we see no constructive purpose in a continuous exchange. Nevertheless, enclosed is a copy of PENTHOUSE for your perusal.

If you feel so inclined, please send me the latest copy of THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL.

Best regards,

Rosemary Ravinal
Rosemary Ravinal
Public Relations Manager

RR:lf
Enclosed

Cable: Penthouse New York

STANFORD
Chaparral
Post Office Box 8585
Stanford University (415) 324-8814
October 27, 1975

Ms. Rosemary Ravinal
Public Relations
PENTHOUSE
Penthouse International Ltd.
909 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Dear Ms. Ravinal:

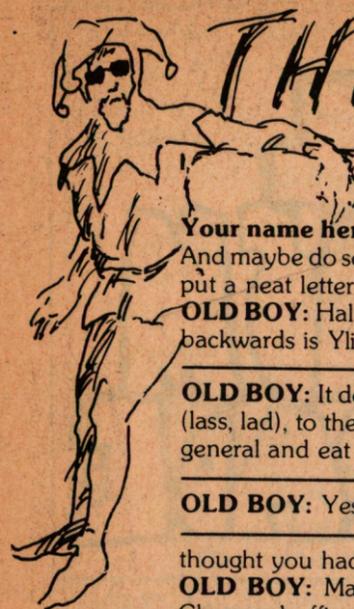
Professionally, your complimentary copy was appreciated. However, your brush off is disappointing in that you failed to see the logic of keeping us happy. We are the Chaparral, the about to be treated like riggers. We are the University, the single most powerful educational institution in the world. We are the future. The future is now. The Chaparral is now. My people will not put up with being put down. And we expect-ally won't take it from a pack of small time corporate wolves like P-house International Ltd. My people are insulted and demand redress.

You call yourself a Public Relations Manager. Yet you can't even take a joke. If you were a subscriber to our humor magazine perhaps you could do a better job. You should know that I would never refer to Penthouse as a "dirty pictures" magazine except in jest. In fact, I had to read the fine editorial copy of your magazine before I discovered that it also contained nude art. No doubt your publication is a fine one.

You say you see no constructive purpose in a continuous exchange. How about blackmail? We have a ready 10,000 average family income. \$12 grand. Best no constructive purpose in sex, yet I keep up exchange.

You have no choice but to sign us up for a subscription. And no brush off this time.

al X
Al X
Chappie



THE OLD BOY SPEAKS

Your name here: Wow . . . so this is college. I'm here to learn, but, gee, I want to have some fun, too. And maybe do some (art/photography/writing) as well. Guess I'll go over to the Stanford Daily, since they put a neat letter under my door.

OLD BOY: Halt! Don't move one step closer to that fish head factory! Don't you know that Daily spelled backwards is Yliad?

_____ : So?

OLD BOY: It doesn't make any sense and neither does being a pawn in print for four years. Come, my (lass, lad), to the Happy Chappie, where one can revel in creative freedom, guffaw at school and life in general and eat Doritos every week at meetings.

_____ : Gosh — you mean that —

OLD BOY: Yes, that's right: FREE BEER AND JUNK FOOD AT EVERY MEETING.

_____ : No, no — you mean that all I have to do to be a Chappie is come to the meetings? I thought you had to have a halo or something.

OLD BOY: May, nay. You have but to come to meetings, every Wednesday night at 9:00 at the Chaparral office (in the penthouse of the Storke Publications Building) and dare to be silly to be a first-class unadulterated Chappie-kind-of-person. And on Sunday night, September 23, we'll have a special get-together for you first-timers starting at eight o'clock.

_____ : Jeepers! It's so easy to lead a life of bliss and laughter — and to think I almost brownosed my way into newsprint oblivion! Thanks a lot for steering me straight, Mr. Boy.

ARE

FOR

FUNNY?

WELL EXCUSE ME!

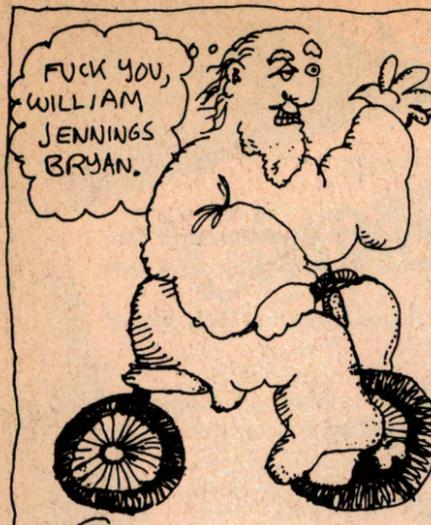


WRITERS We'll take anything from light fiction to broad satire. Cartoon ideas are always welcome. We're not particularly interested in smut, though.

