

Crisis beyond description cripples students all over

"Now I want three-step authentication"



Yesterday	Today	Tomorrow
Partly Cloudy	Lightning	Dark
54	72	30
	47	0

# The Stanford Daily

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## Freshmen Roommates Paired by Appearance

### Housing Committee Opens Up At Last

By DEE KALLISTI  
EDITORIAL COP

Under a scheme kept secret for almost three decades, more than 90% of incoming Stanford freshmen are placed with roommates at the same level of perceived facial attractiveness, according to exclusive new interviews with past and present Undergraduate Housing Coordinators.

The unique method of roommate selection, which insiders refer to as "Face Facts," was supposedly designed to ease tensions between students in the "volatile social environment" of freshman housing.

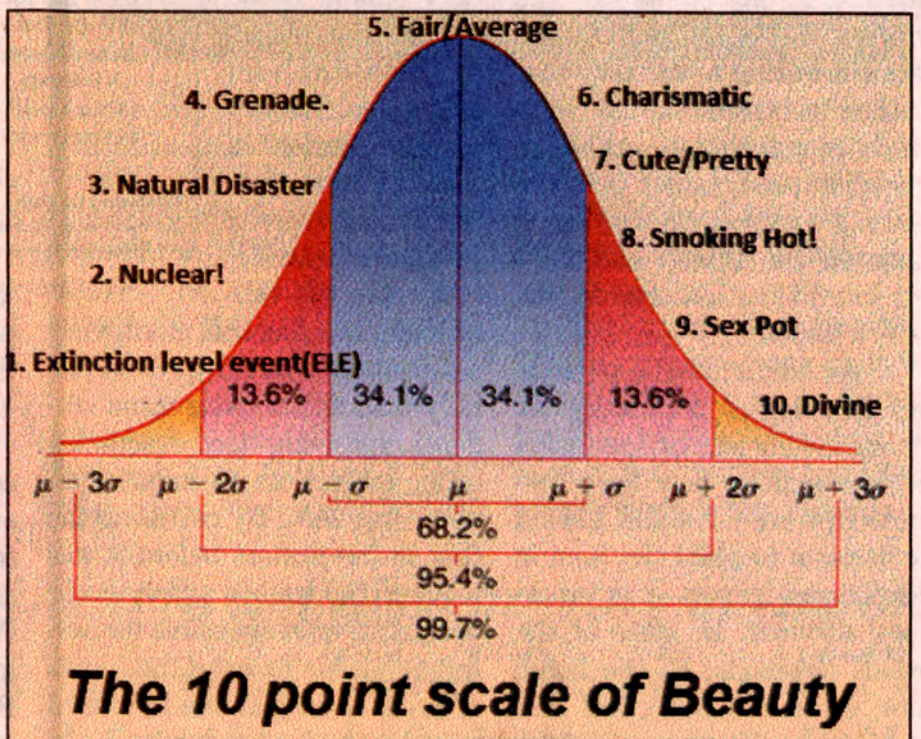
While roommates will occasionally be matched based on striking similarities in their application essays, physical appeal is "the criterion... of first and last resort" for everyone else, says Arielle Kim '14. Kim was one of the two Undergraduate Housing Coordinators who handled room assignments for the entire Class of 2017. She is expected to return

as a UHC for this spring's round of assignments.

R&DE staffers initially refused to comment on roommate selection procedures. However, when the Daily acquired copies of emails that confirmed the existence of Face Facts, Kim agreed to discuss the matter publicly in the hope of clarifying the intricacies of the process. Her partner from last year, James Reich '13, was not available to participate.

Over espressos at Coupa Café, Kim described how incoming freshmen's SUID photos are used to build a "hotness hierarchy."

"First we make the obvious decisions. We separate out all the 'premier singles' into their own category. Same with the 'Tier Threes.' That's the easy part. Then we start pairing up the ones in the middle. A lot of the time, college-bound seniors are 'angles' people, so you can't always be sure where they rank from one picture. We have a few rules of thumb to make it simpler. Would I ever cheat on this guy



The Stanford Daily

This is one of the many charts the Housing Committee uses in their deliberations. There are literally hundreds more of charts just like this.

with that one, I'll ask myself, or if I were that girl would I be seen with that other one at a party. It's more of an art than a science."

Some students don't submit a photo on time, which complicates things — but, according to Kim, not by much. Most incoming freshmen have pictures on Facebook or Instagram. If

all else fails, the committee "can usually get a visual from the way they write," she said. "One kid kept using the phrase 'to my way of thinking.' We put him with a math guy whose ears were in different places. It worked."

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Please see ROOMMATES, page 3



Amoral Sofie/The Stanford Daily

There is literally no reason we cannot fill Lake Lagunita.

## ASSU Executive Slate Candidates Speak:

### Dempsey and Taylor Advocate for a Safer Stanford

Imagine:

It's a late night. You go to Stanford, and on rare occasions you work pretty hard. Sometimes that means having to work long hours in the library...late into the night. The walk back to the dorms isn't bad. A little under a mile, and no problem either, you go the the gym. Well, you honestly just walk around the machines and listen to music, but at least you did 20 minutes on the elliptical this week.

But then...you hear something. A tiny ruffle behind you—no—maybe off to the side. Are those footsteps? No, no, you've been up too long. You're losing it. Why the hell did you ever smoke weed out of a coke can that one

time when you were fifteen? Because you wanted to fit in? You're an idiot. That's why you're up this late and stuck walking back home at 3:15 a.m. And you're worried about being followed? You should worry about *not* being followed because the clock is ticking...

