

Magazine

Vol. C #4 • March 1999

FAKE PHONES...
Better Than the
Real Thing?

**Interviews With
Famous People**

**And People Who Are
Fast And Strong**

The World's **SMALLEST**
Miniature Golf Course

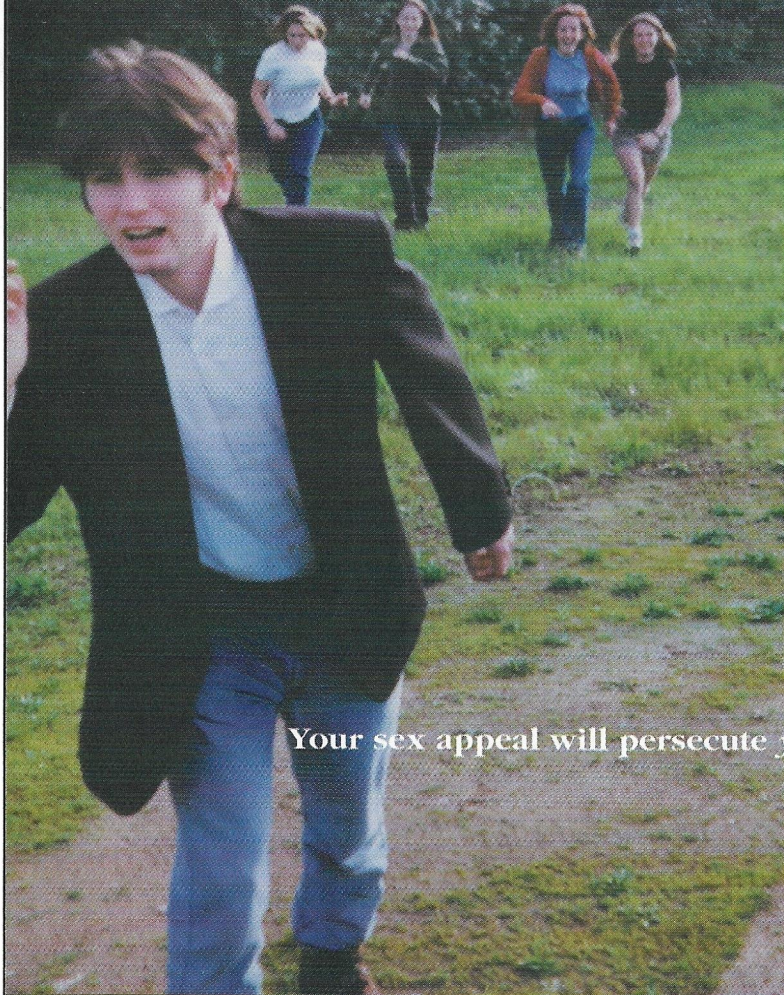
Red Wine: A Cure for Sobriety?

Will Democracy Catch
on in Britain?

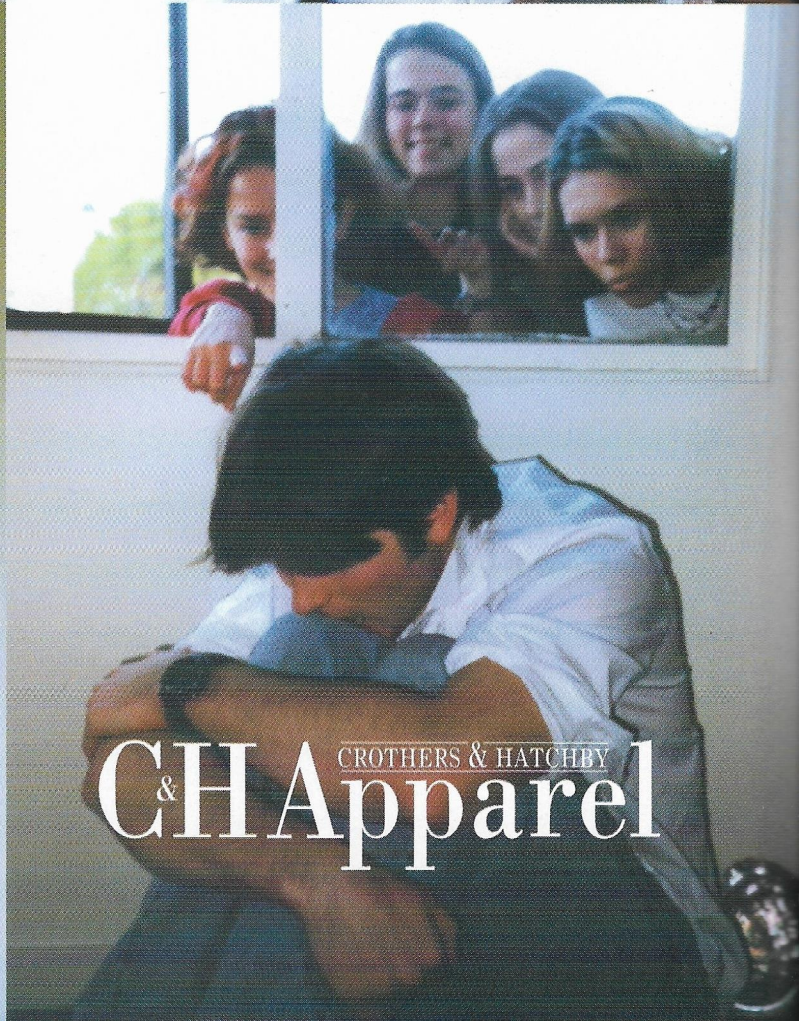
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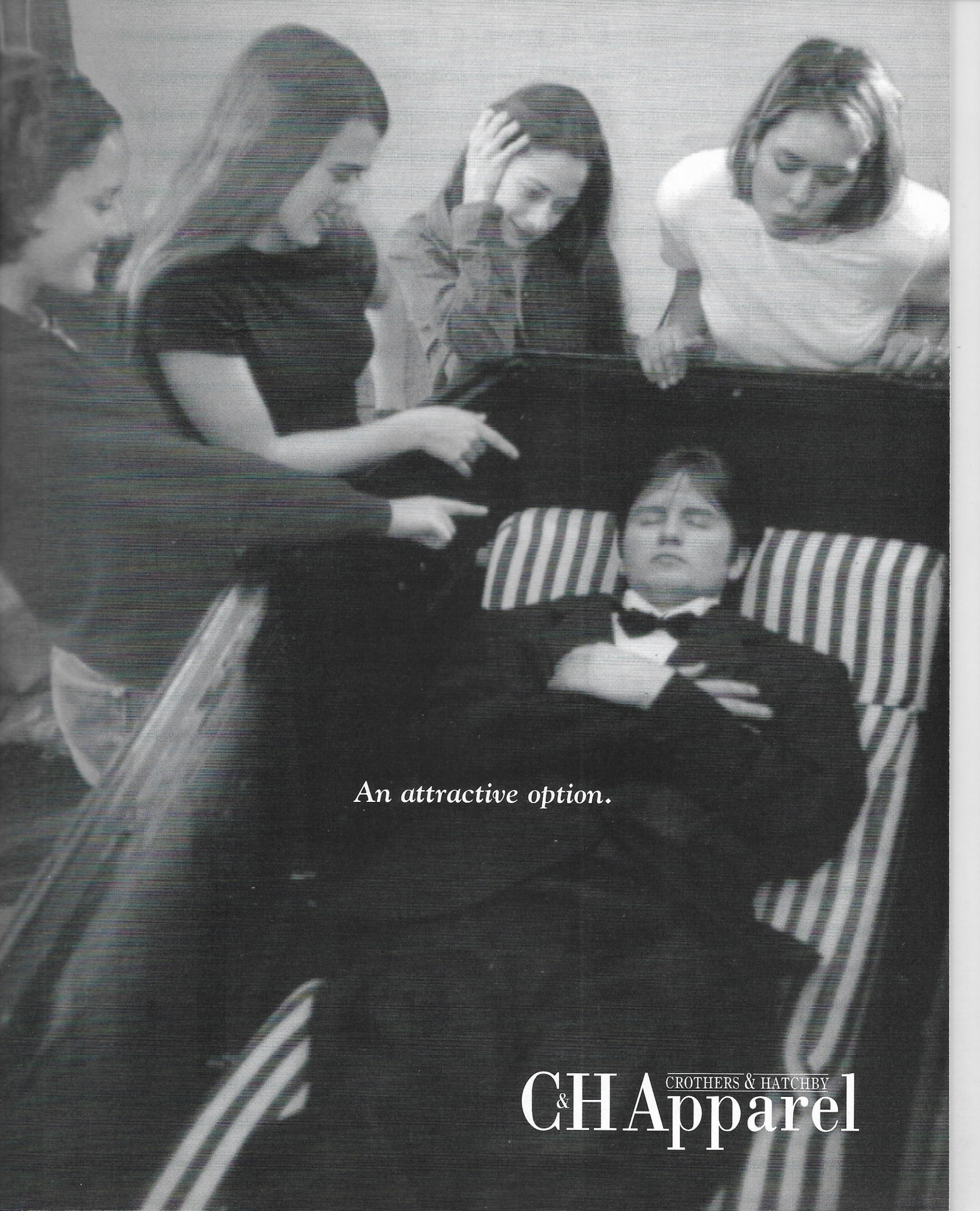
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The Stanford Chaparral. Established October
5, 1899 by Bristow Adams.

"'Tis better to have lived and laughed
than never to have lived at all."

NOW THAT I'm typing the final editorial of MAGAZINE's spring season, I can't help but roll back my sleeves, rub the fatigue from my weary eyes, and take stock of the past year.

Remember the *Hollywood* issue? When we found a picture of a beautiful, sexy woman who had been in the movies? After we found the photograph I said, "Let's put it on the cover!" Then they made me editor. The very next day I had a full coat of stubble, puffy eyes, rolled-up sleeves, a charming alcohol problem, and a gruff way of screaming at the interns.

Remember the *Political* issue? When our political critics invented the word *socio-politica-economic*, we celebrated by putting a woman on the cover wearing almost no clothing. For the *Music* issue, we had a picture of a woman on the cover, scantily clad, holding a guitar. That was my idea. A guitar. "Run it," I said!

In the *Romance* issue we invented several hundred exciting, foolproof ways to spice up your love life, and then we celebrated with a picture of a sexy, vivacious woman. On the cover! (My idea.) You would like to have sex with her, no? I certainly hope so.

Yep, it's been a wild ride.

Right now my face is sort of wrinkled, and I have the perfect amount of stubble. Not so much that it's unattractive, but enough to indicate that I am up late plenty of nights, pouring over my passion and my power: words. Words! In next month's issue of MAGAZINE, we will celebrate the power of words with a picture of a woman without her skin. I'll roll up my sleeves and hunker down to work. I will squint at the ad people, and then I'll point wildly to the other side of the room and yell, "COPY!" Things will happen, in a hurry. I am the editor. My eyes have been open for seventeen nights. A cigarette droops editorially from the corner of my mouth. No, both corners of my mouth. COPY!

When I took over this publication, I set one goal for myself: to publish pages. As many pages as possible. In September I published seventy thousand blank white pages, and you, our readers, loved it. Planes fell to earth, bridges bent and broke under the weight of our pages. This magazine has a lot of pages. Some of the pages have words on them, but mostly pictures. Some of the pages have advertisements on them. And pictures of people who are strong and fast. You like those too, right? Please?

We also have scratch-and-sniff. That's right, go to the special scratch-and-sniff page and scratch the right hand corner of the page for three hours. If you accidentally tear the page it will not work. If you scratch for more or less than three hours it will not work. If you want it to smell like chocolate, smear chocolate on the page and scratch for fifty hours. The scratch-and-sniff page is on the five millionth page of the magazine. COPY!

So enjoy this issue of MAGAZINE. It has pictures of people that you recognize. It has a section for your children, containing very little profanity and a fun "kiddy-style" font that we taught a computer to make. We at MAGAZINE believe that children prefer to read words formed by a computer, programmed by an adult to imitate the way children would write if they were adult-programmed computers.

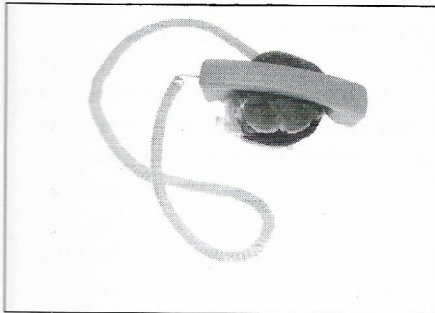
I'm always here, editing and cutting pieces (that's mag talk for *articles*). I cut paragraphs and move words around and then when I see a writer I scream, "Give me something I can work with!"

But there's more to editing than just stubble, rolled up sleeves, and squinty-eyed pressure. I also have a tattered, ink-stained raincoat, and I pace around wringing my hands, intimately concerned with our nation's news, celebrities, and pictures of celebrities. We have a rain machine in a special part of the MAGAZINE offices. Only I am allowed to pace there.

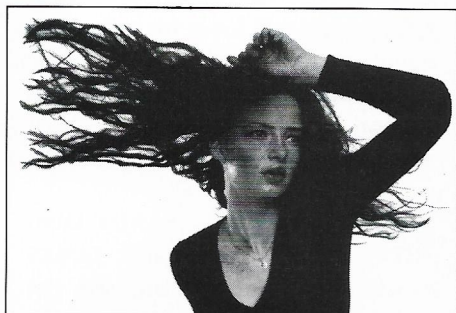
I'm the editor. That fact is tattooed on the side of my head. I work around the clock bringing America its news. You there! Help me roll my sleeves up to my neck, it's time to get to work! I'm putting on another trench coat and cutting all the pieces in the magazine. COPY!



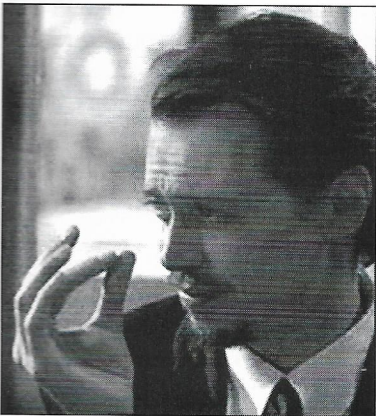
WORLD: Could democracy (*black pants*) best constitutional monarchy (*white pants*) in a fight for all the British marbles? 12



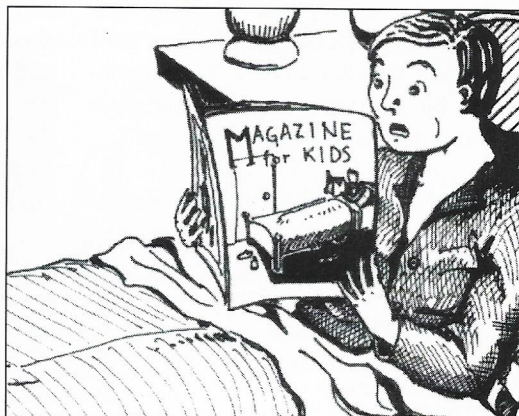
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Flashback

TWO WEEKS AGO IN MAGAZINE

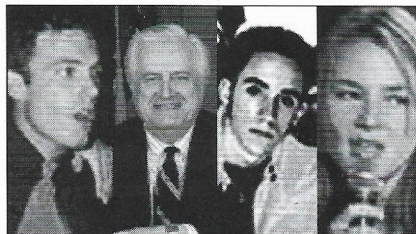
Flashback to a balmy Valentine's Day, two weeks ago.

The night life of the week was characterized by deep, booming bass beats, and the prime of a music style come into its own: hip-hop. Shoppers flocked to retro, 1998-style coffee-houses to nab the hottest newsstand item, MAGAZINE's mid-February issue. Star-crazed fans flocked to Big Apple clubs and bars, craning their necks for a glimpse of young stars such as Ben Affleck and Ashley Judd, who rang in the new week in style.

In the music world, The Backstreet Boys, a sexy young group of R&B singers, crooned their way into teen-mania, and a young Jewel rocked the February 14th era with her folksy musical poetry. On Wall Street, a company named Disney surged to 44-1/2 on the strength of its *Tarzan* release, now seen as a timeless classic.

While the Congress wrote its way irrevocably into the history books, a well-groomed governor with a familiar name contemplated a presidential election bid several generations in advance, while aides warned him to stay in the present.

The week of February 14th: a time of celebration, a time of prosperity and economic optimism, a complicated age whose memory deserves, at least for one quiet moment, our fondest thoughts.



Shooting Stars: Where are they now?

Other People's Misery



LEMMONS AND LEMMONS



JONES



JASON KRONE

INCARCERATED. **JEFFREY KOONS**, 32; in Blair, Nebraska. Jeffrey, or Jeff, as his friends call him, punched his wife in the gullet after a heated argument over Christmas spending. Jeffrey, who still loves his wife quite deeply, apologized several times before being arrested on charges of spousal abuse. He'll turn 33 next week, in prison.

CAME UP SHORT. **SANDY LEMMONS**, 27, waitress, and **JAMES LEMMONS**, 31, custodian, did not make enough money this month to cover both the rent and the gas bill. Their heating will be shut off but said they'll try to stay warm with several old blankets from Sandy's mom until warmer weather arrives. As for cooking, the Lemmonses have a hot plate which Jim says, "will do just fine."

DIED. **EDWARD KRONE**, 87, former construction foreman for Blatt and

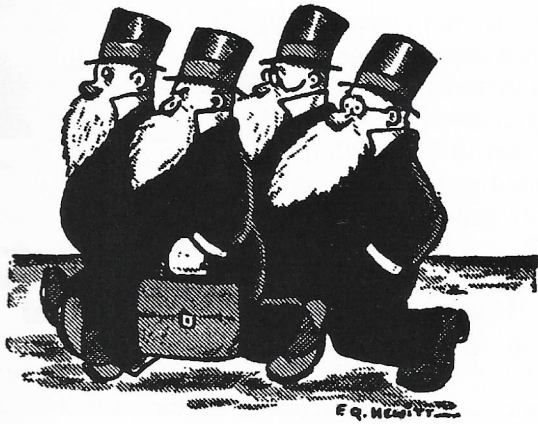
Associates, after kidney failure, in Ashby, IL. Krone is survived by three children: Jason, 41, Lisa, 39, and Roger, 37. Starting Monday the children must begin the arduous and emotionally difficult process of dealing with their dead father's estate which includes a townhouse, a Chevy Nova, and a picture of his late wife taped to the television set. Lisa Tension, formerly Lisa Krone, has suffered bouts of depression for several years and is "not at all looking forward to dealing with this."

SICK. **MARGARET JONES**, 35, administrative assistant in Chicago, with the flu. Margaret, who has already missed several days of work due to illness, has asked that some of her work be dropped off at home so she can avoid getting behind. She is currently taking Sudafed and drinking plenty of clear liquids.

Statistical Notes

- Amount, in billions of dollars, that Americans spent on personal computers in 1898: **0**
- Amount, in billions of dollars, that Americans spent on personal computers in 1998: **8.5**
- Percentage change in that period: **infinity%**
- Number of countries, in 1955, better than the United States: **0**
- Number of countries, in 1998, better than the United States: **3 (+-1)**
- Number of Russian national bank chains: **5**
- Number of solvent Russian national bank chains: **2**
- Percentage of Russian national banks which are solvent: **40%**
- Ratio of solvent banks to total banks in Russia: **2/5**
- Ratio of solvent banks to total banks in Russia, expressed as a decimal: **0.40**
- As a decimal to four places: **0.4000**
- Number of Congressional Medals of honor awarded last year: **15**
- Percentage of Americans who believe they are awarded for success in the Congressional Olympics: **45**
- Site of the 2000 Congressional Olympics: **Sydney, Australia**
- Value of each 20,000-yen "shopping voucher" issue to 35 million Japanese: **\$165**
- Percentage of Japanese people who, if they spoke English, would make a brilliant pun about having "a yen for shopping": **All of them (%)**
- Percentage of indexes that don't add well: **87%**
- Percentage that do: **24%**
- Percentage of our staff that thinks math is hard: **5 people**

They Said It...



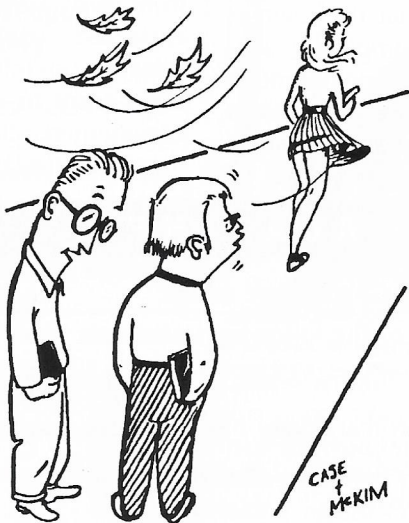
—So who's this Tarantino guy again?
—Trust me, we look cool. Just keep walking.

"My next guest is John Travolta."

Television comedian **Jay Leno**, shortly after a series of political wisecracks.

"No."

Political pundit **John McLaughlin**, when asked if he ever imagined what his two-year-old self would have thought of his five-year-old self.



"I think it's another impeachment joke (sigh)"

"And then I said to him, 'If you really think that, you must be a Democrat.'"

Radio personality **Rush Limbaugh**, in conclusion to a joke.

"And the number 1 reason: 'Postcards from Monica!'"

Late Night host **David Letterman**, in conclusion to every single one of his infamous Top Ten Lists.

"Yes, I have, but it doesn't seem..."

Possible Presidential candidate **George Bush Junior**, when asked if he had ever taken drugs or eaten food.



"Ask me if I'm gay! Ask me if I'm gay!"

"No comment."

Representative **Horatio Mathis**, when asked what he would say to his ancestors if they called him on the telephone asking him if he wanted to attend a football game the day before.

"I find this line of questioning inappropriate."

Representative **Horatio Mathis**, when asked by the same reporter what he would do if he was forced by his children to witness his own birth, and if he was also offered marijuana, and forced by his children to smoke marijuana, and what he thought about welfare.

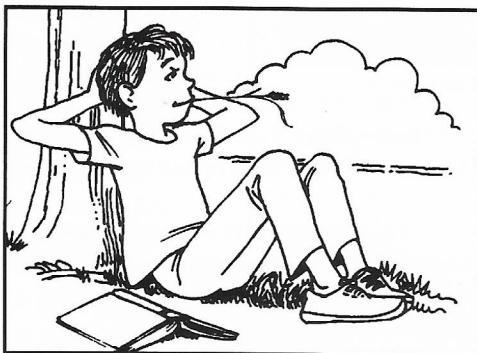
News Bytes

Education

Fourth Grader Says He Learned "Nothing" at School

HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF YOUR SON TOLD YOU that he had learned "nothing" in school? Well, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins had to face this sizzling, popping reality on Thursday, when their son Billy broke the frank news.

"We asked him what he learned in school that day, and he said, 'Nothing,'" sobbed Mrs. Jenkins. "'Nothing!' what kind



of school does he go to? You have to learn something at school; that's what school's

for," she said, regaining her composure somewhat. It certainly is a shame.

"Anyway," Mr. Jenkins continued: "I said, 'So Billy boy! What did you learn in school today, son?' and he didn't even stop eating. He just said, 'Nothing.' This was at the dinner table."

