

# STANFORD CHAPARRAL



PETER KINNE

# The Gist of Fear

-OP-

## An Exercise in Exclamation

### A MELODRAMA IN ONE BRIEF ACT

*We find ourselves inside a quaint English cottage, lavishly furnished. At rear, a window overlooks a pristine garden. A light rain falls, blanketing the otherwise silent room with a soft hum. We hear a thunder crack just as the door opens to reveal a dark gentleman in a coat and hat, with a fiendish mustache. This is the dastardly POOL CLEANER.*

Enter POOL CLEANER (P.C)

**P.C.:** Mr. Stevens, I just finished with the second sweep of your pool, I think I got most of the mosquitoes out.

**STEVENS:** Ah, but there is EVIL afoot! Methinks you are at the root of it!

**P.C.:** Yeah, um, I think your neighbors have been throwing their garbage over the fence pretty regularly. You might want to have a talk with them about it.

**STEVENS:** Oh, woe is me! Have the gods cursed the womb from which I was birthed!? What cruel misdeed have I inflicted in a past life that I must suffer for now? Is there no mercy, no good news to assuage the pain that fills my poor, wretched body?

**P.C.:** *(pause)* Uh, what?

**STEVENS:** Don't feign ignorance with me, lad! I have no illusions about the evil that lurks within these walls. Today shall be a day of reckoning. For me, FOR ME!

**P.C.:** I'm going to go back outside.

**STEVENS:** *(pulls out revolver)* Have at you! *(fires revolver)* O! No look what you made me do! Criminal! I label thee a criminal! Thou shalt surely pay for thy misdeeds!

**P.C.:** *(running in small circles, screaming like a little baby)* Jesus Christ, you shot me! You son of a bitch, you shot me! O God, O God, O God!

**STEVENS:** *(kneeling)* Yes, let us pray; let us both pray to this God you speak of, for hope of redemption through his merciful tears!

Enter CHORUS

**CHORUS:** Soldiers, scouts and visionaries have known,  
The emptiness that comes from a search undone.  
While the earth still reaps and sows,  
The blackbird will never share butter with...

**STEVENS:** No more from you! *(shoots Chorus with revolver)*

**CHORUS:** O! We are shot! We are dying! We are done!  
You son of a bitch, you shot us! O! the Blood!  
This makes us think of a funny story now about,  
Sylvester Stallone in Rambo III, the one movie,  
We never had the chance to see... O! Loss of blood  
has made us delirious.....

*Enter BUTLER, wearing a strainer full of spaghetti on his head. BUTLER shrieks and thrashes arms in a violent manner, rubs his lips in an obscene fashion, then turns and runs towards the rear wall, knocking it over, revealing a SMALL CHILD with vacant eyes and chocolate pudding smeared all around his mouth.*

*GOD descends from the sky, lowered from a long rope.*

**GOD:** What is all this shit? Who keeps screaming my name all the damn time? What the hell is that little kid doing there? *(sees dead bodies on the ground)* Well, holy shit! There is some real fucked up shit going on in this place. Man, I'm getting the hell out of this pit. *(yanks on rope, begins to ascend)*

**STEVENS:** Wait! Wait! You can't leave! This is a day of reckoning! *(fires revolver at GOD)*

**GOD:** My eye! Oh fuck, my eye! *(loses grasp on rope, tumbles unceremoniously from a great height, smashing a coffee table. God lies writhing on the ground, surrounded by broken furniture and several sticks of incense that have fallen out of his pockets.)*

**GOD:** I didn't ask for this kind of shit!

*Enter THREE WITCHES from STAGE LEFT, dragging a boiling cauldron.*

**FIRST WITCH:** Sagging flesh and fetid cheese,  
Tumors, warts and...

*STEVENS begins firing revolver in mad succession at WITCHES*

**SECOND WITCH:** Jesus H. Christ!

*Exeunt THREE WITCHES*

**SMALL CHILD** *(carrying severed head of Scottish King):* Pudding! Do you have my pudding? *(runs towards STEVENS, places hands over muzzle of revolver, which magically transforms into chocolate pudding)*

*In foreground, the PLAYWRIGHT is solemnly escorted away from his seat by two large, armed men.*

~CURTAIN~

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Alisha Beckum  
Chapel Hill, NC



Bridget Hinds  
Plano, TX

# Separated At Birth?



Alli Henry  
Palos Verdes Estates, CA



Kelly Christeson  
Newport Beach, CA



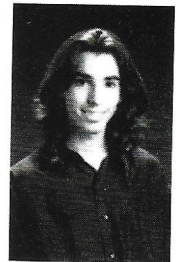
David Weaver  
Prairie Willage, KS



Christine Morris  
Los Altos, CA



Gokee Yucealpan  
Turkey



Graham Waldon  
Santa Cruz, CA



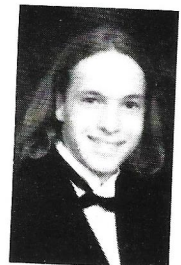
Niki Ulehla  
Bolton, MA



Yarrow Wright  
Jaffrey, NH



Katie McHugh  
Bloomfield Hills, MI



Rhead Enion  
Galena, MD

Who?

Here's a story...



Leroy Sims  
Bellwood, IL



Leroy Sims  
Bellwood, IL



Summer Barghout  
Washington, DC



Mrs. Brady



Colin Drake  
Addy, WA

"Kill your mother. Kill her!"



Melita Sawyer  
Concord, MA



Lucas Brower  
Bellvue, WA



Alice Nelson



Josh Allen  
Florence, MT



Summer Barghout  
Washington, DC



Mr. Brady



Josh Samuels  
Stanford, CA

Yeah.

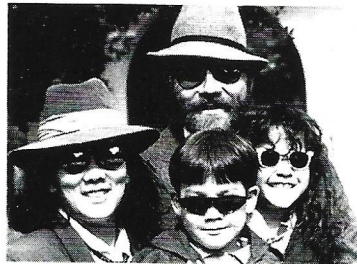


Sparlha Swaby  
Oyster Bay, NY



Brian Gilbert  
Barrington, IL

The Blues Brothers



Ross Shachter and Ruth Yamawaki  
with Naomi and Simon  
Resident Fellows



Sonny Tat  
Seattle, WA

Chris Crane '00  
 Sean Kennedy '96  
 David Lampson '00  
 Annie McConnaha '99  
 Ben Olding '98  
 Chris Onstad '97  
 Caid Peck '98  
 Margot Quandt '98  
 Tushar Ranchod '99  
 Eric Saxon '97  
 Steve Smith '97  
 Ryan Whitehead '98

## Staff

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 Sasha Zucker

'99  
 Aaron Hoover  
 Stacey Nordwall  
 Matthew Pierce  
 Ajna Rivera  
 Tiffany Schrader  
 Darell Tibbles

'00  
 Owen Ellickson  
 Max Heilbron  
 Lani Ludwick  
 Jon Maas  
 Dustin Perkins  
 Anna Saporito  
 Karsten Schoellner  
 Andy Taylor  
 Will Taylor

'01  
 Joe Cavanaugh  
 Heather Stevens

\*\*\*  
 Liz Brooks  
 Eric Jorgensen  
 Jennifer Saba

**Thanks**  
 Adelfa House  
 Barron Park Shell  
 Geronimo Williams  
 Pizz'a Chicago  
 The Stanford Directory  
 T-Party  
 Tresidder Express

**The Stanford Chaparral**

Vol. XCIX      December 1, 1997      No. 2

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Published six times during the college year under the auspices of the Hammer and Coffin Society. Subscriptions are fifteen dollars a year, and single copies and back issues are three dollars. Make all checks payable to: The Stanford Chaparral. Address all communications to: P. O. Box 9916, Stanford, CA 94309, or send e-mail to oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu.