Wait. Those are definitely footsteps. Pretty far behind. Let's try and walk a little faster and over by these streetlights. There. That's better. No! You can still hear them. Tap...tap...tap. When will it end? Why doesn't that ASSHOLE walk in another direction? Can't he see that you're just trying to walk home ALONE without having to worry about his bitch-ass flip-flops giving you a headache.

No. You know what? You're turning your ass around and marching right back to Mr. RAINBOWSANDALS and giving him a piece of my mind. No, no you're really going to let this stupid motherfucker have it. Good thing you keep a stun gun with you for protection...

The next morning, a young man in sandals was found dead about 400 yards from his dorm. It could have been any of you. The perpetrator has never been identified but above is a profiler's rendering of the imagined killer's thought process.

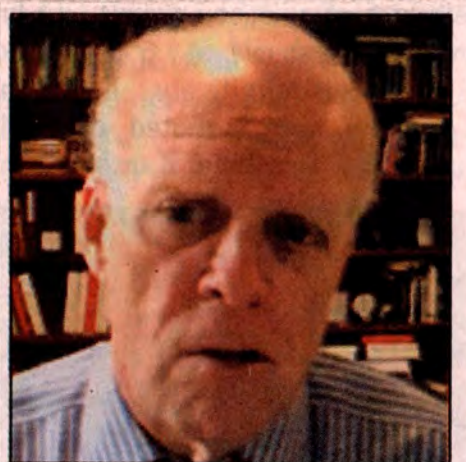
Are these undesirable the kind of people you want walking the streets of Stanford at night? Do you really want to get another AlertSU about tan bark? You may or may not prefer things to be this way. Certainly, if nothing changed, things would stay like this, which is is completely unacceptable.

Freedom, as everyone knows, is overrated. *Safety* always comes first. Let metell you a story about safety

One day in first grade, my teacher called out to me as I swung on the monkey bars, "Safety first!" I thought I was heeding that warning as I carefully swung round and round, hanging by my legs - but oh!

My foot slipped, and I fell! Right before I hit the ground, my pants caught on the chain of a swing and were ripped clean off. So there I lay, spread eagle in the middle of the playground, tighty wighties shining in the hot sun. The other children descended on me like vultures, calling me names and poking me with sticks.

Please see CANDIDATES, page 4



Amoral Sofie/The Stanford Daily

Hennessey, spiraling down.

## President Hennessey Arrested

By ROLAND D'HEIGH  
SURE, I'D GIVE YOU A CHANCE

What began as a harmless prank ended with Stanford's president in handcuffs.

The Stanford Police Department wasted valuable resources, Sunday, searching for pig number 3 when the young men of the fraternity SAE released three pigs numbered 1, 2, and 4 in White plaza early yesterday morning. Consumed by their futile search, the Police Chief had all but given up when he received a call from President Hennessey, irate, having found a large, white 3 painted on his back. The incident could have ended there, with a lengthy laugh at the President's expense and the Police Chief hanging up phone, his job is done.

Please see ARRESTED, page 4



# UNIVERSITY NEWS

## Letter from the Editor: Concerning the Suspicious Backpack

For better or for worse, it is now a matter of public knowledge that the infamous “suspicious backpack” of February 12, which caused the evacuation of Tresidder and the surrounding area, was in fact planted by the *Stanford Daily* in order to generate a breaking news story that would drive traffic to our website. It is unfortunate, although somewhat predictable, that the resulting controversy has overshadowed the timely and relevant journalism featured in our last few issues.

As editor of this publication, I apologize personally for any inconvenience or confusion that our actions may have fostered. However, I stand behind our decision to plant the item in question and report it to emergency services. In spite of the obvious downsides of the bomb scare, we at the Daily feel that the positive effects were of far greater significance.

The bomb squad was given

the chance to try its hand at a “life-or-death crisis” without any actual risk of harm. By all accounts, they handled the situation with real professionalism and grace. We can all take comfort in that the next time the school faces a genuine threat.

On the other hand, the AlertSU emergency notification system proved totally inadequate, with some students receiving the evacuation order more than 45 minutes after it was sent. By revealing the flaw in the system before it was too late, the Daily’s actions could ultimately be responsible for saving hundreds or even thousands of lives. Even just one life saved would make it all worth it.

We are also proud to report that no university funds

were used. The backpack was paid for out-of-pocket, as were the canisters and circuit boards it was stuffed with.

The biggest surprise, of course, was the publicity that our stunt generated. Local news teams reported from White Plaza. Stanford trended on Twitter. (We’re only used to seeing that happen when we’re at the Rose Bowl!) For a campus often characterized as a bubble, a flurry of outside interest from the Real World can only be healthy, not

mention flattering. In fact, our contributing columnist Ronald Dahl, who works at Google, tells us that the search term “Stanford” spiked by a factor of 20 in the hour after Tresidder was evacuated. That’s an “explosion” we can all be happy about.

Thanks for reading,

Drachme Kampfer '15  
President and editor-in-chief,  
Volume CCXLV

## Daily Articles Wriggled with Usage Errors

By DeGRIEZE KELVIN  
FORMER VALDICTORIAN

The average *Stanford Daily* article comprises several instances of misused words, a new analysis shows.

