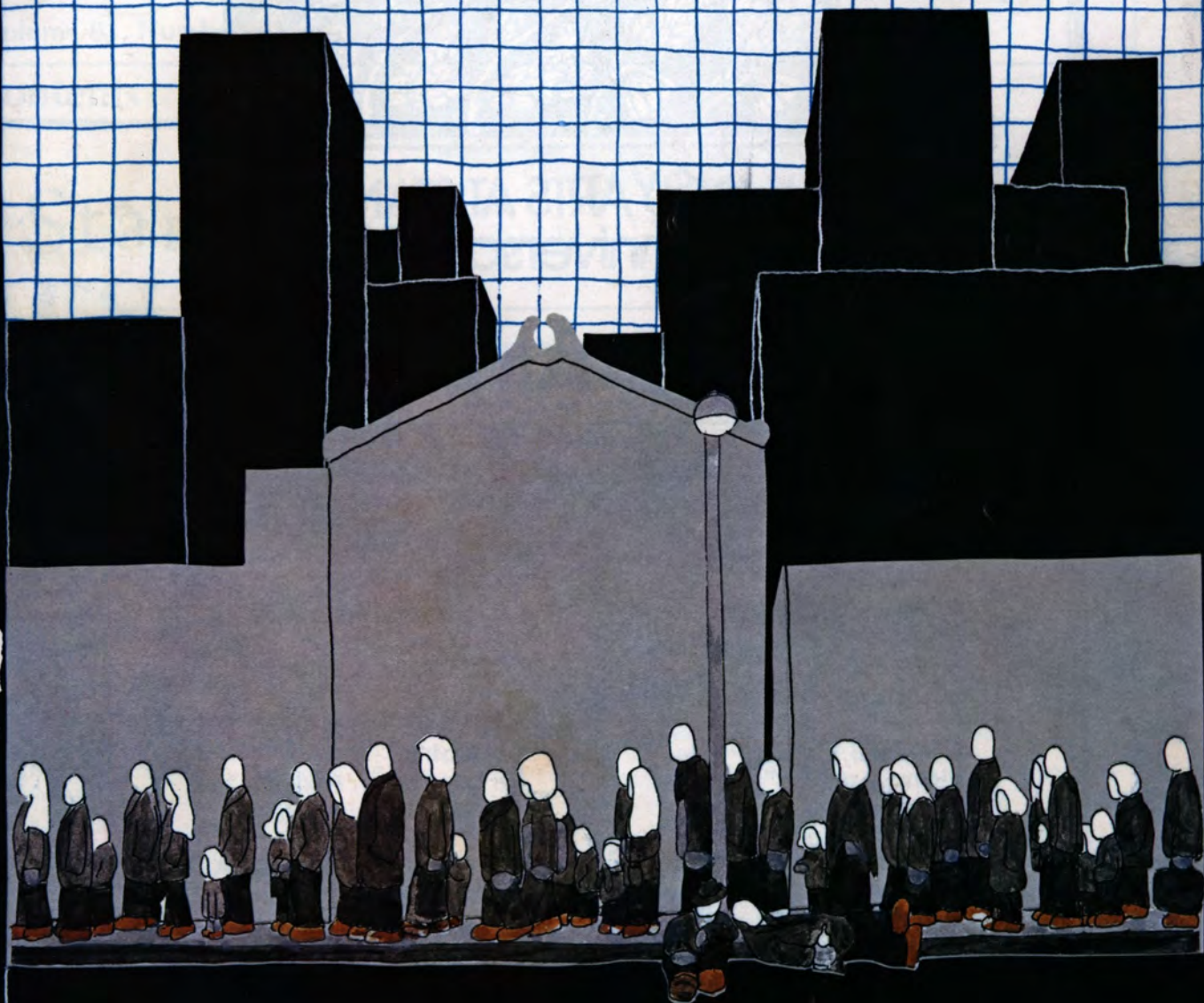
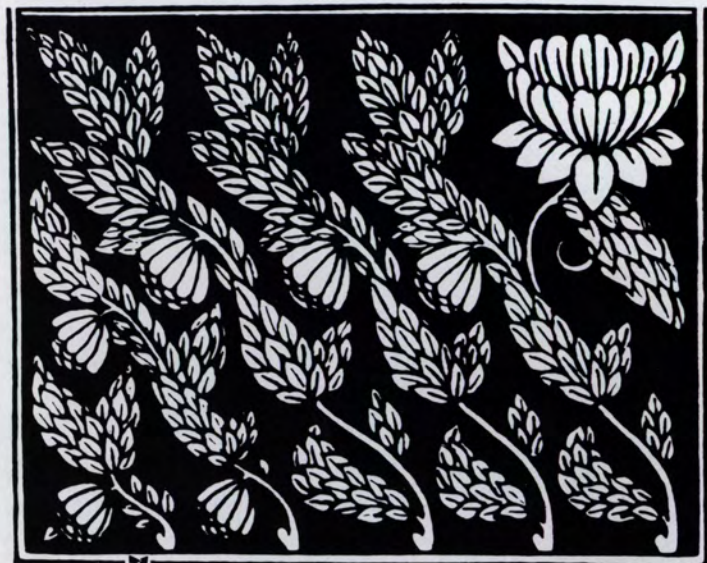


WINTER/1980

Chaparral



Standard Deviation.



THE LIVELY ARTS AT STANFORD
10th Anniversary Season

Spring Quarter Events

PETE SEEGER and ODETTA
Folk Balladeers
8 pm, Friday, April 4
Memorial Auditorium

RONALD RADFORD
Flamenco Guitar
8 pm, Tuesday, April 8
Dinkelspiel Auditorium

CHARLES ROSEN
Piano
8 pm, Friday, April 11
Memorial Auditorium

NATHANIEL ROSEN
Cello
2:30 pm, Sunday, April 13
Dinkelspiel Auditorium

CHILINGIRIAN STRING QUARTET
8 pm, Friday, April 18
Dinkelspiel Auditorium

TASHI
Chamber Ensemble
2:30 pm, Sunday, April 20
Dinkelspiel Auditorium

RUBY DEE and OSSIE DAVIS
Theatre
8 pm, Friday, April 25
Dinkelspiel Auditorium

AMADEUS STRING QUARTET
8 pm, Friday, May 2
Dinkelspiel Auditorium

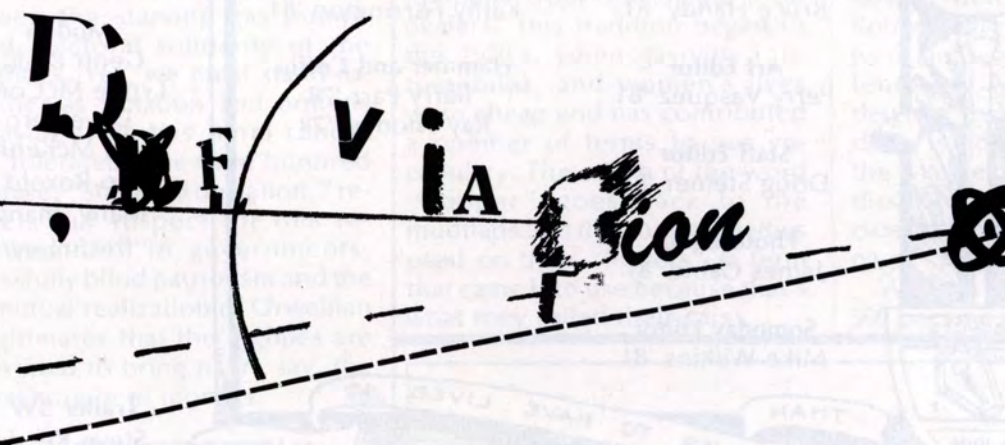
Student tickets are offered at 40% off general admission prices and are available at Tresidder Ticket Office, 497-4317. Pick up your Lively Arts brochure at Tresidder or the Office of Public Events.



Volume 81, Number 3/Winter 1980

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cover by Dave Lyon

Stanford Chaparral founded October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams. Owned and Published by the Chaparral Chapter of the Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Society, founded at Stanford University, April 17, 1906. Bona fide college magazines are granted reprint rights of editorial material provided credit is given to the Stanford Chaparral. All others must pay . . . cash. ©1980 by the Stanford Chaparral. P.S.S.S.S.: Come on, Jane, write! Editor, Stanford Chaparral, Storke Student Publications Building, Stanford, Ca. 94305.

The Stanford Chaparral

Stanford Chaparral founded
5 October 1899
by Bristow Adams

Owned and Published by the Chaparral Chapter of
Hammer & Coffin National Humor Society
Founded at Stanford University 17 April 1906

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Lynne McComb
Dave Zaro
Pete McKenna
Bo Boxold
Many, many
"freshmen"

Trailer 3W
Steve Kessler
Chris Morales

ESTABLISHED 1899
ORGANIZED 1906
TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED
THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.
REFLECTIONS

now that

we're in the eighties, let's take back everything we said and grovel on our hands and knees back to the seventies.

What a decade! What a month! The Iranians taking fifty Americans hostage is one thing, but who could ever forgive Japan? The holding of Paul McCartney

will certainly loom as an even greater disgrace than that of Iran. How many singles of "The Star-Spangled Banner" have been sold compared to, say, "My Love Does It Good," which people actually know the words to? Is nothing sacred?

And who has time for such trivialities as school while the Ruskies threaten our Chryslers' life-blood and earthquakes, Mother Nature's Magic Fingers, crack open Livermore's Pandora's Box, creating California's first glow-in-the-dark community? To

top it off, our own President Lyman gets drafted by the Rockefeller Foundation.

The ingrate! We give him the best four years of our lives, then off he goes, chasin' after the first grant-giving conglomerate that shimmies by. And before he takes off, he has the nerve to suggest that no exemptions from the draft be given to college folk (that's us!). Well, Dick, you can go out and find someone else to finance your east coast joy rides once we're all up to our navel in napalm, defending our right to

better service at gas stations. Do you think Hoover Tower stands erect on good thoughts alone?

And rest assured that nothing overjoys the average student more than being drafted to fight for an oil tanker thoroughfare. But, heck, we'll fight to the last drop! Raise your Standards on high for Union 76 trombones and the big parade! Let's hear it for Mobilization, complete with bursting mortar Shells! We will fight them in the valleys, we will fight them in the Gulfs . . . and the Exxons go rolling a-long! (with every eight dead Russians, you get a set of silverware).

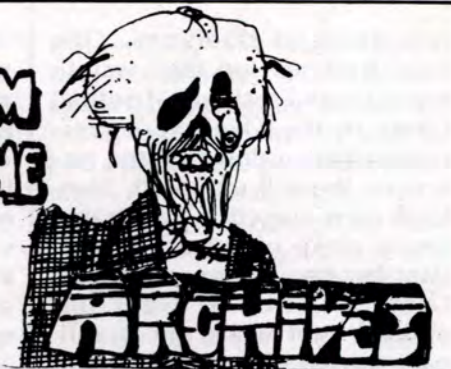
All things considered, this potential draftee would rather join a carpool and use BART.

It's just a good thing we can keep a fresh sense of humor in this torrid decade. There's certainly no room for sarcasm, cynicism and "dead baby" humor between the starving gas pumps and electoral solidarity of the eighties. Yes, we must stand together as a nation and notions straying from this norm cannot be tolerated. The time honored phrase, "Standard deviation," reflects our respect for this renewed faith in governments, blissfully blind patriotism and the eventual realization of Orwellian nightmares that the eighties are destined to bring us in, say, the next couple of months.

Despite its presumption and immense self-importance, *The Chaparral* is just one of a multitude of college humor magazines. Exchange of ideas and pleasantries between these magazines is vital, not only to make us all finer publications, but to assure us that should one of our inanelly silly lot become rich and famous, employment for the rest would quickly follow.

In keeping with this tradition, page four of this issue boasts a cartoon by one Joey Green, who is presently editor of our sister magazine, *The Cornell Lunatic*. While revelling in the incestuous hilarity of it all, please note the distinct difference in styles.