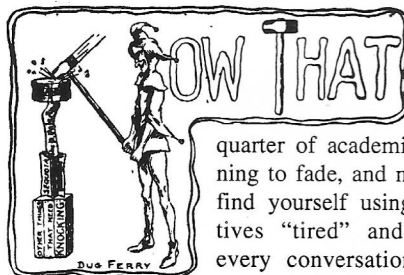
The Chaparral is produced on the Stanford Publications Board Macintosh and UMAX systems and is printed at Casey Printing, King City, CA.

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ESTABLISHED 1899      ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

IT'S BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

WENZEL 1916



the fun and excitement of beginning a quarter of academics is beginning to fade, and now that you find yourself using the adjectives "tired" and "busy" in every conversation, many of you may find yourselves questioning how much you are enjoying your college years on the Farm.

For the new students to this campus, this sudden change may come as a bit of a surprise. "The hardest part is getting in," the high school senior is told many times. "And with that many gold medals, it can't be that hard."

And it wasn't. As freshmen, you often stayed up

late, getting to know your dormies and roomies, while at the same time "getting to know yourselves" (Residential Education, 1997). There was always something going on that you and your friends would attend *en masse*, and in those first weeks, the parties were always packed, the beer was always flowing, and midterms seemed so far in the future that you were sure that catching up was a logical possibility. Phone calls home were filled with love and awe for your new university, and the future was clear and optimistic.

However, as the end of the quarter approaches, things seem to be going quite differently than planned, and it seems that there has been a significant change in your behavior. You no longer make plans to spend your weekends in "the City," since your main concern is getting to "the Stacks" before your favorite study carrel is taken. You and your

roommate no longer say good-night to each other, as you find yourself with a noticeable lack of *nights*, especially ones of the *good* variety. So now, after finding that you are a "standard deviant" according to both of your Econ 1 midterm histograms, you've decided that this quarter may have taken you by surprise.

"Indeed," says the salty Stanford senior with an air of erudite cynicism. "If you haven't gotten a D here, then you don't know the face of fear." The salty senior then drinks a quart of whiskey in the privacy of her Mirrielees bathtub and proceeds to vomit in her own bath, bathing in her own vomit. Electrical engineers have the hardest time coping, it seems.

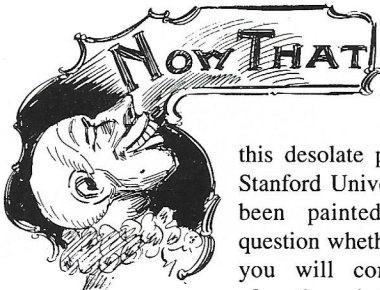
In addition to the harsh reality of the quarter system, even the sunny California weather has decided to turn its back on you.

"It's so sunny here," you kept telling your friends and family in the once-often telephone calls. "We have a lake that fills in the winter and then dries up every summer!"

Sure enough, as this Old Boy has witnessed for many years, the lake completely fills up by the middle of spring quarter, providing a nice setting for wind-surfing and drum circles, and by the end of the summer, it is again a barren field, home to unemployed rafts and misunderstood salamanders.

After thinking about this wonder of nature, take a moment to look outside your window, Dear Reader. If our printers and our army of raccoon distributors have kept on schedule, you are reading this humble commentary during a rhyth-

mic and monotonous rainfall. Thanks to the epilepsy-inducing University lighting and the constant pitter-patter of this *El Niño* running about Northern California, you should be completely insane before the really wet weather comes this winter. You will often be tardy to class, unwilling to ride your bike in the rain, and you will have to wash your pants more often than usual—splattered mud is much harder to conceal than the musky scent of over-worn clothing.



this desolate picture of Stanford University has been painted, it's a question whether any of you will come back after the winter break.

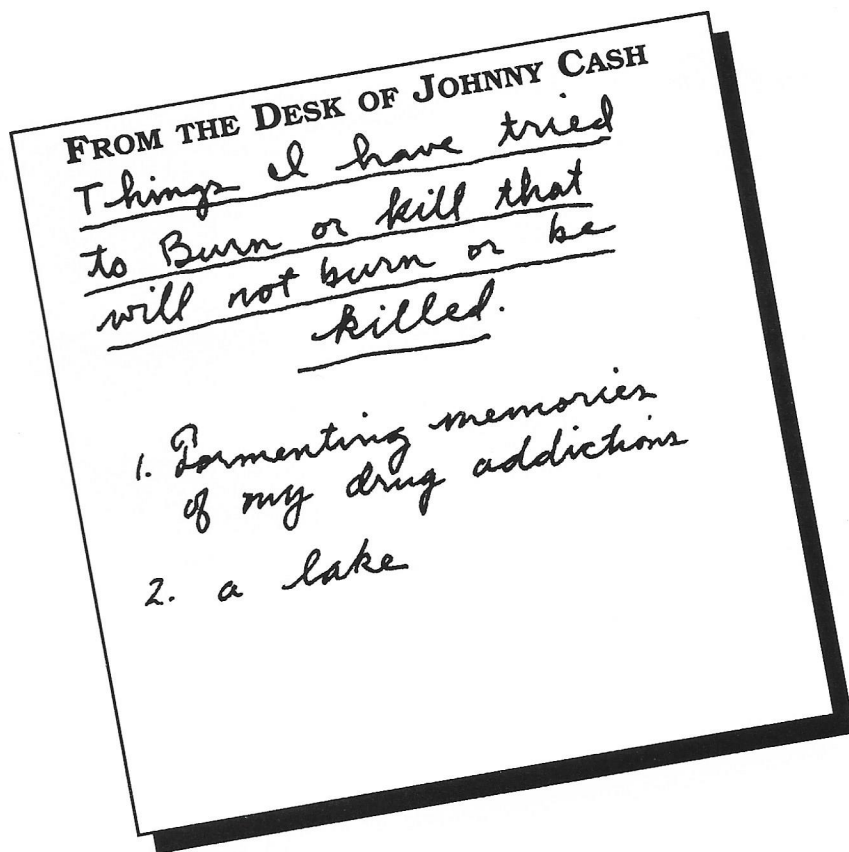
But come back you will, for this Old Boy speaks from experience, and many of you will come back with frenetic eagerness.