“We definitely have a problem here,” quoted editor-in-chief Drachme Kampfer

in a recent memo, which intimidated that he did not think highly of the *Daily*’s staff. “I earnestly wonder how some of you managed to matriculate from high school. Although even I have to admit to the occasional

alimentary mistake.”

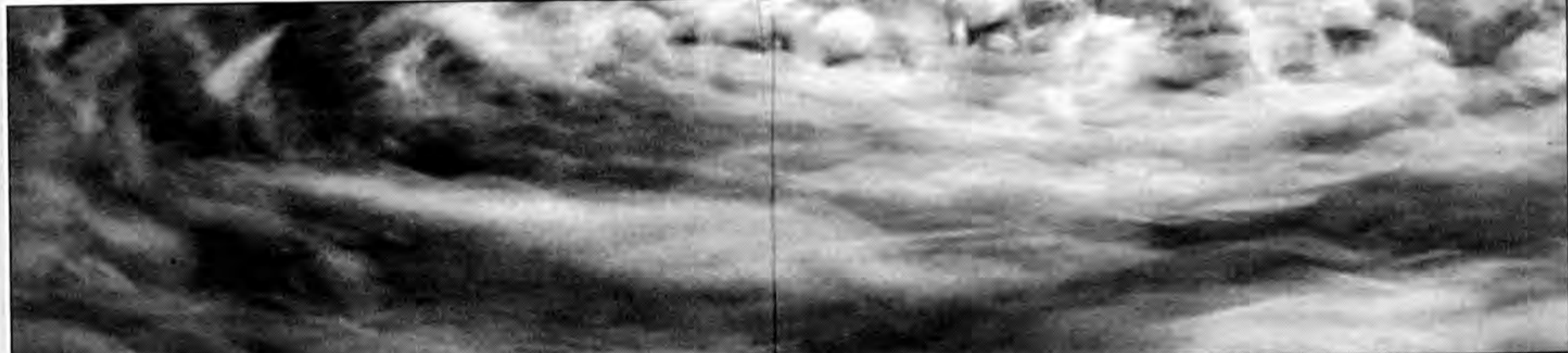
To combat the issue, some staff members have expounded that writers spice up their articles with a smattering of obscure vocabulary. But, since most readers would simply gloss over the terms in question, such a solution would be tergiversatory at best.

“At least our articles all ways get their point to cross,” Kampfer wrote. “It’s rare that anyone uses a word that cavorts no sense whatsoever.”

So far, all intents to im-

prove the standard of prose have been in-vein. “For all intensive purposes, our vocabularies are subpart,” sighed one staff writer whom asked not to be named. “I’ve considered publishing under a synonym, just so potential employers won’t ignore my CB.”

But hopes brings eternal. This year, the newspaper will seek Special Fees to unroll the staff in a three-week remedial style course. Then, like Flaubert before them, the Daily writers might finally learn to hit upon that illusive *au jus*.



Amoral Softie/The Stanford Daily

The best static representation of the phenomenon that we were able to achieve.

## Students Whirl in Ecstasy

By DON’T KNOW  
MONKEY FIST

Looks like Asha Holi came early this year.

For six days, Wilbur Field has played host to a spontaneous spectacle of mass ecstatic exuberance. Dyed a natural camouflage pattern from the ambient clouds of dirt and chlorophyll, hordes of students join hands and spin in circles until utter disorientation prevails over the collective. Several hundred students were participating at press time, with more joining the crowd every minute. Picnic lunchers and Ultimate Frisbee teams alike have relinquished the space in quiet reverence.

Every instant, every vantage point, presents a wholly distinct visual impression, searingly hyperrealistic down to the smallest detail, yet always seeming to capture something eternal and high inexpressible. At one

moment, the sun refracts off the euphoric crowd’s glistening faces and they shimmer in the light as if painted by Turner. A split second later, they almost appear to merge with the scenery like a shogun in a Japanese ink portrait.

No one knows who started spinning first or why. The Daily’s attempts to investigate were complicated by the sheer loudness of the activity as well as the fact that the students were spinning. When this reporter managed to get a response, it was only periodically intelligible, as the students’ centripetal motion carried their mouths continuously in and out of hearing range.

Said one reveler from behind mirrored sunglasses: “Everyone realized [indcipherable] ridiculous not to [indcipherable] Acoustic Daisy Carnival [indcipherable] the energy of [indcipherable] actually never even born.”

“We’re just spinning around and [indcipherable] having one heck of a great time,” added another, who seemed to be

revolving at a much slower and steadier pace.

Administrators had surprisingly little to say, acknowledging the spinners only in gnostic aphorisms. “It’s good to have fun in the sun,” remarked one Associate Vice Provost with a knowing smile. “Just don’t look directly at it.”

After days spent attempting to gather information in a disinterested fashion, I decided that the only way to file an accurate report was to become part of the throng myself.

Mere seconds after my decision, a space in the crowd billowed out around me as if sensing my openness. A beautiful young man with sensitive eyes reached out to accept me into the spiral. As he took my hand, I was suddenly overcome by a childhood memory, all senses preserved intact, of standing on tiptoes to peer over a windowsill. Taking one last deep breath, I gave myself over to the centrifuge.