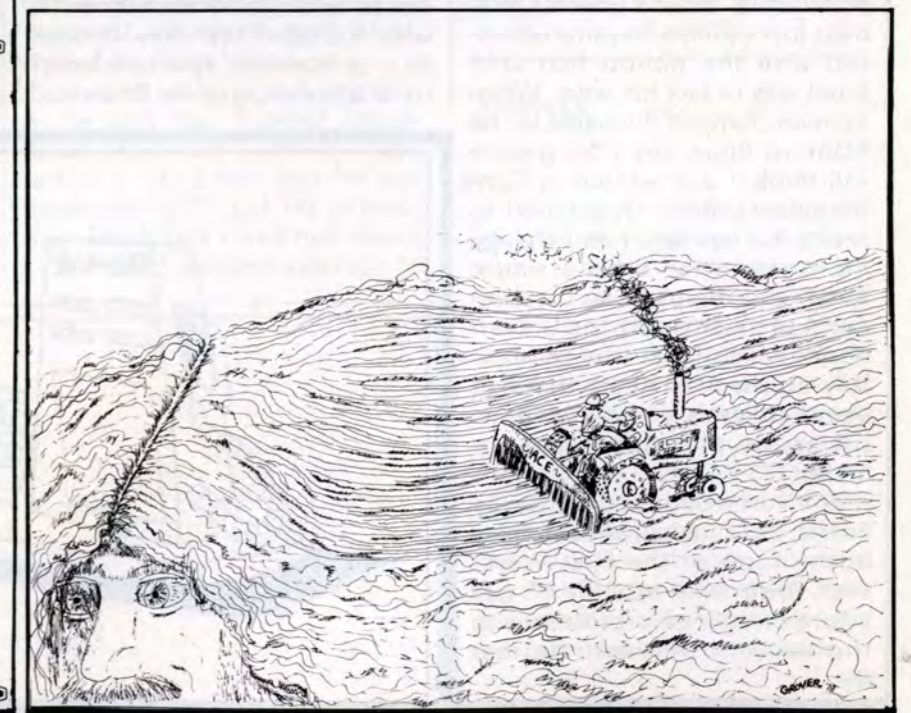
THE OLD TYCOON'S TALES FROM THE



How many Farm students remember the traditions that earned Stanford the nickname "USC of the West" back in the good old days? Remember the Freshman Jolly-Up, Pajamarino, and Plug-Ugly? And how about the Stanford 500 — that exciting women's auto race that took place every year on the Oval? Each sorority fielded a driver and pit crew and rented an automobile from one of the local dealers. This tradition began in the 1920's, when gasoline, automobiles, and women's lives were cheap, and has contributed a number of terms to our vocabulary. The origin of the word "flapper" goes back to the mudflaps that the liberated ladies used on their "flivvers" (a term that came into use because that's what they called their cars).

Now that sororities are returning to the Stanford scene, it would be interesting to look at the origins of the Stanford 500 and its intimate association with the sorority system as we know it. In those days women who didn't get into sororities were considered outcasts and many a sorority girl would attempt to run down an independent with her car if she were spotted on the Row. Whether the ladies from Roble finally figured out that they were not welcome or if the Hellenes on Wheels no longer deigned to assassinate independents is not clear. In any event, the Mayfield Mayhem began to dissipate and the sororities decided to institutionalize the carnage.

Within a few years the Stanford 500 became one of the Universi-



“Penalties against possession of a drug should not be more damaging to an individual than the use of the drug itself.”



... Nowhere is this more clear than in the laws against possession of marijuana in private for personal use. ... The National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse concluded 5 years ago that marijuana use should be decriminalized, and I believe it is time to implement those basic recommendations.

“Therefore, I support legislation amending Federal law to eliminate all Federal criminal penalties for the possession of up to 1 ounce of marijuana.”

—President Jimmy Carter
Message to Congress, 8/2/77

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FEATURING
OMBUDSMAN

VS....

LEARN TO THINK LIKE I DO... OR ELSE!!

BRAINWASHING IN THE NAME OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION... AND I'M TOY BLAME!!

=GASP=

THE TENURED AT ERROR!

AIC

ROLL CALL

CRAIG

MOTHERSHEAD

RHINELANDER

VUCINICH

RAUBITSCHKE

SPINDLER

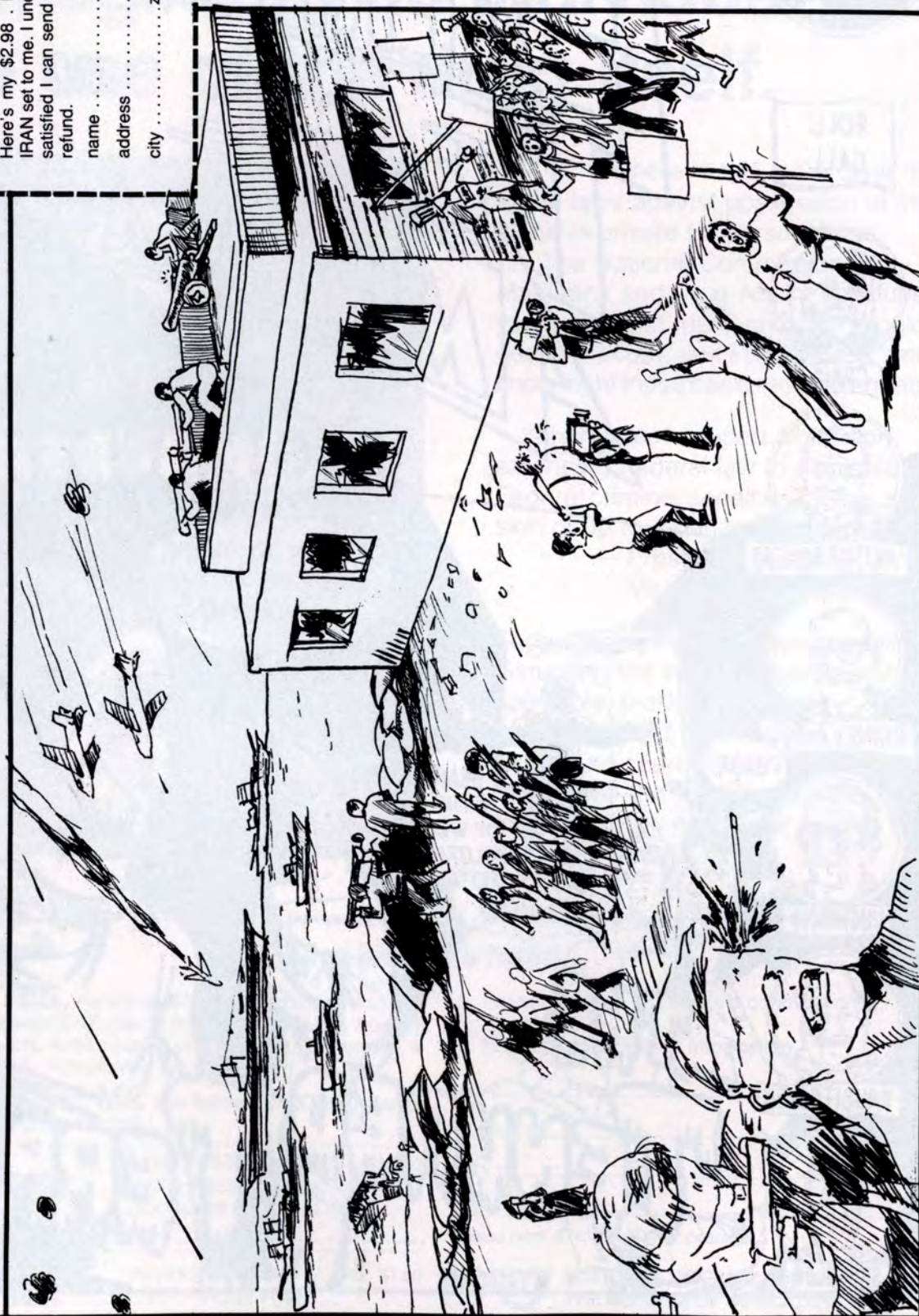
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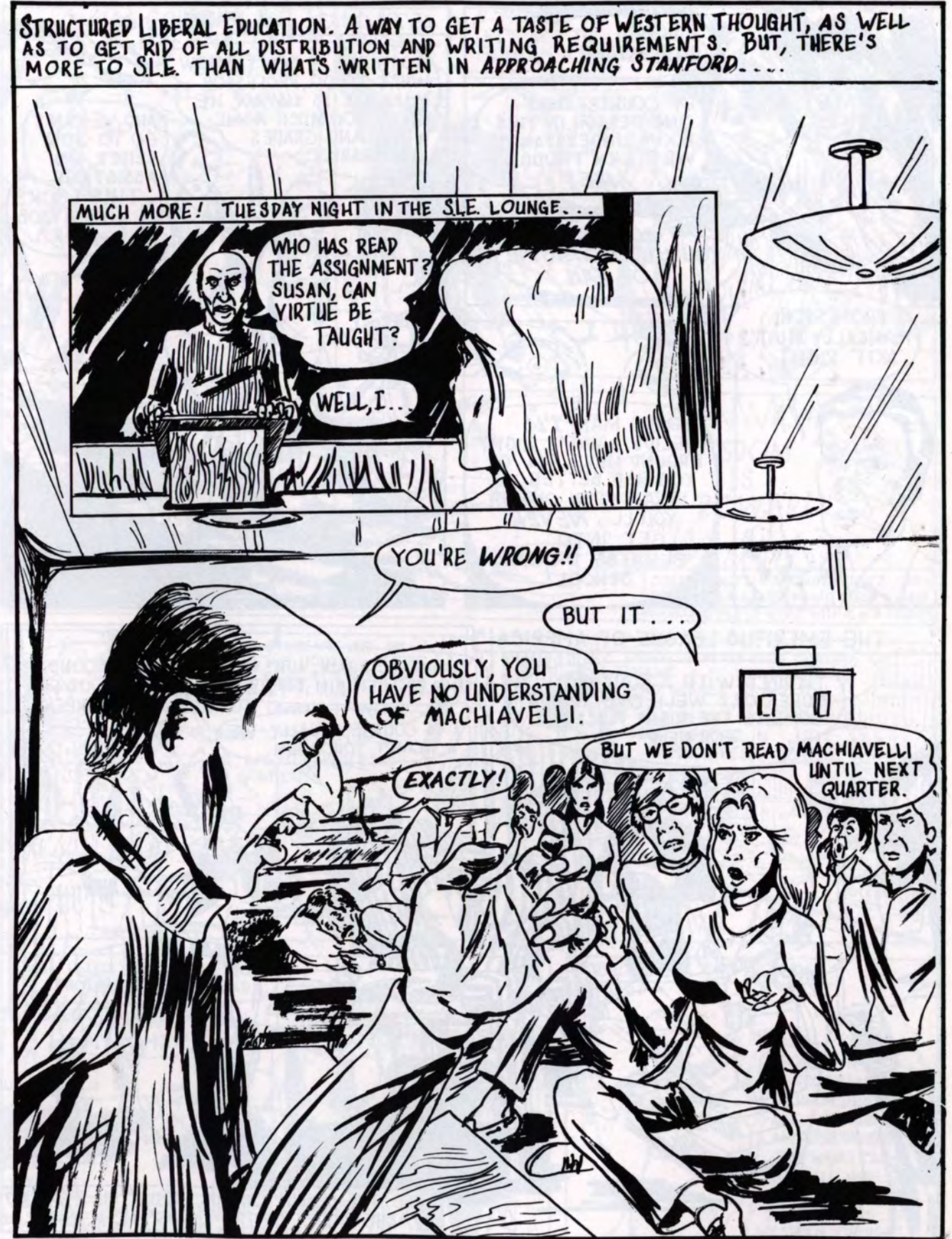
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- 9,000,000 Iranian citizens



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MUCH MORE! TUESDAY NIGHT IN THE SLE. LOUNGE...

WHO HAS READ THE ASSIGNMENT? SUSAN, CAN VIRTUE BE TAUGHT?
WELL, I...

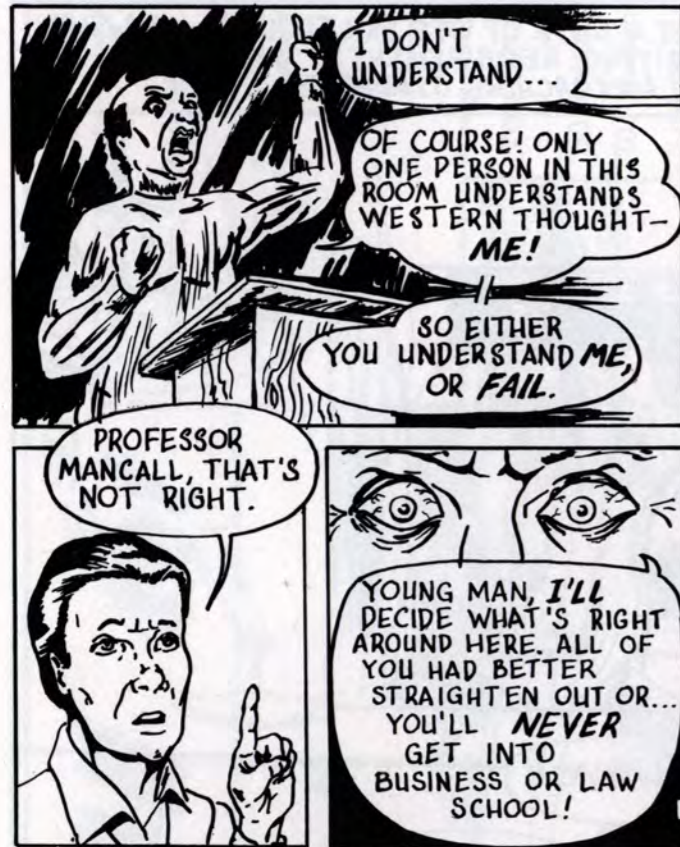
YOU'RE WRONG!!

OBVIOUSLY, YOU HAVE NO UNDERSTANDING OF MACHIAVELLI.