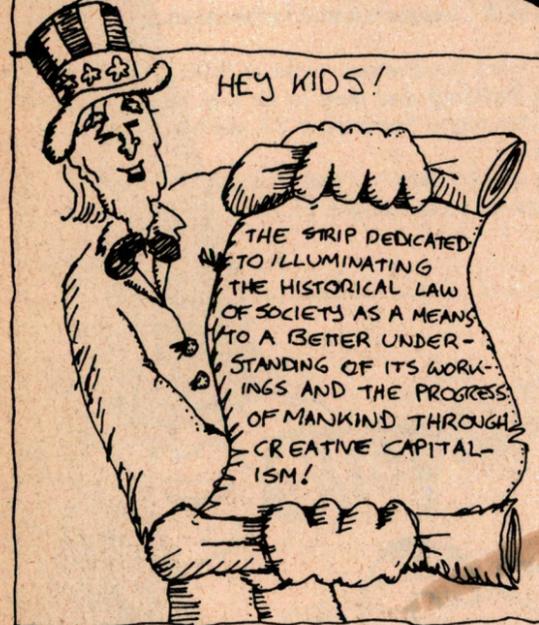
ARTISTS Cartoonists, illustrators, designers are always welcome. The *Chaparral* is the only student publication that publishes in full color. If you can work in color, you may get to do a cover.

PHOTOGRAPHERS The *Chaparral* has a complete darkroom, and this year our photographic reproduction will be better than ever. If you're interested in creative photography, or are experienced in color work, we need you.

BUSINESS STAFFERS The *Chaparral* pays the highest commissions on ad sales of any publication. And selling ads is a great way to learn the area.



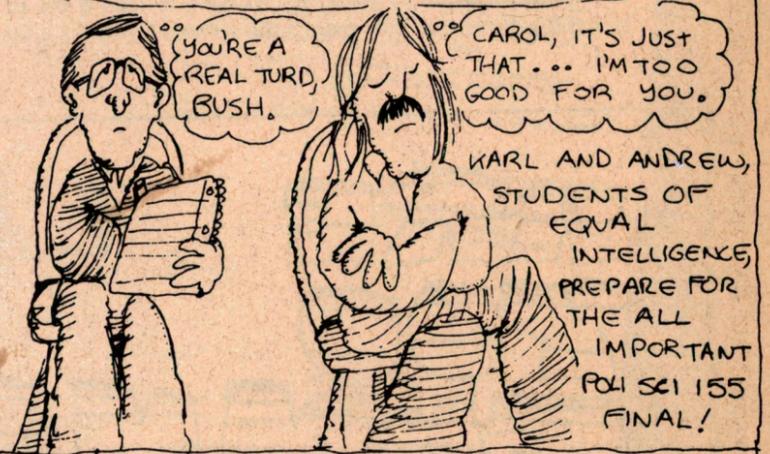
SOCIAL DARWINISM ON PARADE



HEY KIDS!

THE STRIP DEDICATED TO ILLUMINATING THE HISTORICAL LAW OF SOCIETY AS A MEANS TO A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF ITS WORKINGS AND THE PROGRESS OF MANKIND THROUGH CREATIVE CAPITALISM!

... AND SUMNER'S "SOCIOLOGY" WILL BE COVERED ON THE FINAL. COPIES ARE ON RESERVE.



"YOU'RE A REAL TURD, BUSH."

"CAROL, IT'S JUST THAT... I'M TOO GOOD FOR YOU."

KARL AND ANDREW, STUDENTS OF EQUAL INTELLIGENCE, PREPARE FOR THE ALL IMPORTANT POLI SCI 155 FINAL!

BUT IN ORDER TO COMPETE MORE FAVORABLY, ANDREW CLEVERLY HORDES ALL THE RESERVE MATERIALS!



HEH HEH.

"SORRY, THEY'RE ALL CHECKED OUT."



"THE STRUGGLE FOR SCARCE RESOURCES BRINGS FORTH COMPETITION..."

AS A RESULT, ANDREW GETS AN A+ DUE TO THE DRASTIC CURVE!



"I'M SO PROUD OF YOU."

"YEAH, MOM."

"IT'S JUST NOT WORKING, CAROL."