When asked to comment on why he said "nothing," Billy mumbled "I don't know," and refused to make eye contact.

Truth

Liar Caught Lying, Reprimanded

A LIAR WAS CAUGHT IN THE act on Thursday, February 18th. He thought that he could get away with misrepresenting the truth and that it wouldn't harm anyone, but he didn't count on the vigilance of one citizen.

"I realized that this liar wasn't being completely honest, so I asked him, 'just what do you think your doing there?'" said the citizen who caught the liar. "Then, when he mumbled a response to his feet and touched his nose emphatically, I knew that I had caught him."

Authorities were notified, and the liar was made to confess the truth. Then he received a lecture on the importance of honesty in our contractdependent and



Mr. Wilkins, a liar, has also cheated.

capitalist society.

This instance of justice being served was particularly satisfying because most people had suspected the liar of being occasionally dishonest, but up until now, no one had been able to prove it.

"Everybody likes to see a liar get his. I'm just glad I was able to help," said the visibly proud citizen

Scene

Quaint Festival Held In Backwards-Ass Town

IN A SMALL TOWN LAST WEEK, a festival was held in honor of the turnip. The celebration was reminiscent of an ancient harvest festival and made it very obvious that the town is in fact completely ass-backwards, and not much better than a town that a caveman would create if he was around today.



Danger! Tiny bears are cute but deadly.

Wildlife

Tiny Bears Attack Wilmington Resident

ROBERT FENTON, A RESIDENT OF Wilmington, was attacked by two tiny bears last Thursday. The bears were reportedly the tiniest bears ever seen in the area. "One of the bears went for my face, and was biting my eyes," reported Fenton from Wilmington Memorial Hospital. "The other concentrated mainly on my genitals, mauling and biting also." The two bears have been taken into custody, and await reintroduction into their natural habitat (a tiny pit in Fenton's front yard). Further attacks are expected upon Fenton's release from intensive care. "I don't want to go home," he commented. "I am afraid of those two tiny bears."

Dr. MAGAZINE

Signs you might have rabies.

Do any of the following statements apply to you?

1. Your autopsy reads, "Cause of death: rabies."
2. A medical doctor has diagnosed you with rabies.
3. Several medical doctors have diagnosed you with rabies.
4. Your friends say about you: "Too bad that Ted died. It's a shame he got rabies."

Simon is not funny

WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT SIMON Peterson? He's just not funny.

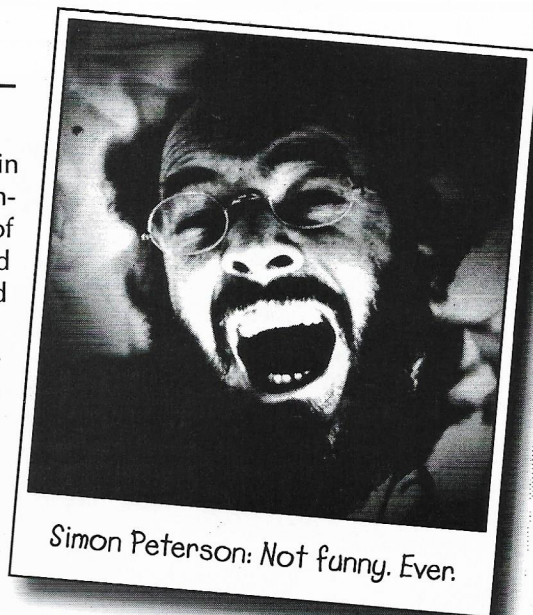
"That's what people don't get about Simon. He tries to tell a joke and no one laughs," said Peterson's friend of fifteen years, Mark Matthews. "Simon is different. I'm not sure if he's trying to be entertaining when he tells a joke, but he's not."

At first friends panned Simon. He was booed from dinner tables and towel-whipped out of locker rooms. For Simon, however, persistence was the key. Day after day, Simon saw

friends and engaged them in weak attempts at witty conversation. Twenty minutes of one-liners, dull stories and observations on friends and family.

Boring," says office mate Janet Freeburow. "Unbelievably boring."

Simon's conversation-meets nothing but silence. Simon's life meets with silence. Simon is not a funny man.



Simon Peterson: Not funny. Ever.

Foreign

Faries Frolic in Magic Land

IN MAGIC LAND THIS WEEK, FAIRIES COULD BE SEEN FROLICKING among the pristine, sugar-coated hills. But of course, that is what they do every day in Magic Land.

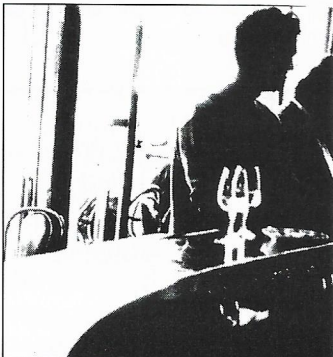
"Everything is happy here, and no one ever shouts at anyone," said Unicorn Pony, a miniature cross between a unicorn and a pony. And then the most beautiful butterfly in the whole world flew by with a pink flower in its tiny, baby-like hand.

Science

Studies Indicate Red Wine is Effective Weapon in War on Sobriety

IF TAKEN IN HIGH QUANTITIES over a short period of time, red wine has been shown to greatly increase one's chances of avoiding sobriety, and the responsibilities that come with it.

"Being drunk is a great way to forget about your problems, like if your wife is giving you problems," said "Doctor" Richard Smokins, a red wine researcher. "Like if she's nagging you, or she com-



Red or White? Both get you drunk, but red makes you drunker.

plains about your constant drinking. 'You smell like whiskey! Have you been drinking again?' You forget all of that. (Burp.)"

Developments

The New This-And-That Will Cause Whopty-Doo, Who Cares

A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN BORING-LAND TODAY CAUSED A BIG stupid mess and everyone is yelling, "Oh no, look at me, I suck, I'm so stupid."

Quiz Corner

Which of these sounds most like the tune heard on NBC's Nightly News with Tom Brokaw?

- a) du Du Duh Duh duh, de de de dah
- b) Da Da Da DA DA, Da Da da daaaaa
- c) Dum Duh Duh Dum Dah, Dah Dah Da Dam

Are you the reincarnation of former President Herbert Hoover?

1. Whenever the stock market takes a turn for the worse, do you disappear for a few weeks and then return wearing a fake mustache?
2. The first time you heard the Hoover jingle on TV, "Hoover: nobody does it like you!" did you begin to shed tears of pride until you realized it was about vacuums?
3. Does your bumper sticker read: "I told you the New Deal sucked!!!"?
4. Do You frequently launch political campaigns for local offices under the pseudonym Rerbert Roover? When people ask questions, do you hurriedly tell them that you're Portuguese?



Democracy in Britain: Only a Pipe Dream?

Ever since the insurrective colonials rebelled against their motherland and His Wiseness, King George III, rumors of the superiority of American governmental ideals have been floating through the peasantfolk of Britain. Now, only two centuries later, many scholars are predicting a British transition to democracy within the next twenty years.

But can Her Majesty's beloved isles survive with a commoner at the helm? Britain has been under monarchical rule since the year 408, when the Romans were driven out beyond Hadrian's Wall. After King Offa the Ruthless unified the independent Anglo-Saxon tribes in 757, one single leader appointed by God has determined the fate of Britannia for over twelve centuries.

However, peasant complaints about the monarchy have been increasing. "What did the Crown do for my father

when he was dying of the Black Death?" asks Hodo, Son of Paul, an unwashed serf. "When my father asked the King for a healing unction to place upon his boils, the King merely fled to his hunting estate in the countryside."

In America, however, the governmental democracy under Bill Clinton has organizations to deal with such problems. America's Center for Disease Control (CDC) even offered to go to Britain to distribute penicillin and antibacterial soap during the 1994 bubonic plague outbreak that claimed the lives of thousands, including Paul, Hodo's father. But Queen Elizabeth would not allow American intervention, as such an action would have diminished the authority of the Crown. The Black Plague of 1994 was the fourth outbreak of the plague in England in as many decades.

Some historians say that despite peasant grumblings, a

democracy will never exist in Britain. "A democracy in Britain is simply not possible," said eminent Oxford historian Jonathan Yates. "No matter how the peasants feel, the monarchy is still extremely powerful, and can not be toppled by a silly revolt over human rights."

Indeed, Yates makes a valid point. Her Majesty's Royal Navy is still the most powerful fighting force in the known world, rivaled only by the dreaded Portuguese armada. When under duress, Britain can still establish its authority: in 1990's Gulf War, the monarchy sent five of its most powerful catapults by pony to penetrate Saddam Hussein's castle. "If we can handle Saddam Hussein, we can handle our own people," said Queen Elizabeth.

"The question," responds Yates, "is whether or not Britain handle her own people for the next 50 years." Ever since Princess Diana was beheaded for failing to produce Prince Charles a male heir to the throne, Britain's power has been declining. Added a worried Yates, "Britain still maintains complete control over India and much of Canada, but for how long?"

Ever vigilant against threats to the Crown, the Queen has a contingency plan against Cockney cries for democracy. "If worst comes to worst," she said sweetly, "we will attack America and take it back. Then no self-respecting peon will speak so highly of their fancy democracy. Crumbs!" She signed the Magna Carta with a flourish and pronounced "worst" without an "r" sound.



Royal Rumbings: Is Queen Elizabeth losing her hold on the Britons?

International Scene

Saddam Spills Secrets

Iraqi leader bows to U.N. pressure

Under constant pressure from the U.N. and the intimidation of the U.S. military, Iraqi leader Saddam Hussein has finally cracked. Last week, in a press conference aired around the world, Hussein revealed his most carefully guarded secrets.

According to Hussein, Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman's marriage is indeed a sham. "A financial arrangement, pure and simple," sneered the Iraqi leader. Also, Bruce Willis and Demi Moore's mar-

riage, while founded on genuine love, soured quickly over their divergent political views. Hussein hinted cattily that the two have not shared the same bed in several years. And rising star Vince Vaughn? "Gay," said Hussein, raising a suggestive eyebrow.

Repercussions in the United States were quick and severe. President Clinton announced that he, too, had heard of Cruise and Kidman's sham marriage. "Someone over

there should tell Saddam that it's not 1993 anymore," commented a smug President. In addition, Clinton claimed that he had heard from Anne Heche through Linda Bloodworth-Thomason that Vince Vaughn was, in his words, "as straight as a shot of Wild Turkey."

A flustered Hussein responded to Clinton's accusations in a press release, claiming that he had a friend in L.A. who'd seen Vince Vaughn holding hands with another man at Magic Mountain. The rest of his info, he admitted, he had gotten off of the Internet.

In a final misguided effort to calm United States emotions, the Iraqi leader released the news that Walt Disney's body was still being kept alive. A prepared Clinton responded with a swift "Duh," to gasps of the assembled media.

The conflict is reminiscent of the Gulf War in 1991, in which an enraged George Bush punished Hussein for his claim that Richard Gere was heterosexual.

War seems imminent again unless Hussein can provide newer and spicier gossip on the Hollywood elite.

Newton's Diaries Found

Powerful writings shed light on the private thoughts and habits of history's greatest thinker

Newton, the greatest thinker of the 17th century, mathematical lion, father of calculus, the man who tamed the wilds of nature, a man of laws and contradictions, an alchemist and a professor, Nature's student and Man's teacher, has given us one last gift: his diaries (*reproduced, right*).

"This is a rare glimpse into the mind of a genius," says Dr. Larry Kelper, a professor in an Ivy League math department.

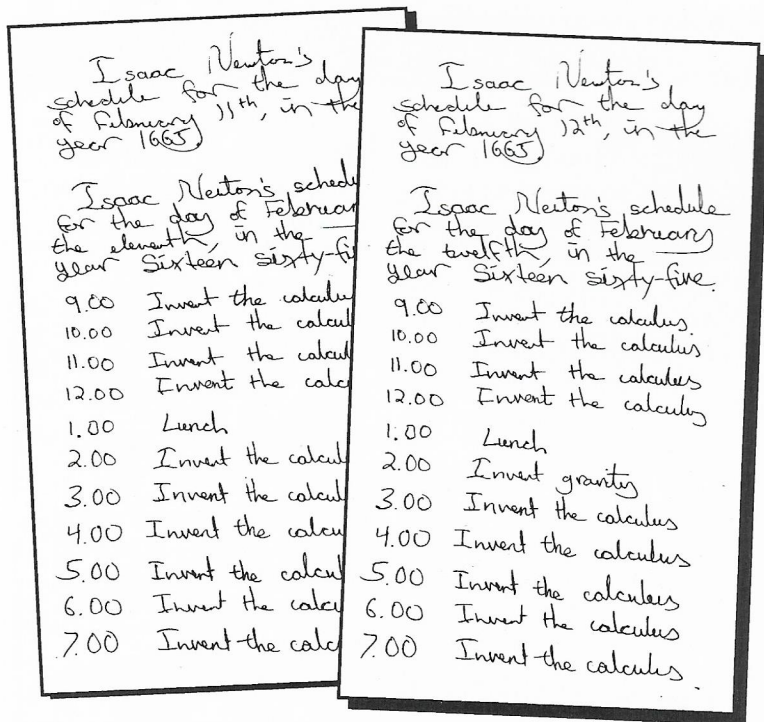
"The fascinating thing about these journals is his singleness of purpose, the raw confidence of his genius. That's what comes through to me about these remarkable letters."

Stanford professor Paul Cohen found special interest in fragments from Newton's daily planner (*see bottom*).

"I think we were all a bit surprised to learn that the invention of gravity was something of a throwaway discovery," says Cohen. "He just squeezed it in after lunch."

Is Newton trying to speak to us from the grave?

"Ooooooh," said Cohen, waving his hands. "Sounds scary."



Two of only three remaining pages from Newton's personal daily planner.

Isaac Newton's diary for the month of March, in the year Sixteen sixty five

THURSDAY

I finally asked Cindy to go to the theater with me, and she said yes! It was fun. She's so nice. Then I went to class, which was fun. After class me and Cindy ate soup together. I made a joke about the soup, and she laughed at it. (I think she likes me!) I can't remember what the joke was, but it was really fun. Cindy is really pretty. I have so much fun with her.

FRIDAY

Had a lot of fun today. I went to meet my friend Peter in London. We ate lunch together and talked for a while. (He's friends with Cindy!) It was really fun. On the way home Peter complimented me on my haircut. It was so much fun. Before I went to bed I invented some calculus. It was so fun. I hope I see Cindy tomorrow. (Cindy is really pretty.)

SATURDAY

Cindy and I went for a walk by the lake. It was really fun. She noticed my haircut. (I know she likes me now!) ~~It was fun~~ It was really fun. I'm thinking about telling Cindy that I love her. Is it time for that yet? She was a little bit late for our evening together so I invented some more calculus while I was waiting. Then we went on a walk, and I had a lot of fun. Cindy is so great. I have so much fun with her. ~~She's so nice~~ She's so nice and pretty. It was fun.

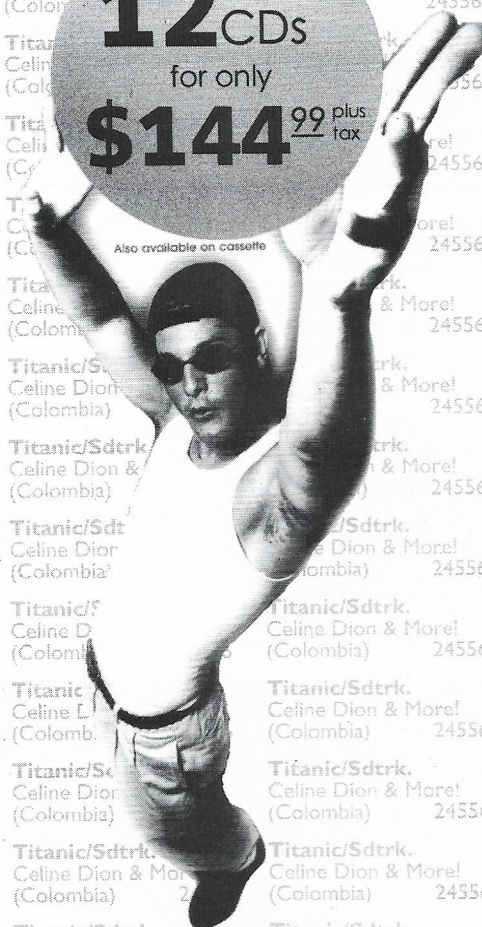
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• YES!

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Place Stamp Here!	Place Stamp Here!
Place Stamp Here!	Place Stamp Here!
Place Stamp Here!	Place Stamp Here!

Mr.
 Mrs.
 Ms. (PLEASE PRINT) First Name Initial Last Name

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone Area Code _____

Signature _____

2. I've checked the one music category I like best (but I can change my mind any time)

- LIGHT SOUNDS - Titanic Soundtrack, Celine Dion
- SOUNDTRACKS - Titanic Soundtrack, Celine Dion
- EARLY 20th CENTURY ROMANCE - Titanic Soundtrack, Celine Dion
- LOVERS DYING IN ICY ARCTIC WATER - Titanic Soundtrack, Celine Dion
- BONY CANADIAN DIVA SINGS - Titanic Soundtrack, Celine Dion
- SHIP OF DOOM - Titanic Soundtrack, Celine Dion
- DON'T BOARD THAT SHIP! - Titanic Soundtrack, Celine Dion
- JAZZ - Titanic Soundtrack, Celine Dion

The Glass Mirror

Recent journalism scandals have eerie parallels in our magazine

National Journalism Snafus

In 1998, hotshot journalist Steven Glass rocked the journalism world when he admitted fabricating an entire story for *The New Republic*, as well as all or parts of dozens of other stories. The young scribe created a fictional computer company and even designed a fake webpage and answering machine bearing the company's name. Glass was fired immediately from Harper's and lost every one of his magazine contracts.

A 1998 column by Boston Globe's Mike Barnicle was found to contain several jokes from an old George Carlin book. Barnicle denied that he had ever read the book, but later retracted his defense when Globe editors uncovered clips of him promoting the book on local television several years before. Initially, Barnicle was given only a temporary suspension, but was forced to resign after a long history of journalistic snafus surfaced, including a misquote of Harvard law professor Allen Dershowitz.

Patricia Smith, another Boston Globe writer, was forced to resign for consistently fabricating people characters and quotes in her 1995 and 1996 columns, including a story on an Elton John concert she claimed falsely to have attended. When the allegations surfaced, Smith was immediately dismissed. Several outspoken critics and politicians argued that she was not given the same leniency as Barnicle because she was black, citing the incident as a symptom of racism throughout the field of journalism.

MAGAZINE Journalism Snafus

In a shocking parallel, free-lance MAGAZINE contributor Bernard Veritic fabricated a story about start-up companies in Silicon Valley. To support his lies, Veritic launched a new web-browsing company, took it public after six months, and pocketed 27 million dollars. When the lies surfaced, Veritic was fired. "I never meant to hurt anybody," he said, speaking from his private ocean.

In 1998, several MAGAZINE writers wrote a book, then wrote another book stealing from that book, then a movie, stealing from another movie they had made earlier. Then they made a theme park, alternately promoting the movie and denying quotes from the book. As the 1 millionth guest of the theme park, Allen Dershowitz was given a chair in the Harvard Law School.

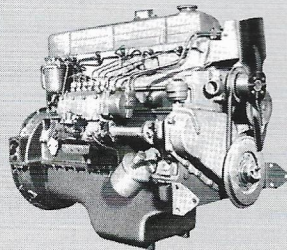
Long ago, MAGAZINE editor Bristow Adams led a pregnant donkey into the main staff room and introduced it as his good friend. "It's a racist monkey," said Adams shyly.

Falwell Says They're Gay

Christian Leader "Outs" Several Household Objects

Ford "330" 6-cylinder Diesel

Without their knowledge, hundreds of handsome, strapping young men are driving around with homosexual engines under their hoods. Thousands of these "motors" utilize throbbing, thrusting pistons slicked and lubed with oil to make them run. When I think of sweaty, muscular construction workers clad only in tool-belts and hard hats leaning up against a truck with a gay engine, I get engorged with anger.



A Pencil

Children in school every day are forced to handle, even fondle, this possibly gayest of objects. It is obvious to even the most casual observer that the pencil is nothing but a poorly concealed representation of the penis of a small, wooden gay man.

A Comb

I ask you, is there anything more ripe with homosexual undertones than a hundred healthy little protrusions attached to a firm plastic base stuffed in the back pocket of a virile, tight jeans-wearing teenager? When I think of barbers running these little protrusions through the tossed, wind swept hair of men sitting helpless and vulnerable in their chairs I get stiff with rage.

The Quarter

Another insidious attempt by the homosexual underground to corrupt our nation's young boys with their filthy ways. The picture on the front (or "head" side) is of a man in a wig—in other words, a transvestite gay man. Whenever a young boy wants to buy a jock strap or a sucker, he is forced to use this gay currency. This makes me understandably sexually aroused with anger.



Women

I mean, please. Soooo gay.

Abject Misery

The tragic story of a boy named Barnyard Commandos

You wake up in the morning like any normal, healthy 13-year-old boy. A breakfast of cereal, orange juice, a kiss on the forehead from Mom, and it's off to school. Yes, off to school. Off to school and the thousands of daily insults, mockings, and humiliations. Why, you ask? Simply because your name is Barnyard Commandos.

In the last decade, a new trend has emerged in child-naming. Increasing numbers of parents are opting to give up the responsibility of naming their offspring, allowing the children themselves to decide on their names when they are ready. When it works, everyone is happy (at least for a while). But when it fails...

Ten years from now, how are all the *Super Power Ninjas* and *Power Rangers* of the world going to be able to get jobs? The answer is simple: no.

"I hate my name. It is the worst name," said 13-year-old St. Paul, MN boy Barnyard Commandos. "When I picked out my name, Barnyard Commandos [a popular toy in early 1990] were totally cool. We all used to play with them, even Super Power Ninja [a former friend of Barnyard's]. I don't know what I was thinking. It's the worst name I could have picked, because Barnyard Commandos suck."

I spent a day with Barnyard Commandos, attending classes with him, accompanying him to recess, and sitting with him in the lunchroom. What I saw and heard was not pretty. In his various classes, I intercepted no less than seven notes containing disparaging comments directed towards Barnyard. Three of these notes were written by He-Man And The Masters

Of The Universe, a more popular classmate. At recess, he was not picked to play baseball by either Power Rangers or Hot Wheels Jr., the two team captains, and was forced to sit alone in his homeroom. He sat alone again at lunch, during which several of his classmates taunted him and threatened him with various food items, to the delight of Princess Rainbow and Sailor Moon (two popular female students).