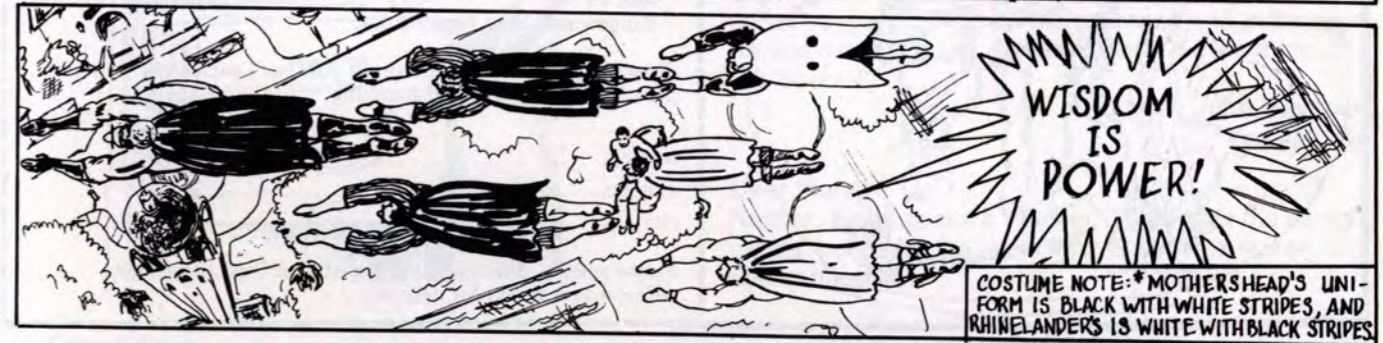
EXACTLY!

BUT IT...

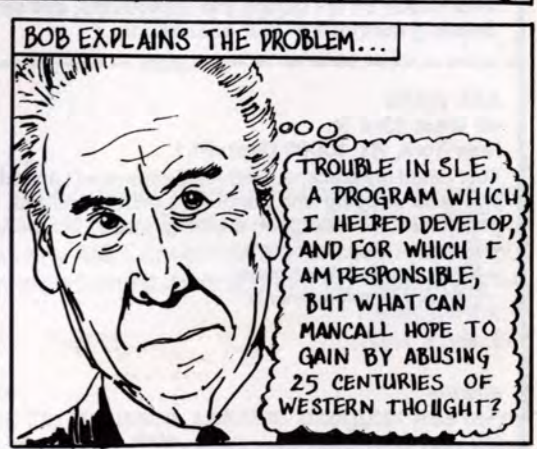
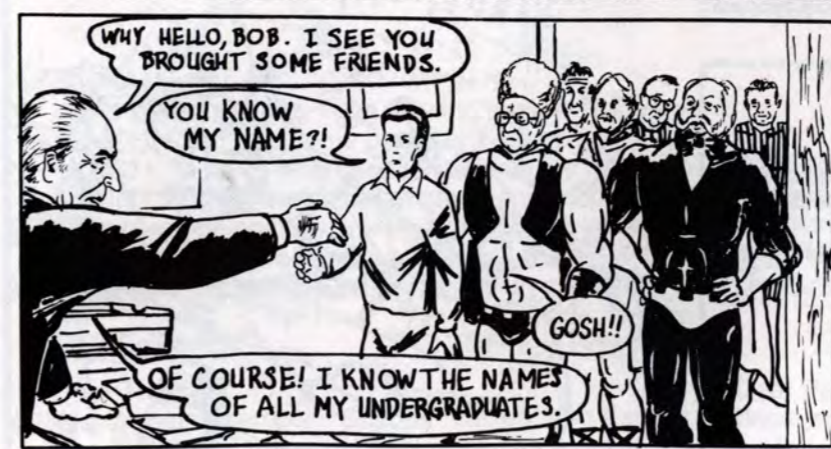
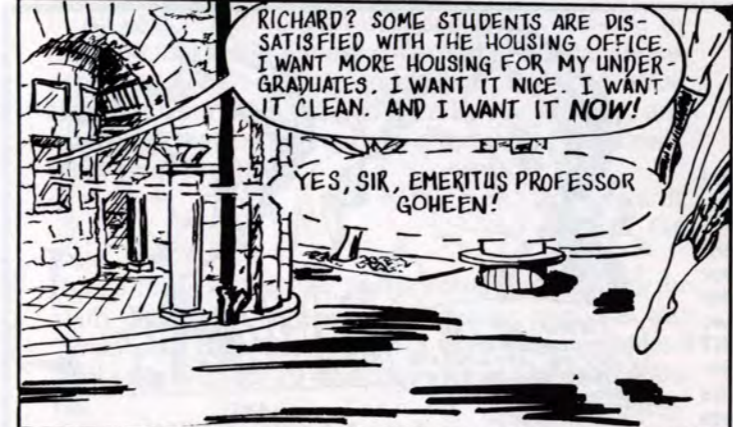
BUT WE DON'T READ MACHIAVELLI UNTIL NEXT QUARTER.



* SEE "THE BERLIN CAMPUS CRISIS", AIC #129, AND "THE BATTLE OF THE COEDS", AIC #34.- ED



COSTUME NOTE: *MOTHERSHEAD'S UNIFORM IS BLACK WITH WHITE STRIPES, AND RHINELANDERS IS WHITE WITH BLACK STRIPES



TROUBLE IN SLE, A PROGRAM WHICH I HELPED DEVELOP, AND FOR WHICH I AM RESPONSIBLE, BUT WHAT CAN MANCALL HOPE TO GAIN BY ABUSING 25 CENTURIES OF WESTERN THOUGHT?

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THE FILE CABINET

WITH Editor Dick



Dear Editors,
Do my eyes deceive me? In AIC "Special Team-up" Ish No. 6 (Spindler/Klüver, "Panic Buttons"-Ed.) does Emeritus Professor Spindler actually say "The Yanomamo Indians are the product of a post-enlightenment relativism." Was this a typo?

Chuck Davis
Temple, TX

Dear Chuck,
Emeritus Professor Spindler was on Peyote.

Editors,
Kudos to Roy Lichtenstein for the artwork in AIC No. 52 ("Rodin, Rodin, Who's Got The Rodin"-Ed.) — except I noticed one problem in the scene where Elsen was chasing the forgers through the casting factory: In one panel he was running up the staircase and in the next, he was running down. And was that a .44 Magnum, or a .38 Special?

Mary Jane Reynolds
Arcadia, CA

Dear Mary,
Neither, Elsen packs a Walther. Thanks for the compliments, but as for that staircase, Elsen was merely pre-dating futurism.

Dear Editors,
In AIC No. 17, Overman escapes Hylas' fire-ring by realizing that fire is a mere collection of mental sensations, and not an entity in and of itself. But later in AIC No. 29, Overman is trapped by a similar fire-ring, and must show that the fire-ring was a variable of value zero. What gives?

Jim Edwards
Augusta, GA

Dear Jim,
Recall that in AIC No. 24, the redoubtable Xzid, from the sixth dimension, proved that idealist analysis was "Philonous Balonous." Such a Berkleyian argument applied in AIC No. 29 would surely have been immaterial.

Frank Russell
New Cana., CN

Dear Frank,
No, not a first. Professor Jameson and his crew were digging at the Greek colony on Triakos IV (note the crew's special meteor-proof pith helmets), and the temple was Wezinthian, not Greek.

Editors,
Looks like you goofed. In the latest "Quarterly Review of Super-Heroes," the home planet of Suppesman is described as a place where the inhabitants are free from dictators, where irrelevant alternatives are independent, and where, if everybody prefers X to Y, then X is socially ranked above Y. Does my work have a hidden dependency in it, or is such a planet logically inconsistent?

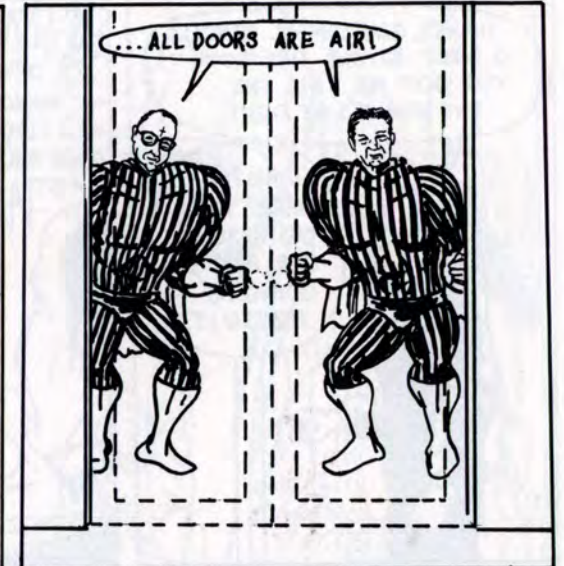
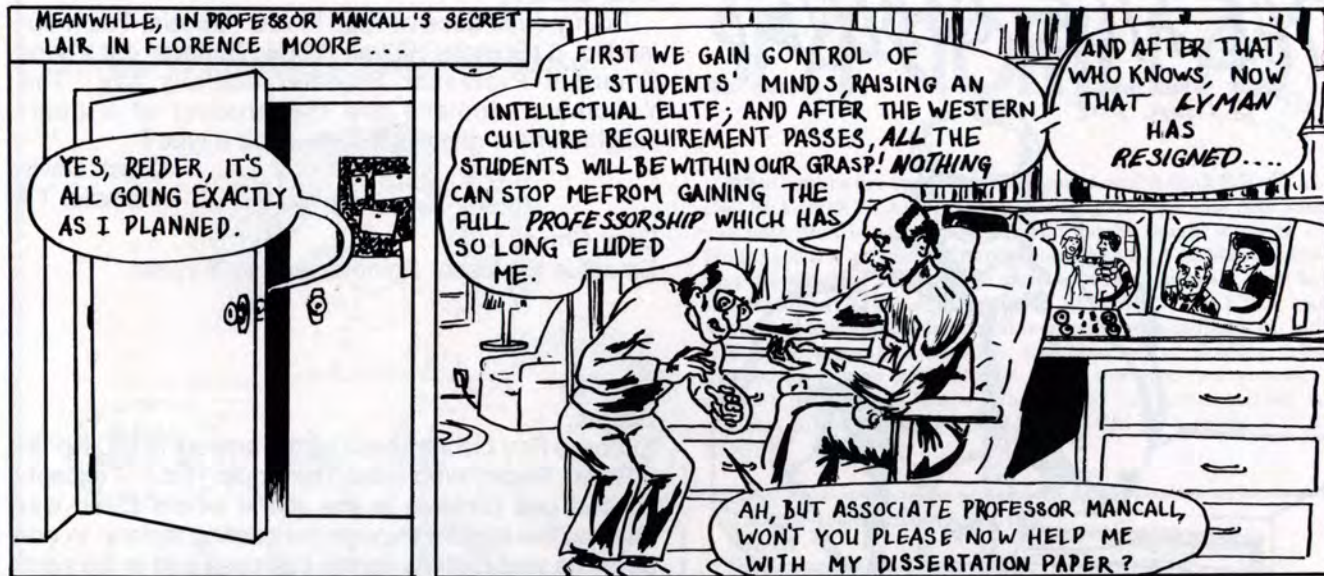
Tommy Johnson
McKees Rocks, PA