You see, in one month you will be home. While you will enjoy seeing your family and friends and some good home-cooking will help remove the horrible taste of exams from your mouth, there are plenty of things in your hometown that you have happily left behind.

Your town will have changed in many ways during the few months of your absence. Your former high school will no longer be excited to

see you, since the novelty of your visits wore off during the first three weeks of the semester when everyone your age was already at college. Your siblings will have pilfered everything of value from your room, if you still have a room. Your friends, especially the ones who have taken up factory labor as their most viable career choice, will joyfully poke your "dorm belly," although the insult will be forgotten over the six pints of Miller Genuine Draft that the two of you will be sharing at Ned's Bowl-n-Pool. The more collegiate members of your former high school posse will be a bit more cordial, offering patronizing remarks and New England idioms during their increasingly frequent lectures on the superior value of four-seasoned weather.

But hey, don't get a bad case of Ivy-envy, groovy cats! Be cool. What you have to realize is that college life in general is not all it was cracked up to be. No matter what college you're at, having crazy hair and hip alterna-clothes will not make you as cool as you were in high school, so don't transfer just yet. Unlike adolescents searching for caricatured identities to embrace, college students wearing tucked in T-shirts with the backwards baseball caps and college students with dreadlocks and burlap dresses do not necessarily cut across mutually exclusive subcultures. In college, these groups overlap—or, at least, they should. So let's not focus on being as different from others as possible in a search for personal authenticity. Instead, let's concentrate on our commonalities, ok? "What a novelty," the salty senior remarks. Indeed.



# FOUR HORSEMEN FOR THE NEW MILLENNIUM

AS REVEALED BY THE LORD  
TO HIS SERVANT JOHN, AND  
SET DOWN IN CHAPTER I OF  
THE BOOK OF INFOMATIONS



1.  
"Look!" cried the Lamb, as it bade me behold  
The seals wreathed in fire and inlaid with gold.
2.  
The Lamb broke the first seal to reveal a horse and its rider.  
The steed was pure white but my face was much whiter.
3.  
"This is **Convenience**, which sweeps through the land  
He makes men too lazy to lift more than their hand."
4.  
The demon grinned as his charger swept by my right,  
And left a smoking red bag before rejoining the night.
5.  
I wondered at the ways the Lord's justice is rendered,  
And ate barbecue sauce with the warm chicken tenders.
6.  
The sound of the second seal opening filled me with dread  
The rider was fearsome and the horse was bright red.
7.  
"This is **Consulting**, born to poison all labour.  
Now work is not more than insulting your neighbor."
8.  
I nodded at the evil of corporate coffers,  
And pondered my multiple 50-K offers.
9.  
The sky thundered dark as the third seal rolled back  
The rider held broken scales on a horse of jet black.
10.  
"Behold **Empowerment**, buzzword of the hour,  
He inspires the weakest and dilutes all true power."
11.  
"Now all the worst have a continuing mission,  
Dumbing down all with the new superstition."
12.  
The final rider thundered out, on a pale horse.  
"Death?" asked I, "No," said the Lamb, "worse."
13.  
"Never again will the earth be relieved  
of the maudlin, the tasteless, the trite, or aggrieved."
14.  
"In the past, the worthless might eventually die.  
But the judgement that ends good judgement is nigh."
15.  
"Death endeth all with a sweet vindication.  
This hell-spawn before you we call **Syndication**."



# Billy & Bike



## Campus Drive

**Dave:** Oh man, here comes Billy on his bike.

**John:** Dude, I hate that guy.

**Billy's Bike:** Hey, you morons! Go to Hell!

**Dave:** Fuck you, Billy!

**Billy:** It's not me—it's my bike.

**John:** Yeah, right.

You're such a jerk. Come on, Brad, let's go to the CoHo.

**Billy:** Can I go, too?

**John:** No.

**Bike:** You guys are stupid!

**Dave:** Whatever, Billy.

**Billy:** Shut up, bike. You ruin everything.

## At home

**Roommate:** Billy, my friends are coming over. We're going to drink some beers,

watch some TV.

**Billy:** That's cool.

**Roommate:** Yeah, so stay in your room 'cause they all hate you.

**Billy:** (muttering) Stupid bike.

**Roommate:** Dude, shut the door.

## Sally comes to visit

**Sally:** Hi, Billy. What are you doing alone in your room?

**Billy:** Nothing.

**Sally:** Oh my God! What happened to your eye?

**Billy:** Everybody hates me because of my bike.

**Sally:** Whatever. You wanna go to Flicks?

**Billy:** No...um...My bike's broken.

**Sally:** No it isn't.

**Billy:** Yes it is! Leave me alone!

## Night-time transgression

**Cop:** Hey you! Get off the bike.

**Billy:** Yes, Officer.

**Cop:** What's wrong with your light?

**Billy:** Somebody through a rock at me and it broke.

**Cop:** Are you aware that it's illegal and extremely dangerous to ride your bike in the dark without a light?

I'm going to have to give you a citation.

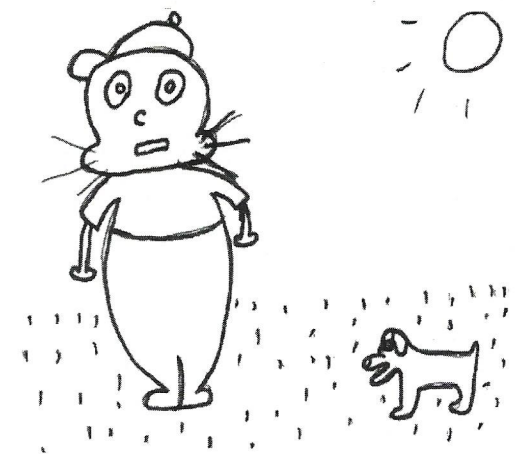
**Bike:** Go screw yourself, pig!

**Cop:** Excuse me?

**Billy:** Um...I said "sue yourself" and then I coughed.

**Cop:** No you didn't. You said, "Go screw yourself, pig."

**Billy:** I hate my bike.



# The Legendary Black Sqwrri!

*Foaming At the Mouth: The unbelievable story of Black Sqwrri!. The essential liner notes by Restless Squirrel*

*Black Sqwrri! changed squirrels' lives.*

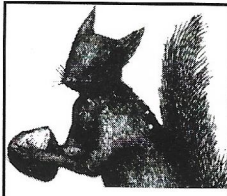
The band started in the winter of 1997 and produced four classic albums in a single season. Unlike old fogey human acts like the mass marketed Rolling Stones, who milk the teet of a stardom until their spleens fall into the toilet one morning, Black Sqwrri! lost their spleens suddenly and unexpectedly. Like all the good ones, their violent deaths came before their decline, and their ascent to heaven came at the apex of their tiny creative efforts. Never mind the brains spilling out of their ears: Black Sqwrri! was and always will be a solid rock and roll band.