The problem that Barnyard Commandos is beginning to face is a microcosm of the problems of a whole generation. Ten years from now, how are all the "Super Power Ninjas" and "Power Rangers" of the world going to be able to get jobs, or more impor-

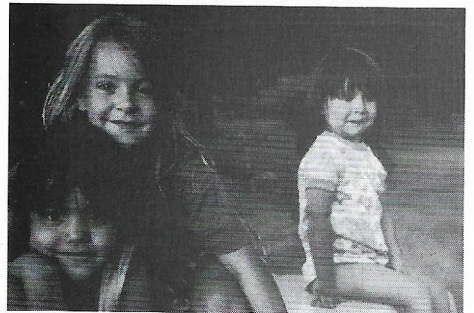
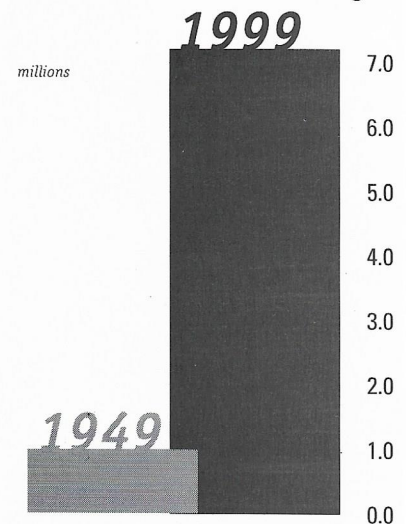
tantly, look at themselves in the mirror? The answer is simple: they will not be able to.

Just like the hippies, the Power Rangers Generation is doomed to be a footnote in history, a cautionary tale for generations to come. For every Tom, Dick, and Harry making his fortune in the stock market, there will be a Barnyard Commandos or Hot Wheels living in poverty, ruining the day that they made the decision that would ruin their lives.

"My name is something that I can never change. I can't just fill out a form and file it with the government, legally changing my name. It is something I will have to live with for the rest of my life. I am Barnyard Commandos," he said, showing wisdom beyond his years, "and it sucks."

Then & Now...

Children Named "Power Rangers"



Even Barnyard's dog Deep Space Nine looks away in embarrassment (top).

Boys aren't the only victims of the naming craze; My Little Pony, Barbie Makeup and My First Toilet are oblivious to the teasing that awaits them.

The enigmatic Phonana: Neither a phone nor a banana, the stylish device has become a badge of aplomb among trend-setting twentysomethings.



Look Out, Ma Bell: Fake Phones Catching Up for the First Time

The telephone industry, already threatened by the rise of computer networking, has run into a more serious challenge. For many, imitation or "fake" phones have become a wiser purchase than real phones. Once considered only gag gifts or toys for boring children, fake phones are now outselling their functional counterparts for the first time.

This development has been prompted by vast improvements in telephone imitation technology: fake phones today are cheaper, lighter and smaller than they were five years ago. They also boast many new features, such as lights, sounds, or the ability to store a three-second message. Some fake phones have attributes unavailable in real

telephones. "This one looks like a hamburger!" exclaimed an unidentified boy. Added his chubbier companion, "Mine's a water gun."

Also, since fake phones do not contain any complex circuitry or wiring, they are extremely durable. Clumsy or angry users can abuse fake telephones as they please. Tony Z, a disreputable teenager, demonstrated the imitations' toughness by throwing a fake telephone in a river and then smoking a cigarette.

Because of these advantages, the stigma of fake telephones has disappeared in the eyes of many consumers. Said Joe Maxwell, an accountant, "These fake phones cost much less than real ones do. For me," he grinned, "it's an

easy choice." Other buyers agreed, such as a woman who said, "I agree with him." She nodded at Maxwell to further illustrate her point.

Mathematics support Maxwell's thesis. The average functional telephone costs around \$55, while fake telephones cost no more than \$6. An aged statistician confirmed that 6 was indeed less than 55.

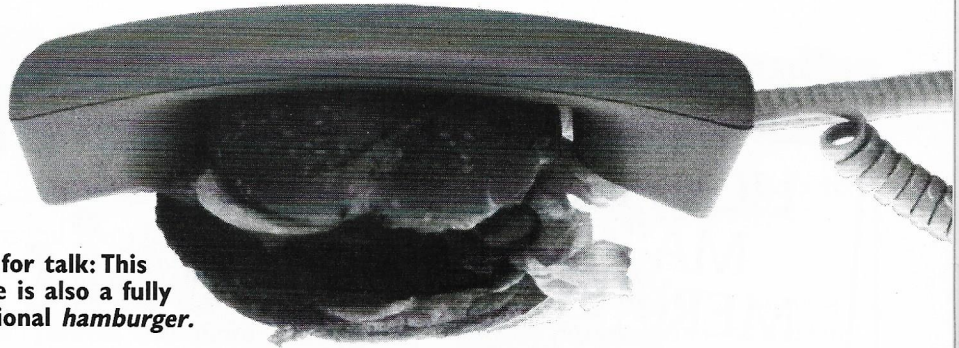
Real phone producers have little to say about the fake phone boom. Motorola spokeswoman Patricia Simons condemned the telephone imitators, saying, "You can't make phone calls with those things." She continued, "Jesus." But sales figures are talking loudly: fake phones now represent 56% of the real phone/fake phone market, which only a year ago was not considered an actual market by anyone.

Why the sudden change? The ability to communicate with other people, traditionally a main feature of the telephone, now seems unimportant to the consumer. In a poll conducted by telephone, 99% that were called said that communicating ability was no longer their chief priority in phones. 46% said that they had abandoned real phones altogether. 13% admitted that they could not even speak English.

Phone shoppers are now more interested in convenience than anything else. "If I'm in a rush, I don't want to press a lot of buttons," said Chris Goddard as he ran as fast as he could. "My Fun Fone™ has only one button that works, and it just beeps. And that works for me. No hassles." He collapsed, panting.

Harvey Araton had similar praise for his Dial-A-Smile™. "As a district attorney, I can get pretty stressed," he screamed. "My fake phone's happy messages help me get through the day." He then fought a one-man battle against a sea of corruption.

"A banana!" shrieked a child philosophically as he clutched his Phonana™ to his tiny chest. Neither a



Food for talk: This phone is also a fully functional hamburger.

phone nor a banana, the Phonana™ has sent both the real phone and real banana industries spinning into financial peril.

Not everyone is convinced of fake phones' merits. "Maybe it's the way I was raised, but I like talking to people with my phones," said retiree Stanley Booth. "Friends, relatives, even strangers. Communication with other

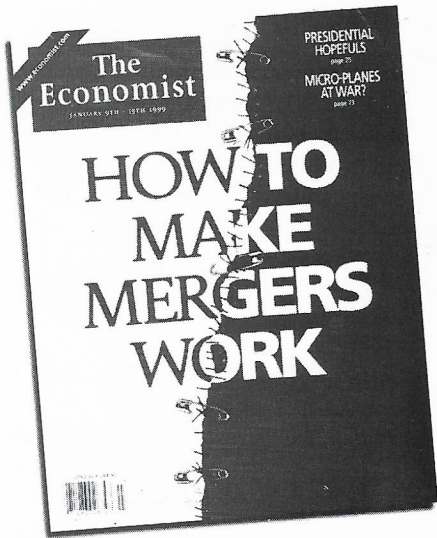
human beings is something that I enjoy," he confided.

But everyone else thinks that Booth is wrong. The fake telephone, once the goofy bastard stepchild of the actual telephone, has taken its rightful place at the head of the telephone family. Fake phones are poised to dominate fake communications well into the fake 21st century.

An Idea Whose Time Has Come?

Consumers aren't the only ones finding comfort in the false phone. Even real people have grown tired of the clichéd "calling phone" of yesteryear. Moreover, sheer scientific proof reveals that fake phones are better than actual phones by an overwhelming ratio of 9 to 1. The chart featured below removes all doubt: the phone of the future is fake.

Attributes	Real Phones	Fake Phones
Durable plastic		●
Under \$10.00		●
Can play songs		●
No extra fees		●
No reception problems		●
Makes phone calls	●	
Easy to use		●
Looks like things		●
Shoots water		●
Is an air horn		●



The Vanishing Classic

Examining the sad future of *The Economist*

Franks Diesel, owner and operator of the Chicago newsstand "D. News" has sold the British news publication *The Economist* for over 30 years. But no more.

"Folks aren't buying it much anymore. I never read the thing. That's all the economics I need to know," says the wily 60-year-old. Diesel will pull *The Economist* from his racks next month.

If you happen to open an issue, you'll likely find a page full of nothing but tiny words.

Words?

That's right. *The Economist* style has always been to deliver a glutton's plate of salient political, scientific and economic information. However, this motherlode of mind-bits is not delivered in form of colorful pie charts and infographic cartoon characters, which most people enjoy. Instead, it is delivered as page after page of nine-point font typeset, black-and-white words, hundreds to a column.

"Most Americans can't even begin to read something like this," says publishing industry analyst George Dwight. "One single issue of the magazine contains more information than the average high-school history textbook."

"I'm not quite sure I understand what's going on here," says Dale McWarren, CEO of a prominent technology company, as he leafs through

a recent issue. "The cover says something about NATO, but I can't find any big pictures of jets or guns. It's all a bunch of writing. A LOT of it. This page says 'Lexington' at the top. What is this?"

Is *The Economist* likely to change

"If you happen to open an issue, you'll likely find a page full of nothing but tiny words. Words?"

its unapproachable layout to something which invites the modern American magazine reader?

"No," says publisher representative Blair McDowan. "We will not be changing our time-honored publication to meet the McCulture of newsstands across the pond."

No?

That's right. And without a bow to bells and whistles, *The Economist* will have to go from most American newsstands and coffee tables.

But not all are happy to see the magazine go. Henry Jones, a professor of political science at Ohio State University, says he is disappointed to see the publication waning in popularity. "It's a sad commentary on America that we don't want to read such an important international publication. America is losing here."

Whatever the case, talk is cheap in America. Thomas Malkowitz, a sopho-

more in Jones' introductory political science class, has never heard of *The Economist*, but he told me he is canceling his subscription to Playboy, because other competing publications have "more pictures of [naked ladies]."

BUSINESS

Small Japanese companies Forced to be free

RECESSION is never kind to Japan's small and muddling firms, whose will to absorb pain precedes the idiosyncratic. Not the country's latest downturn has been unusually hard on them. One reason is that the coddly intimate big firms in Japan have begun to modernize. The fortunes of Japan's car makers suggest that this could have startling effects. Like most of Japan's big manufacturers, each of its three largest car makers—Toyota, Nissan and Honda—protects compartmented parts through a carefully sive supplier network of semi-catchy. The suppliers suggest that this been scaled with minority stakes (see below) guaranteed supplies for the car makers at a time when demand for cars was growing quickly, while squeezing costs out of the production chain. In return, car parts makers got cheap financing from the car makers and security of demand for their products. But now that demand is collapsing—

1998 lower cuts and losses were sold in Japan than in any year since 1986—incumbents protect parts companies from takeovers, the industry cannot readily shrink companies have been left out of a global competition in the industry. Because competitors such as Toyota and Ford suppliers so as to protect the value of their equity stakes, they have less flexibility to buy cheap parts from foreign firms. The burden is the heavier because parts firms

Spare parts

Automotive companies	No. of affiliated suppliers	Market value	Value of car company's stake, %
Toyota	11	204	7.6
Nissan	22	276	6.6
Honda	8	219	8.2

Source: Japanese Ministry of Economy, Trade and Industry

have not followed car makers' ownership. According to Christopher Redd of Morgan Stanley & Co. in New York, an American investor's stake in a typical Japanese car maker is still made up of 100% of the car maker's equity. Other advantages are also fading, notably parts suppliers' access to low-cost financing from the car makers. Japan's banks are being planning to disregard the value of group relationships and to price their loans according to a company's strength in ind-

Double parked

FRANCE is not getting any better for Fiat. After opening Renault's new factory in the south of the country last month, sales were dented by a similar setback in the first Argentine market. Renault's come of the production line. But behind the starting car industry has been studied imposed punitive interest rates on default loans since late 1997, sales of cars recovery in 1998.

The Brazilian market more than doubled in the five years to 1997, making it one of the world's fastest growing. Renault's investment in Brazil's Renault Trucks is due to open new car factories. By 2000, Renault's investment in Renault's car factories will rise from 24% to 33%. The company's investment in Renault's car factories will be 24%.

For the four car makers who have long

Real Allowance Down

Rampant Economic Growth Leaves Parental Benefaction Untouched—Economists Disappointed

Recent reports from the Bureau of Labor Statistics show that six years into its expansion, the economy shows no signs of slowing down. Wages and productivity are growing faster than they have in several years, and inflation remains well in check. Yet there is one statistic that continues to baffle and upset economists. As the economy continues to burn hot and steady, real allowance continues to decline.

Between January and March alone, both automatic weekly wire transfers and miscellaneous expense coverings have dropped by nearly 6%. And this really couldn't have happened at a worse time, when economists have finally managed to get a steady girlfriend. Recently, some economists had to celebrate their two-month anniversary with a weekend in the city which included roses, wine, dinner, tickets to a play, a night at Fancy New Hotel, and Spectravision. These things aren't free. Economists need money to pay for these things, and where does money come from? Allowance.

Economists believe that this trend is probably a result of a choice to not major in Business Administration. Even though economists tried to explain to their parents that there was not an undergraduate business school, economists' parents insisted that if economists were spending their parents' money, economists would get a practical education. Economists tried to explain to their parents that economics was practical and that its study would lead to many job opportunities, but economists' parents could not comprehend a corporation hiring a non-business major. Economists' parents went to state schools in the 1950's and drive large, safe cars; they don't understand the dynamics of modern corporations and their hiring practices.

Even after trying to explain to econ-

omists' parents that more allowance would be needed to maintain the current girlfriend status, economists' parents refused to increase weekly allotments. Economists tried to explain to their parents how much Julie meant to them, but economists' parents felt no empathy towards economists' growing sense of insularity. Economists are not at school to not study Business Administration and spend their time chasing coeds, said economists' parents. Honestly, they continued, you cannot live at home after school. You have to get a job. And what's all this nonsense about insularity? You live in a one room quad in a fraternity.

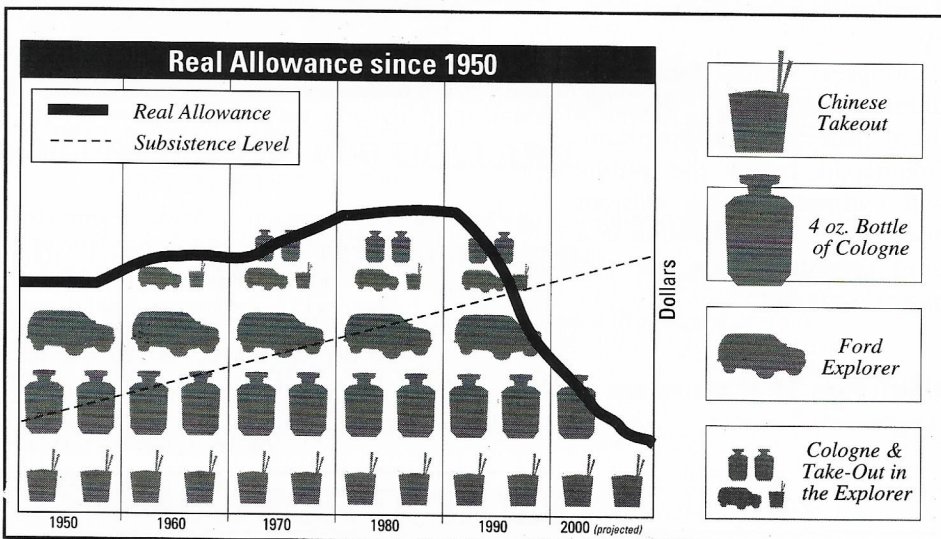
Economists' parents have always been this unreasonable. When economists wanted to get a new Explorer, they would only buy them a used Blazer. What good would a used Blazer do economists? No leather, no CD player, no girl. A used Blazer would do as much good for economists as cheap cologne.

As usual, economists will have to make do with what little their allowance can provide them. Blondes are probably out, at least natural ones, but economists like brunettes anyway.

Advantage: Euro

Here are a few of the perks to economic unity, Euro style:

- Euros are accepted in all countries in the union, so there is no need to exchange currency when crossing borders.
- The Euros are controlled by one large central bank, so policy action will be swift and decisive.
- The new central bank is in Germany. Germans are quite financially inclined, so why not?
- The Euro is associated with a fast and convenient railway system.
- You can get Euros in paper or in a convenient magnetic card.
- Not having to change currencies has enabled the Dutch to erect a colossal iron skyscraper which puts the Eiffel Tower to shame.
- There is a college plan available for the Euro. The limit is a little lower, but there is no annual fee so it's ideal for students from any country in the union.
- I lost my Euro card while I was in France, so I just called up the toll free number, and a man from Germany brought me a new one within twelve hours. What helped him travel so fast? The Euro!



America To Adopt the Euro?

Congress Releases Conditions for joining European Union

In a surprise move, Alan Greenspan was approached last week by the European Economic Union with a plaintive query: Would America adopt the Euro, lending a bit of international street credibility to the nascent European common currency? Congress met in a special joint session to address this shocking request. At the end of this grueling session, Greenspan announced to the American public that, in this age of a Disney-owned Times Square and a Borders on every corner, it would be in perfect spirit with the current excitement over gentrification and genericizing.

Greenspan isn't just letting Europe and their history of cultural imperialism steamroll proud America, however, as evidenced by a lengthy document mailed to Europe yesterday detailing the conditions Europe would have to meet for America to adopt their currency.

Congress ratified these conditions unanimously, deeming them fair and appropriate. Greenspan hopes the public will endorse the list without hesitation. The following is a brief selection from the 485 page document.

RIGHT: Page 23 of the recent congressional report.



The United States of America



the dollar "look and feel." Below are the conditions which must be met for the United states to switch to the new "Euro" currency:

America's Conditions for Adopting Euro

1. A dollar-Euro exchange rate of one-to-one which is fixed forever.
2. The Euro should be nicknamed "the dollar" and have the likeness of many U.S. Presidents on it.
3. Bills with a value of two-dollars must be printed for a short time, then discontinued collected for their novelty value.
4. The Euro shall be split into small copper denominations worth 1/100 of a Euro, or 18 Italian Lira, or 5 French centimes, or three British tuppence.
5. The current command center now called the "BundesBank" and located in downtown Frankfurt must be renamed the "Federal Reserve Bank" and relocated to Washington, D.C.
6. America trades its middle class for the more dignified bourgeoisie.
7. We trade Atlanta for Paris.
8. Any Euros that are printed, we get them all.
9. Any Euros unprinted shall be divided equally between the European nations, except we get Atlanta's share.
10. The Chunnel will rerouted to J.F.K.
11. We'll give you Old Milwaukee and Natural Lite for absinthe, ouzo and grappa.
12. We want something better to look at from the Nevada freeways. Like a castle. Or a chateau. Or the Louvre.
13. Richard Branson must change his name to Ted Turner.
14. Europe shall breed a clan of disenchanting expatriate writers who forsake their nations' rat-race capitalism for the coffee shops of Paris.
15. Europeans, or "Americans" as they will be called, will ridicule one another for speaking only English.
16. The upper echelon of BBC writers will join NBC, where they will exchange their sophisticated newscasts and comedy shows for payment in Euros, a brand new currency soon to be released, worth virtually nothing.

Make FIVE BILLION DOLLARS *in* ONE SECOND *with* NO WORK AT ALL!

Requires no knowledge, no action, no risk. You WILL make at least 5 billion dollars in exactly one second. Some will make more! Don't believe it? Listen to some of these testimonials:

"I made 10 billion dollars in one second."

-Jeffrey Parker

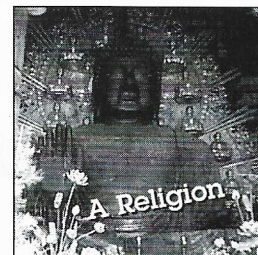
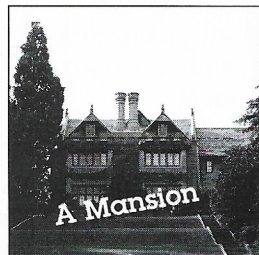
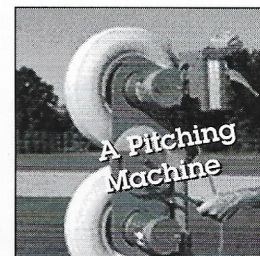
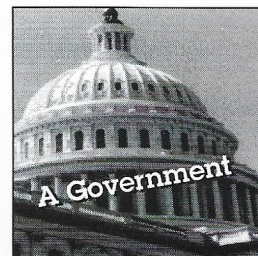
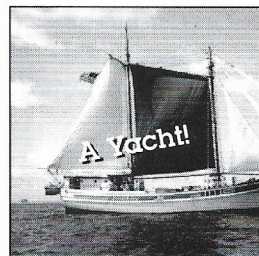
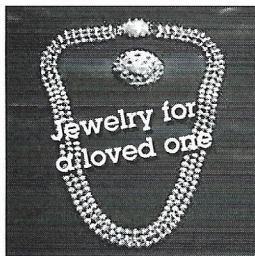
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-Jane Anderson

"I made 350 trillion dollars in one second."

-Desmond Jones

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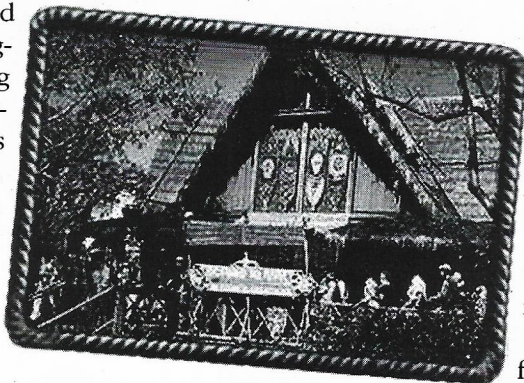
*There is absolutely NO RISK! NO WORK! You will be RICH!

Scientists Discover Amazing "Tiki Room"

Brave explorers stumble onto a fantastic realm of wonder in the heart of Adventureland

Last week, in Anaheim California, scientists discovered an area on earth where the normal laws of nature do not apply. The scientists have dubbed this abnormal spot "The Tiki Room."

The Tiki Room was discovered inside of the boundaries of the magic kingdom of Disneyland. The discovery of a haunted mansion within Disneyland by a rival expedition was what initially set the Tiki Room team into motion. "Well," stated a scientist, "after the discovery of the Haunted Mansion, we all figured that something else had to be nearby." The rest is recent history. Team Tiki charted a daring expedition into the heart of Adventureland and discovered the Tiki Room.



Postcards from the Edge: Souvenir photos provide a window into a strange and magical world.

When asked about what goes on inside the boundaries of the Tiki Room, one scientist replied, "Well, for starters, the birdies sing and the flowers bloom. Even more remarkable is the fact that these birds sing in English and in perfect harmony." Another scientist professed amazement that the doors leading into the Tiki Room opened without the need to touch them – almost as if by magic. "We haven't even been able to start cataloging the various wonders inside the Tiki Room," the head scientist stated,

"of course the local rumors that another Tiki Room exists somewhere in Florida has us all buzzing with excitement."

The group financing the Tiki expedition is excited about the lucrative financial possibilities. The CEO of this group said, "We hope to take some inhabitants of the Tiki Room into captivity and then perform experiments on these birds to find out what makes them sing." A researcher connected to the group said, "Owning your own singing bird as a pet will become a very real possibility." He added, "I only hope we don't have to kill all of the creatures in the Tiki Room in order to make this happen."

What do you think?