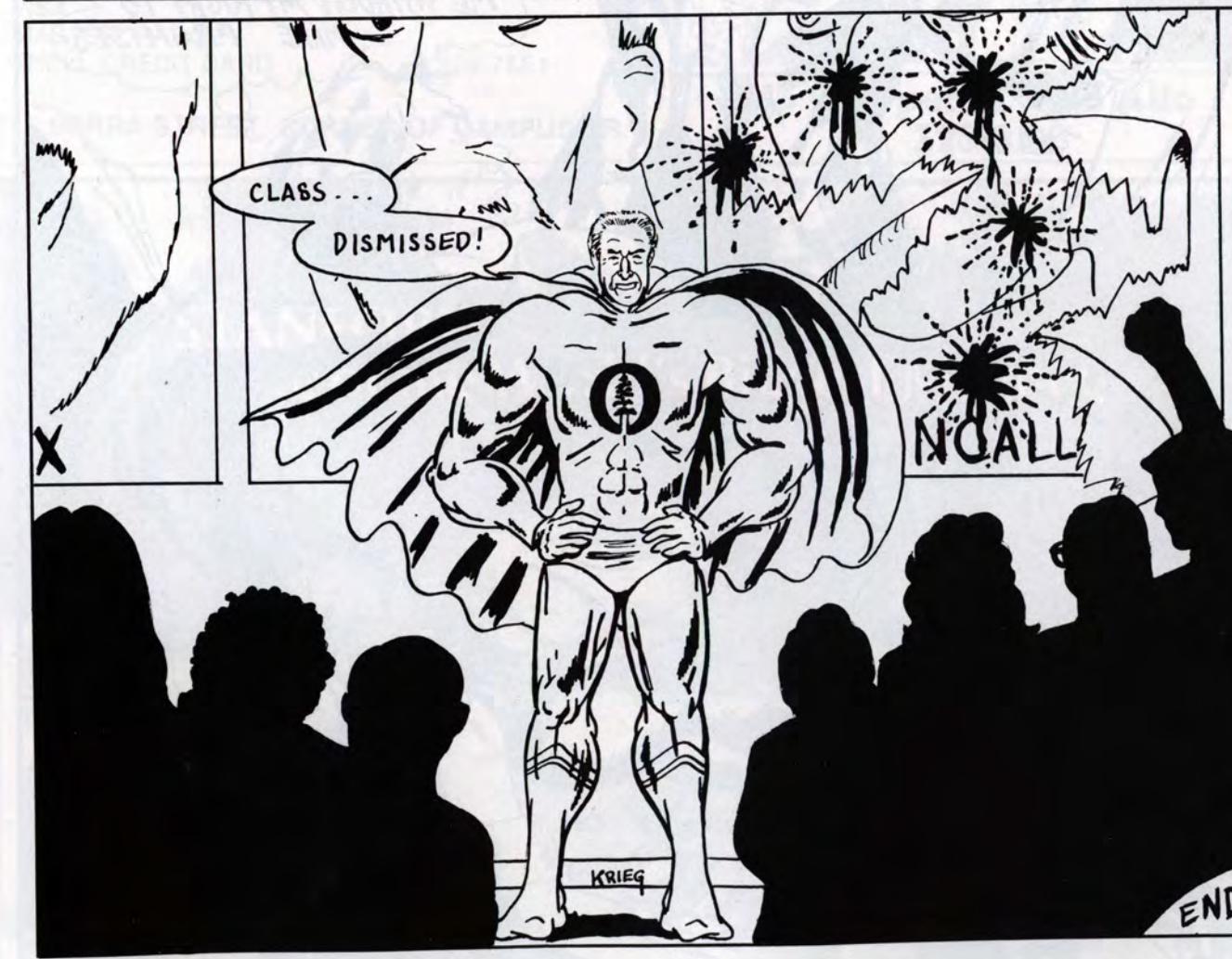
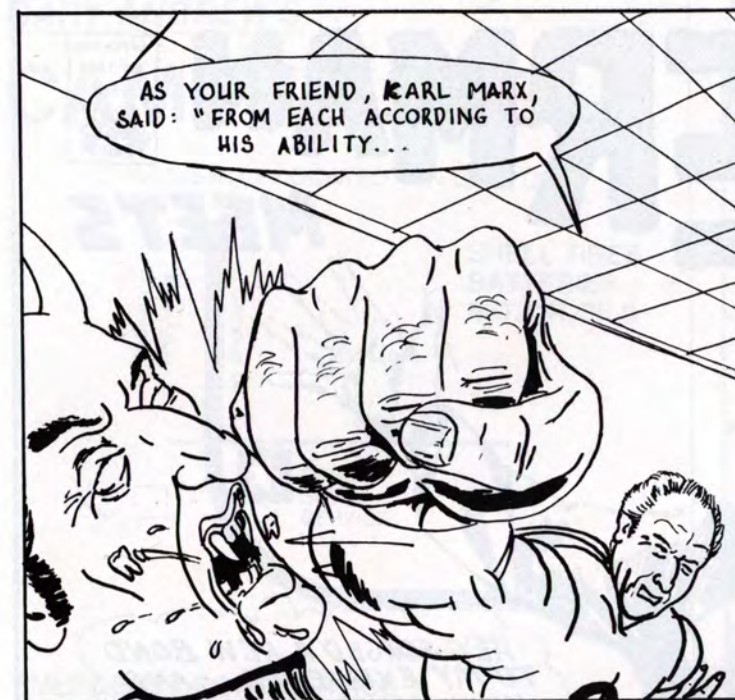
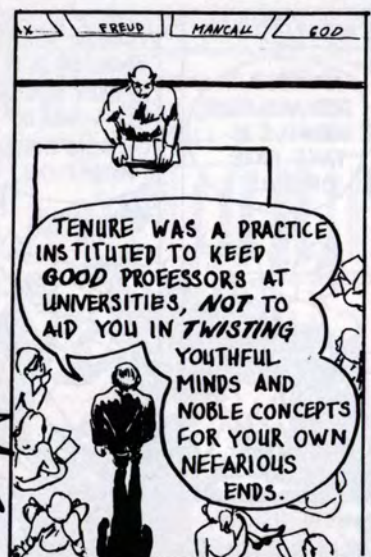
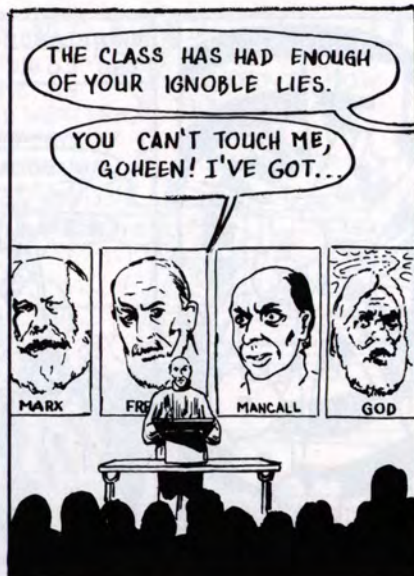
Dear Tommy,
Clever, but remember, "Suppes" comes from Earth II, where our laws of tenure don't apply. As a result, the inhabitants have never heard of Kenneth Arrow.

Dear Editors,
I enjoyed your Special Physics/Philosophy Team-Up, Bratman and Ritzen ("The Paradigm's Paradox"-Ed.), as much as any AIC Comic I have ever seen. However, I can't understand why they resort to a Kuhnian analysis.

Peter DiAmino
New York, NY

Dear Peter,
Because in the last issue, Lakatos' daughter was taken hostage, and our duo couldn't use research programmes, for fear of doing her bodily harm.





DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S THRILL-PACKED ISSUE!

OVERMAN MEETS

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE

THE GANGS ALL HERE!

I CREATED YOU OVERMAN... AND I CAN DESTROY YOU!

HE'S FORGED A NEW BOND TO MY EXISTENCE... AND ME WITHOUT MY RIGHT TO MAKE PROMISES!

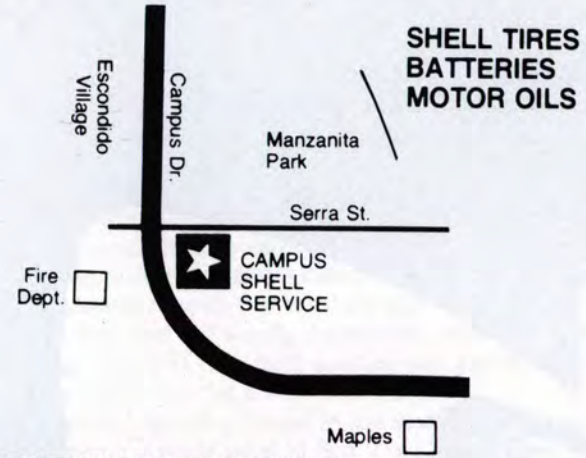
Nietzsche

Perry Vásquez

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THE FACTS ABOUT UFOs



Unidentified Flying Objects, or UFOs (pronounced you-f-o) have been a subject shrouded in mystery since their first sightings. Do they exist? If so, where do they come from? Who pilots them? Are the pilots licensed? Or, perhaps, badly lost? The questions are many. Grounded answers are, unfortunately, few indeed.

The first UFO sighting probably occurred millions of

years ago. Unfortunately, any evidence of such a sighting has long since been destroyed. We might conjecture that the first visitors to Earth were three to four feet in height with blue eyes and short, white hair. It has been suggested that man himself may be distantly related to these first visitors. While we certainly cannot deny the overwhelming evidence that man has evolved from the primates, one

could meekly ask, "where did consciousness come from?" The answer is too abhorrent to contemplate. Could it be that Man is due to the convenience of Earth as a rest stop on intergalactic trading routes? Any reasonably inquisitive person would resent the fact that these uninvited visitors could help create humanity without leaving a trace of their presence. Surely these alien traders realized that the conspicuous absence of firm evidence of the origin of man's consciousness would eventually lead man to hopelessness and despair. And here we sit, developing philosophies of existentialism just as they had maliciously planned. Man, the patsy of a cosmic practical joke!

But this is just speculation. Our first documented reports are to be found in primitive cave drawings. In the first example (lower left), we see a man pointing to a UFO, with a woolly mammoth slightly farther on. The UFO is round but has irregularities: possibly blinking lights or beacons used to hypnotize the natives into thralldom. A closer look at the drawing reveals the stunned look on the faces of both the man and the woolly mammoth. Neither creature can move. The UFO has both animals and people wholly within its power by the mesmerizing lights.

The second drawing, found in the same cave, shows a man reclining against what at first looks like a large rock

that, until now, no one has seen the obvious: the pyramids are themselves abandoned UFOs. The pyramidal shape is aerodynamically ideal, both for taking off from the flat desert and landing in the malleable sand. We can perhaps envision the alien pyramids slowly cruising above Cairo or Thebes, like so many super-sophisticated blimps, supervising the labors of their enslaved population below. The impregnability of the pyramids ensured the safety of the aliens, who were no doubt hated by the Egyptians, whose minds they probably manipulated.

Our next piece of evidence is the Egyptian religion: particularly the multiplicity of half-human, half-animal deities. The suggestion is of a genetic "zoo," something beyond the range of OUR capabilities, beyond our CURRENT technological zenith, but certainly within the realm of conceivability. Could the visiting alien civilization have taken a few dozen animals home with them, performed experiments with genetic mutation, and returned them to Egypt as an awe-inspiring threat of the consequences that awaited less-than-cooperative vassals? Isn't it just possible that the mummified humans, cats, and alligators found in the pyramids are the cadavers remaining from the horrible experiments of extraterrestrial geneticists bent on eliminating, or at least playing a bad joke on, mankind? Add the




under a tree. Note that no other rocks are depicted. It looks as though the man has laid several sticks against the side of the "rock." Sticks like the one which he seems, at first glance, ready to throw. But look again at the rock. Isn't it just possible that what is really being depicted here is a giant alien consisting of nothing more than a brain with legs? Could the "stick" that the man is throwing be the alien's arm grappling the man, or, perhaps, probing his mind, even erasing his memory? Taken together with the first picture, FOUND IN THE SAME CAVE, the conclusion is hard to avoid.

That the Egyptians were visited by UFOs is a chronicled fact. We are told that during the rule of Seti II "fireballs rained from the heavens." The fireballs later turned around and left. How much later? Did the pharaoh have a secret meeting with the aliens? Might not the excerpt have read "fireballs REIGNED from the heavens"? Indeed, it has often been suggested that the pyramids, in addition to being tombs, were monuments to the visiting astronauts. Their perfect geometricality, their precise alignment with the north and south poles, their very shape suggests something unearthly, something celestial. That the pyramids were inspired by UFOs is a common theory. It is surprising

likelihood that the pyramids were alien spaceships and the answers, I think, are too, too obvious. But the reader must draw his own conclusions. Consider that from the time of the pyramids, for nearly 1500 years, Egyptian society was stable and devoid of violence. This suggests still more aliens. These aliens knew that violence would be disruptive to their dominion and squelched it wherever it arose. Then about 1250 B.C., with the eruption of the volcano Thera in the Mediterranean, violence and barbarism began. A post-hypnotic suggestion for man's self-destruction, perhaps?

No one knows. From this point on, however, Egyptian religion, not to mention pyramid building, was effectively a thing of the past. Just a coincidence? You decide.

Since the 13th century B.C., a plethora of sightings have been reported. Some undoubtedly could be explained away by the standard platitudes; swamp gas, St. Elmo's fire, fat people, flocks of migrating birds, and reindeer are a few of the most commonly heard answers. Certainly, these answers are less threatening than "an alien trader bent on overthrowing the Earth and human life as we know it," for example. But soon enough, we must face up to THE TRUTH ABOUT UFOs. 

THE TRUTH ABOUT UFO'S



Project Bluebook, instituted during the early 1950s, was formed to uncover the truth behind UFO sightings. All reported sightings were analyzed, and most were returned with a "probable identification" of the object in question. What the project found, but dared not report, was that alien beings are currently living all over the world. These people are in most respects normal, but take their direction

from a spacecraft hovering a few miles above the moon. Dramatic action was called for: Project Bluebook led to the Red Scare. Some of these aliens were identified and trumped up charges of communism forced them out of public and private life so that they could manipulate our thoughts no more. This had to be done with the greatest care, and at least one courageous man, Senator Joseph

McCarthy of Wisconsin, fell prey to the uninformed, misunderstanding masses. What McCarthy knew, but could never say, was simply this: these aliens are worried of intergalactic competition in their valuable trading markets, and will not stop short of overthrowing the world to achieve their miserable end. Hoping to capitalize on their mutual aggressiveness to the world, the alien traders have signed a pact with the Communists, each promising to help the other in overthrowing the world. Once the world has capitulated, the Communists plan to turn on the alien traders, and, of course, be destroyed or, perhaps with the aid of flashing lights, mesmerized and enslaved.