In the maddening glare of flashing sunglasses I took a wrong turn and lost my footing before

I ever had it; catching myself, I hopped headlong into a fountain of water more precious than gold that flowed without ebbing and was not exhausted but swept me onward from swerve of shore to bend of bay. I thought, though I was dizzy, that I should have been yet dizzier than I was. I saw the field’s every blade brushed the same grass angle by our insane breeze. I saw your face, and mine, and rest assured we both looked like humiliated angels. And when my eyes filled up with sights I saw the only thing left to see, that there was no reporter and no story, no endmvarck and no headlines, no byline but the sweet by and by, it just looks like Asha Holi came early this year, but we should have known all along that every year blurs into the one before it and every face blurs into the faces of its parents all the way back through the aeons to that one first face, for God’s sake give me one more glimpse of that one first face, sweet and sunburnt and smiling.

**The Stanford Daily**

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Contacting the Daily:  
No member of The Stanford Daily is available for contact at the moment.



# Student Strikes Oil in White Plaza: Makes a Big Mess

ARGY SPLASH  
PRETTY BOY

John Mosser, a junior majoring in Geology, struck oil last week in White Plaza, right in front of the bookstore. Subsequently, Mosser has found himself in the middle of two controversies. The oil discovery has left gallons of oil in the plaza and the beloved Claw Fountain, prompting an immense amount of students to rally and protest.

Students are voicing their activism by painting their faces black with oil, a reference to the hoards of freshmen that have accidentally fountain hopped into the polluted Claw waters. "Freshmen are just pouring into the oil-contaminated waters. We need to do something about it, because they are just getting oil footprints all over campus. Also I think it's pretty unhealthy," stated Elizabeth Poms, a senior and the leader of the student protests.

Despite all of the protests, the university is not allowed to touch the oil spill, as all of the oil is in escrow due to the lawsuit Mosser has filed against the

university. Mosser is suing the university for a cut of the future oil profits. Upon discovering the oil, the university issued a statement declaring that the oil solely belongs to the university and will be dealt with accordingly.

Mosser then publicly stated, "It's unfair for them to not give me any of the oil. I mean I'm the one that found the oil and I'm the one that paid for the shovel that struck the it." The university issued a returning statement that only said, "Why were you digging in the White Plaza anyways?"

***"It's unfair for them to not give me any of the oil. I mean, I'm the one that found the oil and I'm the one that paid for the shovel that struck it."***

The legal battle doesn't look like it's going to calm down anytime soon, which will leave the oil spill unkempt for many more weeks. Stanford has called off Admit Weekend, stating, "We



Amoral Softie/The Stanford Daily

These professional kids are looking at the oil preventing their madatory fun. Fountain Hoppers are not the only ones victimized by this oil.

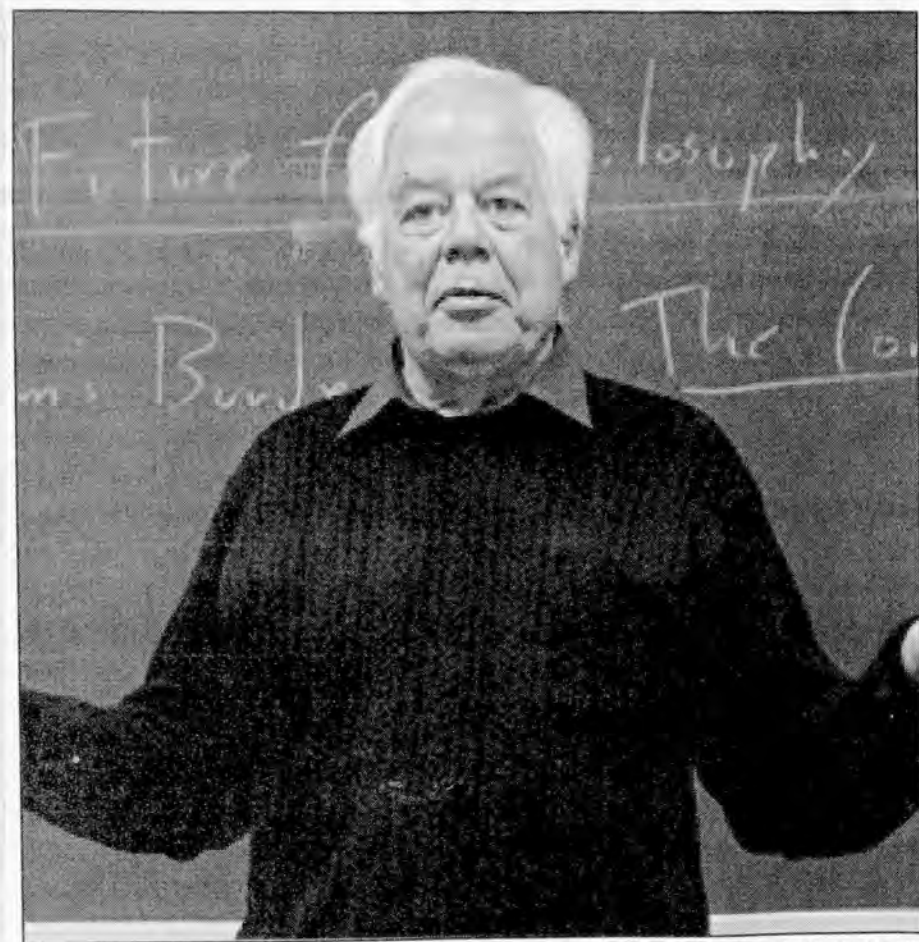
just don't want to risk having fountaining-hopping prospective students on campus. It's hard enough to get the freshmen to stop."