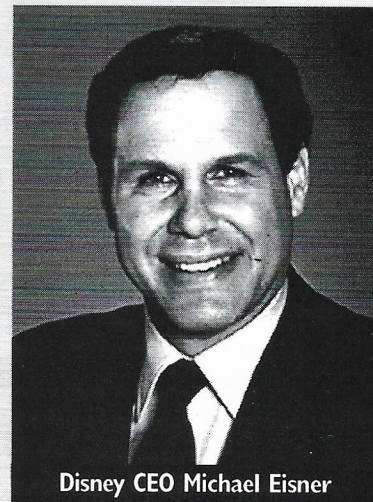
Should Disney appoint a CEO?

If so, Nathan could do the job. But can he work with the ad people?

What about Omar? Does he have what it takes to run the Chinese theme park?

And Bill? Ha ha, nooooo. Bill is far too old to be the CEO of a corporation as massive and complicated as Disney.

And Michael Eisner? Of course not—he is the CEO of the Disney Corporation.



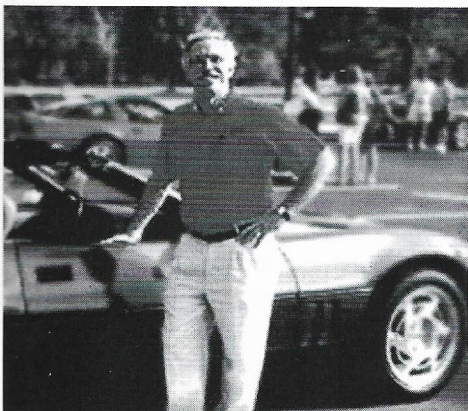
Disney CEO Michael Eisner

Huge Scientific Breakthrough: Future at Hand

A major breakthrough occurred today in the field of science, the nature of which breakthrough puts to shame all previous breakthroughs published in this or any other magazine. This particular breakthrough involved genes, or cells, or some kind of DNA nuclei. More important, however, is the fact that this breakthrough brings scientists one step closer to truth, which to my understanding is the goal of science: finding absolute truth.

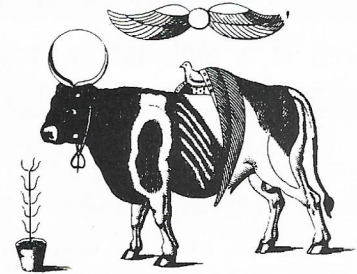
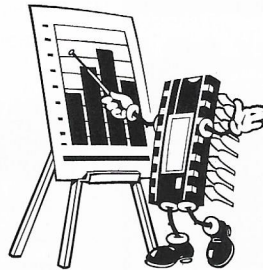
"For generations now, science has been searching for that which is true. This new major breakthrough could have happened years ago, in my opinion, if scientists of the past would have been thinking harder and doing the things that they were supposed to be doing," stated sometime Discovery Channel watcher Joseph Sargenson, who is my neighbor. "Instead of just screwing around," he continued, as I walked toward my car.

While it is not yet clear whether this exciting breakthrough will result in shiny new products for us to buy, word around the lab is largely positive. Or perhaps slightly negative, I could not really understand most of what they were saying.



Me: What do you think of my Corvette?

Side by Side



Year 2000 Bug vs. Year 1000 Bug

World-wide sewer network fails. Population throws refuse into the streets.

Worldwide sewer network fails to exist. Neither do streets. Population stews in its own filth.

Traffic lights stop functioning properly when their internal computers get confused about the date. Vehicular transportation impossible.

Most mules and other domesticated beasts, in their confusion about the date, stop functioning properly. Travel impossible.

Christian Fundamentalists spend the year 1999 predicting the Apocalypse.

Christian Fundamentalists spend the year 999 predicting the Apocalypse.

World-wide power grid collapses. All electrical appliances rendered useless.

World-wide lightning grid collapses. All activity based on chance electrical impulses rendered useless.

Operating under the assumption that it is the year 1900, all calculators fail. American commerce collapses.

Operating under the assumption that it is the year 0, all abacuses fail. Asia bravely goes on.

Many communication devices like phones, fax machines and the internet will no longer operate. All communication outside of speech impossible.

All communication impossible.

Words like "armageddon," "eschaton," "apocalypse" used frequently by pundits of the Y2K problem.

Words like "armageddon," "eschaton," "apocalypse" invented in a different and more primitive language.

Staying Legitimate

Children of a mob family, making their own way

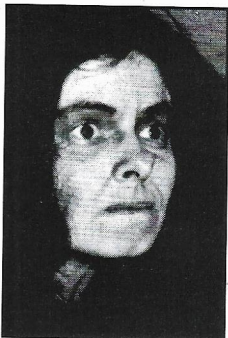
In 1996, Phillippe Agordo was convicted of tax fraud, and his historic sentencing marked the end of an Agordo Mafia reign that has lasted some six decades. But while police celebrate and citizens cheer, Philip's seven children have struggled to find their niche in life after crime. For three years, *MAGAZINE* has followed their stories, their struggles, and their triumphs.



JAIME

Jaime was the first of the Agordo family to plant firm roots as a normal citizen, opening a string of pharmaceutical companies. He insists that his family's indictments do not negate the value of his business practices. "My father is still my father," says Jaime. Will I cease to love him because of the trouble he is in? This is where he

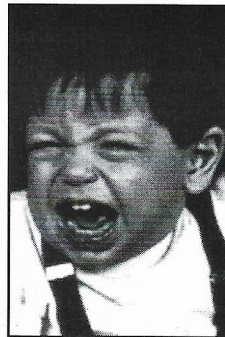
needs me most." The local law enforcement has been sensitive to Jaime's unscrupulous roots. One more than one occasion the sheriff has sat down with Jaime and calmly explained to him that it was not appropriate to threaten his customers with bats and hammers, or menace them in any way. "I have so much to learn," says Jaime. "But it feels great to be clean."



MARIÁ

Mariá has also found her niche on the straight and narrow road, opening a small daycare business in a Detroit suburb. "There's nothing like waking up in the morning and knowing that I have nothing to hide," says Mariá. "The clean life is tough, but it's worth it." Mariá's business has flourished since she learned not to steal her

clients from urban Detroit and ship them to her business in unmarked trucks, where they are raised from babies into paying customers. "My father always taught me to go for it, and I'm not going to apologize for an aggressive mistake," says Maria, adding that "you can't put a price on respectability."



HUMBERTO

Perhaps the strangest story is little Humberto's, the child of the family. His daycare experiences have been rocky, to say the least. Almost daily, the littlest Agordo struggles with his natural impulse to establish a multi-million-dollar drug cartel. But his teachers have been able to restrain Humberto, allowing him only the use

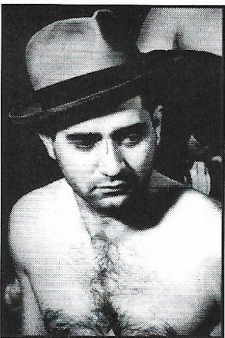
of the school Plasticine supply to make imitation machine guns. "I am three years old," says Humberto, holding up four chubby fingers.



ELLIE

Ellie, the Agordo maid, has settled with the family of a wealthy Chicago businessman. Steve Iserman, Ellie's employer, was surprised to come home one day to find that Ellie, startled by the distant sound of a police siren, had buried that night's beef marinade, erased all traces of its presence, and burning the family's tax

records. "That's just Ellie," Mr. Iserman said good-naturedly. "She's like family to us."



MICHAEL

Michael has had the hardest time finding his niche as a law-abiding citizen. He tried his hand as an entrepreneur, offering drugs, guns and political influence at affordable prices, but the idea never caught on. "It's not fair," says Michael. "I don't have an MBA, and can't get one because of my

schooling, my background. I didn't have the same advantages as the other children." Michael has stuck to the right side of the law, determined to make good as a freelance assassin and high-end thug, but demand for his services have been discouragingly low. "I'm doing my best," says Michael. "But no one will take me seriously as a businessman."



SCHACOLON

Schacolon? Schacolon has struggled. "I am the oldest of all my siblings, and as such, I have seen the most suffering and growth, and the suffering that comes from that," he says from his room in Tempe, Florida. The entire interior has been painted black in an awesome and pathetic tribute to the night. "I wish we could return to the

simpler time. This is just awful." The rest of the family denies the existence of Schacolon, and it is unclear whether he is related to the family or just a melodramatic documentary film student. "I am the oldest," says Maria.



JÉFÉ

Jéfé, the Rodriguez dog, now resides in a South Beach shelter. The beagle seems satisfied with his new life, if a little nostalgic. "The other dogs just don't give me the same respect," he implied. Shelter employees are mystified by Jéfé's dietary quirks; said Tim Bonner, a desk clerk, "He always asks for linguini and a bottle of wine for

dinner. That food is horrible for dogs." Answered an angry Jéfé without actually speaking, "Horrible for complacent dogs, perhaps!"

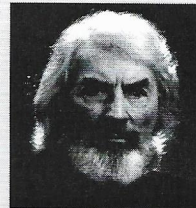


SARA

Only the sister Sara has refused to go clean. She sticks doggedly to the streets, running a small youth center, offering counseling and medical services to urban teens on drugs. The rest of the family tries desperately to entice Sara back to the right side of the law, but to no avail. "I won't leave the kids," says Sara. "They're good

kids. And they need me." Her stubbornness has nearly slashed the family in two. "I wish she would say good-bye to that world," says her brother Michael, shaking his head. "It just isn't worth it."

ST★R CH★T



Gregory Peck

This month we chatted with Gregory Peck at his home in San Francisco.

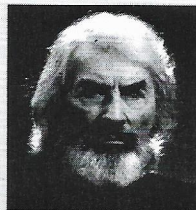
MAGAZINE: It's very unusual for a star to live outside of Los Angeles. Why San Francisco?

Gregory Peck: I find the architecture compelling. For instance, look how marvelous those battlements are. *(gestures)*

MAGAZINE: Are you sure they are battlements? It looks like a porch.

Gregory Peck: *(screaming)* WHAT THE HELL DO YOU KNOW ABOUT PORCHES?!!

ST★R CH★T



Gregory Peck

This month we chatted with Gregory Peck at his home in San Francisco.

MAGAZINE: What a fascinating city you live in.

Gregory Peck: WHAT THE HELL DO YOU KNOW ABOUT PORSCHEs?

MAGAZINE: You said Porsches. Don't you mean porches?

Gregory Peck: *(screaming)* WHAT THE HELL DO YOU KNOW ABOUT PORCHES?!!

A MAGAZINE Investigation:

White People

The Magna Carta. Hamlet. 70 home runs. Penicillin. Calculus. What do all these things have in common?

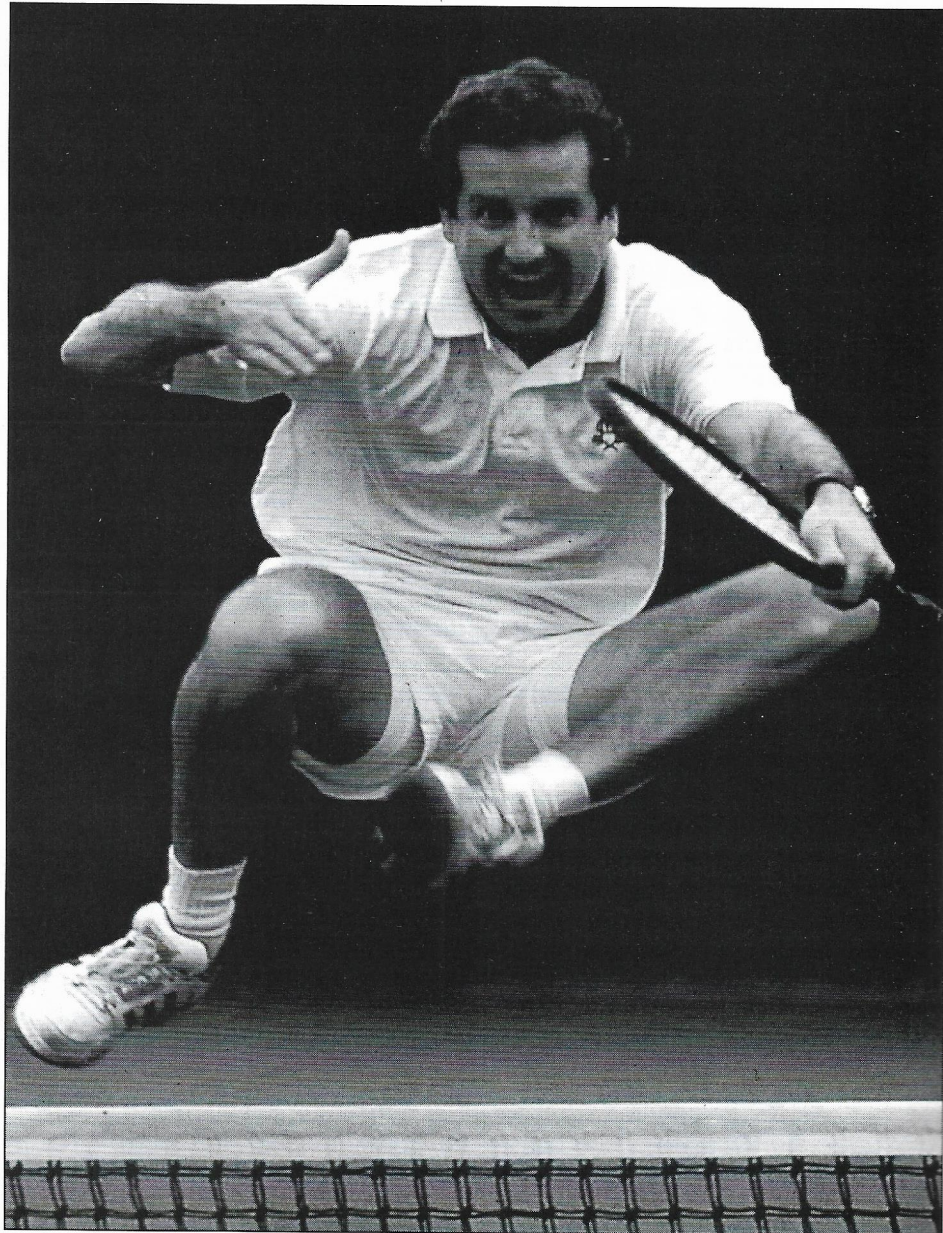
They were all written, created or performed by white people.

This month, MAGAZINE takes a look inside the rich history of this fascinating, complex and often misunderstood culture. White people: how do they think? What do they eat? How do they socialize? Can we incorporate them into our national identity? Can our assimilation of this fabled people possibly co-exist with a genuine respect for their culture?

The white race first arose in Europe, presumably from a different and darker race. Early white tribes developed crude tools and primitive modes of communication. Later on, Greek whites created irrigation and philosophy. The spread of white influence has been subtle, and at times imperceptible. While other major races were squabbling over polytheism and land use, whites quietly occupied the Mediterranean region and invented pizza and two world wars. They adopted a pair of similar yet warring religions—each embracing one God and good behaviour—that still exist today.

A scholar of white culture faces several challenges. A proud, confident, and sometimes catty people, whites are not easily stereotyped. The difficulty of reconciling the peaceful elegance of golf with the drunken hooliganism of certain European tribes has confounded anthropologists since the inception of white studies.

A penchant for hard work and a creative spirit has made white immigrants an influential force in America's creation over the past two centuries. Beginning with George Washington,



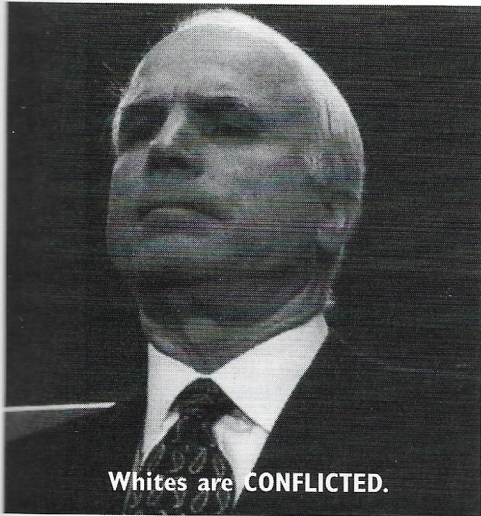
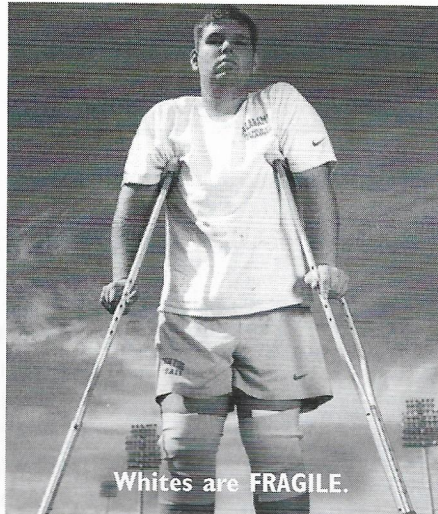
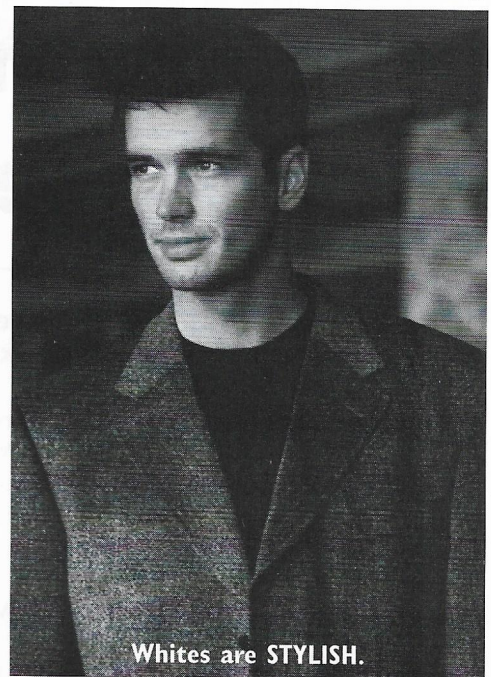
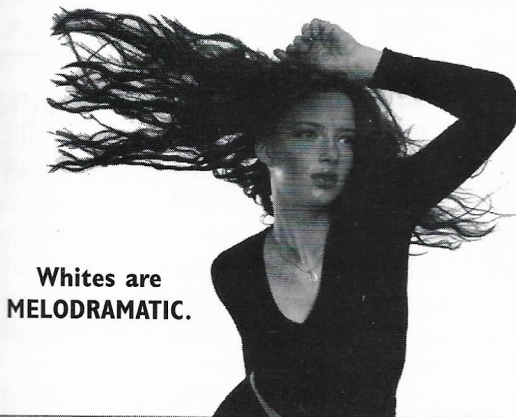
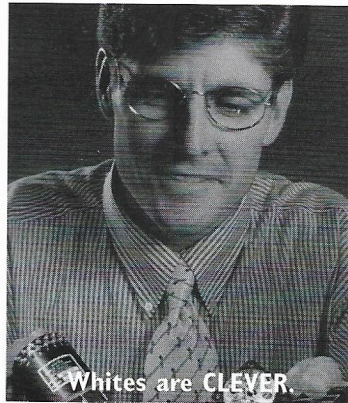
whites began an inspiring and unlikely streak during which they claimed every Presidential seat in American history. The white flair for the dramatic has brought equally striking results: whites boast the highest percentage of famous people of any ethnicity.

Last month in MAGAZINE, we pre-

sented an exposé of the white action film. Reader responses ranged from interested to indignant. We, however, feel that our efforts to illuminate were not wasted. This month, our focus is broader: we seek at least to appreciate this enigmatic race, although we may never understand it.

Whites in Action

At work and at play, white people have their fun, their way

Whites are **CONFLICTED**.Whites are **FRAGILE**.Whites are **STYLISH**.Whites are **MELODRAMATIC**.Whites are **CLEVER**.Whites are **EXCITABLE**.

... But have they gone too far?

As scholars and journalists continue to investigate white culture, they can no longer ignore a dark side to the white *ethos*. Several anthropologists, after living among the whites for years, have reported a dark, almost sinister brooding quality in the white peoples, something more than a stoic pride and instinctive wariness of outsiders.

One scholar, born among the whites, was actually accepted as a member of a white family. Upon returning from the field, he reported severe mood swings, family infighting and extreme belligerence among certain whites.

White spokespeople have done nothing to improve this reputation. Consider the Greeks, a white (if swarthy) race, who invented the nefarious institution of slavery, which became a staple of white society from the third century BC until 1865, marring the good white name forever. And how can we forgive the French, the most opaque and perhaps the silliest white

clan, who burned fellow Caucasoid Joan of Arc at the stake in the thirteenth century?

Thomas Edison's tireless efforts to restore his race's reputation were wiped out entirely by fellow white Bill Buckner of the Boston Red Sox, who allowed a baseball to roll through his legs in 1986, practically handing the world series to the New York Mets, a largely non-white team. Renegade whites Charles Manson and Jeffrey Dahmer did nothing to improve white relations, and the race endures a tiresome tradition of Presidential scandals, received by American people with patient indulgence.

But many critics are less forgiving, wondering aloud if the white race has gotten too big for its britches. Some experts recommend censure or some other form of collective punishment; others argue that whites should be removed from power for a span of several years, a bit of "quiet time" to contemplate their past

actions and find a consistent cultural agenda for the twenty-first century. Other experts, most notably in the entertainment industry, have ousted white people as "hick-ass fools," publicly mocking white genitalia and athleticism.

No one questions that white people are far from perfect, but have they really gone too far? Is it time that we recognize a backwards race as a legitimate culture with its own religion, attitudes and customs? Or should we bludgeon them into assimilation?

The questions are perplexing, the problems are clear, the answers are scarce. While anthropologists continue to toil in the trenches, perhaps we must each undertake our part of this vital quest, each in our own way. If properly harnessed, the white race could become one of the world's greatest resources, a source of learning, music, art, and joy, instead of the quirky, oft-misunderstood curiosity it is today.

College Athlete has Ego, Sex

We spent time with Mitch McCowen, star forward for the UCLA Bruins, to find out what makes a student athlete tick.

Outstanding collegiate basketball player Mitch McCowen is originally from Omaha, Nebraska, but he looks anything like a farm boy. McCowen stands six-foot-seven and weighs two hundred and ten pounds. His sinewy strong figure is imposing both on the court and off. "Large," was McCowen's greeting to me.

On the basketball court, the UCLA sophomore pulls his knee-socks high and slams 27 points home per game for the Bruins. The figure is the highest in the Pacific Ten Athletic Conference, and the experts predict he will be a first round draft pick, should he decide to go professional in June. McCowen frequently throws his hands in the air during the game. Often, he will argue with calls that go against him, and he frequently opens his mouth and gapes after a great play.

"Sometimes I'm amazed at how damn good I am," McCowen said, donning a sweat suit and white down parka and then walking to class with his shoes untied.

Off the court, the sophomore is academically exploring his major in medical systems management. In class, he frequently shows his curiosity by questioning the relevance of the assigned reading.

"It's like, 'What's that for?' What have I got to read that shit for?" inquires McCowen.

McCowen also takes time from his Medical Systems Management major to study practical economics. During a

recent game against the Arizona Wildcats, McCowen felt that he wasn't getting enough shots, so he took off his jersey and strode off the court, cursing and spitting at the fans.