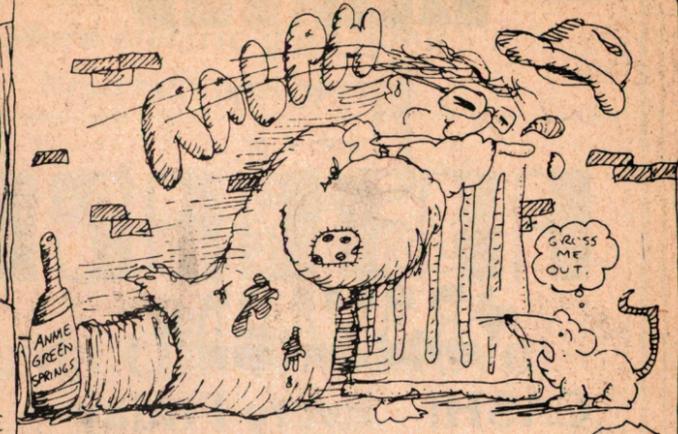
"... THIS COMPETITION DRAWS THE HIGHEST OF ACHIEVEMENTS." -- SUMNER

FOR KARL, HOWEVER, IT'S THE LAST ACADEMIC STRAW, AND HE FLUNKS OUT OF SCHOOL.



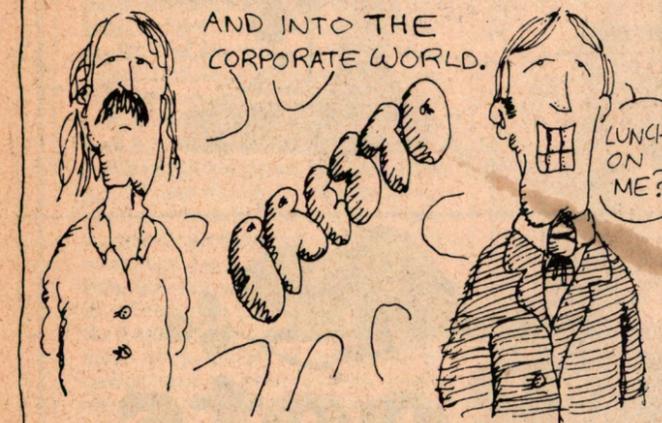
"WHILE THE LAW MAY BE SOMETIMES HARD FOR THE INDIVIDUAL..."

HE BECOMES A PART OF SOCIETY'S UNFIT REFUSE.



"... IT IS BEST FOR THE RACE ..."

HOWEVER, ANDREW'S ABILITIES CARRY HIM THROUGH COLLEGE AND BIZ SCHOOL AND INTO THE CORPORATE WORLD.



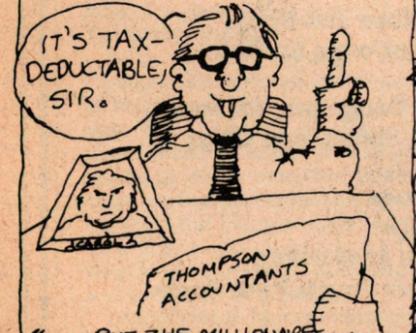
FOR IT INSURES THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST" -- CARNEGIE

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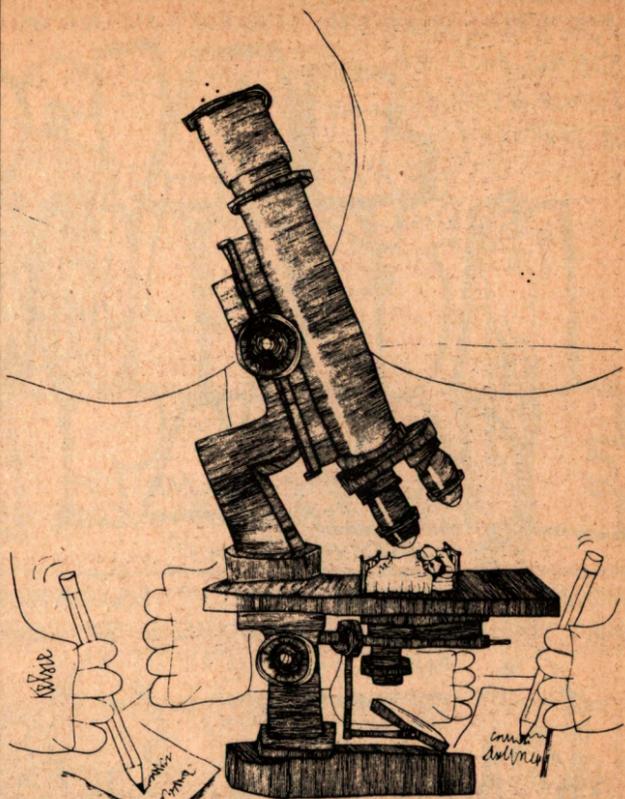


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ROCK AND ROLL IS OFF the critical list.