President Eisenhower knew of this but did nothing. President Kennedy tried to set up negotiations with the aliens, but the aliens, who have always detested pin-striped suits, would have nothing to do with him. Not to be discouraged, Kennedy bravely resolved to meet the aliens at their headquarters a few miles above the moon. To this end he established NASA. President Johnson took up where Kennedy left off, but could not finish before Nixon, himself an alien trader, took office.

From the start, Nixon was intent on annihilating the world. Had we not discovered in time his misplaced allegiance, not to mention his phlebitis, he probably would have been successful. The Washington Post must be commended for connecting Nixon to Watergate in order to force his expulsion from office. In fact, the news media realized that Nixon had no role in either the Watergate break-in or its coverup. On those charges he was entirely innocent. But he was guilty of being an extra-terrestrial warrior, which, of course, meant that he had to be removed from office. The discovery of a memo in his desk stating that he would receive a "substantial" bonus if our planet was successfully destroyed proved to be the clincher. At the height of the Watergate scandal, the press threatened to come clean and reveal the truth unless Nixon resigned. Nixon capitulated. His doctor was called in. The next day he resigned.

Nixon's resignation can be seen as a victory for the people of the Earth: be they black, white, red or pinko. But we must not let our guard down: the aliens could strike again at any minute. Indeed, it is possible that they are quietly destroying us even now. They have planted alien traders all over the world in all walks of life. We must beware of the menace from within.

More than 95% of American homes have a television. Nearly all of these have a current running through them whether they are turned on or not. We were told that this would eliminate the wait before the TV set was warmed up, that it was just another "added feature," and we gullibly talked ourselves into believing just that. We were told that "flouridated" water helped to prevent "cavities," so when some queer looking representative of International Television and Flouride, Inc., came around "offering" to flouridate our water, we smilingly assented. But recent experiments have proven that white rats fed a diet of Crest toothpaste for three years develop either violent seizures or a tendency toward prolonged periods of watching television. During the latter, the rats' blink rates would decrease from an average of one blink every three seconds, to one blink every two and a half years; even if the TV set was not on! This indicates incredible attentiveness.

When the rats were dissected, in every case it was found that its brain had receded well into the spinal chord. Is this what awaits us? Are the world's televisions and even radios sending out ultrasonic messages which can only be detected by our "inner ear"; messages which can corrode our subconscious mind until it too is destroyed? Will our brains recede into our spinal chords? Could they? Have they?

There is mounting evidence that we have fallen into just such a trap. Waiting lists for game shows are up 60% over last year's levels. Dependence on electronic media is at an all-time high. Is the passing youth with his ear molded to the radio a herald of man's destiny? Particularly distressing are the recent reports of what has been termed "Radio Withdrawal." The disease is occasioned by an abrupt separation from all electronic media. This usually occurs on fishing or camping trips, where competent help is too far away. The results have been tragic.

How do we fight the aliens? We cannot identify them. They are everywhere around us. They take their orders from a spaceship a few miles above the moon. They see



everything we do and hear everything we say. They are bent on controlling our minds and enslaving the world. But we can fight them. We have successfully faced challenges far greater in the past.

Immediately, we must purge the Earth of all resident aliens. This is going to be difficult. Next, we should indicate that we are willing to fight. We could best do this by destroying the Moon with a nuclear bomb. Perhaps we will destroy the trading ship above it, but if not, the act will be symbolically important. It will be a positive step down the road to man's independence from the alien traders.

And now it is time to ask yourself, "What can I do to prevent mankind from being extinguished by these alien traders who have deigned to enslave or destroy us? How can I best offer myself to this urgent cause? I see that the author of this informative article has sacrificed the rest of his life, certainly his material well-being and lucrative job to the impending struggle for mankind's very existence; can I make an equal commitment of myself?" The world, nay, the universe, awaits your reply.



Me and Bogey

Roger Maistiff was seven and one night refused to go to bed. There was something good on television. His mother pleaded with him, but he was a stubborn boy.

"Go to bed now," Mother finally said, "or the Bogeyman will come and get you." She was at her wits' end.

"What's a bogeyman?" Roger asked.

"He'll scare you and you won't have anyone to blame but yourself," Mother said over a shaking finger.

"But what's he look like?"

"He's the Bogeyman! He doesn't look like anything, just like him! Ask your father!"

Roger asked his father, who sat next to where his mother was standing and smoked a pipe, what a bogeyman looked like. The form behind the newspaper paused briefly. Then the headlines lowered and glasses peered on the small boy. "You'll know him when you see him," he said. "He's big and, um, he's big and going to come and get you, young man, if you don't go to bed right now."

Roger shrugged his shoulders and went back to the television, while his parents, who were both tired and rather wrung out by the whole scene, went up the stairs to bed. In the glow of the T.V., Roger felt quietly guilty. But if someone was coming to get him, he wasn't going to bother changing into pajamas and going to sleep.

At eleven twenty-two, during Eyewitness Sportsview, the Bogeyman came and got him. The big form was casually dressed and he parked his faded blue El Dorado, which boasted stickers on its back window from many different states, near the front door of Roger's house. To avoid waking Roger's parents with the doorbell, he lightly tapped on a window pane next to the door.

"Yes?" Roger said, opening the door.

"Are you Roger Maistiff, who wouldn't go to bed when his parents told him to?" the Bogeyman asked.

"Yes."

"Then I've come to get you." The Bogeyman folded his arms, satisfied. Roger's curious face made the pause an awkward one, however.

"Yes, well," Roger said.

"So, er, let's go!"

"Why?"

"C'mon, I don't know. I'm just supposed to come and get you. Don't ask why. Look, I got the car washed and everything."

Roger walked out to the car, whose fins winked in the light of the streetlamps. "It does look nice," he said. They got in and drove to Stickney's (it was Roger's idea). Over a cup of coffee, which Roger's mother seldom let him drink at home, Roger heard the Bogeyman's secrets of life and his many tales of the cruelty and unfairness done to him and Bogeypeople in general.

"Oh, they were terrible to me when I was growing up," he moaned over Peppermint Tea. "Ha, ha, look at the Bogeyman, they'd always say at school. I was always 'it' and 'last pick.' I was always catching it because of my background. I would go to pick up my date, and the parents would laugh and say, 'You? The Bogeyman's come to get our daughter? Isn't she a little old for you, sonny?'" The imposing figure dragged heavily on the Camel filter lodged between two fingers.

"Was it always that bad?" Roger asked.

"No—it got worse with affirmative action." He groaned even louder. "You wouldn't believe it, kid. I was such a minority that I had to go to college to fill some federal quota. All I wanted in life was to be a good, hard-working Bogeyman and get lots of little children like yourself. And there I was, an English major at a prestigious university. Now my head's so screwed up I don't know what to do." He made a fist and ground out his cigarette and lit another. Roger yawned discreetly.

"Yeah, you're bored and I don't blame you. Here—let me show you a card trick, then I'll take you home." The Bogeyman showed Roger how to make the four jacks come home first and then delivered him to his doorstep. On the way home, Roger sat low in one of the El Dorado's bucket seats and listened intently to a Bob Dylan tape the large driver had popped into a tapedeck which hung beneath the dashboard. "Any day now, any day now, I shall be re-leased," a vehement voice moaned over guitar chords. "This guy speaks to me," the Bogeyman said, thumping his thumbs in time to the music against his steering wheel, "or used to speak to me. He's too busy with God now to care about Bogeymen anymore, dammit."

Roger got out, his bare feet gingerly hopping to the cold sidewalk. "Thank you for the time," he said politely, closing the door. He waved good-bye to the car and trotted to his door, warmed by the thoughts of his new friend.

For the next year, Roger was bad enough so that the Bogeyman came and got him at least twice a week. The man was a moody sort, but he knew a lot of card tricks and all the waitresses in Stickney's on a first name basis.

"Being a kid isn't easy, I know," he said one night, sipping his tea. "When I was your age, my parents told me that a businessman would come and get me if I was bad. No wonder I'm so screwed up."

Other nights he was even more depressed about his fate. "What a rotten, shitty life!" he once moaned, picking at a shiny plastic plant. "I can't do anything right, nothing at all. I should turn it all in and kill myself. I think I will."

"Oh no," Roger gasped. "Don't scare me like that."

"I scared you?" the Bogeyman exclaimed.

"Sure you did. I'd be sad as heck if you didn't come and get me some nights. Mom doesn't let me drink coffee, and you tell good stories."

The Bogeyman was jubilant and nearly upset his tea. "If I scared you, I'm doing something right, for sure. Shit yes, I'm a damn scary Bogeyman, that's what I am! Yee ha!" The Bogeyman was so pleased he taught Roger Gin Rummy and let him win twice that night. "Helen, coffee for the whole house tonight, on my tab," he yelled to a passing waitress.

Two weeks later, Roger was not eating dinner so the Bogeyman, summoned by his parents, would make his inevitable appearance. "Eat your dinner, Roger," Mother said. "Or else..."

"Yes, Roger, you must eat dinner," Father chimed in.

"No thank you, Dad."

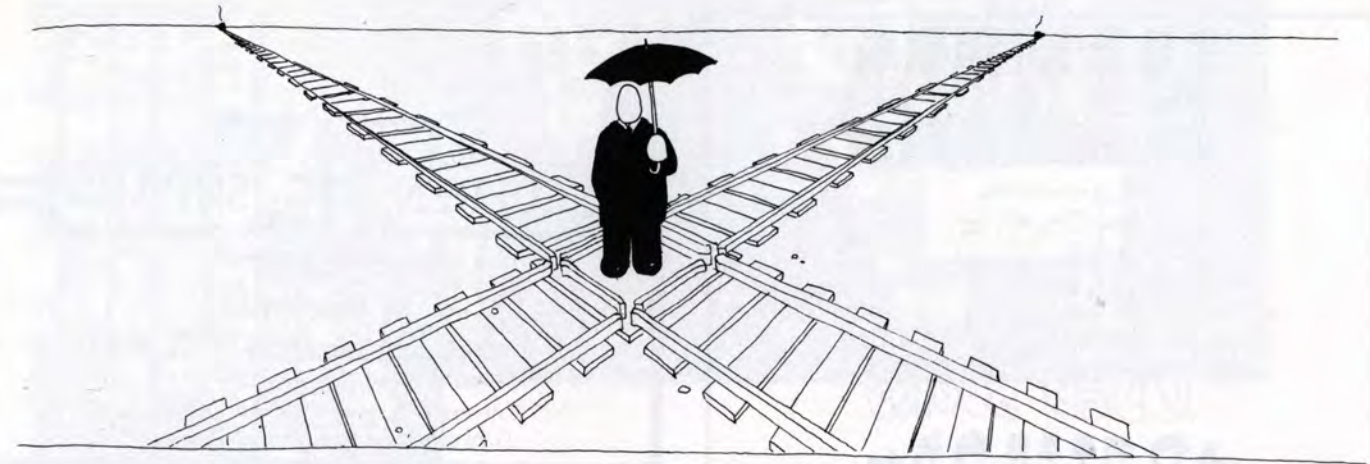
"Well then, eat your dinner or you won't get your allowance for a week," Father said.

Roger couldn't believe his ears. "What? Don't you mean that the Bogeyman will come and get me?"

"Don't be silly, son. You're too old now for that nonsense. I suppose you still want quarters from the Tooth Fairy." Roger was silent. The Bogeyman had warned him about the infamous Tooth Fairy, so that he always made sure his baby teeth were "accidentally" lost in apples and down drains as soon as they came out. He could earn his quarters in other ways.

"Now get to bed, young man." Roger went to bed, and the Bogeyman didn't come that night. Or the next. He was no longer welcome, it seemed. Roger remembered the Bogeyman's story about how the parents of his date had said that she was too old for him. He walked to his desk, plush carpeting between his toes, and gently shook the faded green piggy-bank that stayed on the table by his bed. He wanted to punish his parents for their unfairness. But allowance wasn't something to be taken lightly. And school kept him busy—there was a lot of it. Then he had a job.

Golden Age Acres was set in a light brown meadow and surrounded by leafy cyprus trees. The main building, where most of the senior citizens sat and slept, was a



Ignorance is bliss.

converted mansion of ancient brown shingles and towering brick chimneys. In the main hallway, which had been smartly remodeled in the most modern of rest home motifs, an elderly man stood urinating on the floor.

A nurse rounded a corner and shouted: "Mr. Maistiff, please!" The old man, who stood silently with his baggy blue pajamas bunched at his knees, did not seem to notice her. "Go to your room please, Mr. Maistiff. We won't have anymore of this!"

The head nurse, who dealt smoothly with every shriveled personality on her floor, appeared in time to see a final spurting shower make ripples on the puddle in the hallway. She sent the younger nurse for some tranquilizer in a hypodermic needle.

"Please put yourself in your pants, Mr. Maistiff," she said casually. "I think you've done quite enough for today. Let's go to bed now, shall we?"

The old man stood fast and hummed softly.

"Mr. Maistiff, go to bed right now or... or..."