"Supply and demand," says McCowen. "Supply and demand."

He later apologized for the incident, telling reporters that "shit [I'm sorry and I've learned my lesson]."

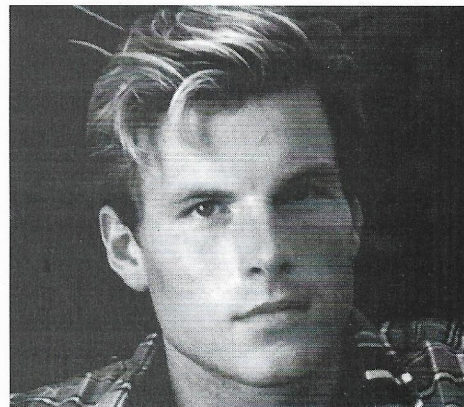
Is it all just schoolwork and hoops for this extraordinary young man? No. McCowen demonstrates his fascination with the computer revolution by playing his Nintendo 64 system at every spare moment, even during class, between practices, and when he is on the bench during games, to spite his coach. He dreams of the second level of Tetris.

There's also time for a bachelor's life. The talented young basketball player is a fixture on the UCLA party scene. McCowen patronizes a bar or fraternity party every night, regardless of his game schedule or coach's wishes. His boyish good looks have landed him upwards of fifteen women since his arrival on campus last fall.

"Yeah, it's like, well. Yeah." McCowen comments, looking down with a knowing grin.

He frequently tells women he has feelings for them in order to have intercourse. Last April, he had post-breakup sex with long time girlfriend Michelle Johnson, which was weird for her, but he didn't care.

"Another night, another bitch. Biiizniitich. Biznitty hoes," McCowen offered, not looking at me, and chew-



Is McCowen a role model? Ask him yourself. "Shit," says McCowen.

ing gum with his mouth open.

Given the enormous popularity of NCAA basketball, some might question whether McCowen's free-wheeling ways are appropriate for a star of his stature. However, McCowen insists that he is not just another showboating egomaniac, but actually a complicated individual, with a subtle and nuanced character.

"Yeah [I am a subtle and nuanced character]," says McCowen. "Shit [There is more to me than just] the [basketball player that people see on TV]. What the [heck do people have do stereotype me for? I spend a lot [of time thing thinking about philosophy, and politics]."

Is McCowen a role model? Ask him yourself. "Shit," says McCowen.

But will McCowen continue to lead both on the court and off? Only time will tell. The young man will almost certainly rise to fame and fortune should he decide to pursue basketball at the professional level. Have his college years prepared him for superstar success? Could a man such as himself step in to save the NBA in its post-Jordan era?

"Like Mike? Hell, like Mitch," McCowen reflected as finished off his 7-11 Extra Gulp-sized Pepsi and nonchalantly threw it into the street. "Like Mitch."

MONICA: STILL IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Media queen continues to dominate the national news

Golf Tournament Proceeds as Planned: No Sign of Monica

The Tusfield Country Club took the silver chalice in a close race against the boys from Nottinbridge, but for many onlookers the day was a disappointment. Many fans were discouraged not to have set eyes on Monica, the reluctant media queen. "I saw a hole-in-one today, but it was no big deal," said a fan, visibly disappointed.

A Psychic Reading: No Monica

Shirley has been doing psychic readings for three years now. She likes the work, enjoys giving people insight into their lives, and insists that she has a legitimate gift. But today's nightly session seemed to drag on and on. "We had a lot of rich guys who wanted to hear that their love life would improve," says Shirley. "Kind of a

drag." Although she made no mention of it, Monica's absence seeped powerful psychic rays out of the mystic's spirit world.

The Flea Market: Monica?

That very next day, an Indiana flea market was eerily Monica-free. "She had no reason to be here," said a young girl, clutching her father's hand and standing tippy-toe to reach reporter's microphones. "But still, you can always hope." Her father nodded his agreement and proudly displayed an electronic fishing lure. "Seven hundred dollars," he boasted.

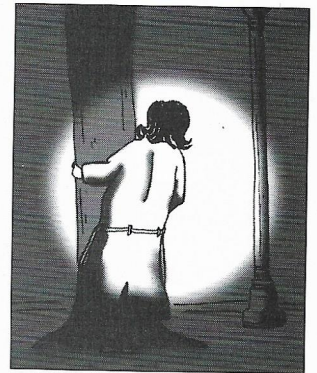
At a Bakery: No

An old man has been baking bread at a tiny Philadelphia shop for over forty years. Today he made twenty-five baguettes before sunup, and sold

them all by noon. But not one of the twenty-five baguettes was sold to Monica. "I'll tell you the secret," he murmured, visibly dejected. "I grow my own yeast."

The Elementary School

On Wednesday the playful sounds of children died at 2:30 p.m. As the children trailed their way wistfully towards first-period classes, reporters searched in vain for a woman named Monica. Far away from the commotion, in a quiet place where beautiful things are hidden, a woman wrapped a cloak about her and melted silently into the shadows



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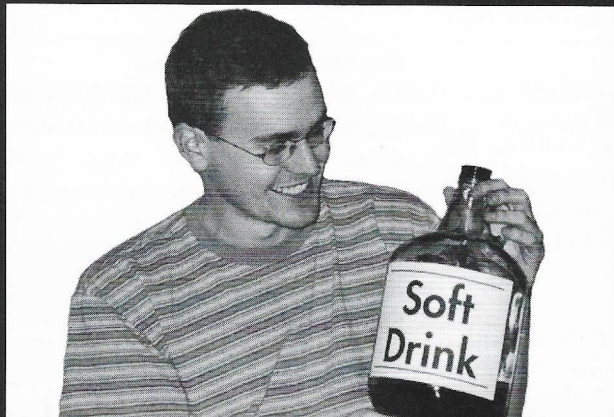
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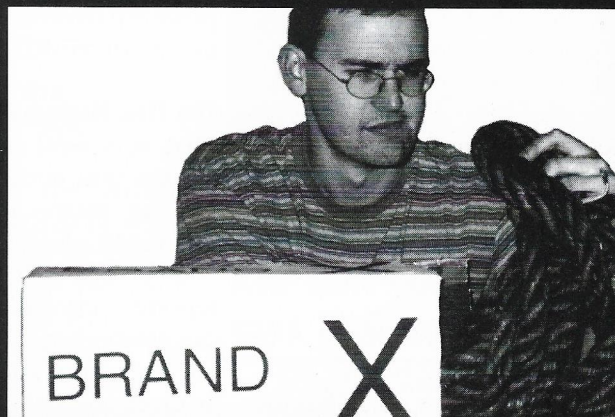


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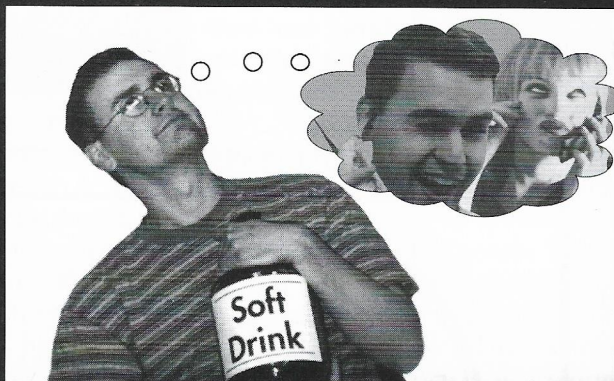
The Choice of Champions



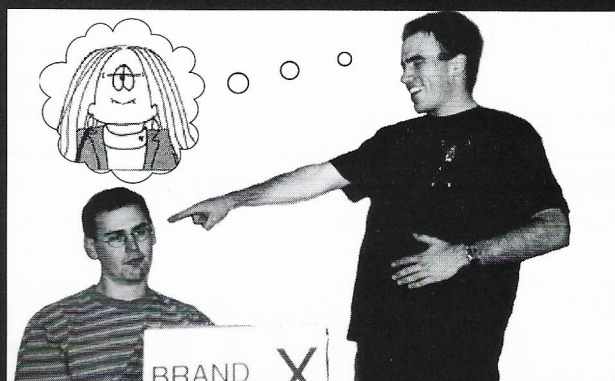
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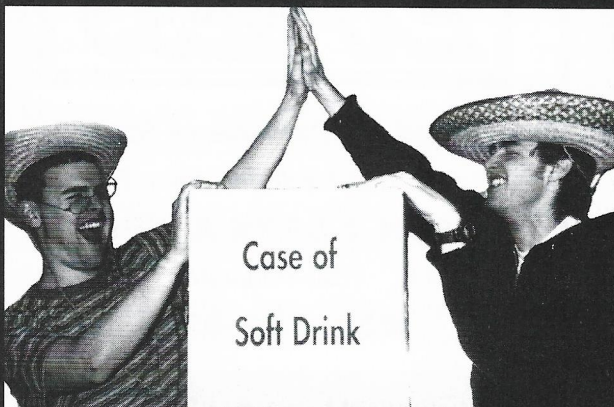
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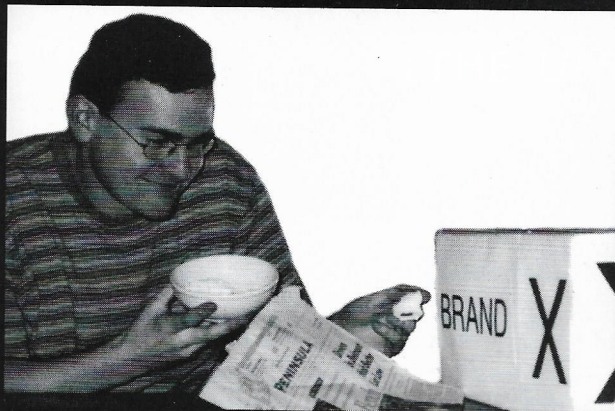


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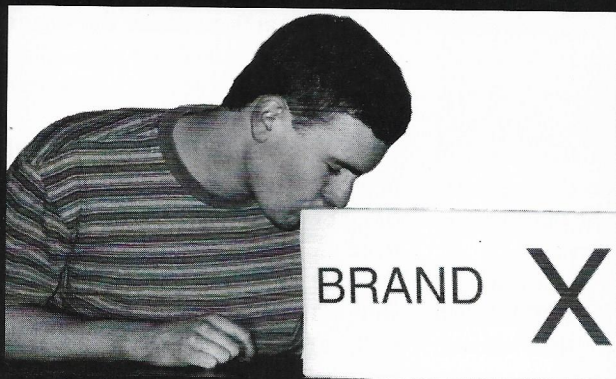
Get to know him better - you'll find he's not so bad.



Be nice to him. Perhaps a bedtime story.



He'll help you with your image.



So shower him with love...



...and you will live forever.



Brand X™

The Choice of *Super* Champions

Oh, Lord! An NCAA Thriller

Duke defeats Clemson in a game wrought with tournament implications and passion

As March approaches, each win is a celebration, a lesson that Duke knows well. With Carolina pride and the ACC crown on the line, Clemson star Mohamed Woni's last-second prayer was batted away by Chris Burgess. The Blue Devils got their ninth straight win in a thriller, 79-78.

"I can't even begin to explain the feelings and emotions that I am having right now," exclaimed forward Burgess, a Mormon. "I knew they were going to Mohamed since he had been their go-to guy all afternoon. I just prayed that I could get a piece of the ball without fouling him."

The final second shot was taken in heavy traffic and the no-call was immediately contested by Tigers' coach Rick Barnes, a Catholic. "We threw up a damn fine Hail Mary, but the refs wouldn't give us a chance," lamented Barnes.

When asked about the final play of the game, Blue Devils power forward Elton Brand, a Baptist, claimed, "Sure, there was some contact down low, but those are the breaks. God was on our side today."

A dejected Woni stood and gazed longingly at the hoop for several minutes before being taken to the locker room by teammates. "That shot was perfect," he said later. "It was a sure bucket until the Mormon guy fouled me. I understand a no-call for incidental contact, but I was desecrated on that drive."

The disappointed Clemson coach concurred: "These boys gave it their all today and God knows we deserved

it. To work so hard and lose like that is a sin. I respect the effort of the Devils, especially those Mormon kids."

A joyous Brand responded, "I'm not Mormon. People always assume that. I'm happy we won. Praise the Lord in all of his glory."

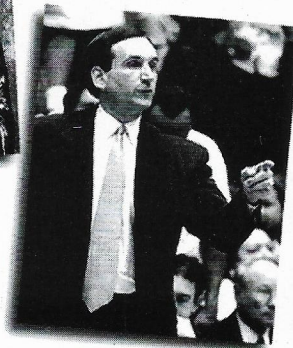
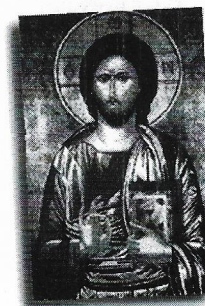
During the post game press conference, Barnes was somewhat conciliatory. "Coach Krzyzewski prepared his kids well and it showed down the stretch. I have to hand it to that Jewish guy."

"I'm not Mormon. People always assume that."

In the postgame celebration, Krzyzewski, of Polish heritage, exclaimed, "I am so proud of our guys. They stuck to the game plan and gutted it out for 40 minutes. We were wandering around early, but in the end we established our game and held off that run which that Muslim kid Shabazz put together. I admire my guys for maintaining their faith in me. Saturdays are our holy days."

Woni (23 points, 11 rebounds, 3 blocks), known as Brian Wilkinson until his conversion to the Muslim faith during his freshman year, continued to protest. "The referees should acknowledge their misdeed. Their heathen actions cost us the game. Those Mormons savaged me, as all Christians have savaged my people's homeland for centuries."

Burgess (22 points, 12 rebounds, 1 blocked shot) responded, "I am sorry if Mohamed feels that he was fouled. I can't change how the game ended. I



can only offer the teachings of Jesus Christ and pray that Mohamed will accept my apology and religion."

An ecstatic Brand (10 points, 6 rebounds) agreed: "What is wrong with people? I've never claimed to be Mormon. Not that there is anything wrong with the Latter Day Saints denomination. All of the Mormons I know are nice people - nicer than Catholics, at least. I'm a Baptist. Our victory is a blessing from the Lord. For

me."

Woni continued, "I have no problem with Jason and Elton as people, but their actions and their heathen gods robbed me of my title. Allah will have an answer for this faithless outcome."

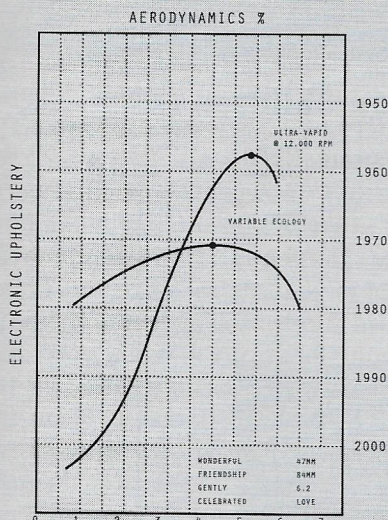
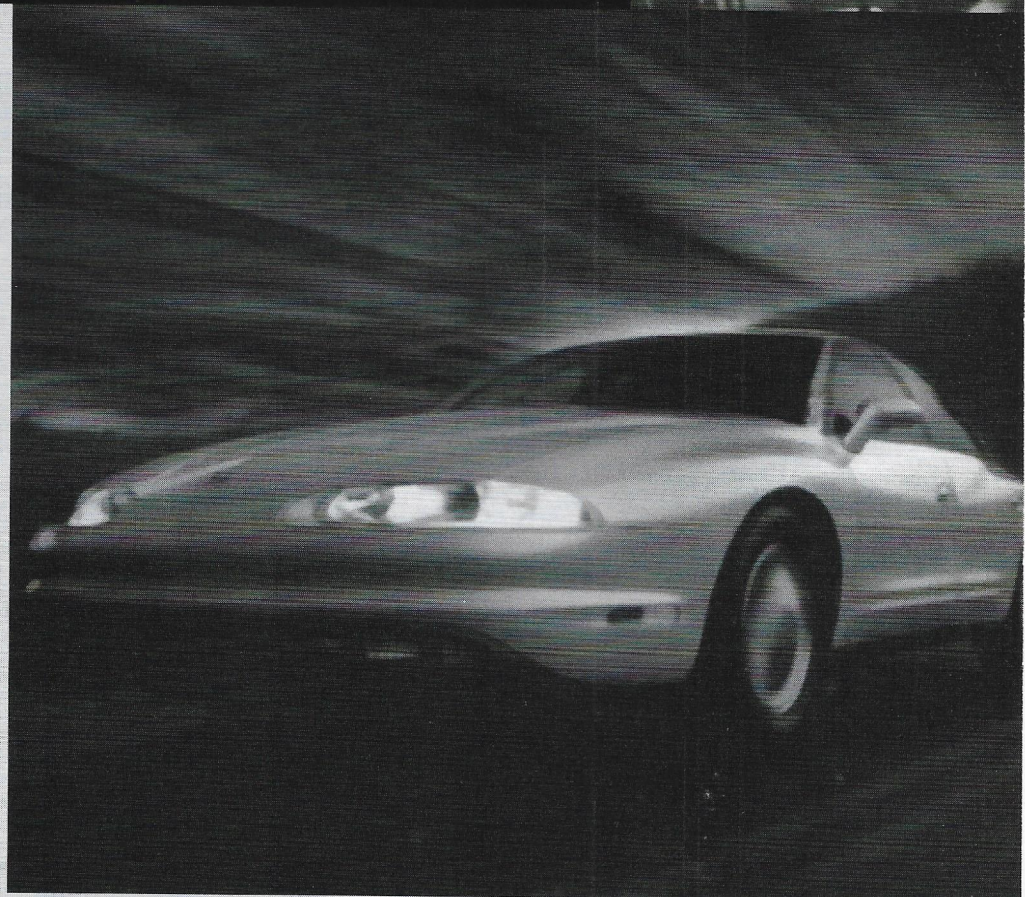
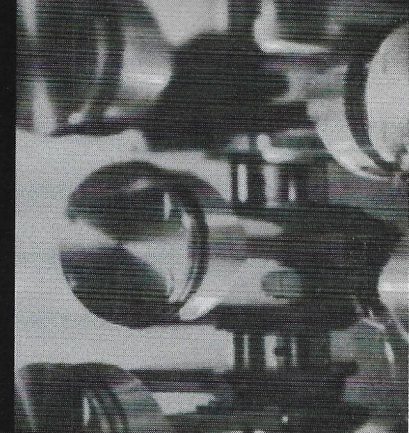
Brand and Burgess chose not to respond, striking up a rousing chorus of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" instead.

Deva Remapathy, a Hindu fan present at the game, commented, "Vishnu will approve of none of these Untouchables. Cower before the caste system in which I believe."

Added a nearby Buddhist monk, "Renounce your Earthly ways. Nirvana is at hand, all will fall as the grass in the morning."

The game was perhaps best summed up by a Sufic dervish who concluded, "Blood is like water to an angry God. I will relish this world's total destruction."

THE ALL-NEW CHRYSLER LE BARON: EMINENTLY POSSESSIBLE BEAUTY WITH A FLAIR FOR THE *UNORTHODOX*



IMPORTED EUROPEAN TORQUE
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sion with dual Master's degrees makes this car one of the greatest to ever play the game. Even razor-sharp turns agree: the LeBaron is the Pope of Neo-Cubism.

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CHRYSLER

Beating the Odds

Todd Lundgren shows the world that he has what it takes to be a champion. Even without a third arm. **LEIGH MONTVILLE**

So you've never heard of Todd Lundgren. You've never met his parents, Mark and Judy. You've never been to his high school, Drew Scholastic. Maybe you've never even been to Ames, Iowa, the town where Todd has grown up and played football for the past three years.

Well, you're missing out. You're missing out on a hero.

He knows what you're saying to yourself. *A hero? Don't make me laugh! How's this kid a hero?* Well, Todd has an answer for you. He has a point to make. And he drives it home like a golfer, every afternoon on the glowing green fields of Ames.

As the quarterback on Drew Scholastic's football team, Todd has led the Cougars to a 6-2 record. And he has done it all without having the advantage of a third human arm. "Don't need one," says Todd with a grin.

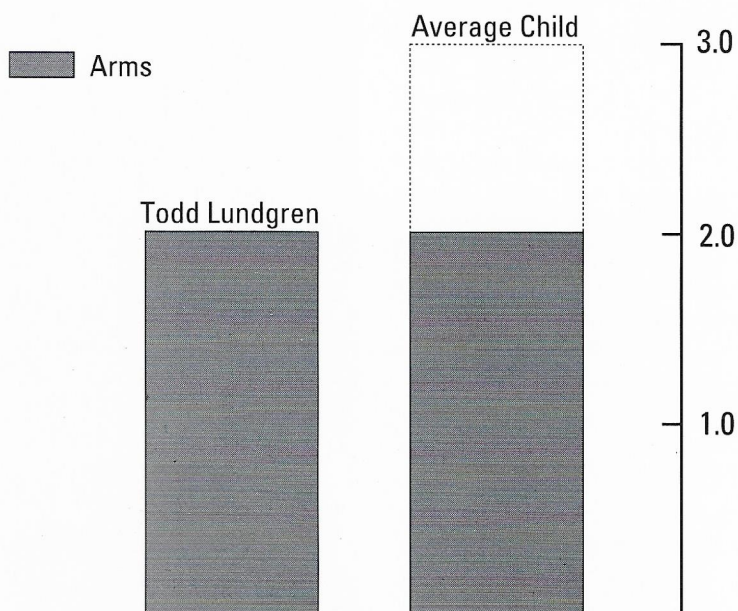
Meet Todd Lundgren, American hero.

"I never thought he'd play football," says Mark Lundgren, proud father and fan. "He was born with two arms like everybody else, and I figured that was it. We're not a very athletic family, you see." Mark is a substitute drama teacher and weighs 105 pounds.

Judy, Todd's beaming mom, agrees. "Both sides of the family have histories of awkwardness. We thought a third arm was the only way Todd would have a chance against coordinated boys. When he was born regular, I cried for a week." Judy sells makeup over the phone.

Did You Know?

Number of Arms on Human Children



SOURCE: JOURNAL OF AMERICAN MEDICINE

Nobody gave him a chance. But Todd, stubborn as an autumn rock, wouldn't listen. He was playing soccer at five, baseball at six, basketball at eight. All despite the glaring lack of a mutant arm in the middle of his chest. All the other kids had just as many limbs as Todd, but did he ever let it get him down? Why don't you ask him?

"Sure, the guys could be mean," he says. "They wouldn't call me 'two-arms' straight out, but I knew they were thinkin' it. But I had a dream. I was gonna be an athlete. They weren't

gonna stop me."

So Todd used his rage over his handicap. He channeled it into the rest of his regular body. A half-hour at the gym would become 40 minutes. A quarter-mile run would stretch to three-eighths. A sit-up would morph into a crunch. By high school, Todd was 5' 9", 150 pounds of pure muscle and sinew and a little flab. He was ready. Ready for football. At last.

The first day of football practice at Drew Scholastic loomed like a storm cloud. Todd was nervous about his condition. "I kept rubbing my chest to

see if one had grown in all of a sudden, but nope." The fateful day came upon him like a bad idea. He walked onto the field, his grey T-shirt displaying his armless chest for the world to see. Cruelty washed over him from his head to his toes.