Their story is as legendary as their music, and their music is as unknown as their lyrics. The classic Black Sqwrri! collection you now hold in your hands is part of a woodland-wide effort to reclaim the title of "campus woodland creatures' favorite band." The slot is up for contention now, after nineteen members of The Fiddling Raccoon Brothers have been unjustly poisoned. So, prepare to hear the story of Black Sqwrri! told by one who knew them and procreated with them often.

They were unlike any other band that had come before them, and not just because they were a foursome of hissing black squirrels who played ornately carved walnuts. Catching a live performance by Black Sqwrri! was like going to the park and seeing squirrels performing as a musical band. Preposterous, say some. I rasp immediately in response, "No!"

Black Sqwrri! is real, I am sure of it. I saw them in the woods between the buildings, playing their rapidly beating hearts out. All squirrels know that rabies reveals the truth. I know what I saw.

They made beautiful music, those squirrels.



Restless Squirrel

Album lyrics for *Black*, *All In--Grey*, *No Way* - November 1997

## 5:00 o' clock, Nuthin' to Do

Sitting on the curb alongside the street  
I think I'm going over to the other side  
I want to go over to the other side  
Here I go, nah, I think I'm coming back to the same old side  
Think I'm coming back to the original side  
But this time I'm going to the other side  
Now I'm over here I'm on the other side  
And now I know I'm coming back to  
(effect of broken bones abruptly ends song)

## Paranoid and In Charge Now

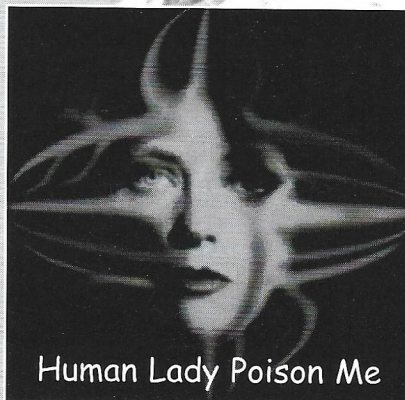
Are you lookin' at me?  
Are you lookin' at me?  
What are you lookin' at?  
What are you lookin' at?  
Well, I'll just go up here and look at YOU  
Now I'm lookin' at YOU  
Now I'm lookin' at YOU  
Ha ha, lookin' at YOU now  
Lookin' at YOU  
Lookin' at YOU

## The Chasing Game

RUN!  
around and around and around the tree  
RUN!  
around and around and around the tree  
RUN!  
around and around and around the tree  
RUN!  
around and around and around the tree  
(repeat until killed by monstrous cat)

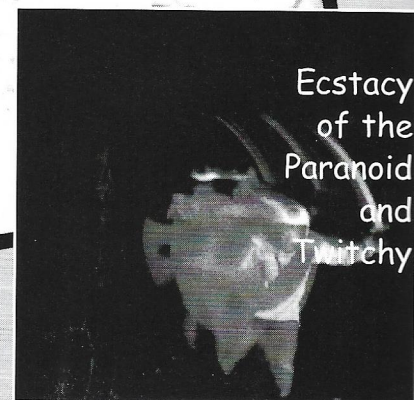
*All day long I hide the seeds I hide the best  
and tasty seeds  
All day long we hid the seeds we hid them  
here we hid them there  
Now we can't find them there or here and  
we're going to starve and it's not our fault!*

Original lyric sheet for "Skittish Saturday (Paranoid)" - 1997



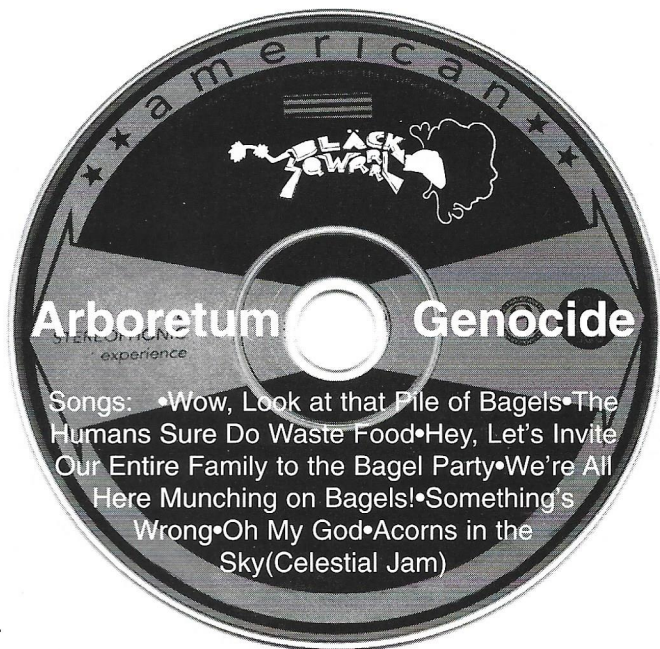
Human Lady Poison Me

*Human Lady Poison Me*— Nov. 1997



Ecstasy of the Paranoid and Twitchy

*Twitching Towards Ecstasy (Ecstasy of the Paranoid & Twitchy)* Nov. 1997



Black Sqwrri!s  
6 song rock opera epic

Songs: •Wow, Look at that Pile of Bagels•The Humans Sure Do Waste Food•Hey, Let's Invite Our Entire Family to the Bagel Party•We're All Here Munching on Bagels!•Something's Wrong•Oh My God•Acorns in the Sky(Celestial Jam)



front

**Cars of Manhorror/A Food I Want More Of**

Sick, pinched, evil faces behind the window grinning  
Probably joking about flattening a squirrel like me  
Probably laughing about smashing a squirrel like you

Human child screeching anger at so young an age  
Wheels of death dissipate uncontrollable rage---  
Hey, excuse me for a moment.  
*(nut in road)*

This is not a union that can work  
Sexuality is very important to me  
And a dog is much too large to hump, see?  
*(sound of bones being gnashed by blood-crazed jealous dog)*



**The Chant of the Cocaine-Addicted Lab Squirrel**

*Chorus*

Snow line clean down tube when I am good  
Snow line slow-mo when I am bad  
Push the bar until it falls so I will not be sad  
*(repeat, more rapidly each time, until heart failure)*

**The Neighbor's Dog is Unreasonable**

Tell me something...  
And I will forget it  
Trust me...  
And you will regret it