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-25's 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

More electric than punk
Nouveau new wave

PASADENA

Nerds On The Move

By Andy Lumberg



sellout weeks in advance, was set momentarily off its guard — only to be blasted 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" Hardway 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 tye, 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

'On weekends we'd get rowdy, maybe a beer between the four of us, and go into town to get beat up. But then came the music...'

storm troopers in the industry — in the dust. Despite a PR blitzkrieg 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 printout, 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 then go into town and get beat 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" (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," combines a sensitivity for the persistence of man's Platonic soul in the modern age with gut-level hook that is as basic as those found in "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" or "Layla."

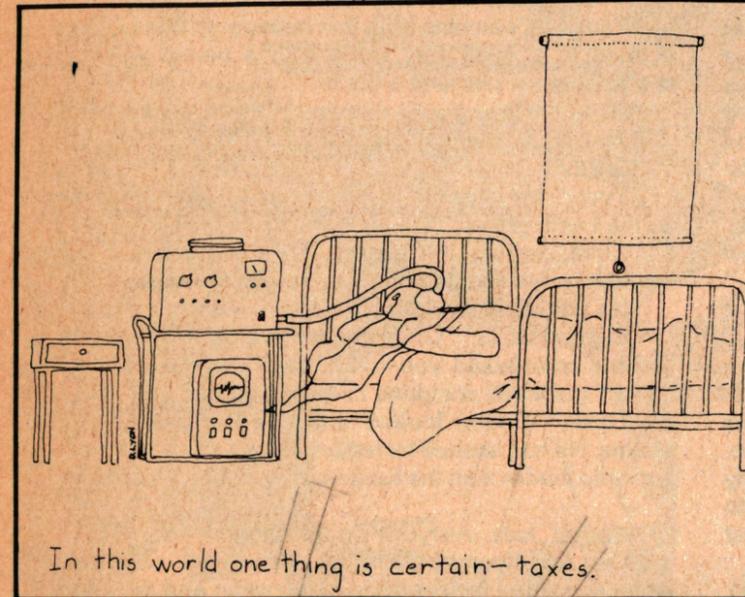
Nonetheless the curiosity of a group of straight-arrow shorthairs from a pointy-headed bastion such as Cal Tech accomplishing what Pasadena has bears close examination. If we marvel at the rise of the Beatles, the Bay City Rollers, and the Sex Pistols, we should marvel all the more at the aberration 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?"

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

Lyon's Shore



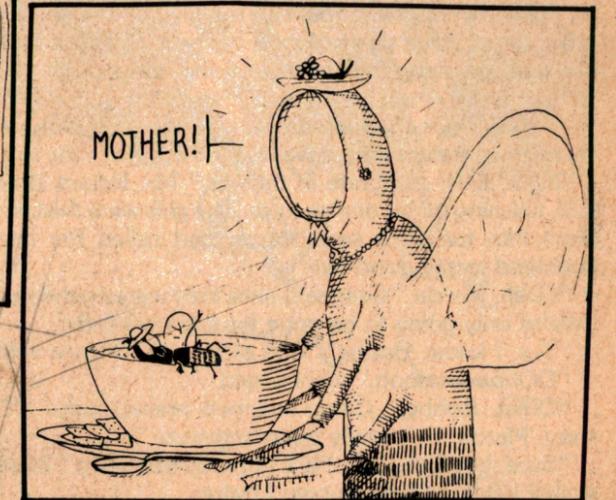
Snack-foods of the Gods?



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the Brady Bunch

"We're going canoeing! We're going canoeing!" Cindy and Bobby Brady burst into the kitchen where Alice cheerfully sliced shaggy Shep's dinner. She looked up from the steak at their cleanly beaming faces.

"Oh don't take me," she quipped. "I'd sink the whole tub."

"Of course you're going, Alice," Cindy chirped, her golden pony-tails bouncing happily. "Yeah," Bobby said, playfully tossing a chunk of meat to Shep. "Dad says everyone's going. Do you need any help packing? Greg and Peter are helping Dad load the canoes, Mom and Marcia are at a charity benefit and Jan is waterproofing the T.V. Aren't you excited?"