"Some guys looked, then looked away, other guys made a point of not even lookin' at all," remembers Todd sadly. "They didn't have to rub it in my face like that." He cried himself to sleep that night, a disgruntled, dishonored baby. But there he was, back at practice the very next day.

Soon, even the most hateful bigots were won over by Todd's spunk. He says proudly, "I showed those guys what I could do on the field. I made 'em respect me after all." By the next year, Todd was the Cougars' starting quarterback. He says now, "Don't matter what you look like, it's what you do that counts."

Coach Jim Mueller agrees. "Todd's a good player. Live arm, mobile, good instincts. We're happy to have him." Asked about Todd's condition, Mueller looks at the ground and scratches absently at his ear.

Todd is philosophical about his triumph against all odds. "You know, it's sorta like now I have a third arm after all." His face twists in thought. "'Cept, instead of bein' made outta bones and guts and stuff, my extra arm is made outta hard work."

Any plans for the future yet? Only a high school diploma. This angel's got his feet planted firmly on the ground, folks. "I don't want any special attention," he says, suddenly uncomfortable. "I'm just a regular kid."

Just a regular hero.

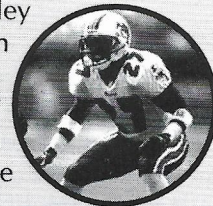


PORTRAIT OF COURAGE: Artist's rendition of Todd in action. His third sleeve hangs limp and useless.

Spotlight On...

Terrell Buckley

Dolphins cornerback Terrell Buckley had a breakthrough year in 1998, in which he tallied eight interceptions and anchored a feisty Miami defense. Now, however, a challenge even greater than football looms for the Florida State alum.



Music fans are demanding that Terrell continue the career of his late brother, folk legend Jeff Buckley.

"Who?" asks Terrell, 29. "I don't know that guy."

Lovers of soulful, crooning rock know Jeff Buckley all too well. His debut album, *Grace*, heralded the arrival of a new and important voice in American music. Tragically, his budding career was cut short when he drowned in the Mississippi on May 29, 1997.

"That's too bad," says Terrell. "He's not my brother. Was he even black?"

Indeed not; Jeff was white, in sharp contrast to Terrell. Moreover, the two have no relatives or acquaintances in common. But music fans are not fooled - they know that Terrell is Jeff's mysteriously surviving half-brother. And they want him to continue his brother's song.

"I'm an only child. Seriously," remembers the wistful cornerback about his brother.

Why does Terrell deny the destiny of his family? Is he afraid that he can't match Jeff's lilting strum and haunting falsetto? Is he wary of tainting the Buckley musical legacy? Is he unwilling to give up the ease of the NFL existence for the uncertain life of the folk singer?

"Why are you dictating to your hand?" asks an ambivalent Terrell.

Or can Terrell manage both lives at once? Can he master the acoustic guitar while leading the Dolphins back to the playoffs? Can he live the dreams of both him and his brother, Jeff Buckley, a man who had the same last name?

"You're not really a reporter, are you? I'm going to have to ask you to leave my house."

Perhaps Terrell can even surpass Jeff's musical accomplishments. Perhaps the NFL can give the world its next great folk voice. Miracles happen every day.

"Stop eating my peanut butter. Put that down."

Can Terrell Buckley, living black NFL player, continue the music of folk legend Jeff Buckley, his fully unrelated dead white brother?

"Would you please give me back that banana?"

Only time will tell, Terrell.

Are All the Good Names Gone?

Sports teams faced with moniker shortage struggling to find identity

In a report issued last month, an international team of scientists predicted that rampant expansion will wipe out world reserves of high-grade sports team names by the year 2001. It seems the once inexhaustible supply of dangerous animals and colorful stereotypes has been depleted by a host of entrants into the sports marketplace. Unless a new source of evocative names can be found, league expansion will come grinding to a halt. With billions of dollars at stake, professional sports leagues and a few visionary entrepreneurs are racing to discover the names that will become tomorrow's Giants.

The crisis was foreshadowed three years ago, when Major League Soccer took the controversial step of creating a professional soccer league and endowing its teams with *meta* names including United and Clash.

Critics worried about the long-term effects of such a conceptual approach, claiming that the new names were devoid of appropriate menace. "Literally without claws," quipped Detroit Tigers owner Rance Mulliniks. NBA Commissioner David Stern also had harsh words for the MLS plan. "Cartoonishly demarcating the themes of professional sports risks trivializing the whole pro sports paradigm," said Stern. "It is not in the financial interest of any franchise to deconstruct its fundamental principles."

Beyond these esoteric concerns, practical problems have also emerged. Artists have struggled to depict the abstract concepts on caps, jackets and other merchandise. "I can caricature a Silly Beaver or

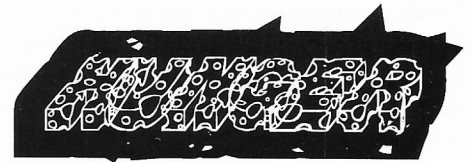
an Angry Bear, but Hunger? It's just a word," remarked a graphic designer. Colorful and often illegible depictions of words on merchandise have translated into disappointing sales.

From the ethereal to the tangible—some see a goldmine in the realm of infectious disease. Los Angeles, slated to receive a second Major League Baseball team in the 2004 expansion hopes to combat a public health problem by naming its new team for the deadly Hepatitis C.

But are players ready to don a cap with a picture of a sneering Hepatitis virus? Speculator George Shig is betting they aren't. Shig and others are busy snatching up the rights to the few remaining traditional names and will auction them off to the highest bidder. "I own the rights to the name Teal Sox, Teal Jays and Teal Bay Packers. The leagues will be beating down my door inside a year's time," boasts a confident Shig.

According to sports leagues, the report exaggerates the problem's severity. One needs only take a stroll through any city zoo to see that there are many odd creatures begging for a chance to represent a professional team. Says zookeeper Philip Swyrth, "I expect the cat-like tapir, with its curious, prehensile snout, would be quite grateful to leave its fetid cage for a life of intrigue in professional sports."

Modern technology, with its powerful machines, also provides powerful names for many teams. "Technology may not be the panacea we once thought, but as long as man makes jets, and pistons, and lasers, his sports teams



Artistic representation of hunger for a new Portland hockey franchise



L.A. fans may find themselves rooting for this nasty little fellow.

can hold their heads high," proclaimed a beaming human child.

The leagues are well aware of technology's potential and quietly invest over \$20 billion annually in research and development. Already the venture has proven profitable. Supersonic rocket technology developed with NBA grants helped land a man on the moon while providing names for two basketball franchises.

As we speak, a coalition of professional sports leagues is hurriedly developing a spaceship capable of traveling at twice the speed of light. On its maiden voyage slated for fall of 2001, the ship will traverse the galaxy in search of extra-terrestrial life. Scientists predict that the discovery of an advanced alien civilization will provide markets ripe for expansion teams, along with disgusting creatures for which to name them. "If we can hold out until then," says Stern, "we'll make it. But just barely."

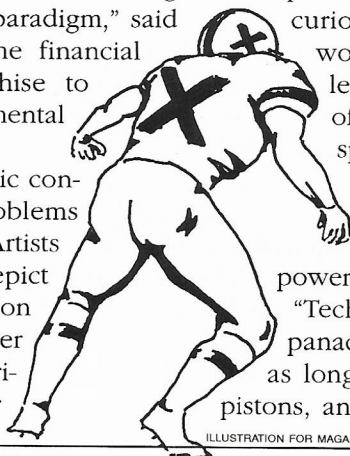


ILLUSTRATION FOR MAGAZINE BY BEN WILFONG

Bourbon, Golf, and Bourbon: What Else is There in Life?



BY RICK REILLY

I WANTED to start off with an anecdote I had about the late football legend and erstwhile golf duffer Doak Walker. Possibly the greatest running-back of all time (sorry Mr. Dorsett), he and I became golfing buddies toward the end of his life. I remember how he had the uncanny ability to whack the ball into the nearest lake in any situation and from any point, but still somehow manage to drop me the bar tab when we got to the 19th hole. I don't think there are many sportswriters still alive who have first-hand knowledge of why Doak was called The Texas Bastard by other lifelong friends.

But I do.

So there we were on the fifteenth hole at Mammon Acres, and we decided to have a mutual bet: Whoever wins this hole gets to listen to the other one tell his greatest fear in life. I shook his old, thick, powerful hand and the bet was on. He swung first.

Lake.

I swung next.

Bunker.

We mutually decided to quit golfing a little bit early and head for the 19th hole and down a couple of bourbons.

"What's your biggest fear, Doak?" I asked at the bar.

"Dying," replied Mr. Walker.

He was the greatest running back of all time; he played football in an era when you had to play both offense and defense every play, every game. Most of Doak Walker's teammates were steel-jawed iron and steel men. They spent their off-seasons working in the foundries of Ohio and Western Pennsylvania to supplement their meager salaries. They were men of cast iron, the toughest kind of iron.

The day before we were sitting there, Doak and I, a baseball player had just signed a contract for fifteen million dollars per year.

Fifteen million. More money than stars in the Texas sky, according to Doak.

Where Doak grew up, in the vast scrub badlands of Texas, you couldn't have found fifteen dollars in the whole zip code. Of course, that was before they invented zip codes. Doak Walker still won't use zip codes. "I never use 'em," he confided to me on our recent outing. It was just the two of us, drinking together.

He took another sip through a straw, mighty hands too shaky to hold a highball, and whispered the word again. "Dying."

Doak Walker the football player won as a child, he won as a college student, he won as a professional. After he hung up his spikes, in an age when spikes were deadly weapons wielded by unyielding men too tough to be pierced by spikes, he entered the world of business.

He won there, too.

"I remember when I first started in business, it was like another game. Just get out there and play. I knew how to win." These were Doak's words, to me, on the subject of winning in business.

Doak Walker's Golden Chicken opened in the fall of 1959, and by the spring of the next year there were three franchises. When he sold his share of Doak Walker Enterprises in 1981, there were twelve Golden Chickens, as well as a Doak Walker Nissan, and plans were in the works for Doak Walker's Footwear Wearhouse.

He had earned the respect of millions, and later a fortune that would support him and his family into the indefinite future. Doak Walker should fear dying like Manute Bol should fear a tax on being short.

Had he not won everywhere, and in winning do we not conquer death? Had he not inured himself against mortality through fame and hard-fought achievement, a golden man like iron?

that is bright as gold but constituted of a harder metal, like iron?

I was sitting at an elegant mahogany bar, glass of my favorite bourbon in hand, listening to Doak Walker mutter about his impending death. There was nobody else at the bar, but elsewhere in the room other people were eating, talking. There was a time when Doak couldn't sit at a bar with a friend. He'd be hounded by people who wanted to touch him, tell him how much they admired him, give him convoluted advice. This especially happened in Texas, where he was from.

I left Doak there at that bar, with the word "Dying" on his lips. I couldn't listen to him talk that way.

Later, I heard the news that we all heard. Doak was skiing, when he hit a tree and became completely paralyzed. After six weeks in the hospital, unable to communicate beyond blinking his eyes, he succumbed to a variety of internal injuries.

I thought about that day at the bar. That crazy old coot should have feared something concrete--like skiing, or trees, or concrete.

**"What's your
greatest fear?" I
asked Doak Walker,
the greatest
running back
of all time.
"Dying," replied the
gridiron legend.**



The Woods Men Speak

Tiger Woods and his father Earl talked separately with MAGAZINE'S Karen Springen in Milwaukee last week

EARL on what Tiger would be doing if he wasn't playing golf: My Tiger is very athletic in other ways. Have you seen him play basketball? I don't doubt that he could have been successful in another sport - basketball, football, possibly even two sports at once.

TIGER on whether anyone can dominate golf today: No, I don't think so. Golf's a huge game, with lots of players. Can't stop them all. But there are winners and losers. In that sense, yes, golf can be dominated, by me.

EARL on what he likes about golf: I think it's when the fairway is perfectly kept, you know, and the sun is setting over the pond, you know, the beauty of the game, that's when I really get this tugging in my heart, you know... *[wipes away a tear]* When my son Tiger wins a golf tournament.

TIGER on what he likes about golf: Sun. Fairway. Pond. Yes, winning.

EARL on things that Tiger could be good at if Tiger had wings: Flying. Soaring to the moon. Fighter pilots. Golf.

TIGER on anagrams of "golf" that, if they were actual sporting events, he would also dominate: Glof. Folg. Olf. Flog. goLf.

EARL on things that he could have made Tiger the best at: Baseball. Basketball. Eating. Cooking. Politics. Investment banking. American history. Books. Cars. Pets. Hair. Beard.

TIGER on whether he loves his father, after a sidelong glance at Earl and Earl's insistent tugging at his pant leg: Yes.

EARL on Tiger's chances of winning the Winston Cup if he disguised himself as a stock car and ran: Pretty good.

TIGER on Earl: I just need another chance! *[clutches head, whispers in hurried Latin]*

EARL on Tiger: TIGERRRRRR!!! *[angrily, wielding orthopedic shoe insert]*

TIGER wistfully on the world's evils: How can we make sense of corruption? How can we justify killing and acts of malice? There is only one way to explain them. *[shakes head]* They are a result of every poor golf shot that I have ever taken. *[closes eyes]* I know that now.

EARL on R&B's newest divas: Brandy and Monica are five-and-a-half foot piles of trash, if you ask me. I'd

like to see either one beat Tiger in singing, or being a man. Or professional golf.

TIGER on Tiger: Oh, me? You want to know about... *[blushes]* You ought to ask my father.

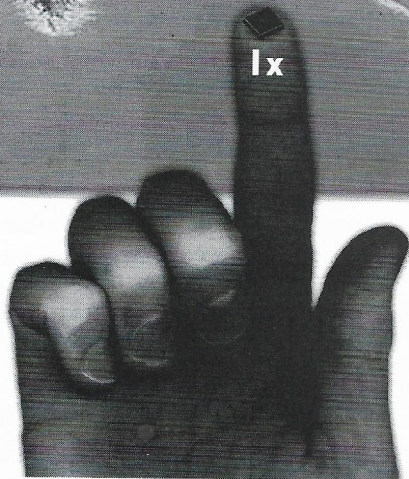
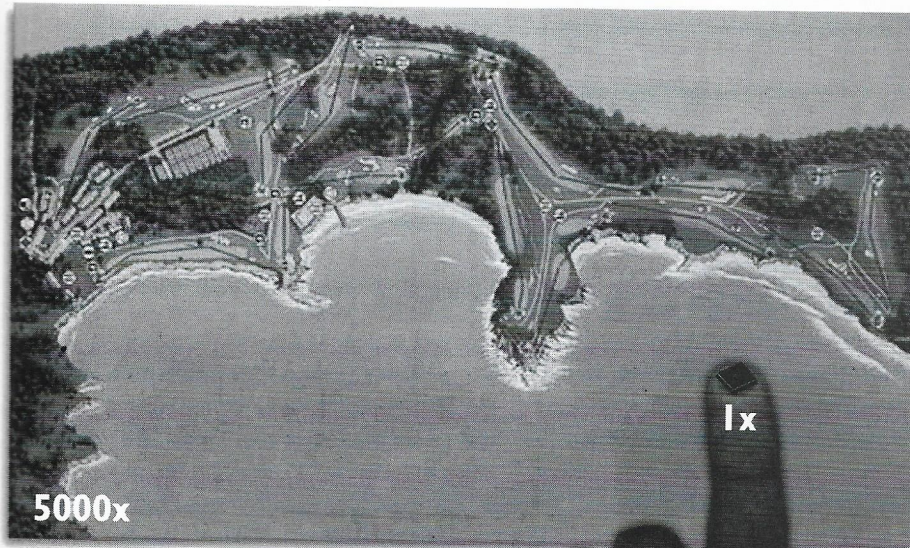
EARL on why he chose Tiger's name: Well, actually, my wife chose his name. We thought it was best. *[stares awkwardly at ground]*

TIGER on how he identified golf as his passion so early in life: I'm sorry? I do not understand. *[performs imaginary drive off imaginary tee]*



EARL on Tiger on Earl: He'll dissect me like nobody else. He'll score an eagle on my soul. I have lost all sense of perspective on how great he is - he has exceeded my human capacity to praise. He's great.

TIGER on what he likes best on Sundays if he is not playing golf: I wake up late. Eat a good breakfast. And then I just sit out on the porch and sit. I sit and think of where it all began, and how I got here, and all the goodness that is to come.



Small Wonder: Intel's newest miniature golf course.

We Asked...

How do you envision the golf course of the future?

• **Chris Rock - Demographer**

In the future people will be too busy to enjoy an 18-hole round of golf. Additionally, a swelling population will necessitate that large fertile tracts of land be used for the production of staple crops. Taken together, these factors mean that the golf course of the future will have only 17 holes.

• **James Hetfield - Metallica**

Future golf courses will forsake the dark, brooding lyrics and spine-busting rhythms that characterized earlier golf courses. Each hole will be more thoughtful and musically developed, but played with the same raw intensity as in the past. Inevitably, some will say that these new courses suck.



• **Patrick Stewart - Captain**

Advances in nano-technology will enable the fabrication of a miniature golf course too small to be at all interesting.

• **Buddhist Monk - Buddhist Monk**

The golf course of the future is a 5 year-old boy born to parents in the Tibetan city of Tashigang. This young golf course is the reincarnation of those before him, and therefore differs little from the great courses of the past.

• **Jules Verne - Author**

In the wondrous world of tomorrow, golf will be played with clubs of featherweight metal. The mashie and niblick will be re-christened with the scientific monikers 9 and 27. Motorized

carriages will ferry the gentlemen to and fro while their wives knit quantum sweaters in high-rise biodromes on the surface of the sun.

• **Bill Gates - Software Inventor**

The golf course of the future is *information*.



• **Kevin Costner - Actor**

Golf in the future will be a three-hour romp through the deserted ruins of a post-apocalyptic earth. Polo shirts and slacks will be replaced by the tattered remnants of military uniforms, and high-performance club technology will precipitate the creation of ever longer par fours.



• **Chris Rock - Historian**

Perhaps golf is all but outmoded. It is difficult to believe that a generation weaned on video games and brightly colored logotypes will be amused by so leisurely a game as golf. Accordingly, future pleasure seekers will invent such logistically impractical hybrid sports as parachute-golf. All vestiges of golf will disappear as the sport is taken to its logical conclusion: freefall childbirth.

• **Isaac Asimov - Author**

The future is a world populated with the most fantastic and useful technological constructs, yet simultaneously beset by timeless moral crises. By extrapolation, then, we can see that the golf course of the future will feature robot caddies and poverty.



• **Chris Rock - Comedian**

18 holes of closely cropped landscape. 18 sunsplashed mini-miracles. That's golf.

A MAGAZINE Exclusive!

Steve Buscemi: UNCENSORED

Editor's Note: The following conversation between Steve Buscemi and our staffer Bob Orton appears completely uncut and uncensored. We apologize for any controversial comments made by either man; however, we feel that you deserve a raw and unfiltered view of celebrities as they truly are. Here, then, is an unedited look at Steve Buscemi as only MAGAZINE could give you.

Magazine: Hi, I'm a writer from Magazine. I'm here for an interview with Steve Buscemi.

Buscemi: Yeah, I'm Steve Buscemi.

M: Whoa, hey, didn't recognize you for a second. Must be the lighting out here or something... Can I come in?

B: Yeah. Come on in. My publicist said you'd be here later, but now is a fine time too. Where do you want to do this? In the living room, dining room, out on the veranda? In the kitchen?

M: Yeah, sure. Wherever. Hey -- do you have anything to drink? No, skip that, let's just get started.

B: Oh, okay. Well, here's the living room. You can have a seat on the chair there. Are you sure you don't want anything?

M: No, I'm fine, really. Just, go, go, you know -- we're rolling.

B: Oh, okay. Well, what would you like to cover? I'd like to talk a little bit about my upcoming project, but I'm willing to discuss nearly anything. *[pause]* How I got started is usually a popular subject.

M: Sure.

B: Okay. Well, I've been interested in drama since grade school. In high school, I was in a lot of pro-

ductions, but what really got me interested in movies was when my friends and I—

M: How long have you had this house?

B: Four years. Does this article have an architectural bent to it? Or a kind of a lifestyle interest? See, it would really help me if I knew the focus of what you're working on. I'd be happy to give you a tour.

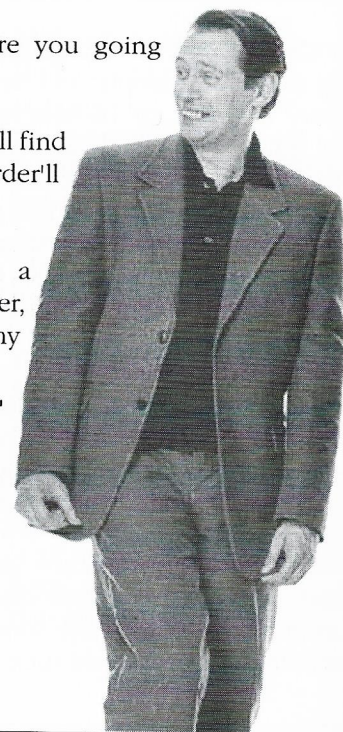
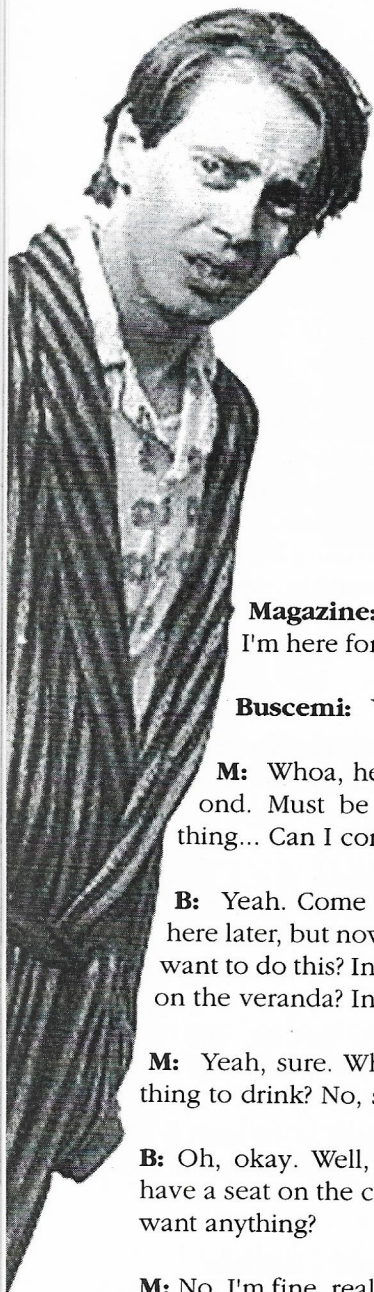
M: It's just an interview. Do you have to provide your own dental coverage, or does whatever studio you're working with take care of that? I mean, how does all that work exactly?

B: It's through the guild. Are you going somewhere?