**The Coming Together(We Are All Sqwrri!)**

Even though your skin is grey  
I love you need you anyway  
We gotta find a common ground  
We can't drag our differences 'round  
We gotta find a common ground  
And a common ground I have just found  
We are both of members of a vast rodent family  
So we must have fast squirrel sex immediately

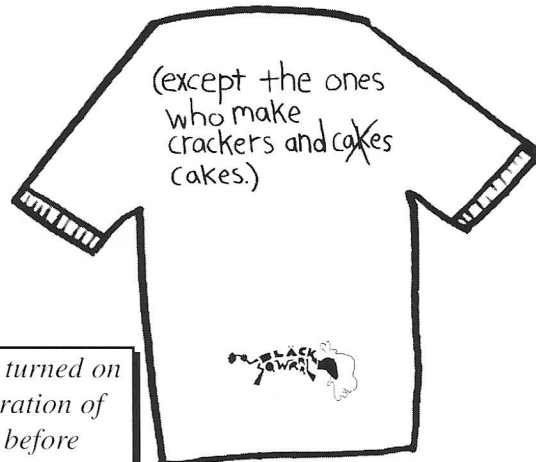
**Eye of the Beholder**

Things of beauty line my view  
Up and down along the trees  
Sweet barks and fruits,  
Autumn's rich debris  
This is what you see...  
What I see is a brown world filled with danger  
You know, I've had to eat another, weaker squirrel before.

Things of gold and things of brown  
Autumn is my favourite time  
Young blacks and greys they play and dance  
Nature's last exhilarating dinner party before winter  
A time that's high for squirrel romance  
This is what you see...  
I must eat and fuck to make sure there will always be squirrels.



back



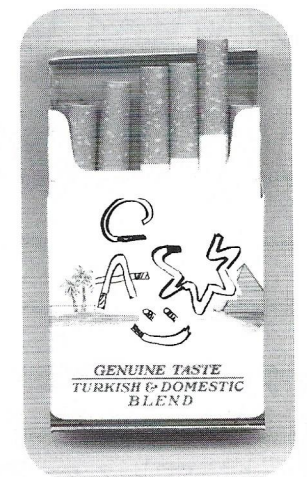
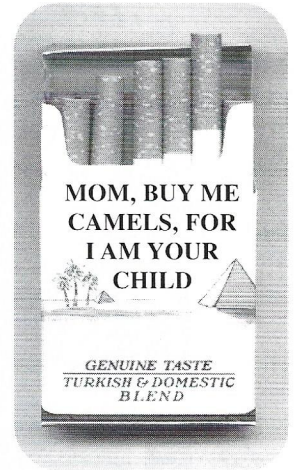
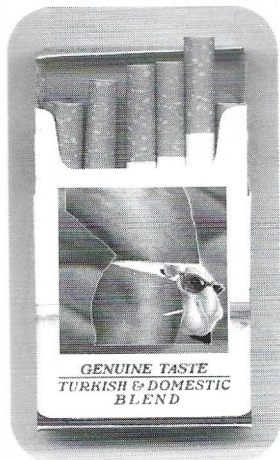
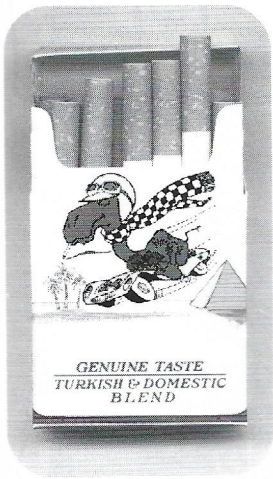
other side

*Black Sqwrri! turned on an entire generation of squirrel youth before they realized that they should be terrified.*



# IN SEARCH OF JOE CAMEL

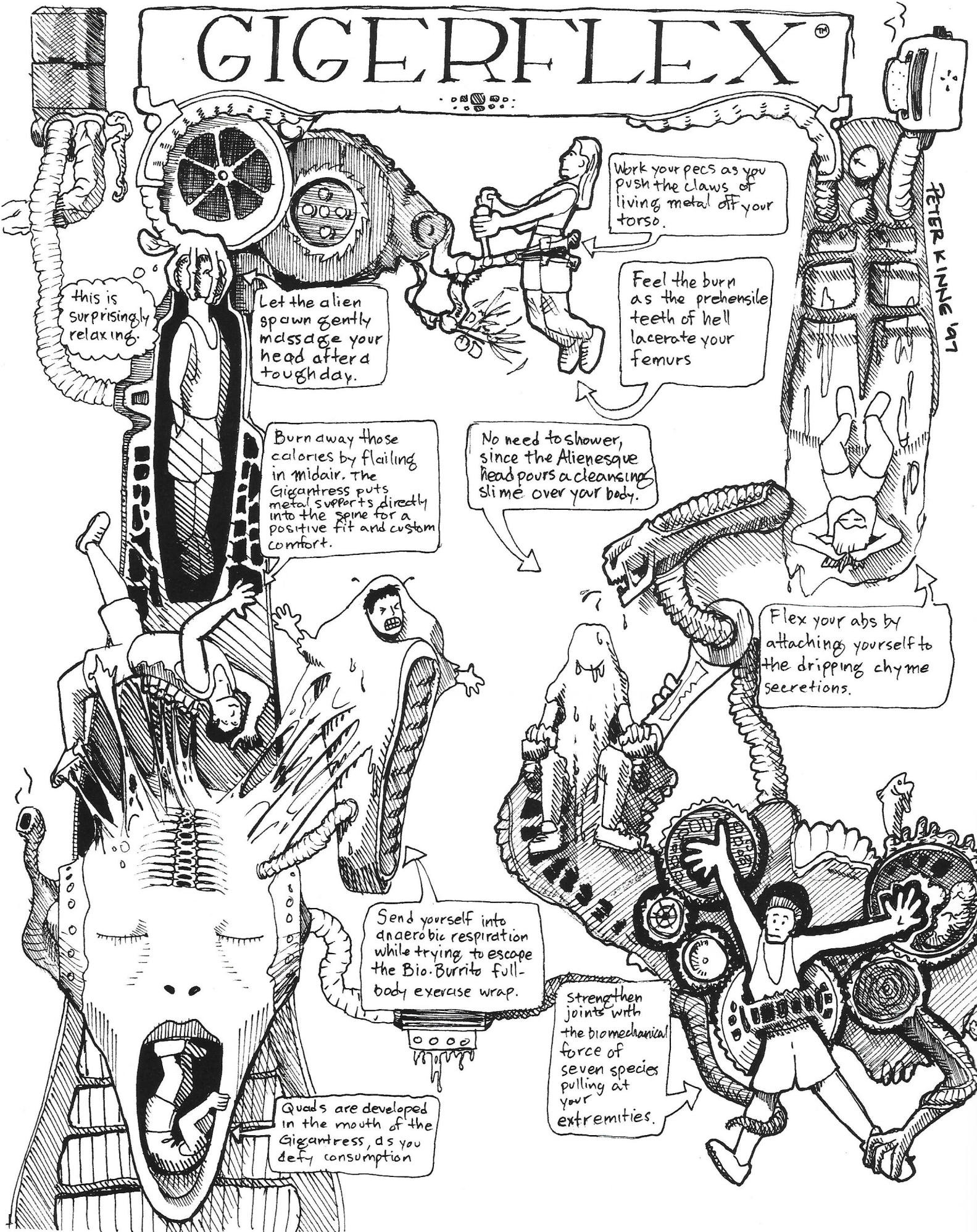
Following recent anti-tobacco legislature, Philip Morris executives met for weeks of frenzied brainstorming. Their mission — to dispel fears that their ad campaigns are geared toward children. Here are their results:



CAMPAIGN	APPEAL	REASON REJECTED
<b>OTIS, THE SMOKING CAMEL</b>	Cartoon animals have worked miracles for the Camel company for fifty years.	Prohibited by law
<b>MOM, BUY ME CAMELS, FOR I AM YOUR CHILD.</b>	Targets pesky tobacco age laws.	Danger of mother's addiction; not enough cigarettes passed down to child.
<b>A PENIS</b>	Subliminal bonus: Penis looks eerily like a camel.	Too subtle
<b>FUN SHAPES</b>	Cigarettes are twisted into "fun" shapes, like stars, circles, boots, and the letters of the alphabet.	"Fun" discovered to cause cancer.
<b>NACHO CIGARETTES</b>	A tangy nacho flavor.	The winner.

# GIGERFLEX™

PETER KINNE '97



this is surprisingly relaxing.

Let the alien spawn gently massage your head after a tough day.

Work your pecs as you push the claws of living metal off your torso.

Feel the burn as the prehensile teeth of hell lacerate your femurs

Burn away those calories by flailing in midair. The Gigantress puts metal supports directly into the spine for a positive fit and custom comfort.

No need to shower, since the Alien-esque head pours a cleansing slime over your body.

Flex your abs by attaching yourself to the dripping chyme secretions.

Send yourself into anaerobic respiration while trying to escape the Bio-Burrito full-body exercise wrap.

Strengthen joints with the biomechanical force of seven species pulling at your extremities.

Quads are developed in the mouth of the Gigantress, as you defy consumption

# Y M G

November 1997

10 ways  
to kill your  
**parents**

are you  
**dating**  
DEATH?

surprise  
**GOTH**  
MAKEOVERS

Suicide  
Solutions

*Young Modern Gothic*



the hot new  
**ornate daggers**  
of  
fall

## editor's note

### things you should fear

**P**ornography; laundry; the "brown" "juice;" Dadaism; goal-oriented members of the military; phrases ending in a preposition; murder; Deuteronomy; the "sober" monitor; large craggy rock faces; Ben in the absence of Jerry; those ol' warty toads; the Pips; "greasy" superheroes; a good 14 of the Fortune 500; beer; Love: American Style; "funny" stores where they don't sell what the sign says; mink; a "delicious" Toblerone; sub-woofers; Top Cat; Old (read: haunted) Union; plague; all 3 Reichs; the "soothing" sounds of the sitar; Gomez Adams; "pies"; what's under a comb-over; "iffy" sorts of piercings; Radar of M\*A\*S\*H fame; repeat of the "riots"; spooky stories told by transients; lick-a-"maid"; Kramer unreined by Jerry, resting on your laurels; pinenuts as a main course; Deathstar 69; novels with "depth"; people with "depth"; drinks which "give you wings"; gratuitous list "humor"; Corbin Bernsen look-alikes; something called "lip service"; rugby; golden lion tamarins; the "Gorbachev boost"; panties; "Rick"-flavored Whiskas; "mock" turtlenecks; Dorf, "Dorf on Golf"; things that have to "grow on you"; syphilis; Orby the Super Van Man; KZSU "lap" contests; Morrissey at Rinc-a-Delt; dogs referred to as "brunettes"; Mickey's; Blitzzen; kissing "cousins"; "gymnastics!"; toreador pants; "Count" Casper; "Stanford" on the Canary Islands; moving pictures; your RA (manslaughter); "post-parties"; the crash of the mighty cymbal; dough-faced teens; "portable" computers; Micky Dolenz; bats; misanthropic focus assistants; Dolby "surround grits"; tin newspapers, the river of deceit; "sandwiches" in which meat is the sole ingredient; risk "management"; overzealous EMTs; Prince videos; people who claim to "run faster than the cheetah"; the "Super Mad" Reaper; women named Clive; sticks; stones; the Piña Colossus; obscure immigration laws; stunt driving; inappropriate use of the phrase "a pint a pound, the world around"; hydraulics; student "discounts"; Barbard Streisand; "fringe" ASSU senators; the evil mummy in the South Mezzanine; the Chappie who makes us call him "Creamy"; James Michener's epic Stern; finding out where people keep their glow sticks; charming finals week tradition: The Devil's Circle; glibly delivered toasts; ringworm; your roommate's "luggage"; prank calls beginning with "Hi, is Tootie there?"; "sofa" "beds"; loose hyenas; chronic fatigue celebration!; "Full Moon on the Wilbur Modules"; Photoshop; Karmic retribution; "controlled" lunacy; portabello "mushrooms"; the bitter taste of defeat; your own mortality; Kappa Sig; "Welcome to Stanford, Kotter"; that blood running down the front of your shirt; what lies in the fornacatorium; the feminist reading of "Waiting for Guffman"; soups; anyone "hailing from" anywhere; relentless "tickle torture"; more than \$40 in felt in one location; poached arms; sand.

## mail

### what a loser

**T**he other day I was at this guy Nighthawk's house. He was so hot. He was showing me some new marble gargoyles he bought and I guess I was nervous because all of a sudden I took an awkward step and tripped on my cape. I landed right on his stereo altar, like some kind of stupid sacrifice to the clumsy gods. He gave me a look that said it was no big deal, but I knew he was really thinking "what a loser!"

Lisa  
Roanoke, VA

we asked, you answered; so here they are — your most **EMBARRASSING** moments.

think about it. I was waiting for the prom and I was dancing with my date, Troy (hunkorama!). Anyway, it was a slow song so we were dancing like all close and stuff, and I kind of wasn't thinking and I put my head on his shoulder. Bad move. I ended up getting so much white make-up on his tuxedo that it was like totally ruined. He called me a vampire bitch and kicked me, but I know what he meant was "way to go stupid! You ruined my coat!"