Freshman show no sign of reluctance to fountain hop; many freshman have fountain hopped twice since the spill. Several

the freshmen. Hardy said, "Not only are we here to help scrub this oil off their [freshmen] bodies, but to also be role models. We are trying to teach them that they don't have to go fountain hopping to enjoy Stanford. It's been a slow process, but I think we are getting the message out

sororities have started to help clean the oil-ridden freshmen. Megan Hardy, a junior member of Kappa Alpha Theta, is one of the many sorority members to volunteer her time to cleaning

there." Hopefully this travesty will be a warning to future Stanford students about the perilous dangers of excessive fountain hopping.



Amoral Softie/The Stanford Daily

Dr. Rhymes Witz, department chair, when questioned about the accusations, responded saying, "Yeah...so, like, what's the big deal?"

# Philosophy Department Exposed as Giant Fraud

By NACK SACK  
DELUSIONAL

Charges have been brought against the Stanford Philosophy Department after numerous students complained of professors misleading, deceiving, and outright lying to them.

One student said of his time in a philosophy class, "I went in to find out what it is all about, y'know? But they couldn't tell me anything! After thousands of years and millions of books, nobody knows anything. I can't imagine why such an unproductive department even exists."

Other students were

angry at the professors, annoyed that the faculty claimed they had answers nobody else could produce, implicitly discrediting other disciplines of thought. It remains to see whether the department will be allowed to rebuild or if it will disappear completely, exposed as a con, a ploy put on by those too lazy to find a real academic support. According to the "philosophy" majors, we are supposed to question everything. And now we must ask, why have a philosophy department?

And now we must ask, why have a philosophy department here at Stanford University?

# Roommates continued from front page

Hanging above the desk of Marian Echevarría, Associate Vice Provost and Dean of Student Life, is a group photo of the Student Housing staff from 1985. That year, she was an Undergraduate Housing Coordinator for the third year running. Echevarría stands on the far right of the group, smiling and laughing. To this day, she greets every student who visits her office with a warm smile and a hug.

But when we asked her about her role in implementing Face Facts, tears welled up in her eyes.

"You have to understand," Echevarría said. "It was the only option we had."

In the glitz-and-glam 1980s, she said, appearance was of more concern to young men and women than ever before, and tensions were strained to the breaking point between attractive students and their less genetically fortunate roommates.

"You'd see an alpha student and a beta student in every room, and they would make each other miserable. The ugly one would be crashing on someone else's floor every Friday and Saturday night. Unless their weird friends were scaring the opposite sex away from the room, which only made matters worse. The poor kids were constantly at each other's throats."

"And don't even get me started talking about Rush Week," she added. "Brutal as the word for it. Tape down the middle of the floor."

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We asked several fresh-

man RAs how effective they considered the Face Facts system. None of them had heard of it before. Most were alarmed to find out.

Dan Warshaw '15, an RA in Soto, seemed ambivalent.

"If they think that's the way to do it, they probably have a good reason, but honestly I can't see how that would cause less drama. But really, my main reaction is that I'm much more attractive than my freshman roommate. Sorry, Matt, but you know it's true. Soto love."

Eliza Willoughby '14 had a much less charitable take.

"To actively perpetuate a system of bodily stereotypes is absolutely not okay," said the second-year Twain RA, who volunteers for the Stanford Healthy Body Image Program. "There are so many problematic aspects of this, and the worst part is the students didn't even opt in. It goes against everything the university is supposed to stand for."

Dean Echevarría doubts that Face Facts will remain in place after being revealed to the public. "It only stands a chance of working if the kids don't know they're being ranked," she told us.

But no matter how the next batch of assignments is made, Kim doesn't think we're likely to see a resurgence of the old roommate drama just yet.

"It won't make much of a difference this year," she said. "From what we've seen of the Early Action kids, 2018 is shaping up to be a fucked-up-looking class all



## CANDIDATES

continued from front page

The humiliation was unbearable. That day, I pledged to myself that I would be more than just careful—I would be safe. And I would *never* get caught with my pants on the monkey bars.

Well ladies and gentlemen, I think, this time, we've caught Stanford with their pants on the monkey bars. And their tightly wighties are gleaming. It's time for a change.

Safety is comfort. Comfort is good. Thinking? That's effort. Don't think. It's uncomfortable. Leave that to us.

We, friends, are the Advocates for a Safer Stanford and we're tired of all this nonsense. Stanford deserves much better, and so do you.

We're running for the ASSU Executive because we want to make a real, lasting difference here at Stanford for generations to come. To do so, we plan to implement several much-needed reforms:

1. Reallocation of water. Refill

fountains and Lake Lag. Enforced 45 second showers in dorms.

2. Biker cops. Lots of them. Incentivized to give out the heaviest fines possible for bike light violations. This is about jobs.

3. Helmets. Better not let yourself be seen by a biker cop without one of these.

4. Remove undesirables from campus - vagrants and students.

5. Surveillance of internet activity for those on University watch list.

6. Limited social interaction. Each additional conversation might end with your death.

7. Balance the budget.

8. Raise revenues with fines for *everything*.

9. Cut spending on superfluous shit like *the arts*.

10. As a provisional measure, we plan to test a campus-wide curfew at 11:00 p.m. on weeknights. Anyone found out after curfew will be punished severely.

Look around yourself. Things are in disarray. Every day we hear about some awful new incident. Did you know there was a gunman on campus last month? What is it going to take for this

place to change? This election is about who is going to deliver you real results. Do you really care how the ASSU spends its money? Of course you don't. You care about what kind of Stanford will be around for your children. Advocates for a Safer Stanford is for the children. Thank you.