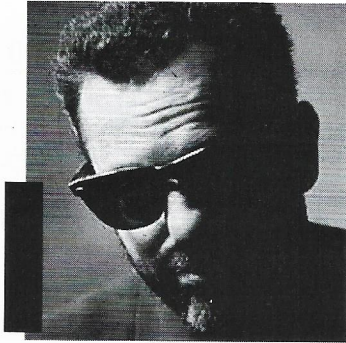
M: Just the can. Don't worry, I'll find it - just keep talking, the recorder'll pick it up.

B: Okay. I'm gonna make a phone call to my dry cleaner, actually. He's had some of my shirts for four days.

Catch part two of this sizzling interview with Steve Buscemi in next month's MAGAZINE!



15 Questions

Billy
Joel

The pop star on love, sex and steamy nights

1. What do you find romantic?

I find a lot of things to be romantic. A Miles Davis solo. The feel of wet sand on the toes. The smell of a bouquet of roses. I believe in the romance of the senses.

2. What types of women do you find sexy?

There's lots of beautiful women out there. All women are sexy, really. Sexy in their minds. I've become aware of the eroticism of thoughts and emotions in recent years.

3. Is Christie Brinkley for sex?

Sexy, you mean? Christie's a beautiful woman... I don't want to get into that. We have a past, but I wish her well.

4. If you were in a sex contest with Peter Gabriel, who would win?

Peter and I are good friends; he's an excellent artist. I'm not sure what a "sex contest" is, but I'm sure we'd both give it our best effort.

5. Would you name one of your children "Sex"?

[laughs uncomfortably] No, probably not. Maybe when I was younger. No, not then either, actually. No.

6. Would you give up your music career for a license plate with a heart on it?

I only have boats; they don't need license plates. I like my musical career, actually.

7. How many kinds of lovemaking can you name?

Two. I mean, nine. *[embarrassed pause]* One.

8. Big sex or little sex?

Well, big, unless... Both? It really depends.. *[clears throat]*

9. Super sex or regular sex?

Super? What... *[trails off]*

10. Sex for one dollar or make-love for a hundred?

I don't know what "make-love" is. Sex for a dollar sounds like a good deal... hm.

11. If virginity were to fight a boxing match with slut-tiness, who would win?

I don't really like sports. Maybe virginity.

12. Would you kill someone in a dream to have another dream in which love was made?

Yes. No. Shit.

13. If sex were personified as a beautiful woman, would you make love to it or her?

I shouldn't have done this.

14. If making love were the worst thing in the world, would you do it all the time?

I'm just not a particularly sexual person. My agent thought I'd attract some young listeners if I talked about sex, that's all. "How bad can it be?" he asked me.

15. Nasty sex, dirty sex or sleazy sex?

[awkward silence]

We Asked...

What toothpaste did the stars use this week?



"Colgate." Garry Shandling
-*The Larry Sanders Show*

"Crest." Shelley Long
-*Cheers*

"Aqua-Fresh." Tom Sizemore
-*Saving Private Ryan*

"Colgate. No, Crest." Alfonse Ribeiro
-*Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*

"I don't remember." Dianne Wiest
-*Hannah and her Sisters*

"That Rembrandt stuff." Sam Neill
-*Jurassic Park*

"I used Crest." John McQuatthy
-ABC News correspondent

"Colgate." Treach
-*Naughty by Nature*

"Colgate, then I ran out, so I got some more Colgate." Ty Law
-*New England Patriots*

"Crest." Vince Neil
-*Mötley Crüe*

"The minty one, I forget what it's called." Alan Ruck
-*Ferris Bueller's Day Off*

"What toothpaste? Crest."
Sally Kellerman
-*Meatballs III*

Movies I Haven't Seen

By Critic **OWEN GLEIBERMAN**

C a s a b l a n c a

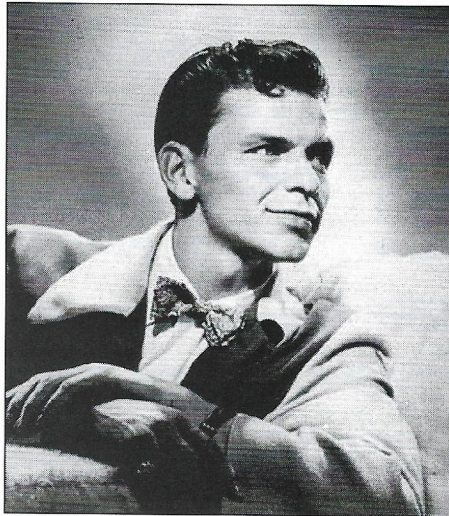
Humphrey Bogart is magnificent in this video classic about a night club owner and pick-up artist towards the end of the swing era during World War I. Sam (played by Frank Sinatra) steals several scenes with his sultry lounge numbers, but the show belongs to Bogie, smoothly delivering such classic lines as, "It's good to be looking at you, Kid," which have lived in America's heart for decades. Bogie's tragic divorce from "Kid," his dying wife of ten years (played by Lauren Bacall), ranks among the truly heart-wrenching scenes in our country's rich cinematic history. A film that allows no substitute and tolerates no imitation, far outshining "The Usual Suspects," a 1994 remake starring Kevin Spacey. **GRADE: B**

A Clockwork Orange

Malcom McDowell stars in Stanley Kubrick's masterpiece about ultraviolet youths in a post-apocalyptic city. The quirky language is a side-splittingly funny; McDowell refers to his friends as droogs, and calls his parents grandparents. There will not be a dry eye in the house after McDowell is taught to retch whenever he thinks of his one true love, the giant mechanical orange that taught him to care. All in all, a powerful drama with a message still applicable to today's society. **GRADE: B**

On the Waterfront

For Marlon Brando, this was a coming-out party for his dramatic screen presence. It was also a major break



OLD BLUE BLOOD: Sinatra, star of three to eight of the best movies of all time.

for another male actor, possibly Frank Sinatra. The screenplay gave Brando plenty of gruff lines and brash poses, but the dialogue was spotty at parts. At times, *Old Blue Eyes* stole the show with his rich, syrupy voice, possibly. All in all, a waterfront classic. **GRADE: A-**

From Here to Eternity

Given the current fervor over WWII movies, I thought an excellent video pick would be *From Here to Eternity*. This outstanding epic was filmed in 1946, and won the Academy Award for Best Picture the very next year. What makes this film fascinating to a modern viewer is its ability to depict the ruddy horror of war without resorting to the graphic combat violence we find in the recent releases *Saving Private Ryan* and *The Thin Red Line*. We see the way this massive conflict changed the life not only of the soldier and nurse in love, but also the museum director, airline execu-

tive, bellhop and brilliant schoolgirl. *From Here to Eternity* is an achievement to be cherished. **GRADE: A+**

The Deer Hunter

At first glance, this is nothing more than a beautiful film about the long tradition of deer hunting in the southern parts of this country. But the movie makes a sudden turn in the Russian Roulette sequence, and from that point on the show belongs to De Niro. We, as viewers, come to understand how much meaning is packed so tightly into the deer motif, and how much significance is in their "hunting." This movie is about life, about love, about art, about age, and possibly co-starring Frank Sinatra. **GRADE: B+**

C i t i z e n K a n e

Orson Welles hits another home run with this camp classic. Antics ensue as Kane struggles to earn United States citizenship while dealing with an identity crisis. He confuses his mother with a sled named Rosebud. Welles' wry witty script is only matched by his wacky cinematic tricks. While packed with laughs, this would benefit from a little of *Old Blue Eyes*' charm. **GRADE: B**

P l a t o o n

Charlie Sheen and Emilio Estevez are hilarious in this wise-cracking portrait of bumbling soldiers in Vietnam. The movie takes a dark turn when Sheen is paralyzed by a car accident and becomes an activist, condemning his corrupt banker brother. **GRADE: B**

Dances With Wolves

If recent Costner projects are any indication, this big-budget bomb needs less world wreckage and more tender baseball imagery. I applaud the ambition, but the project's post-apocalyptic visionaries should have spent less money on explosions, more on script doctoring. **GRADE: D**

Reservoir Dogs

Before *Blues Brothers 2000*, there was another attempt to remake the classic *Blues Brothers*. Like *2000*, this movie includes many Blues Brothers who all wear dark suits and sunglasses. The similarities to the original end there. The car chase in this movie is nowhere near the quality of the first one. There are also no humorous Nazis in this remake and there is no mention of the Bluesmobile. Quentin Tarantino and the Blues Brothers just don't mix well. Do yourself a favor and rent the original. **GRADE: D-**

Bright Lights, Big City

Michael J. Fox's last underground role before taking the Family Ties stint. See him in his untouched glory. Fox plays Marvin Clay, a New York lawyer practicing financial law during the cocaine driven eighties. The young man rediscovers his love of sports each Sunday at a Giants game. Phil

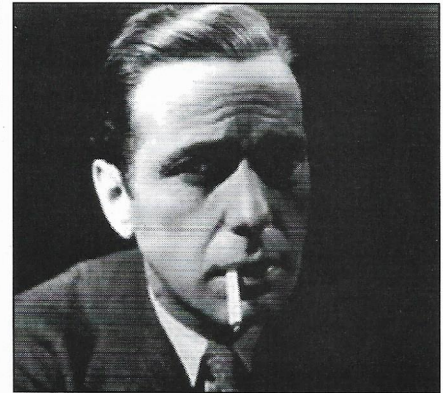
Simms stars plays the role of the gracing quarterback who's heroics dominate at least half of the film. The awesome gridiron action is punctuated by surreal scenes highlighting Clay's youth and his inability to reconcile his current job with his self-image. **GRADE: A-**

St. Elmo's Fire

Judd Nelson stars in this thrilling exposé of the life of St. Elmo. Look for show stopping performances by Ally Sheedy as the woman who tries to tempt St. Elmo from grace and Emilio Estevez as the Roman guy who wants to feed St. Elmo to the lions. The special effects are mid 80's, but the scene where St. Elmo calls upon the fire from heaven to save his life probably should have won an award. An interesting biography of an interesting man performed by the Brat Pack. What is there to lose? **GRADE: A**

You Only Live Twice

James Bond takes on the hordes of the undead as only director George Romero could portray it. As usual, Sean Connery steals the show. While the other characters grunt and eat flesh, Connery gets the best lines, including the now famous "live fast, die young, and leave a good looking corpse." An enjoyable spy thriller/gorefest that is pleasing to all. **GRADE: B-**



BOGIE: "They're looking at you, Kid."

Theater: A Brilliant Performance

The show brought the audience to their feet. It was a wonderful, inspiring, wonderful performance. The shouting, the cheering, the cries of *Bravo!* and *Encore!* - it seemed that they could never cease. Tears flew. Men and women embraced. Children giggled with delight. The actors seemed to have surprised themselves and stood awestruck, starting into a sea of bobbing heads. Energy birthed energy, a pillar of lightning love shot through the hearts of all who attended. A show was crowned a classic. A director crowned a genius. An actor crowned a star. This, my friends, this! This is why we stay in the business.

I wasn't there. I heard of it from my friend, who was in town the same night. He had wanted to see the show, but dinner ran late so he decided to turn in early. On the way home he drove past the theater and saw some people talking outside. There were three people talking enthusiastically, all at once, he said. My friend cannot read lips, but he guessed that the show had been quite good. He told me about this several months later, calling me from a pay phone, waiting for a train to prison.

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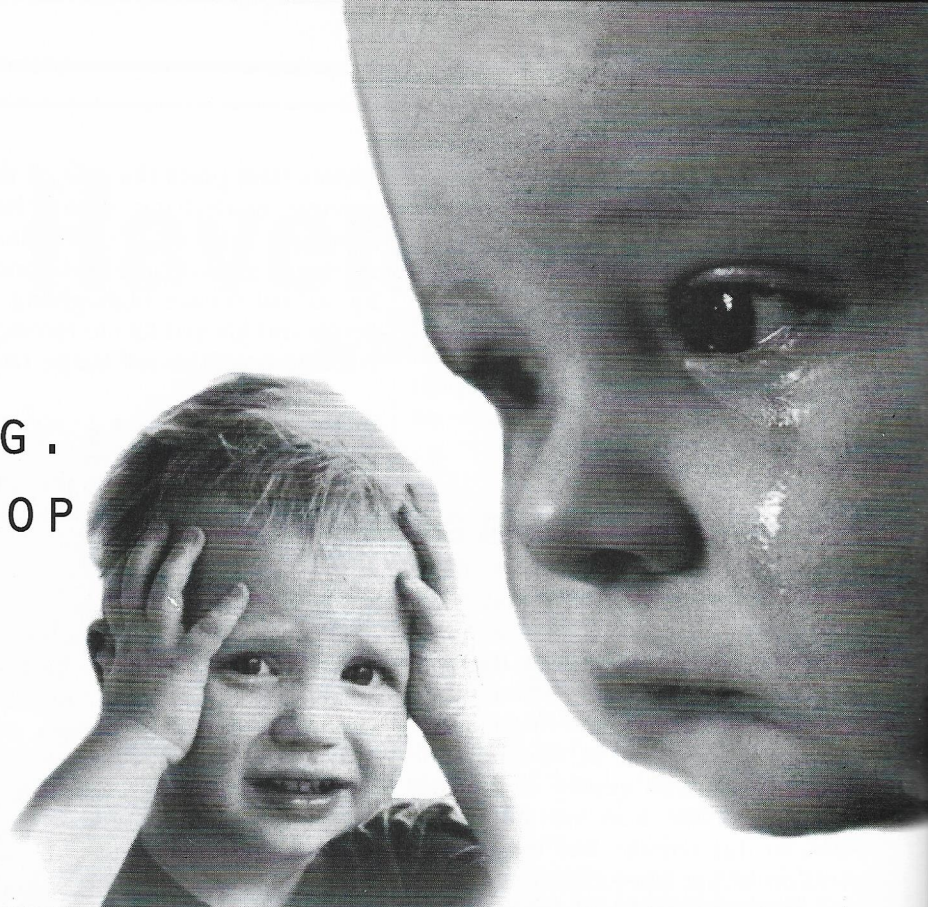
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INDICATIONS AND USAGE: Intended solely for the use of humans > 11 months of age. Should be used by humans for humans. If you are a human, usage is indicated and prescribed by company doctors for hours when sick. Use.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: VERATIN™ is contraindicated in people with known allergies to VERATIN™ or any of its constituent ingredients. Also, if you are allergic to the hands of any of our factory workers, it is probably not a good idea to use it, even though we all wear gloves. Women who are or may be pregnant must not take VERATIN™, handle broken tablets, handle immolated tablets, handle dissolved tablets, or handle the Two Tablets of the Ten Commandments. Jewish canon indicates a woman should never handle holy relics. PhillipsAnderson makes no comment on this issue, but wishes to acknowledge that we do not.

WARNINGS: VERATIN™ is a serum for coughing. Ask yourself if you are coughing when you take the medicine. If you are not, we recommend that you not take the medicine. Do not dispense to children less than one year of age, they will die. PhillipsAnderson does not know what causes this death. May cause death in older people. Associated probabilities are not known. PhillipsAnderson may not be an actual company. PhillipsAnderson has no license to engage in chemical research or use and/or dispose of hazardous materials. The CEO of PhillipsAnderson never completed a 4 year college degree. PhDs employed by PhillipsAnderson are not required to show proof of education upon hiring by company.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: VERATIN™ may, or may not as the individual case may in fact be in actuality, cause the following side effects: coughing, sneezing, stuffy head, congestion, fever, insomnia, aural leakage, virulent misogyny, headaches, asthma, vapidness, vacuousness, meaninglessness, existential angst, Derridean logocentrism, hepatitis A, B and possibly C, blindness, deafness, tone deafness,

afflictions of the foot, matza (the bread of affliction), Judaism, shema yisrael adonai eloheynu, tenderness, sensitivity, effeminacy, bi-curiousness, homosexuality, homophobia, autoerotic asphyxiation, sado-masochism, punctuated equilibrium, Keynesian interventionism, diarrhea, gonorrhea, chlamydia, AIDS, cancer. Also, may cause sweatiness and nausea in 1% of users.

SPECIAL ADVISORY HOOF AND MOUTH DISEASE, SUBCATEGORY BETA: if you have or have had within the last 10 years *parasytis pathensitisieous*, or "Hoof and Mouth Disease" you should avoid contact with VERATIN™ or people who have had contact with VERATIN™. Contact should be avoided up to the 3rd degree. If you do come in said contact, flush face and feet and hands with water continuously for 1 hour and then contact a poison control center. May result in enlargement of mouth. Effect is permanent and gross.

INCIDENTS OF FLAME: VERATIN™ has been tested on over 4,000 individuals. Cases of spontaneous burning after consumption occurred in less than 5% of individuals. However, important incidents of flame occurred as follows: exploded fingers when near radiator, combusted hair when exposed to operating microwave oven, burned ants upon contact, melted away soft skin of eyelids when within one inch, set a woman's back on fire after a light jog, made a person explode. Individuals with astigmatic retinas caught fire when exposed to sunlight. Whole rooms filled with fire after VERATIN™ was spilled on certain types of artificial fibers found in some carpets.

POSTMARKETING REPORTS: Rare voluntary reports of adverse events in people receiving VERATIN™ since market introduction include the following: intensified coughing, back spasm, painful ear discharge, painful mouth discharge, consumption site pain, tender and swollen head, psychosis, obsession, coma, implosion of the face, expansion of the gut, spontaneous hernia, rotting of intestine, burning of intestine, involuntary discharge of intestine through navel, anxiety, horror at life, apathy about relationships, shallowness, prettiness, pettiness, sour-facedness.

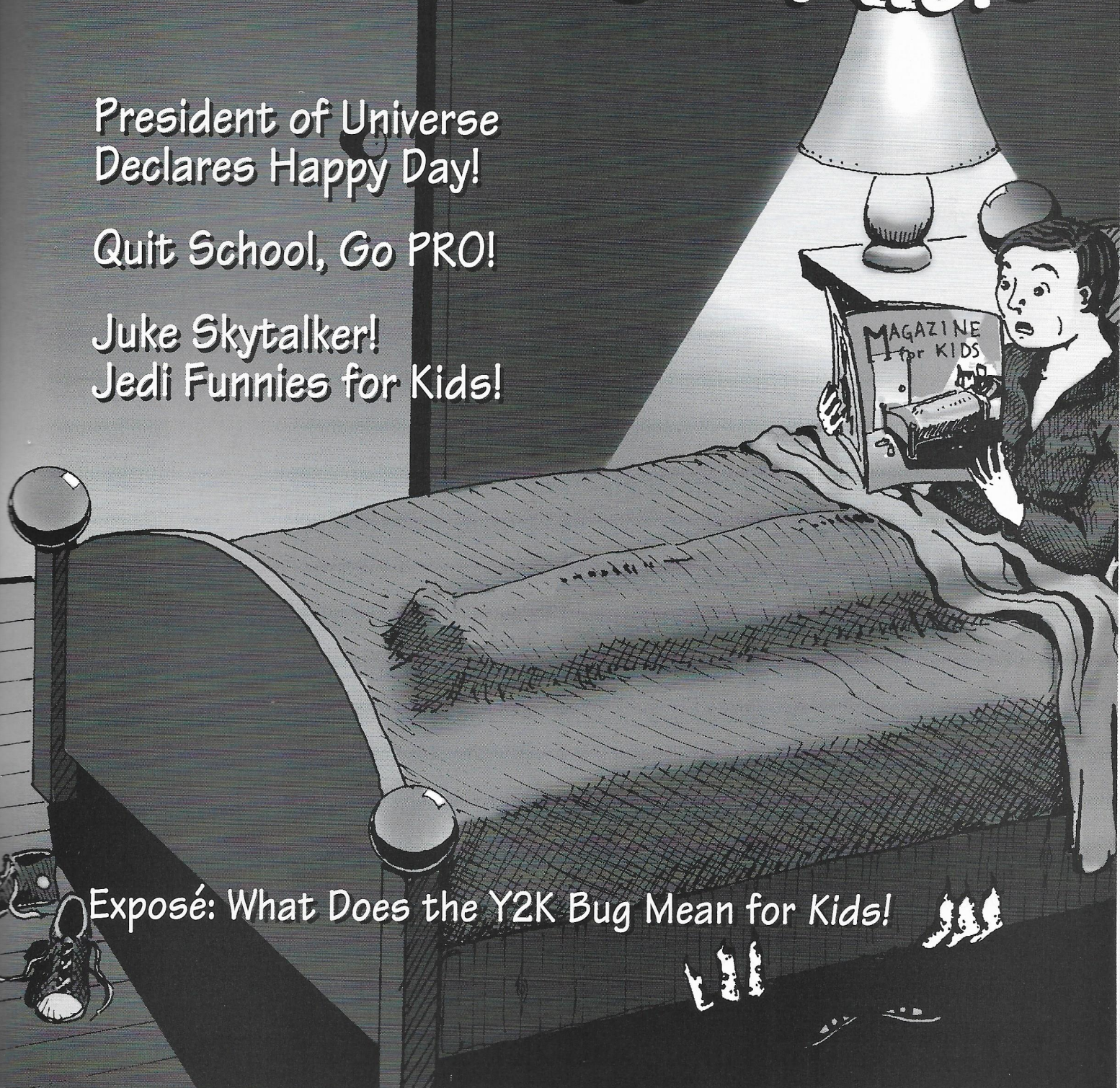
HOW SUPPLIED: 520/.07mL. NDC 5667-862-01 bottle of 25 tablespoon servings. Glass. Take orally only.

Magazine For Kids

President of Universe
Declares Happy Day!

Quit School, Go PRO!

Juke Skytalker!
Jedi Funnies for Kids!



Exposé: What Does the Y2K Bug Mean for Kids!

Kid Science

Magazine gives it to you straight about the y2k bug!



Okay gang, everyone's talking about something called "The Year 2000 problem." Some people even call it "The Y2K bug," but what's the big deal anyway? How bad could a bug be? Just squash it, you're thinking. Noooooo. You see, kids, the Y2K bug is a problem with computers. Some computers might get confused and think it's the year 1900. Pretty dumb, huh? But you're just a kid! What will this little bug mean to you?

You see, computers control a whole lot. And what's the most important thing they control? Grown-ups have a fancy word for money: the economy, and that's where the problem is. Here's one thing that will change. In the year 2000, if you see one of your parent's checks, it will probably say "2000" on it, instead of "1999." Explain it to Dad if he gets confused!

But you might not see any checks at all in the year 2000. Why? Because the world's economy will collapse. Where will the food come from, you ask? Ha ha, you might want to start saving up your fat parts! But you're just a kid, what's the big deal?



Well, for one thing, computers also help planes fly. Will all the planes start to crash next year? Maybe they will, because in 1900, all the planes were made of paper maché and flimsy wood. And they crashed a lot. The computers get confused, see? But recess is starting! What the heck do you care?

Well, for one thing, instead of recess, next year there will be Year 2000 recess. Don't worry though, you'll still be allowed to eat pudding and play tetherball during this new recess. So what's the big deal? Nobody knows!