"Bogeyman?" the wrinkled face blurted. The head

nurse was not the head nurse by a quirk of fate. She caught on quickly. "That's right, Mr. Maistiff, the Bogeyman will come and get you if you do not go to bed immediately and cease this foolishness..." A smack sounded as the old man's buttocks hit the linoleum floor. In a crouch, he looked up at the nurse mischievously.

"Gracious" was all the head nurse could say. "Gracious, gracious, gracious." The hypodermic needle arrived just in time to save both staff and patients of Golden Acres considerable embarrassment.

Roger woke up in his metal bed when a breeze blew in the open window. A strangely familiar face stood over him. "So what are you waiting for?" he asked Roger. "The car's out front. I waxed it up for the occasion, good as new." Roger smiled and stood up as a new-smelling deck of cards was shuffled in his face.

"Look, if it's all right with you," the Bogeyman said, opening the door, "we'll make a whole evening of it."

WANTED

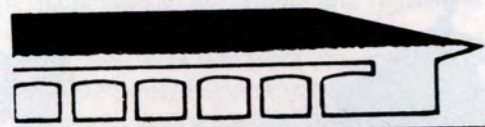


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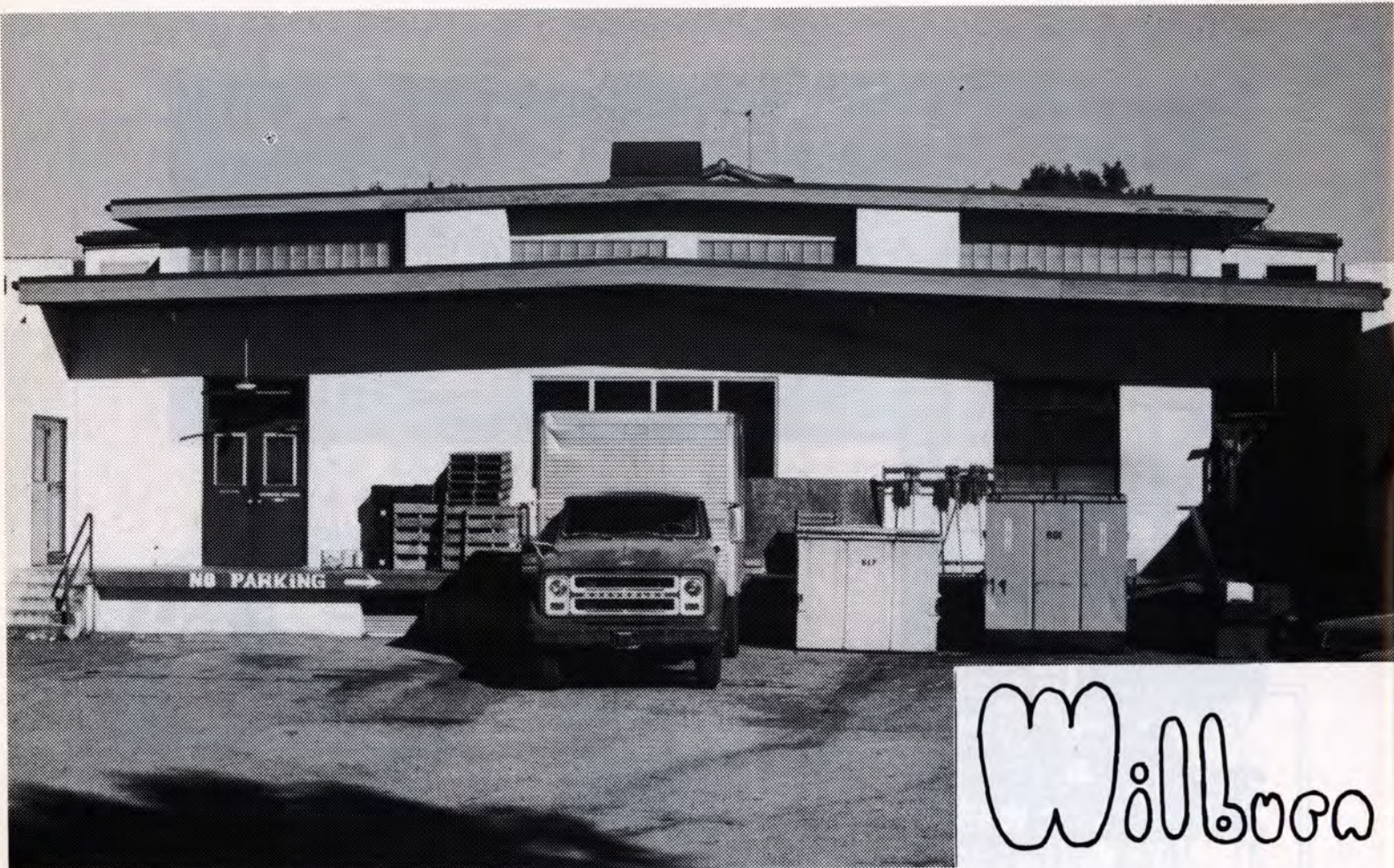
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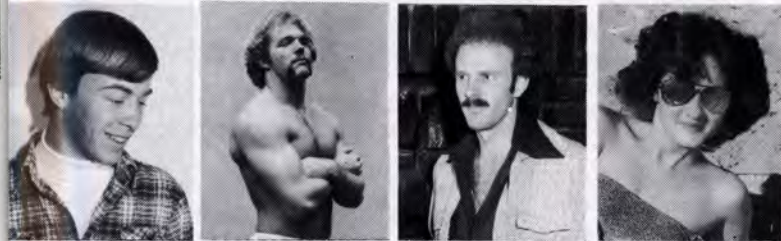
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how to definitely pick up girls

"Women hate me because I'm fat"
 "My nose is too big to ever get a really pretty girl."
 "I'm skinny."
 "I'm really Spanish, but the chiquitas think I'm Mexican."
 "I'm ugly."

It's easy to complain.

You say the competition is too stiff. It's only the good looking guys who get the girls. So maybe you're not a Greek god. Few men are. But that doesn't mean that you haven't a chance.

Can I really compete for really pretty girls?

No, you can't.

Forget about pretty girls. When they're not dreaming up ways to play with your mind, they're either out seducing your best friend or locked up in a bathroom somewhere



forcing themselves to throw up the \$50 lunch they made you buy them so they can stay skinny. Nope, pretty girls are trouble.

Can I score with regular looking women?

What for?

So what's left?

Plenty. With umpteen billion females in the world, it's a veritable smorgasbord of women. But even at a smorgasbord, not everyone can have the prime ribs. But that doesn't mean that the chopped liver isn't just as good, and there's usually not even a line around it.

You mean?

Right. Why bother with the 18-34 crowd, when women under age ten and over age ninety are just as much fun, much more appreciative, and a lot easier to score with.

Under 10

Now before you go running off and hiding under a bed screaming "I don't want to go to jail, I don't want to go to jail!", take a moment to logically consider why eight, nine, and ten year old girls may be right for you. The "under ten" set is pretty without being showy, honest without being brutal, and sweet without being phony. Best of all (and remarkably enough), *there's almost no competition!* Most ten year old boys have no money, and if you have enough spare change to buy a Good Humor bar, you've got a foot in the door.

It's easy from here, because ten year old girls aren't very smart and will do anything you tell them. Because they're so young, they don't mind *trying* things. And in an emergency, the slightest provocation of "betcha can't betcha can't" on your part will make them do things you'd bet they could, but never dreamed they would.

It's enough to make you think that five to ten years isn't such a long time at all.

Over 90

This is the part that really turns a lot of guys off. Many men have expressed to me their feeling that they can't even imagine what it would be like to have sex with a woman who had reached her peak when Europe was still one big country. "It would be like having sex with your grandmother, only much, much worse," is what most men think. But some men, like your grandfather, would be happy to have sex with your grandmother, if only she would stay awake long enough.

The key to having fun with a "sexy senior citizen" is *optimism*. For example, many women over ninety years of age wear dentures, and you know what that means. Right. They come out. Aren't things looking a little brighter already?

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF DATING WOMEN UNDER 10 AND OVER 90

Advantages — Under 10

1. It's easy to beat them in games.
2. They don't have any cellulite.
3. They never fake orgasm.
4. Can't tell the difference between hamburgers and real food.
5. They're almost all virgins.
6. It doesn't cost you as much to take them to the movies.

Disadvantages Under 10

1. They grow up.

Advantages — Over 90

1. It's hard to get them pregnant.
2. You don't have to worry about long term relationships.
3. They never fake orgasm.
4. They have lots of money.
5. You meet very few virgins.
6. You can do whatever you want to them because their memories are so bad.

Disadvantages Over 90

1. They die.

DATING DO'S AND DONT'S

Under 10

- DO tell her how old she looks.
- DO take her out. Kids are people too. Make yours a give and take relationship.
- DO insist on her calling you "Uncle" in public.
- DON'T give her anything with your name on it. Written evidence is deadly.
- DON'T let her memorize your license plate.
- DON'T tell her where you live.
- DON'T (most importantly) get caught.

Over 90

- DO tell her how young she looks.
- DO ask her how she's feeling, but only if you're not in a rush to get anywhere.
- DON'T get involved with her friends. The last thing you need is for her to find another woman's surgical stocking on your back seat.
- DON'T yell into her ear. She can probably hear just fine, and you'll only offend her.

CONCLUSION: A HAPPY LIFE, A HAPPY ENDING

There is a famous anecdote about a conversation between Lewis Carroll, author of *Alice in Wonderland*, and his illustrator, John Tenniel. It seems that Tenniel had a penchant for elderly ladies and wanted to draw Alice as a very old woman. When he asked the lackadaisical Carroll just what it was that he admired in young girls, Carroll spoke these immortal words — "What, John? Little girls? Oh yes, I like them very much. Oh, yes, indeed I do. Little girls, you say? Yes, I suppose so. How I do adore them. Oh yes. Indeed I do."

Tenniel went away disheartened. It is said that the only times he ever enjoyed drawing pictures of Alice was when he fantasized about how she would look as an old lady.

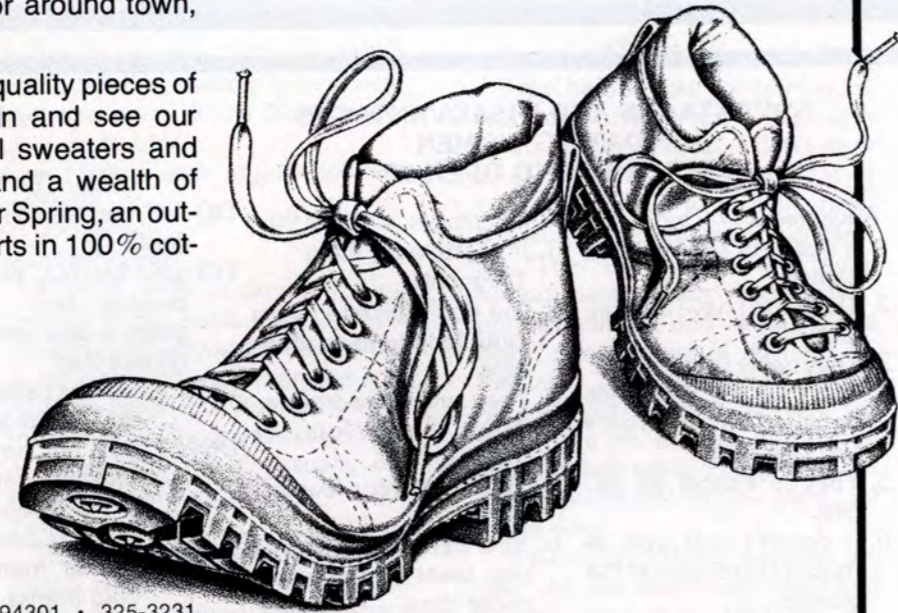
Which one of these men was right? It's for you to choose. Either way you decide to go, you'll probably end up grinning like the Cheshire Cat.



Boot Camp

A friend found these for us in Nepal where he saw sherpas wearing them. We call them Sierra Sneakers; they're just the thing for around town, campus or hiking. The price: \$21

Just one of the many unique, high quality pieces of clothing and gear we sell. Stop in and see our complete line of down gear, wool sweaters and shirts, cotton pants and shorts, and a wealth of camping/backpacking gear. And for Spring, an outrageous collection of Hawaiian shirts in 100% cotton and cotton seersucker.