## ARRESTED

continued from front page

Of course, as many have heard by now, the story did not end there. Fast forward five hours and President Hennessey is in tears and covered in filth. How could this happen? Investigators point to an incident early that day in which Hennessey made a scene at the Rubin Family International Human Rights Award gala. Before walking onto the stage to receive his award, Ethiopian human rights activist Siefe Ayalew Asfaw was allegedly seen kissing his own daughter on the lips, and Hennessey simply would not have it.

This, along with being branded a pig by young men Hennessey wanted to think he was cool, threw Hennessey into a marijuana frenzy. As we know,

Hennessey drinks recklessly. It comes as no surprise that he was pulled over by officer Trent Richards for Driving Under the Influence... As he is nearly every Saturday morning. He always gets a pass. Still, Richards had to bring Hennessey to the station for intent to distribute. He was carrying nearly a kilo of pure devil's lettuce.

"There's no difference between you and me," Hennessey stammered while resisting arrest, "and I'm tired of all this. I can see this clearly now. I see you. You can't see yourself. Not clearly. Not literally. I can't see me, for example. You need to criticize me. I need to be able to take it. I can't critique myself. You were never my friend, Richards. I see that now. I see you clearly. Now I want you to see me clearly. Can you? Do that?" Richards balked. "I tried so hard to get those young men to think I was cool. I let them get away with murder. Not literally, of course. Maybe getting arrest will make me cool again."

The faculty senate is convening a special meeting of the faculty senate today in White Plaza to deliberate over these special circumstances and the role of the faculty senate in the process of determining next steps, meetings.



Amoral Softie/The Stanford Daily

Owner Marc Green enjoys a cup of rooibos tea at Olives. The offending statue can be seen in the background.

## Italian Chef Statue Shouldn't Be There

By DRIVES KIA  
SALTY

Diners are unnerved by the appearance of an old-fashioned "Italian chef statue" in the serving area at Olives.

"It certainly wasn't us who put it there," said owner-operator Marc Green. "We're not an Italian restaurant, so it makes no sense to begin with. Even if we were, it traditionally goes at the front of the establishment, not behind the counter. And most statues like this are four feet tall, but this one is a big full-grown guy and stares straight at you. There's just nothing good about it. The eyes have no pupils."

Because the Wallenberg Hall property is leased from the school, management is reluctant to move the unwanted item, which is bolted to the floor with "special equipment." Instead, ca-

shiers stand behind the statue and peer around it while ringing up customers — who are increasingly hard to draw in.

"I don't ever want to see that when I'm grabbing lunch," said George Yang '17. Yang used to eat at Olives regularly but says he will not go back "until they get rid of the statue."

"In its inscrutable manifestation... its strange allure... it evokes the monolith from Kubrick's 2001," remarked ce-time film professor Krenth Nutt, who was fired in disgrace last year after admitting head not seen many films.

Green reminds potential customers that they can order their food to go if they find the object disturbing. Currently, however, Olives is not taking cash, as the register drawer is blocked by the statue's plump belly.

## A Low Turnout For Annual Book Burning

By COUSCOUS ELBERT  
BLURRY

The Meyer Library Annual Bookburning which took place on February 14th during the full moon, garnered a modest crowd of 32 students. This marks the lowest turnout for the century-old Stanford tradition in the past three decades.

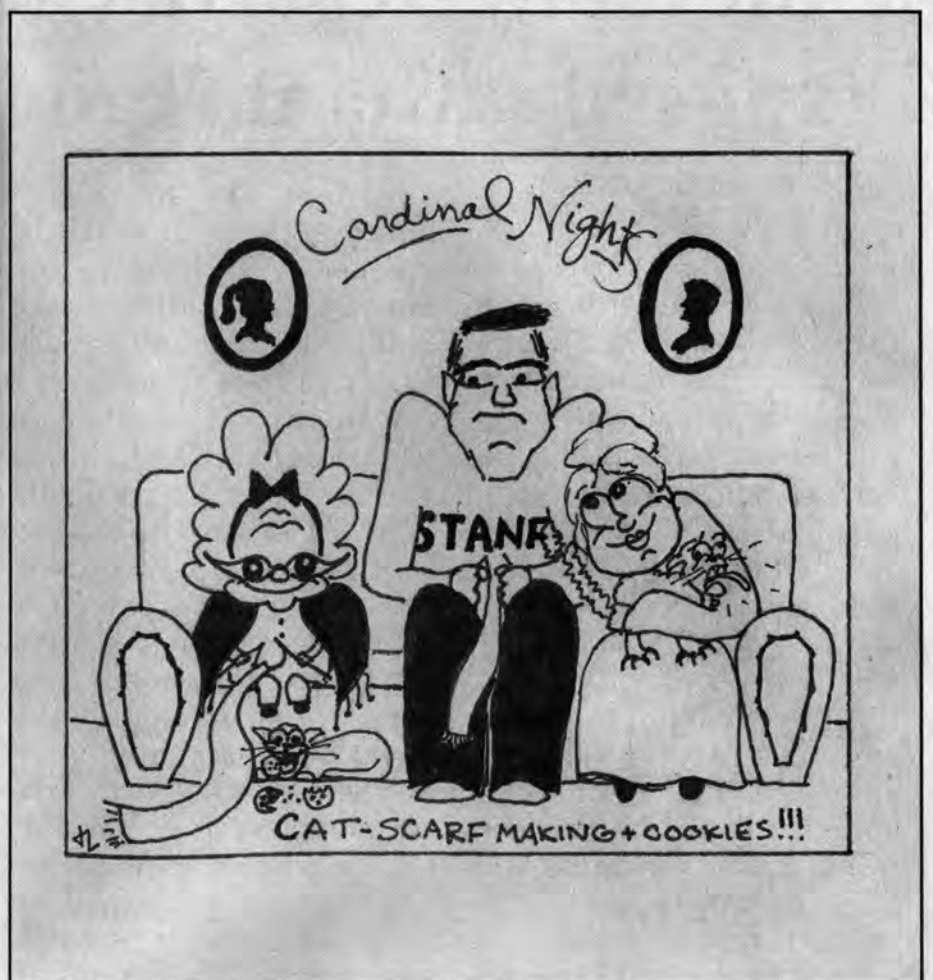
"We're worried this might foreshadow the end of Meyer's Annual Bookburning," commented Barbara Highland, coordinator of Meyer Library Annual Bookburning. "Last year we only had a turnout of 54, and the year before that it was just over 60."