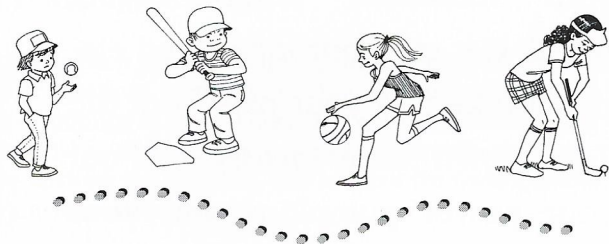
But what about sports? Basketball wasn't even invented in 1900, and plenty of other stuff was different too. Feed all this into the computer, and guess what? In the year 2000, Michael Jordan may not even have basic human rights. He's the greatest scoring machine of all time!

No matter, because TV will still be going strong next year. The Teletubbies will still be on. Also look for a show entitled "Curious George and his Malfunctioning Robot Owner."

With all the problems with money, we might have to find other things to use instead of dollars. Like potatoes! It will be fun for us to save our potatoes in big brown sacks and lug them to the village square to barter for cheese and mush. We'll do the craziest things in the year 2000!



You Could Turn Pro



Playing in the NBA might be easier than you think. Did you know that Moses Malone was drafted directly out of high school? **MAGAZINE FOR KIDS** has uncovered some other athletes who simply refuse to act their age.

Kobe Bryant Good enough to play in NBA when he was only 17 years old.

Grant Hill Completed his senior year at Duke, but was good enough to be an NBA all-star!

John Elway Brought his Broncos to five Super Bowls, but had already won three Super Bowls by age six! He is the only NFL quarterback to have played in Super Bowls both before and after their invention!

Danny Ferry At age 22, drafted by the Los Angeles Clippers, already good enough to retire.

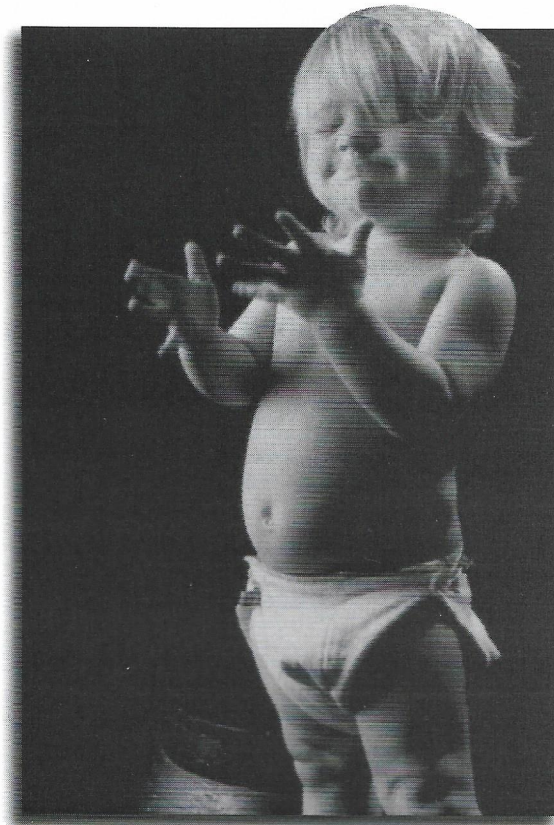
Larry Bird Good enough to coach the Indiana Pacers when he was only four years old.

Michael Jordan As a sophomore in high school, too good to play high school basketball, cut cruelly from the team.

Penny Hardaway At age 25, too young to be Tim Hardaway.

Jack Nicklaus At age 65, old enough to play in the masters.

Jack Nicklaus Old enough to retire as a basketball player. Mysteriously continues PGA tour.



Young Jane Wilson was an Olympic champion gymnast at only 23 months.

Bill Bradley At age 150, clearly too old for President. Mysteriously continues career with New York Knicks.

A Stupid Person Too old to be called "dum-dum." Instead called "mister" and mysteriously given work.

A whale Very old. Eats guppies.

Jack Nicklaus Too old for guppies. Eats golf balls.

Evander Holyfield Too old for golf. Eats guppies.

Guppies At the age of 1 second, eaten by everybody.

Kobe Bryant 20 years old. Hates guppies. Eats them anyway.

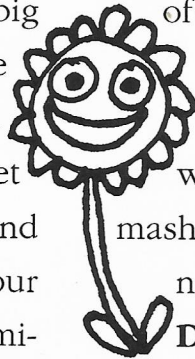
Michael Jordan At age 37, good enough to retire from the sport of basketball. Holds the highest scoring average of all time. Thinks he is better than everybody.

Guppies Think they are better than they were at the age of 1 second. Dead.

President of Universe Declares Happy Day

It's official! Kids all around the world are saying: Hooray, it's **Happy Day!**

- (5) Get out your marbles and your rocks. It's **Happy Day**. Get out your galoshes and your sled, because today is a day to play and have a lot of fun with MAGAZINE FOR KIDS at your side. Get out
- (10) your sandwiches and pack a big lunch, everyone, and don't be late for the bus of joy! Get out your barrels of crazy powder. Get out your baseball equipment and
- (15) your pitching gloves. Get out your tournament slippers and your smiley hat and your love for a good time, it's **Happy Day!** Get out your oatmeal purse and you tank-crushing ninja belt. Get out of bed and
- (20) get out your super Play-Doh kung-fu hyper spear. Get out your electronic silly-sock and the batteries for your jolly-jam Jell-O castle. Get
- (25) out your big turtle sled. Get out your inflatable dragon-slaying beard. Get out your king-sized elephant bike and your pals from the Toon Town funny factory. Get out your power pumpkins and your wicked awesome silly survey, because it's the happiest day in town. Get out your super-sized suspenders and your wacky wand of wizardry. It's **Happy Day!**
- (30) Put away your sad sack of salamanders. Put away your wet doughnuts and your soggy mashed banana peels. You won't need those today, it's **Happy Day!** Put away your sad smelly-pants. Put away your animated doctor of homework. Put away your big bucket of spinach macaroons. Put away that radically rancid report card, the bus is going to leave! Put away that frown, you clown, and put away your sad village of prunes. You won't need them today, it's **Happy Day!**
- (35)
- (40)
- (45)
- (50)



Happy Day Begins With A Test

Part 1: Multiple Choice

Directions: Each passage in this section is followed by a group of questions to be answered on the basis of what is stated or implied in the passage. You are to choose the best answer, that is, the response that most accurately and completely answers the question, and blacken the corresponding space on your answer sheet.

1. In the second paragraph of the passage (lines 4-35), the author encourages the reader to:

- (A) Get things out.
- (B) Put things away.

2. The author of this passage believes that the best preparation for **Happy Day** is:

- (A) putting things away.
- (B) taking things out.
- (C) answers A and B.
- (D) answer A
- (E) answer B
- (F) answers A, B, C, D, and E

*All of these
Most of
these are
good
answers.*

3. It can be inferred from the author's tone of voice that he believes **Happy Day** to be:

- (A) a good thing.
- (B) a bad thing.
- (C) a test.

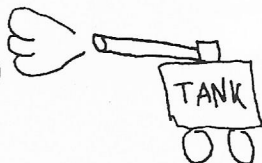
booring, stupid

4. **Happy Day** is best described as:

- (A) Happy.
- (B) Extremely happy.

5. According to the passage, what is a ninja belt most likely to crush?

- (A) Tanks
- (B) Other things.



Part 2: Short Answer

Directions: Answer each question with the most appropriate response, based on the passage that you have just read. If the question calls for a specific number of answers, make sure that you fill in each space on the list. Filling in more or fewer answers than are required will disqualify you from **Happy Day**.

3. List three days that the King of the Universe has announced.

- a. Happy Day
- b. I think that's all he announced.
- c. Christmas

2. What should you get out in preparation for **Happy Day**?

*I'm afraid
I don't have a ninja belt*

1. List three things that you should put away for **Happy Day**, according to the passage. (see lines 36-50)

- a. Sad Smelly Pants
- b. And Tests
- c. Happy Day

4. What will probably happen to you if you do not complete the **Happy Day** instructions exactly? And if you all of your answers to this test are not exactly right?

*Oh, no
Help me*

5. Draw a picture of a silly sock. You will be graded on style and composition.



STOP.

Put away your pencil. **Happy Day is now over.**

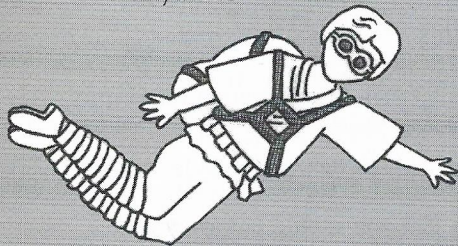
JEDI FUNNIES



Who never needs to fly?
Luke Skywalker

Who doesn't need his lightsaber to blow up things?
Nuke Skywalker

Who likes to jump out of airplanes?
Luke Skydiver



Who doesn't wear clothes?
Nude Skywalker

Who drank too much at the party last night?
Puke Skywalker

Who is of royal blood?
Duke Skywalker

Who is the son of Anakin Skywalker... who TALKS?
Luke Skytalker



Who is the accidental son of Anakin Skywalker?
Fluke Skywalker

Who spells his name wrong?
Look Skiewocker

Who is fancy?
Luke J. Skywalker

Who is from England?
Luke Shirewalker

Who is from Ireland?
Luke McSkywalker

Who is from Scotland?
Luke MacSkywalker

Who is from Germany?
Luke Luftwaffe

Who made an inappropriate comment at the cocktail party?
Lewd Skywalker

Who stepped down from his position as Speaker of the Imperial House?
Newt Skywalker

Who turned 8 tricks last night?
Luke Streetwalker



Who can make it rain?
Luke Skywater

Who made up the "lightsaber" pitch?
Luke Skybalker

Who is in a video game?
Duke Nukewalker

Who is in the Army now?
Sgt. Skywalker

Who chews gum?
Luke Skyjawer

Who plays baseball?
Luke Baseball

Who likes gum?
Luke Skychewer

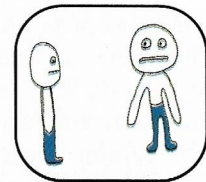
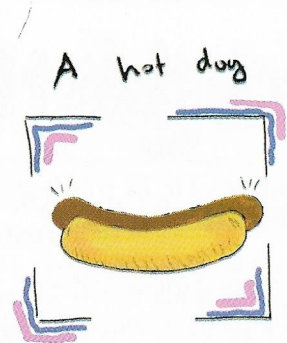
Who makes great gum?
Luke Hubba Bubba

Who aquired Catalina Island in California?
The Wrigley Family

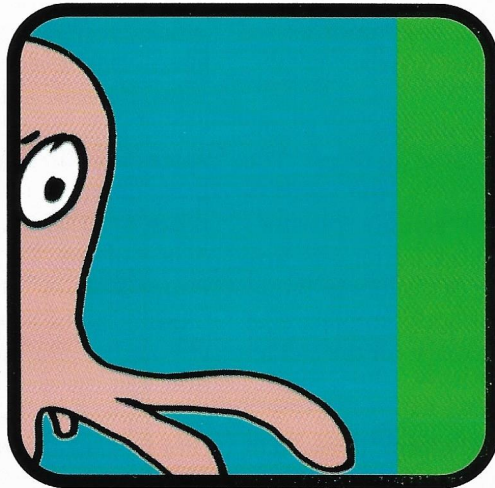
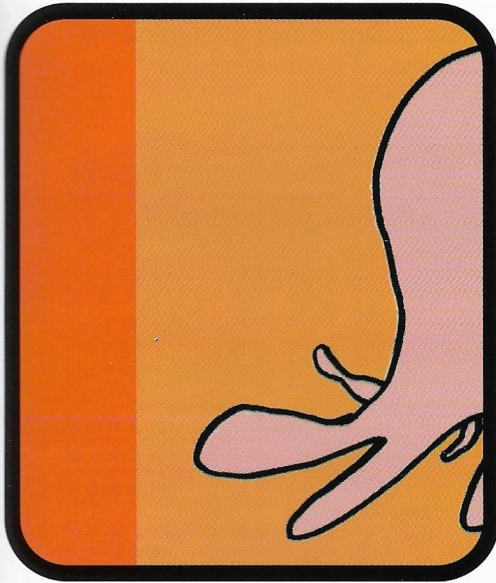
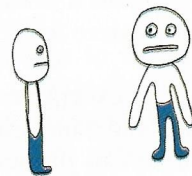
Who owns the Los Angeles Dodgers?
News Corporation

Sammy the Head Octopus

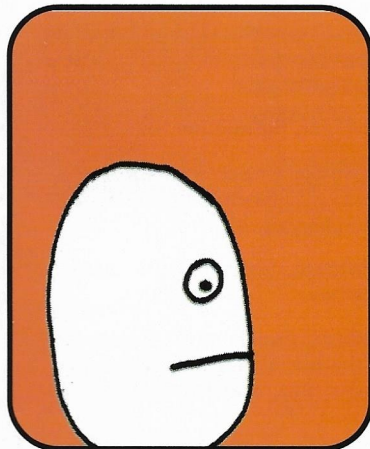
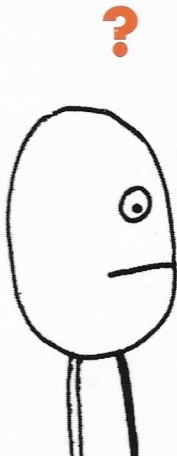
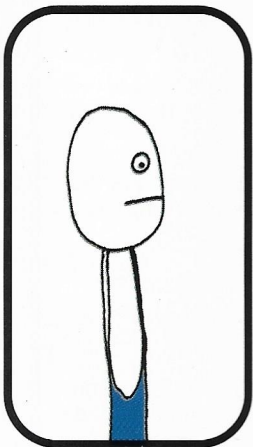
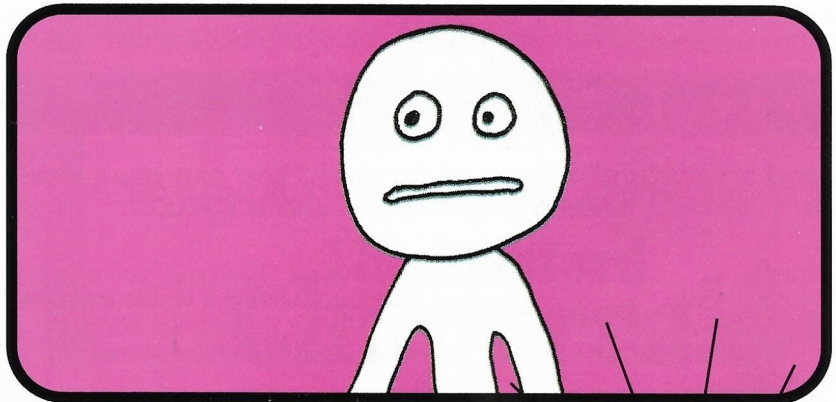
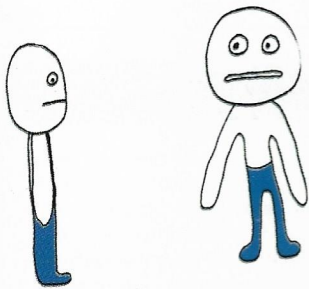
Is More Fun Than



We wait here



Episode 1



Jack in the Box

Life imitates life in this brilliant epicurean tableau
O.N. PELIKAN

JACK IN THE BOX. HERE I AM. I AM HERE. THIS IS THE LAST restaurant. What is left to do? The restaurant as we know it is dead. This shall be my last review.

DECOR The visual concept is brilliantly minimalist. Plastic chairs force the eater into an uncomfortable alertness. The proprietors have cleverly said "*au revoir*" to the conventional menu; an electronic wallboard smugly provides patrons with their dining choices. Neon permeates and dulls the senses. An atrocious painting of a sailboat hangs awkwardly from a nearby wall. The shoddy ambience of the Box provides a devastating commentary on the inadequacies of modern America. *Rating: 8*

WAITSTAFF An exceptionally well-trained group. Dressed in humiliating blue-and-yellow clownwear, they feign an inability to speak proper English. They mockingly misinterpret your orders and refuse to even greet you at your table; crooked-toothed sneers answer your tearful pleas for a glass of wine. They know what you want and only laugh. Frustration is Jack's *raison-d'être*. *Rating: 7*

FOOD What a statement! The menu is daringly narrow, reminiscent of Wolfgang Puck's latest work; diners are allowed only mild variations on the hamburger, even at breakfast. The buns are ancient, the meats rabid. A sea of mayonnaise mocks you in every bite. "Want a first-rate dining experience, *mon ami?*" Jack asks. "*Fermez la bouche!*" Indeed, John. Indeed. *Rating: 9*

PRICE The final and cruelest indictment of the food connoisseur. I arrived ready to max out my VISA. The bill? Four dollars. Jack gloats toothily as he straightens his yellow hat. He could make it free, I know, and it could kill me. Spiteful, saucy, magnificent bastard. *Rating: 10*

OVERALL This is not a restaurant. This is a statement. This is politics. This is art. I am violated, soaring, redeemed, ashamed. *Rating: 10*

Restaurant Review

Jack in the Box

Breakfast 9:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m.
Lunch 11:00 a.m. - 9:00 a.m.
No Reservations Required.
Drive Through Open 24 Hours
Free Drink Refills on Same Visit

OVERALL:	★★★★★
Food	★★★★★
Service	★★★★★
Prices	\$
Red	★★★★★
Blue	★★★★★
Yellow	★★

Travel Tips

Need a vacation? Strapped for cash? You can have a perfect San Francisco weekend getaway... and it's FREE!

SUPPLIES:

- About \$50 cash
- Spanish on Tape, cassettes 2-5 (\$20)
- Conversational Cantonese (\$25)
- A car

ITINERARY:

SATURDAY, 4:00A.M. Go down to the wharf and offer your services as a "sheller." Listen to your tapes to gain the necessary Spanish skills. Use the \$10 you just made to buy yourself a free breakfast.

SATURDAY, 12:30P.M. It's too late to eat breakfast by the time you're finished. Don't worry - processing nearly 100 pounds of crab meat has ruined your appetite anyway.

SATURDAY, 12:31P.M. Use forty dollars to buy fifteen cans of either gold or silver spraypaint. Close your eyes—extremely tightly—and spray your naked body. Wait to dry. Dress and repeat.

SATURDAY, 12:52P.M. Go to Ghirardelli Plaza. Stand in a visible spot and do not move for at least two hours. People will be amazed and shower you with coins

SATURDAY, 4:00P.M. Use the \$12 you made to clean yourself off. Go to Balcom's famous hardware store on Elm for famous paint thinner. Empty the one-gallon container on your head. Looks like you lost a buck or two on the deal.

SATURDAY, 4:45P.M. Remember, this is free.

SATURDAY, 6:30P.M. Check into the hostel up on Columbus in North Beach. This will cost you \$15. To you, it's free.

SATURDAY, 8:00P.M. Sleep. While asleep, spend no money.

SUNDAY, 8:00A.M. Sneak into Chinatown, guilo! Give the bouncer at the backdoor a shark fin (cost: \$6), and he'll let you in free.

SUNDAY, 8:30A.M. Learn Cantonese from your free \$25 Cantonese tapes. Con a Chinese family into thinking you are a long-lost cousin. Sit down to dim sum with them and bluff your way through stories of working neck-deep in rice paddies. Dim sum sure is good. Be polite and pick up the check. You will find it costs you nothing.

SUNDAY, 10:50A.M. You are coming to the conclusion that there is not much to do in San Francisco that doesn't take money.

SUNDAY, 11:00A.M. Buy a small cup of coffee; use the cup to panhandle. This is your vacation.

SUNDAY, 11:15A.M. Realize your car has been towed and begin the long walk home...(for free).

TOTAL REVENUE:	\$23.15
TOTAL COST:	\$124.40
DIFFERENCE:	-\$101.25

Whoa! Nice job! Except for the minus sign, it looks like you actually made money!

Contributors to this issue of Magazine

1	Front Cover	Perkins
2	Miramax Tours	Ellickson, Perkins
3	Crothers Apparel Ads	Lampson
6	Editor's Note	Lampson
8	Other People's Misery	Pearl
8	Two Weeks Ago	Kyle
8	Statistical Notes	Lewis-Kraus, Maas
9	They Said It	Lampson
10	Liar Caught Lying	D'Ewart
10	News Bytes	Crane
10	Rabies	Bender
11	Quiz Corner	Bender
11	Simon Not Funny	Innes
12	British Democracy	Maas, Saporito
13	Saddam Secrets	Ellickson
14	Newton's Diaries	Lampson
15	CD Mega-Blowout	Lampson
16	Falwell	Pearl, Crane, Noxas
16	Stephen Glass	Lampson
17	Abject Misery	Crane
18	Fake Phones	Ellickson
20	Vanishing Economist	Lucy
21	Real Allowance Down	D'Ewart
21	Advantage: Euro	Lucy
22	America Euro	Lewis-Kraus, Maas
23	Make 5 Billion Dollars	Crane
24	Tiki Room	Schaeffer
24	Disney CEO	Lampson
25	Scientific Breakthrough	Crane
25	Y2K versus Y1K	Lewis-Kraus
26	Staying Legit	Lampson
27	Star Chat	Lampson
28	White People	Lampson, Ellickson
30	Collegiate Athlete	Lucy
31	Monica in Spotlight	Lampson
32	Soft Drink v. Brand X	Lampson
34	Religious Basketball	Nesbitt
35	Car Advertisement	Perkins
36	Beating the Odds	Ellickson
37	Terrell Buckley	Ellickson
38	Team Names	Perkins
39	Life of Reilly	Maas
40	Tiger and Earl	Lampson, Ellickson
41	Golf Course of Future	Perkins
42	Uncut Interview	Olding
43	Billy Joel Interview	Ellickson
43	Celebrity Toothpaste	Ellickson
44	Veratin Ad	Lucy, Lewis-Kraus
45	Mag For Kids Cover	Wilfong
46	Kid Science	Lampson, Lucy
47	You Could Turn Pro	Lampson
48	Happy Day	Lampson
50	Jedi Funnies	Lucy
51	Sammy Octopus	Crane, Heilbron
52	Movies I Haven't Seen	Lucy, Schaeffer, Guerrieri
53	Brilliant Performance	Lampson
54	Jack in the Box	Ellickson
54	Travel Tips	Hann
55	Oldboy Again	Lucy

Everything Twin Mountains of Pure Freedom

Oldboy Again

Elusive editor appears briefly to invite all interested parties to spring quarter meetings

The Oldboy, the seldom-seen editor-in-chief of the *Stanford Chaparral*, appeared in the central MAGAZINE offices last Wednesday. The young man promptly announced that the Chappie is entirely responsible for MAGAZINE, its latest parody of the news media industry. At that point, MAGAZINE ceased to exist and the illustrious Oldboy was left atop a heap of smoldering rubble, giggling at his own imaginary might.

"Anyone interested in humor writing, graphic design or good business practices is welcome at the Chaparral," he told the rubble as he wandered about stamping down the remaining detritus.

The Oldboy concluded with

the necessary logistics:

"Meetings are held every Wednesday at 8:30 pm in the Storke Student Publications Building. Genital-centric submissions will not be entertained."

After his remarks, the swift man left the scene with all the speed his twentyish legs could muster. He has not been seen since.

Witnesses to the act numbered precisely one, this reporter. I existed just long enough to slip these few words into the printer just before final deadline. After that, it was the rubble heap for me. Unfortunately, it had by that time disappeared with the winds.

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