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Gaieties: Unplugged

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It is that time of year again, the time when campus is plastered with the same inexplicable posters, The Daily is flooded with offended letters to the editor and Oski the Bear has been impaled on the very tip of the Claw.

This year's cryptic poster advertises "Apocalypse Cal: Gaieties 2009" and just like every year before it, most of the campus has virtually no idea what is in store for them, besides the inevitable roasting of Cal and, more importantly, the standard group of naked people.



Despite the fact that Gaieties is traditionally shrouded in secrecy, Intermission got a sneak preview at one of the last rehearsals for this year's show. Practicing in the always glamorous Wilbur Dining, many of Stanford's finest thespians were warming up in completely ridiculous clothing—most of it highlighter neon, with the occasional onesie and Batman suit thrown in. These aren't their actual costumes, just like Wilbur Dining isn't actually their venue, but they were determined to work with what they have got to make even rehearsal a wild experience.

After multiple ridiculous warm-ups and a unifying cheer of "1, 2, 3, Gaieties!" everybody took the "stage." The show opens on a narrator laying out the scene of the annual Activities Fair, which is prime fodder for Gaieties, as it allows every student group to be made fun of, whether it be fraternities, robotics, Synergy or the ASSU. The writers even trash talk The Daily, hounding a freshman with "Please write for the Daily, none of us know how!"

Don't worry, various student groups. Gaieties know that they aren't even they exempt from the ridicule. One hounds the freshman with, "Can you sing? Can you act? Can you dance?" The freshman says, "No." "Are you willing to show your titties onstage? Join Gaieties!"

Throughout the show, it is clear that the writers understood that the cast would not necessarily bring with them an arsenal of musical theater skills. When asked if singing and dancing were part of the audition form, one actor responded, “I’m not sure, but they did ask what porn best represents my life.”

While the show is not completely reliant upon sexual humor, the script has some of its best moments steeped in dirty jokes, most too raunchy to be printed. One of the most hysterical segments is found in watching Chico State and Duke exemplify their respective stereotypes by sexing up with each other for virtually the entire show.



But it’s not just Chico State, Duke and, of course, Cal that are eviscerated throughout the play. Perhaps the most wonderful thing about the play is the taunting of the nation’s other best schools, all the while reiterating that Stanford has the “happiest students in the world and is the campus most photographed by Asian tourists!” The show is rife with Stanford pride, going so far as to declare in song, “Hogwarts isn’t half as nice.”

For those of you concerned about a wobbly plotline, subpar singing and dancing, and general chaos on stage, your fears are likely to be validated. But for those of you looking for a great time, you will not be disappointed. If one actor is just not doing it for you, the beauty of this production is that there will always be somebody on stage to make you laugh, whether or not it’s the focal point of the show. The entire play is one big inside joke and the audience will laugh together with reflections on IHUM, a complete roasting of the Greek system and most importantly, a pervading hatred of Cal. As a girl in the show says, “Let’s do the Stanford-iest thing we can do...go to Gaieties!”

 [apocalypse cal](#), [Cal](#), [Gaieties](#), [musical theater](#), [tradition](#)

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