Many have expressed concern that these declining turnout rates for the bookburning reflect Stanford students' declining interest in bookburnings. It is hopeful to then note that the Green Library Annual Bookburning has had consistent turn-

out rates for the past decade.

"In this day and age of rapid technological growth and the easy distribution of information, bookburnings play an important role in maintaining a healthy lifestyle," remarked Professor Oleander Smith, vice coordinator of Green Library Annual Bookburning. "Meyer [Library]'s declining turnout rates probably reflects more on the decreased popularity of Meyer [Library] itself, not the students' disinterest. Personally, I think finishing the library off with a nice, controlled burning would do a really big favor for next year's turnout."

University officials declined to comment on whether they plan to burn or bury Meyer Library's books during its scheduled demolition.





# OPINION

## I Don't Go Here

By DeVEAUTES KcBOXER  
ENOOGMA

Look around at this campus on a beautiful spring morning, maybe 11 am or so when a lot of classes are happening, and what do you see. Roving bands of happy young people frolicking to and fro from one class to another or to a fountain. But there's a darker side to the surface appearance of carefree youth and vitality. It's called Stanford duck syndrome, and faculty and students need to take it more seriously. I don't actually know what it is though, I've only read about it. I don't go here, is the thing.

I mean, look at me. I'm 38 years old and most of those years I was an eff-up like you wouldn't believe. Didn't do so great in high school. Let me put it this way. I cut off my fingertip in wood shop and I still got better grades in that than for instance in health class or math. The college I went to wasn't a good one like Stanford and I dropped out before I graduated. I was never much proud of that but lately it seems like every big company founder drops out before finishing, such as Snap Chat and others like it.

Is that part of duck syndrome? I really don't know. I have a lot more questions than I have answers.

I did start a company, but it's small. We supply parts for vending machines. Some of my employees (not all but some) are little turds (teens mostly) and slack off on the job. Or they steal food from the vending machines they service which voids the service contract we had. I was never any kind of genius as a young person but I knew better than to pull that kind of stunt, let me tell you.

But just cause I don't go here doesn't mean I'm not here sometimes anyway. I don't usually show up on site to service vending machines, but when the little shits who work for me make up excuses not to come in, then I have to go out myself. Long story short, I showed up to replace a servo in the Stern vending machine when one of my little snot-gobbling employees was out "sick." I kneeled down to unscrew the front paneling and I began to hear the tittering, nasal



Amoral Solfie/The Stanford Daily

This is me.