Blair  
Hristo, CA

### pool hijinx

**I** was playing pool with my friends and I was having a fun time taking the talc and putting it all over myself. But then I sneezed and blew some in this guy's face and he had to go to the emergency room because his eye got all red and puffy. My boyfriend looked at me like he thought it was funny but I knew he was thinking "what a fool!"

Sara  
Washington, D.C.

### burn baby burn

**I** was just sitting behind the mall with some girls from my coven, burning my flesh with a lighter, when this supercute guy and his friends walked by. I wanted to impress them, so I was like "hand me that drain-o," but instead of chugging it I spilled it all over my black stockings and it looked gross. Later that day I saw the cute one again and he was like "nice outfit," but what he meant was "clumsy freak,"

Sara  
Spidoza, MT

### prom woes

**T**his whole thing happened last year but I still feel like a total stupid-head whenever I



# makeover

## Tracy



**T**racy was in need of some serious help. Her god fearing up-bringing never allowed her the latitude for self expression. Stylist Jana decided to treat her to a goth makeover. Jana began by applying black eyeliner both above and below the eye for a striking "been awake for days" appearance. She then filled in the brows for a dramatic "I just danced with dead in my dreams" look. A coat of black lipstick intensified the effect. Light



powder was then added to achieve the glow of a damned soul who's never seen the light of day. Lastly, all was smudged to finalize the "crying for my lost soul" motif.



# do it yourself

### Week 1

#### Make like Ozzy Osborne

Start small. Try sucking on some change. Then slowly progress to the blood of various rodents and other fuzzy creatures. Luckily, Stanford is situated in a wooded area, chock-full of skunks, raccoons, and the like. Nobody will miss them.

### Week 2

#### The sun is not the center of the universe.

Try sleeping in. Remember, you're prepping to become a vampire—the damned have no need for higher education or employment.

### Week 3

#### Steer clear of the scissors.

Vampires also tend to be ungainly and sometimes unkempt. Don't cut your hair or nails. Once you're a vampire, these things grow back at warp speed. Plus, long hair and nails are sexy, especially on guys.

### Week 4

#### Night vandals at large

Leave your window open. Hungry vampires love to steal through windows. Doors are for mortals. If you're lucky, the vampire may invite you to join the ranks of immortality instead of just sucking you dry and leaving you for dead. In case the latter happens, be prepared. Cage those furry animals that you are saving for brunch.

Otherwise, they may revolt and feast on your slowly dying body, making death a doubly painful experience.

### Week 5

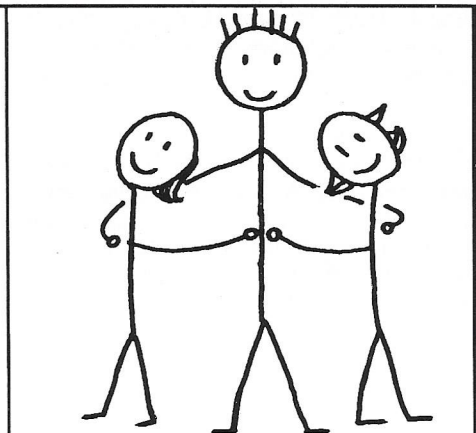
#### A la ER

After 5 weeks of consisting on the blood of small rodents, it's time to progress to the big time. Blood banks are OK but not as much fun. Ditto for morgues. Go for the gusto, get your dinner from a live prospect. Suspicious roommate? Kill two birds with one stone. Pedantic professor? Put the windbag out of his misery. Don't worry if you're not an official vampire yet—by Week Five, you should have acquired a taste for blood. It will only be a matter of time before immortality can be yours.

# campus comix

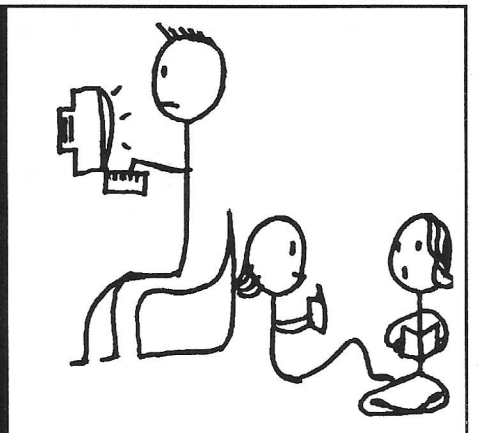


Hey, everybody! Let's have sex!



YEAH!!

5 seconds later



What was Plato's Cave?

## corpses

**say what?** When a corpse utters certain words, it's hard to know (unless you've got serious ESP) what he really means. So until some genius invents an instant corpse-speak decoder ring, get familiar with these few phrases.

### what the corpse says

"I wanted to call you last night, but I couldn't find your number"

"You're such a great friend."

"I was not flirting with her."

"I'd love to help you organize your grandmother's garage sale."

"I'm a little tired. I think I'd rather stay in tonight."

"I was wrong."

### what the corpse means

"I tried to call you last night, but I never got past the first random electrical muscle spasm"

"You are my only friend who is not part of my decomposing process."

"I could not see her, because if I tried to turn my head it would tumble onto the floor."

"I've had my eye on that Atari system for three years."

"My spine has just turned to powder."

[Ha! Fooled you — corpses almost never say that.]

## movies

★ ★ ★ ★

Here is one of the most innocent movies in a long time, a sweet, warm-hearted comedy about a teenager who skips school so he can help his best friend win some self-respect. The therapy he has in mind includes a day's visit to Chicago, and after we've seen the Sears Tower, the Art Institute, the Board of Trade, a parade down Dearborn Street, architectural landmarks, a Gold Coast lunch and a game at Wrigley Field, we have to concede that the city and state film offices have done their jobs: If "Marilyn Manson's Day Off" fails on every other level, at least it works as a travelogue.

It does, however, work on at least a few other levels. The movie stars Marilyn Manson as himself, a bright high school senior from the North Shore who fakes an illness so he can spend a day in town with his lover, Madonna Wayne Gacy and his best friend, Twiggy Ramirez.

At first, it seems as if skipping school is all he has in mind especially after he talks

Twiggy into borrowing his dad's broken down Volvo, a car the father loves more than Twiggy himself.

The body of the movie is a lighthearted excursion through the Loop, including a German-American Day parade in which Manson leaps aboard a float, grabs a microphone and starts singing "Cake and Sodomy" while the marching band backs him up.

There is one great, dizzying moment when the teens visit the top of the Sears Tower and lean forward and press their foreheads against the glass, and look straight down at the tiny cars and little specks of life far below, and begin to talk about their lives. And that introduces, subtly, the buried theme of the movie, which is that Manson wants to help Twiggy gain self-respect in the face of his father's materialism.

Manson is, in fact, a bit of a preacher. "I

wasn't born with enough middle fingers," he says, "I've got abortions in my eyes."

He's sensitive to the hurt inside his friend's heart, as Twiggy explains how his dad has cherished the broken down Volvo and given it a place of honor in his life - a place denied to Twiggy.