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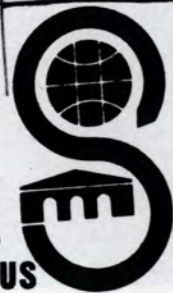
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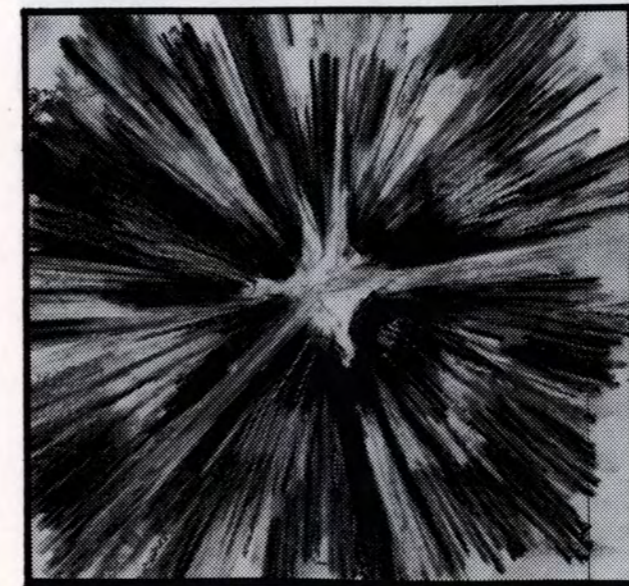
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YOUR TRAVEL
AGENT ON CAMPUS



Sequoia Travel Center Tresidder Memorial Union



PEANUTS



COMIC REAL LIFE

Written by J. Martel
Drawn by P. Vasquez



THE END

A TOAST TO AMERICA'S FUTURE?

Dear Mr. and Mrs. America,

Free enterprise made this country great. Without it, we would be in Russia. It is a credit to our leaders and congressmen that we are not.

For over 50 months, the Los Altos House of Toast has been proud to have been a part of the great American tradition; part of what made this country the great nation it is today. So widespread has been our influence that our accomplishments scarcely need to be mentioned.

Our "bottomless butter dish" has become a cliché for all that is promising in America.

Our "roadside toaster-domes" are landmarks as familiar as the Washington Monument, as enduring as the Constitution.

Los Altos House of Toast spans international cuisine. We like to believe that our Casa de Tostada and Le Maison Toast outlets have contributed in a small way to America's efforts toward international peace and world brotherhood.

In short, since our inception, the

Los Altos House of Toast has enriched the lives of thousands, has enriched the loaves of millions.

THE PROBLEM

The times have changed. America has encountered great troubles. So has the Los Altos House of Toast.

More than our competitors, Los Altos House of Toast has felt the critical situation in Iran AND WE HAVE RESPONDED. We are switching from expensive conventional toasters to highly efficient coal-burning alternatives — alternatives pioneered by our R & D staff.

We have felt the rise in the price of grain AND WE HAVE RESPONDED. We have introduced five varieties of grainless bread. What American has not enjoyed our delightful soy-toast or our economical bean-bran-bread?

We have felt the rise in the price of dairy products, but our bottomless butter dish remains. WE REFUSE TO

COMPROMISE the quality that made us "the culinary wonder of the Western World."

We are committed to adapting to the changing economic conditions, but this change will be expensive. Very expensive.

Too expensive.

WE NEED MONEY, NOT SYMPATHY

The Los Altos House of Toast can no longer slice it alone.

We are not requesting a handout. We are requesting a loan. When the conversion of our facilities is complete and we are able to serve more of you, better, faster, then we will repay our loan. All of it. With interest.

Our plans call for 1% of our nation's GNP. Not a trivial sum, but not really extravagant, either. To secure this loan, we promise the following.

To keep the nation's unemployment down, we will retain ALL our employees, our entire "staff of life."

During the transition period we will hire an estimated 800,000 people from all walks of life to assist our efforts.

We will expand our "Hows of Toast Training Center." We pledge to transform 100,000 unskilled laborers into a

highly polished corps of professional "toastmasters."

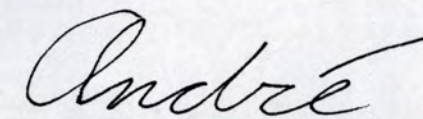
We will repay our loan. All of it. With interest.

HELP US HELP YOU HELP YOURSELF

An American institution is in jeopardy. For over 50 months, you have enjoyed our toast, perhaps your children have, too. Your children's children will also want toast. They will need toast. For America's sake, please, don't "let them eat cake."

Thank you. Very Much.

Sincerely,



Andre

An American Toastmaster

THE HOSTESS®
ZEN
MASTER

IN FOOD FOR THOUGHT



HUNGRY, DEAR?

HARE MARY, HARE MARY



HUNGRY? WHEN I'M LEARNING THE TRUTHS OF EXISTENCE?

I DIDN'T MEAN TO...

PLEASE, DO NOT BE HARSH TO YOUR WOMAN...

TELL ME, WHAT IS THE TIME WHEN TEN RAIN DROPS FALL ON A LILLY?

YOUR BALLOON IS EMPTY, EMBRYO? ANSWER MY QUESTION!



THE HOUR WHEN THE GLOBE SPINS BACKWARDS?

NO! TIME FOR HOSTESS YIN YANGS!

YAH

NOW YOU MAY LEARN THE TRUTHS OF CREAMY FILLING!



IT'S A CAKE...

...IT'S A CANDY...

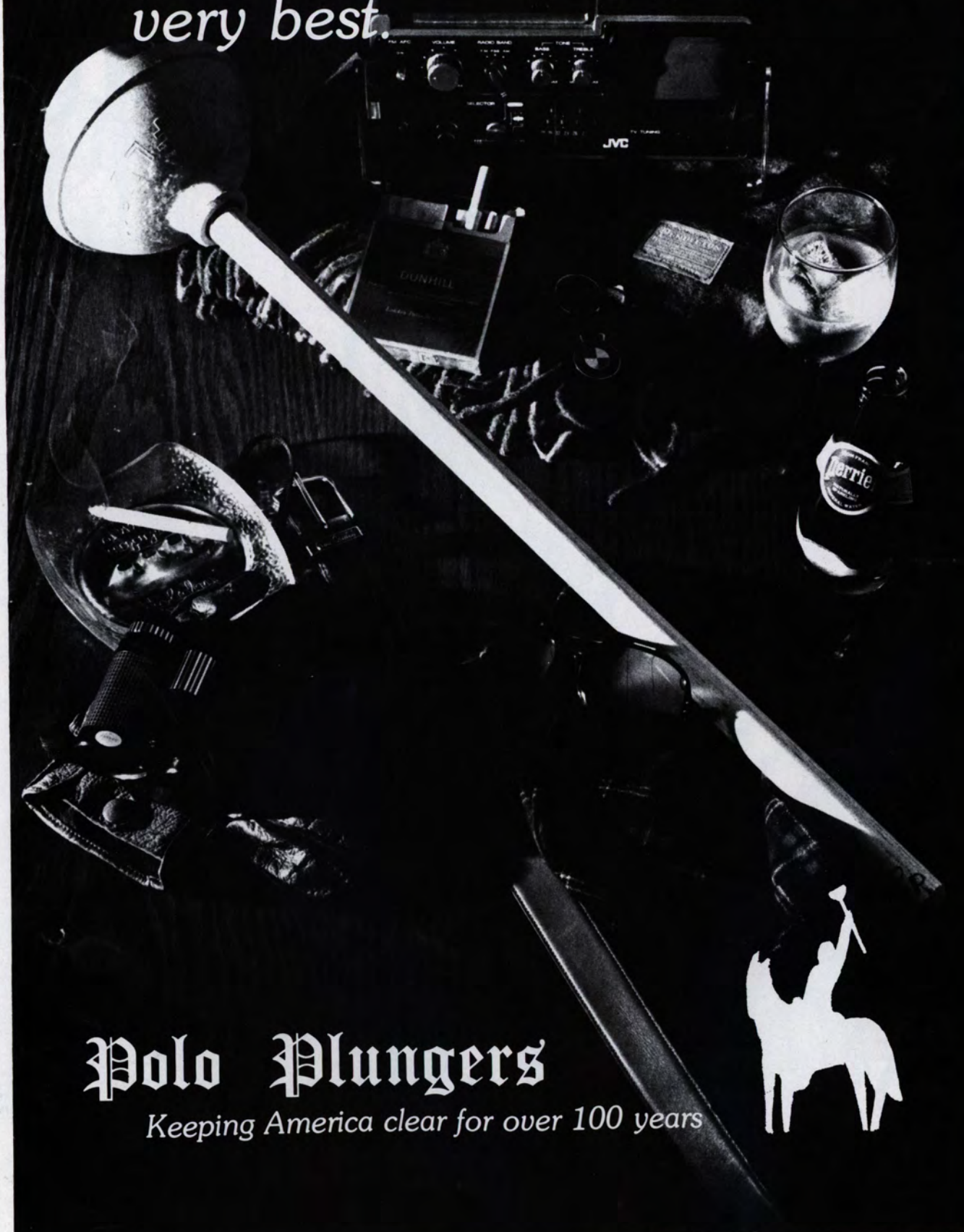
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THE NEW YORKER



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Polo Plungers

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A friend of ours recently wrote us: "It seems impossible to pick up any sort of print media without having one's ears deafened with headlines screaming about Iran, the U.S.S.R., the Olympics or some such overblown affair which tends to affect even the most delicately balanced of well-beings, and heavily-handedly dominates all worthy news of cultural interest with ghastly premonitions of coming nuclear war and inevitable doom for all mankind."

We cannot help but agree. Granted, the times are bad, but at least they are no longer on strike. The news of the last few weeks assaults the senses as it dulls them. What can one say to a crisis which the average citizen of New York can have no direct proof of? Or make droll, pithy remarks about? The Iranian crisis has gone from the lamentable to the absurd, but still evokes a solemn countenance, devoid of any interesting or witty thought, in the average passerby. We can only regard the rumble of the subway, the gentle Atlantic breezes and the murmur of rush-hour crowds as proof that, against all media predictions, life goes on.

Nuclear war looms as a dangerous threat, but we, thankfully, have never had any first-hand experience with radioactivity and such, other than, of course, the color television set in our living room and the occasional gauche glow-in-the-dark watch, the Christmas gift from an errant aunt-in-law. Thus, being sensible individuals, we are not going to lose any sleep (or hair) over the oppressive, illusionary fear of another Hiroshima or Nagasaki in New York, despite the abundance of fine Japanese restaurants this city has to offer. Finally, let it be said that while we enjoy mushrooms

with our chateau briand, we would heartily disapprove of the nuclear sort of mushroom with any entree.

A woman we know wrote us the other day: My husband and I were shopping in Bohack's on a Tuesday afternoon. Just as my husband was about to take the last bunch of leeks in the produce department, they were snatched from under his grasp by what appeared at first glance to be a rather homely young woman in a mauve dress. My husband and I are naturally disposed to treating homely young women with kindness, because they must feel awkward dealing with attractive and happily married middle-aged couples such as ourselves. But, on closer inspection, the rather homely looking young woman turned out to be not only a rather plain looking young man in a mauve dress, but our dentist.

My husband says his first impression was one of astonishment. I remember that I wavered between asking for an explanation of his last bill and demanding the leeks he had commandeered under false pretenses. "Oh, hello," said the young man who turned out to be our dentist. "I suppose you're wondering about this outfit I seem to be wearing."

The young dentist's grasp of epistemology was sound, for he did indeed seem to be wearing the outfit. Mauve did not seem to be his color, but he did seem to be wearing a mauve dress. Or so it seemed at the time.



We said nothing, which the young dentist apparently took to mean that we did indeed wonder why he seemed to be wearing a mauve dress. He answered the unspoken query: "I'm on my way to a political rally. There's a big meeting of the Manhattan Gay Alliance tonight. Very important. The Transvestite Separatist Party intends to exercise its independence."

My husband replied that that was very interesting. About that time an older man, dressed in a pinstripe suit and a powder blue feather boa, passed through the produce department. "God, those faggots make me sick," whispered our dentist under his breath. Actually, the older gentleman's blue feather boa looked rather nice wrapped about a gray pinstripe suit. He approached our little group and eyed the leeks that our young man was still clenching tightly. "Excuse me," he said, "would you mind awfully if I tried to persuade you to let me have those leeks?"

Our dentist, the radical cross-dresser, glared at the man, who continued, "I'm having a very dear friend over this evening, and I did so want to make my favorite leek soup."

"Gee," said the younger man. He handed the leeks over to the man in the powder blue feather boa. He then looked nervously at this watch, "I must hurry if I'm going to get to that meeting in time. It was nice to see you. Be sure to come by for a check-up this month." He pushed his empty cart toward the express lane.

"Imagine that," said the gentleman in the feather boa.

At this point, my husband decided to speak up. "Actually, the young man took the leeks from us deceitfully. I don't think they were his to give."

The gentleman in the feather boa knitted his eyebrows and looked at us with a mixture of puzzlement and scorn. "Honestly," he said, "you meet all kinds in New York."

AT LAST

So much stubble. That's what it all amounted to: just so much stubble. Fifteen years of marriage scattered in the basin, like so many itchy memories. Caroline's mind wandered back in time, back to that very afternoon, sitting around the pool with her support group, drinking margaritas, glasses and thighs gleaming in the Maryland sun. They had been such a help to her, from the start, even from the very first night: she had gotten back from the hospital and was sitting alone in the condo's fluorescent kitchen, realization and loss crowding her memory like so many existential cattle prods, when Lissa had called. They talked. Caroline spewed and Lissa listened. But how can even a best friend ease that kind of pain, a pain that ached like so many emotional hangnails? How could she describe that one awful moment? The chute didn't open. "Lady, I think your husband's in trouble" was the only condolence from the ground crew as she ran towards the spot where he dropped. That's not a rock that's my husband. My husband dropping like so many mortal commodities.