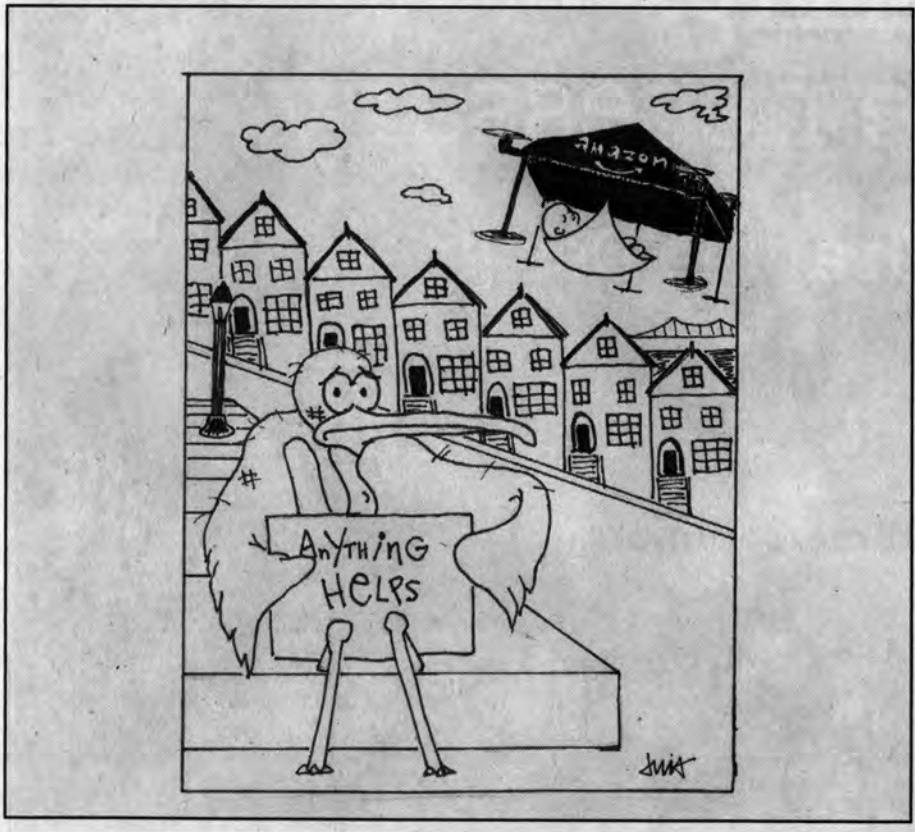
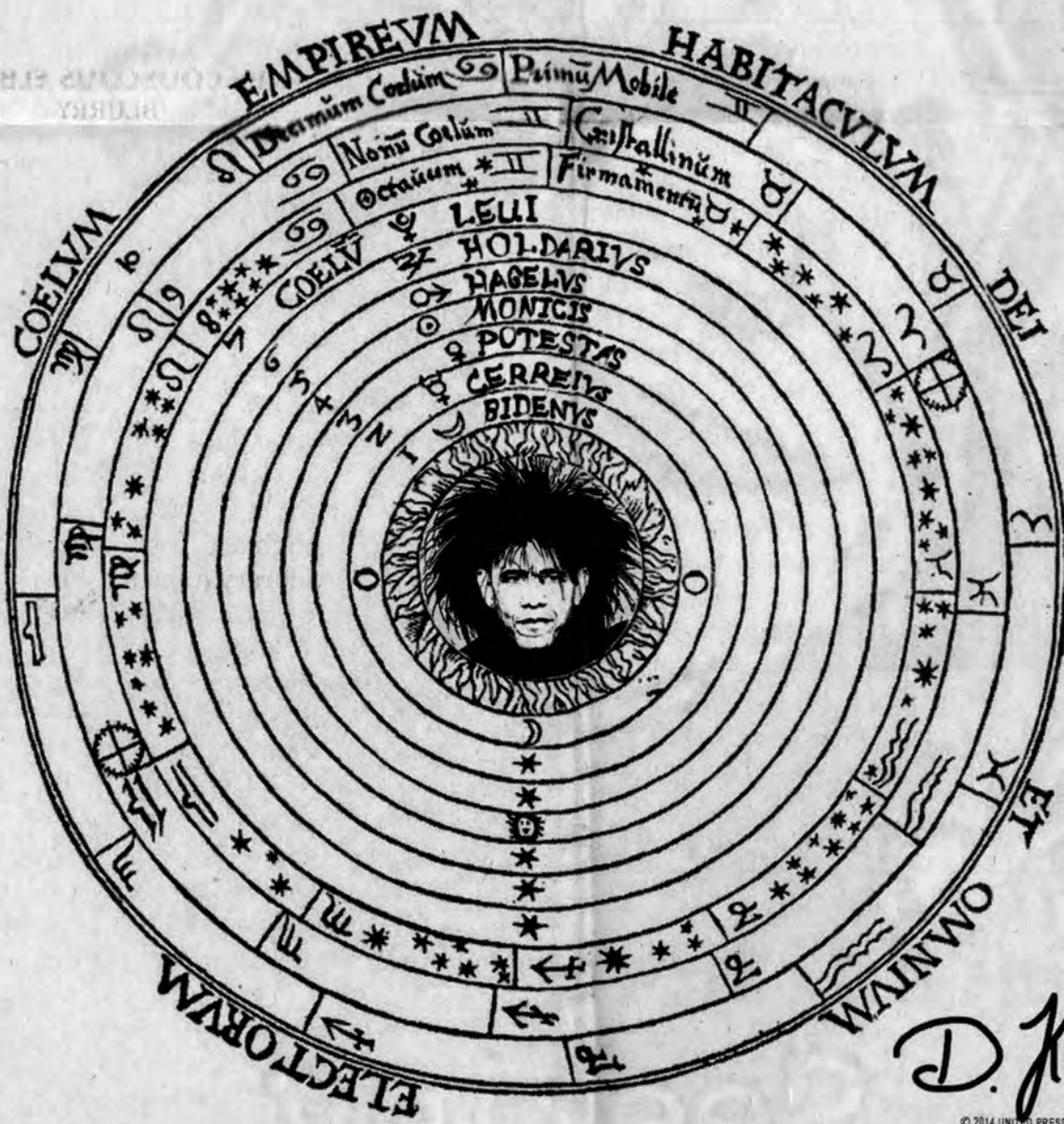
laughter of young people. I can find the humor in a lot of situations but I don't see what's funny about repairing a vending machine. Indeed, I turned around and the young people were Snap Chatting pictures of my rear end, because the crack was partially exposed above the hem of my pants.

My work pants, it should go without saying, are baggy for reasons of practicality, as I use

them to carry tools.

Again, I'm unsure if that kind of behavior is duck syndrome, but if disrespect is the order of the day around here, then you can all keep your fancy degrees and your big painty-paint church and your ivory sculptures of gays. Because ivory know what, I'm glad I don't go here, because you kids need to get your act together. That's all this old geezer has to say.

Ita factum est ut Systema se perpetuet .





Fall asleep with smiles...  
*...wake up with a laughter.*

**Every Wednesday**

(8:30 P.M.)

2nd Floor of the Nitery  
Building in Old Union



**Seeking**  
(no experience necessary)

Writers

Artists

Business Folk

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Lads

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