Alice could only smile as she finished preparing dinner. "No, I don't need any help, and yes, I am excited. Now why don't you two run along so I can finish cleaning up." As the two youngsters bounced merrily into the spacious living room, Alice slowly shook her head. "Those kids," she said, polishing the chrome on the refrigerator.

At six o'clock the next morning, bright and early, the shiny green station wagon was loaded up and ready to go. "Alright, kids, everyone in the car," Mr. Robert Brady said, finishing off his orange juice. The girls were the last to climb into the back seat. Marcia had called her latest boyfriend to say good-bye.

"Gosh, Marcia," Greg said once they were on the road. "We're only going to be gone for the weekend."

"Yes, I know. But he's kind of special," Marcia said.

"OOooooooooooh," Bobby said.

"Quiet, Bobby," Cindy snapped precociously. "I'm sorry, Marcia, he's really quite immature."

"Sure, but that's OK. He'll grow up someday." Marcia smiled kindly at her younger brother.

Bobby said, "I can hardly wait" and told a bad knock-knock joke.

At the wheel, Mr. Brady smiled boyishly. "So kids, is everyone as excited as Bobby is about going canoeing and roughing it in the wilderness?"

"Uh-huh," the chorus sounded.

"By the way, Mom," Jan said, "did you bring your blow dryer? I forgot mine."

"Yes, honey," Carol Brady reassured her sprite daughter. "I just hope we brought enough food."

"Don't you worry, Mrs. Brady," Alice said, also in the front seat. "If we eat everything we brought, we'll roll down that river."

It took only a little while for the merry ensemble to reach the Wigotdaclapta River. The Brady kids popped out of the station wagon like jack-in-the-boxes when it pulled to a stop at a small gas station. They sniffed jubilantly at the clean mountain air.

"Look at the trees. There are so many of them," Jan

said.

"And so much green, too," Peter said. "I love the outdoors."

While Mr. Brady went into the gas station to get directions, the kids wandered up the road adventurously.

"Does anyone hear banjo music?"

"Yeah — it's coming from that house over there." Greg pointed to a small grey shack with a porch, where a slight figure sat plucking a banjo.

"How can anyone go upstairs in a house like that?" Bobby said as they walked closer.

"Ssshhhh."

"Yuch," irrepressible Bobby spoke up again, pointing to the banjo player. "He looks kind of weird."

"Quiet, Bobby," Greg said. "He's mongoloid. I read about it in science. We shouldn't make fun of him."

"It's not his fault, Bobby."

"Right, Marcia." Greg nodded his head. "Anyway, Bobby, how would you feel if you head looked like a peeled grapefruit someone had stepped on?"

"Gosh." Bobby looked down at the ground with shame. He had learned his lesson. Peter played his transistor radio louder than the banjo and everyone cheered up.

"Alright, kids, everyone on the shore!"

"Last one down the river's a rotten egg!" The three shiny aluminum canoes slapped the water and the merry crew slimed aboard them, wearing bright orange life preservers.

"Got it!" Mr. Brady exclaimed from the beach, clicking an instamatic camera. Alice nearly tipped a canoe when she got in, but otherwise the launching went smoothly. Within moments, the expedition of three canoes was slipping quickly down the broad river, energetically singing camp songs just slightly out of key.

By the time noon rolled around, everyone was ready for lunch and the eager beavers paddled to the nearest bank.

"Last one out's a rotten egg!" Greg and Peter tied the canoes to trees while Marcia and Jan spread the picnic blanket and Cindy chased a chipmunk around a tree, giggling effusively. Mr. Brady put his arm around his wife. "We should do this kind of thing more often," he said. She smiled and compared her hand to a dried leaf.

The picnic was spread and the happy family and maid gathered around the red and white checkered blanket. Suddenly, two older-looking men with whiskers, smudged clothing and floppy hats burst from the underbrush. One of them was carrying an old gun and the other drooled.

"You must be from the next campsite," Mr. Brady said, extending a hand to the men. "I'm Robert Brady and this is my wife Carol. . ."

"Hello. . ."

". . . and the kids Greg. . ."

"Hi."



JUNE IN NAM. THE HEAT BAKES YA LIKE YA WAS SOME SORT OF LEATHERNECK PEKING DUCK, AND YA DAMN WELL FEEL LIKE ONE. NO ONE KNOWS WHY ANYONE'D WANT TO HOLD ONTO THIS BATTLE-SCARRED PIECE OF MOTHER NATURE DISEASED. THE BRASS UP TOP SAYS IT'S GOTTA BE DONE. "FOR THE GLORY OF THE MOST HONORABLE REVOLUTION," THEY SAY. BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW WHY. WHEN THE BRASS SAYS FIGHT, YA FIGHT, WHEN THEY SAY KILL, YA KILL, AND WHEN THEY SAY DIE... **YA DIE.** I'M SERGEANT ROK, AND ME AND MY BOYS, THE FUNGI PLATOON FOLLOW ORDERS...