So much stubble. It had taken her a long time to even go in. It had been *his* bathroom, littered with the remnants of *his toilette*, the smell of *his Jovan*. Yet she had had to, not wanting to, maybe not even yearning to, but needing to, or more truly, being forced to, a lemming drawn to a porcelain sea. She washed the toilet bowl, startled by its maniacal gurgle as the cleaner sluiced away like so many sentimental tidy bowl commercials. She threw out his deodorants and aftershave, and the little bits of blood-stained

tissue he used to sop up shaving nicks. She had scoured his bathtub ring, she had wiped the soap spots off his mirror. But when she had looked down, down at his sink, the stubble had been scattered around the cool bowl. *His stubble*. The ring had been of him, layers washed off his sink, but the whiskers *were* him and as they lay there, tormenting her like so many fibroid demons, she couldn't bear to wash them into the serpentine nothingness of her plumbing.

It had been that way for six months now. Maids and guests had remarked, but the whiskers remained. Dolly Roth, from her support group, had been surprised. Michelle, her friend from the embassy had been *inquietee*. Wandette the maid had been grossed out.

But now she stood above the basin and looked down, down into the hair-clogged depths of her memory once more: the long weekend in St. Thomas with him, newly bearded, short bristles tickling her languid neck while making love in the sand, pina colada dripping from his newly mustachioed lips, drips like so many shattered dreams, shattered bodies, shattered shaven bodies impacting into amniotic Mother Earth at terminal velocity. His face shaved clean that very morning, smooth for the first time since the weekend in St. Thomas, smooth for the last time: "The human body is alot more resilient than you'd think, lady," said the ground crew. Hardly. Whiskers strewn in the sink. Pieces of him strewn through the hills, on her jeans like so many Jackie Kennedys picking so many bits of John's piecemeal brains from their suits. Did Clytemn stra



"You're fired, dammit!"

find Agamemnon's whiskers in her evening's nectar? Was Juliet's agony compounded by awakening, not only to cold Romeo, but to dry, splitting whiskers fallen on the dusty stone floor of the church? Maybe Jackie had a maid clean the sink?

So much stubble. She stands above the sink and notices his razor, discarded on the medicine shelf, his disposable razor, Gillette used, thrown away, cheap and readily available: there are plenty of other Gillettes in the sink, get a new can of lather for the dispenser, shave a beard and it grows anew, afresh. It occurs to her; and she is on the beach, in the sandy arms of her lover who she met at a party of the night of the day that began this paragraph. The surf pounds against their vacillating flesh, drenching them and then receding, boiling, frothy, and running down the drain and carrying them with it, into the ultimate-blue Caribbean, into the Maryland sewer like so many whirling, dancing, and forgotten metaphors.

—JOHN UPDIKE

THE COLD

I
I am the City's cavewoman.
Dragged hither and thither
By my hair, and lately
My hair's been on end
As have been
My wits.
I have half a mind
(or half-wits, have wits)
To pry the unseen club
From its calloused, sweaty, felt hands
And leave
(have wits, will travel).

II
But I am pulled to the window
Not by my hair, but what I hear
The ear-splitting (not hair-splitting)
Pleasant honk
Of unheld geese
Held not by my captor
But free not either.
(The goose is cooked, and there is
No such thing as a free lunch.)
I could not fly that far
For fear of moulting.
When they made me, they broke the moult.
And I warm to the touch
Of my imaginary lover (the Brute)
For I cannot go with the
Goose, down
Where he leads.
The City is my insulation.

—VERONICA GENG

U.S. JOURNAL:
LOS ALTOS, CAL.

East Los Altos is a small community nestled deep in the heart of the San Francisco midpeninsula. Midway between the thriving "Silicon Valley" to the south and South San Francisco, "The Industrial City," East Los Altos is a pleasant community of tree-lined streets; simple, honest people; friendly, jaded children; and half-million dollar homes.

It has long been a refuge for the members of what is coming to be known in socially conscious circles as the Lower Elite. With their own customs, and a way of life that they like to call "El Lifestyle," the residents of East Los Altos exhibit a culture distinctly their own. This unique and priceless heritage is being threatened by forces beyond the control of these simple people caught in the social maelstrom of the nineteen eighties.

One of the first people I talked to in my effort to understand the nature of the society of East Los Altos was Walter Scumbungler, a Stanford University student working with area residents as part of a Stanford Workshops on Political and Social Issues (SWOPSI) project. The class is The "Lower Elite—Fear and Envy." Says Scumbungler, "I think this is a really fascinating area of social research. These people have been passed over by Society. Not one has appeared on the Society pages of the San Francisco Chronicle in years."

Scumbungler's class plans to spend the entire year working with the residents of East Los Altos. They spend most of their time creating grassroots organizations for them — political action groups, peer pressure groups, a Junior League, and a tennis league for the athletically inclined. "You'd be astonished what an inability to go to Tahoe on a Wednesday afternoon can do to a young person's self-image," Scumbungler asserts. "For many of the youngsters, a good tennis game may represent his only way out of East Los Altos and into Atherton or Los Altos Hills."

Another creation of the concerned Stanford students is a food cooperative. Here they teach the East Los Altos to prepare inexpensive and nutritious "left-overs." They have established a fund to purchase a community convection oven.

What the SWOPSI group is attempting to do is create among East Los Altos (the oppressed Lower Elite) a sense of social identity and individual worth previously lacking. In the course of this work, they have discovered many astonishing and heretofore unknown facts about the history and culture of the area — including how that culture is threatened by outside

forces.

The East Los Altans, despite their problems, are fiercely proud of themselves and their identities. Many display their own stylized "monograms" on their clothes or seek unity under the equally visible banners of designer labels. "Just because we came to the Peninsula from places with funny names like Minnesota and New Hampshire doesn't mean we're less important than people who have lived here all their lives — or at least since Stanford's last Rose Bowl," states Wayne Wilcox, captain of the local bridge club. Wilcox reached his position because he has earned the respect of his fellow East Los Altans.

Many members of the East Los Altos community enjoy riding around in, and showing off, their "cars." It usually works something like this: around October the head of a household will take his family to the local new car dealer. There he will select a number of "options" from a large catalog. This allows everyone to personalize his own automobile and make it distinctly his own. The "car" plays a major role in the society of East Los Altos. The father will drive it to work. The children will borrow it in the evening until they are old enough to buy one of their own (usually around age 14). Over the weekend, it is usually in the repair shop.

And yet, while the East Los Altans continue to live as they have for so long, their community has begun to breed its own unique problems that are not only not addressed, but exacerbated by federal policy. The nature of East Los Altos draws a special variety of parasite that feeds on the vices of its residents. For years the area has been a magnet for lawyers, stockbrokers, and real estate agents. "I know one guy who was destroyed by lawyers. He got so far into debt that he was forced to sell his golf clubs to pay the fees. When he refused," Scumbungler's voice choked here, "they castigated him." Lawyers defend themselves as just as necessary to the social ecology of the community as jackals are to the ecology of the Sahara. "Without us," says lawyer Jeffrey Madison, "they wouldn't know how to deal with each other. It's the brokers who are ruining things in this town. I know several guys who 'play the market.' They say they can stop any time they want. Yeah, sure. Before you know it, they're highly leveraged. You should see the way they get during a bad slump. They'll do anything to meet their margin calls."

But everyone seems to agree that the real estate agents are the ones who are profiting the most off the situation. Many agents are reaping tremendous profits from the social instability and turnover that goes on in East Los Altos. Many families find that they can no longer afford to live in their homes. They are forced to take tremendous profits for houses they have occupied, in many cases, since the Ford administration.

This has created an amazing new social



Squiggly Drawing

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phenomenon and an entirely new class in our society. Rather than experience the ignominy of moving to Mountain View or Redwood City, many choose to live in the street and retain their Los Altos addresses.

What is astonishing is that under such massive constraints these people are able to maintain not only their dignity, but their way of life. "It really isn't so bad out here," says Wanda Scott. "Everything is out in the open air and rather natural and healthy. Sometimes the kids will open a fire hydrant and start a sauna. My husband Frank was a little disappointed, because you can't very well set up an open-air darkroom. He had to trade in his Hasselblad for an SX-70 and a hundred boxes of film. But even he has come around now." The Scotts now feel they have room to grow and can change locations to suit their mood. Last week they held a cocktail party in the parking lot of the local Seven Eleven. "It was so convenient," says Frank Scott. "Just a short walk to get ice or mixers. And Ooooooh, the Seven Eleven coffee!"

Many of these families travel the streets of Los Altos in caravans: the husband's caddy, the wife's BMW, and the kids' 280-Zs. Their meager possessions are shoved into their back seats and trunks,



and their skis are strapped to the roofs. "You, like, really get a feeling for the indomitability of the human spirit," says Scumbungler. "These are the bedouins of our society. Rather than settle down to a tawdry middle class existence, they preserve the culture of the fathers. It's really very inspiring." Scumbungler and his classmates have made efforts to preserve "El Lifestyle de East Los Altos," which is now under pressure from outside forces.

Residents cite a number of federal policies which threaten the community: high interest rates, inflation (calculated to benefit homeowners), and aid to Negroes. "They're going to have to recognize the Lower Elite as a political force. That's why Jerry Brown is so important. He understands the political needs of the Lower

Elite and plans to do a great deal of thinking about them. We're all Brown boosters in Los Altos." In the meantime, they have organized into political action groups to confront various issues squarely with a Lower Elite perspective. At one energy caucus, such signs as "Tax Big Oil", "Stop Strip Mining", "LNG out of California", "Stop Diablo Canyon", "Save the Snail Darter", and "Use Batteries" were to be seen. The Lower Elite seem to clearly grasp what is in their best interest and that is their greatest strength.

In the long run, social problems may be more destructive than political problems. "El Lifestyle" seems to be breaking down among the youth of East Los Altos. Children of the community can be seen hanging around Bullock's, harassing the owners and sales people by asking the time and leaving clothes in the fitting rooms. Others go to The Company and fingerprint the chrome and plexiglass. Respect for property — the basis of Lower Elite society — seems to be at an all-time low.

While I was staying with the Scotts, Frank and Wanda were chagrined to learn that their son Bob had been reprimanded for hanging out at the Los Altos House of Toast, a restaurant that is quite popular with local youths. The Scotts were justifiably concerned about what this would do to Bob's self-image.

Bob's plight seemed symbolic of that of all of the children (and in a larger sense, of the adults). While he can afford all the toast and even the marmalade that he wants, if he abuses the waiter he, too, will be thrown out into the street. He then must choose between Stickney's, Lyons', or going without a nourishing breakfast Today, many residents of East Los Altos are living on society's Breakfast Jacks and Egg MacMuffins.

The problems I have discussed, coupled with the rising population of East Los Altos nomad families, have created a situation of desperate need which must be addressed. If these problems are not dealt with, it is uncertain what will happen. The unpredictability of a new social class driven by a desperate economic situation makes it impossible to predict the outcome. "One thing is certain," says Scumbungler, "everyone who took this class is going to get an A."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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—New York Times

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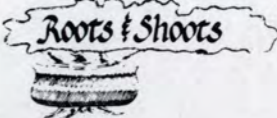
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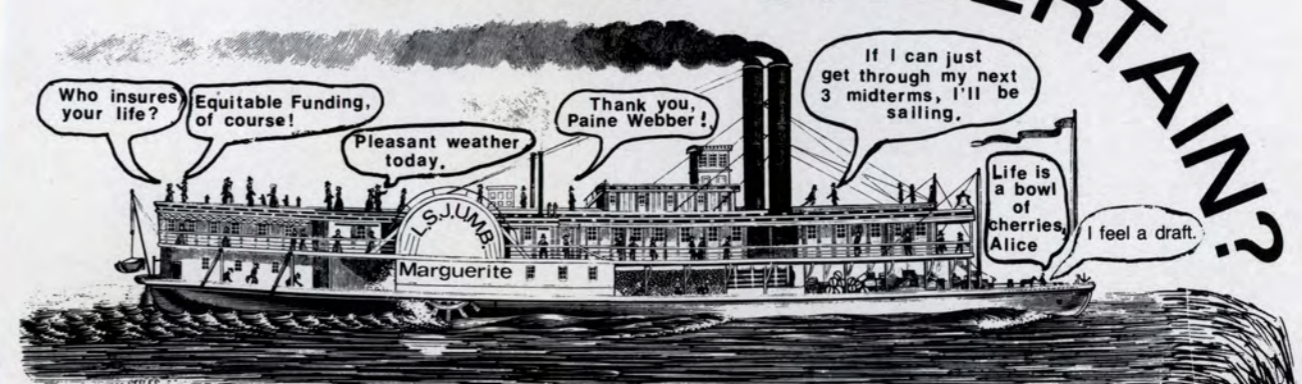


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