WRITTEN BY: MIKE WILKINS
 ART BY: PERRY VÁSQUEZ
 Logo BY: JIM HOLDER
 CAPITALIST: BRUCE HANDY



WE HAVE TO...
 WE'RE SOLDIERS.

THE MESSAGE CAME IN ON THE T-BOX. JOE WAS MERCILESSLY SLAUGHTERING WOMEN, **CATTLE** AND CHILDREN UP NEAR VINH.



WHY SARGE?

WHO CAN FIGURE, KWINE?

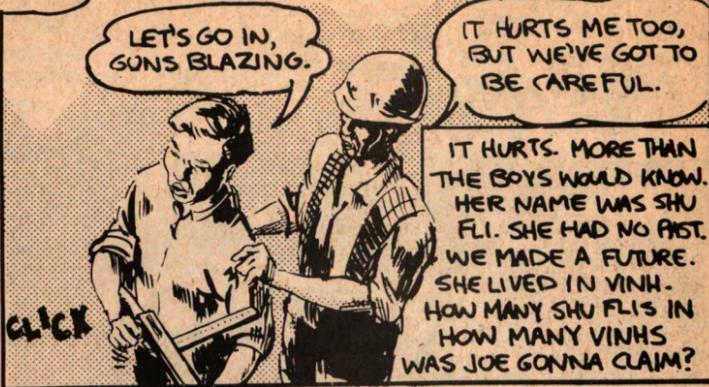
PUNGI'S A WELL-TRAINED BATTLE-HARDENED BUNCH. BUT THE MENTION OF TORTURE IS ONE THING THAT GETS MY MEN'S IRE.



I'LL TEAR OUT JOE'S HEART!

EASY SOLDIER, WHEN THE TIME COMES.

SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE, BUT JOE WAS NO MEKONG DELTA MINUS.



LET'S GO IN, GUNS BLAZING.

IT HURTS ME TOO, BUT WE'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL.

IT HURTS. MORE THAN THE BOYS WOULD KNOW. HER NAME WAS SHU FLI. SHE HAD NO PAST. WE MADE A FUTURE. SHE LIVED IN VINH. HOW MANY SHU FLIS IN HOW MANY VINHS WAS JOE GONNA CLAIM?

NO MORE! THE PLATOON HAD TO THINKA SOMETHING, BUT WE HAD TO GET THERE FIRST.



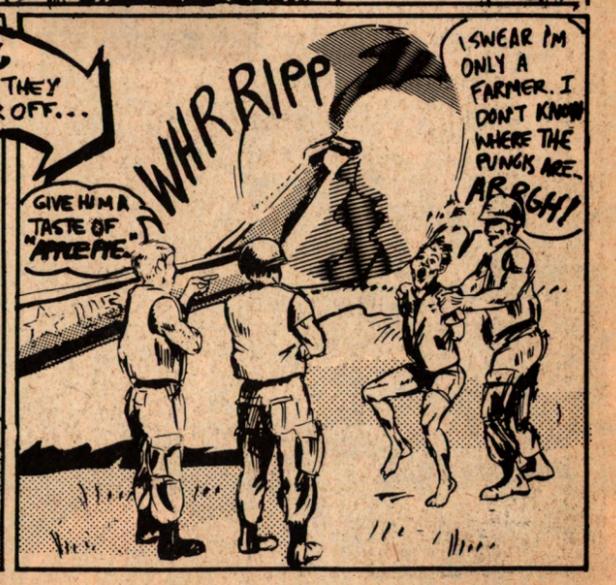
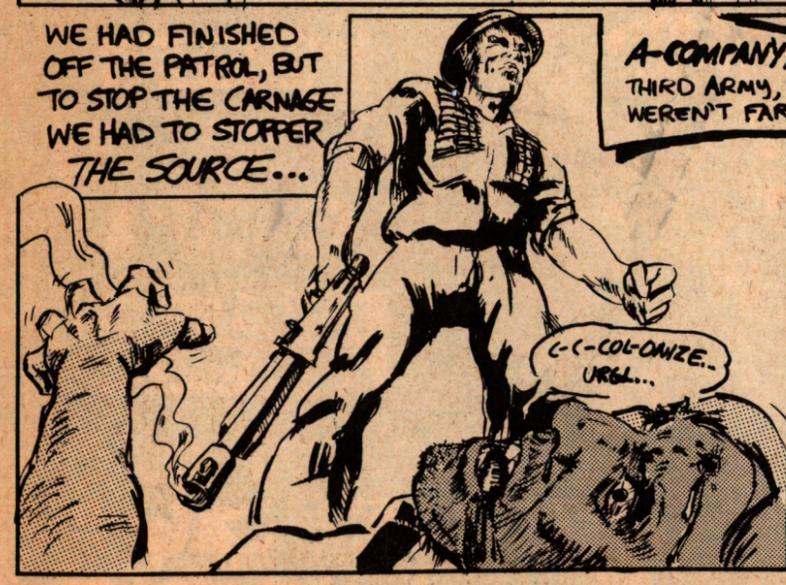
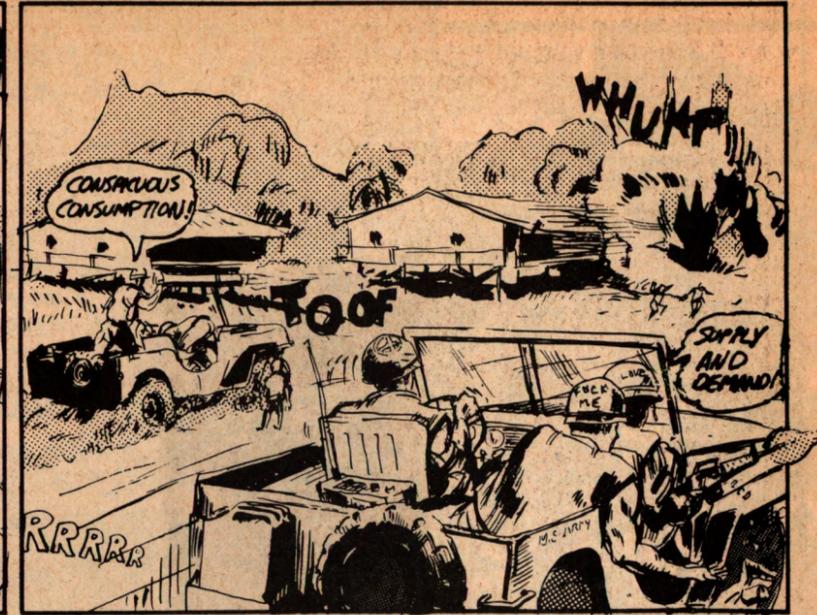
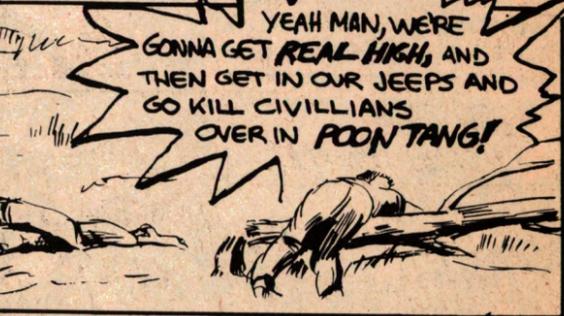
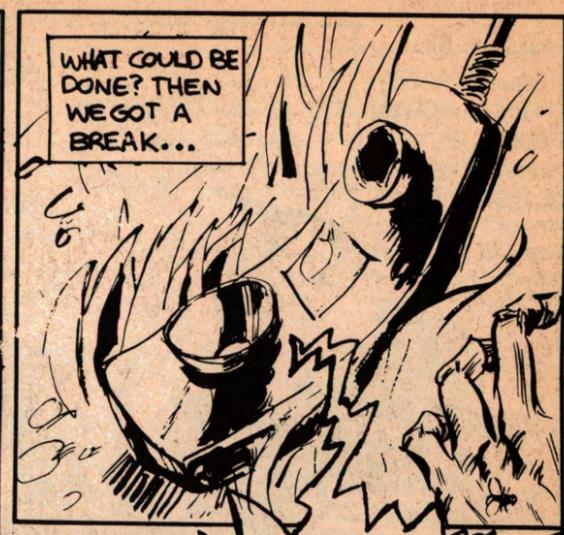
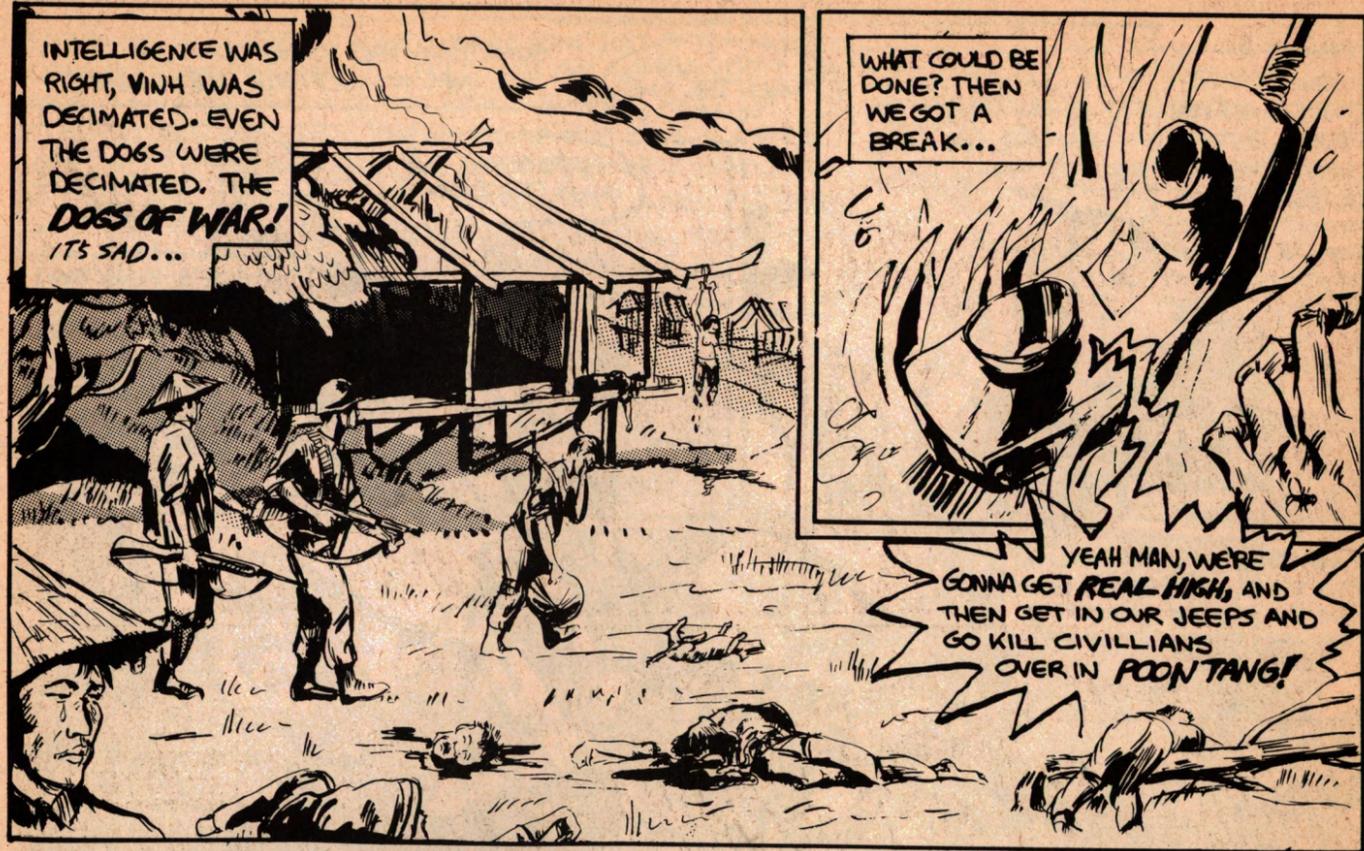
LET'S MOVE PUNGI'S!



SCATTER VIP YOU MUGS!

BUT JOE MUSTA KNOWN WE WAS COMING, AND PREPARED US A WELCOMIN' PARTY!

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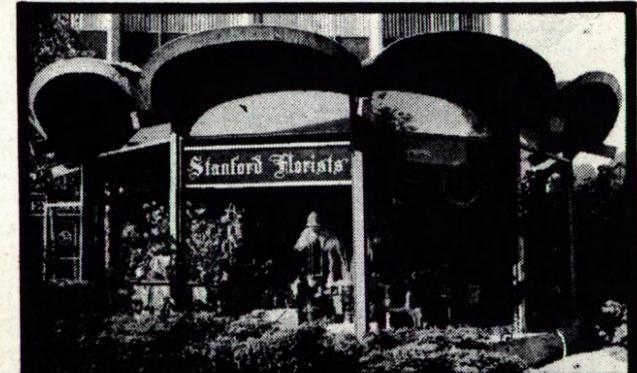
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