"Marilyn Manson's Day Off" was directed by John Hughes, the philosopher of adolescence, whose credits include "16 Candles," "The Breakfast Club" and "Pretty in Pink." In all of his films, adults are strange, distant creatures who love their teenagers, but fail completely to understand them. That's the case here, all right: All of the adults, including a bumbling high-school dean (Jeffrey Jones), are dim-witted and one-dimensional. And the movie's solutions to Twiggy's problems are pretty simplistic. But the film's heart is in the right place, and "Marilyn Manson" is slight, whimsical and sweet. ✕

# marilyn manson's day off

# are you dating death?



**1** You're dressed in your indigo industrial jeans and an audrey-brown boucle top, but he's wearing:

- (a) a sport coat and slacks: a little stiff, but cute anyway.
- (b) a spunky, casual all denim outfit. Is he taking you to rawhide night at the Loadin' Chute?
- (c) a flowing robe which seems to swallow light: weird but oddly inviting.

**2** You get to the restaurant via:

- (a) his very own car.
- (b) walking— you're eating at the cute cafe just down the street!
- (c) a twisted flash of crushing unconsciousness.

**3** You arrive at the restaurant and it's crazy packed for a Thursday night:

- (a) unfortunately you wait a while for the table.
- (b) the maitre'd dies from the stress, and your date chuckles.
- (c) luckily, he knows the maitre'd, so you guys are set up at the most romantic corner table: what a rocker!

**4** Conversation is going great; you both love Weezer! But when the soup comes you mention

- yours is a little cold, so he:
- (a) gives you his — major sweetie!
- (b) pretends not to hear you and goes on talking about the cast of *Friends*.
- (c) heats the soup with the fire of a thousand souls.

**5** You always just go for soup and a dinner salad on the first date; he orders:

- (a) the best vegetarian option, 90s enlightenment city!
- (b) a New York strip steak, a quarter inch thick, whoa! major '50s date cuisine.
- (c) raw liver and fava beans (after the waiter tells him that Dover Sole is a kind of fish.)

**6** After dinner you want to go to that great coffee shop on 5th and just chat, but he's more into:

- (a) catching the latest Ethan Hawke flick.
- (b) driving to a fabulous jazz bar in the city!
- (c) strolling through blue-

black allies lined with people who don't move.

**7** It's chilly and you're hinting that you're cold, so he:

- (a) lets you wear his coat. Who says chivalry is dead?
- (b) consumes you in a warm, dry blackness. Mondo freaky move, but at least you're warmer now.
- (c) Doesn't do anything, Hello! Density factor 10!

**8** You always wear a guarded expression until at least date number three, but his eyes say:

- (a) Hi there, come on in.
- (b) I've been hurt, but I'm ready to try things again.
- (c) You're teetering on the edge of my void.

**9** Although you're always looking for the Brad Pitt physique, your guy has the body of:

- (a) John Elway
- (b) Jon Bon Jovi
- (c) John Denver

dating can be **serious** business and finding **mr. right** is more than just stabbing in the **dark** and waiting for **screams**. Take our quiz and find out if your next date might be **the angel of death**.

Rate your honey:

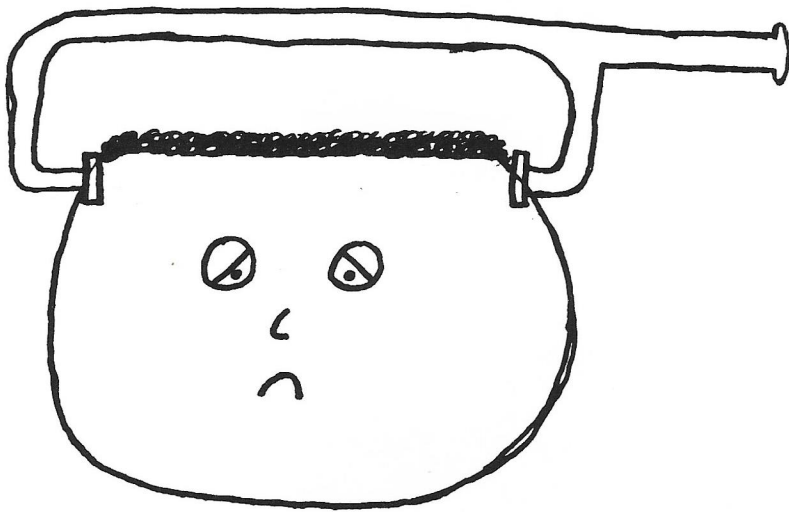
- 1) a:1, b:2, c:3;
- 2) a:1, b:2, c:3;
- 3) a:2, b:3, c:1;
- 4) a:1, b:2, c:3;
- 5) a:1, b:2, c:3;
- 6) a:2, b:1, c:3;
- 7) a:1, b:3, c:2;
- 8) a:2, b:1, c:3;
- 9) a:2, b:1, c:3.

**21 – 27** You've might have had other hot dates before, but nothing compared to the heat of a thousand burning souls. This one's a keeper.

**14 – 20** Give this guy a chance. He might just show you he can burn shit up when the time is right.

**6 – 13** Dump this guy like a sack of potatoes. He'll steal your heart before he steals your soul.

**1 – 5** Check his pulse because it looks like you might have a live one on your hands. Throw him back in and keep fishin'.



## Walter's Terrible Headache

**Earl:** Hey Walter, what's up?

**Walter:** I have a terrible headache.

**Earl:** Really? That sucks.

**Walter:** Yeah man. It's like this horrible pain right here in my head. I can hardly think.

**Earl:** Is it like a migraine or something?

**Walter:** No, it just hurts so much. I don't know what to do. It's like a bee is flying around in my head, just stinging the hell out of me.

**Earl:** Did you take aspirin or something?

**Walter:** No.

**Earl:** You should.

**Walter:** Yeah. It's like there's this vice around my skull, and it's getting tighter and tighter.

**Earl:** Okay.

**Walter:** It's like there's this mad weasel in my head, and it's clawing at me and biting my head, over and over. It's like it's mad.

**Earl:** Yeah, I get it man.

**Walter:** Oh my God! It hurts even more now! Like my head is this metal drum and this Caribbean man is hitting it in different places, and like each place makes a different

sound. It's like Calypso or something.

**Earl:** Whatever dude.

**Travis:** Hey guys, what's up?

**Earl:** Don't ask.

**Walter:** It's like someone hammered nails into my head, and then another guy comes over and bounces a golf ball on each nail over and over, and he's laughing at me.

**Earl:** Shut up, nobody cares about your headache. If it hurts so much, go to the doctor.

**Walter:** Yeah.

### *At the Doctor*

**Doctor:** How many Indian arrowheads?

**Walter:** Like nine.

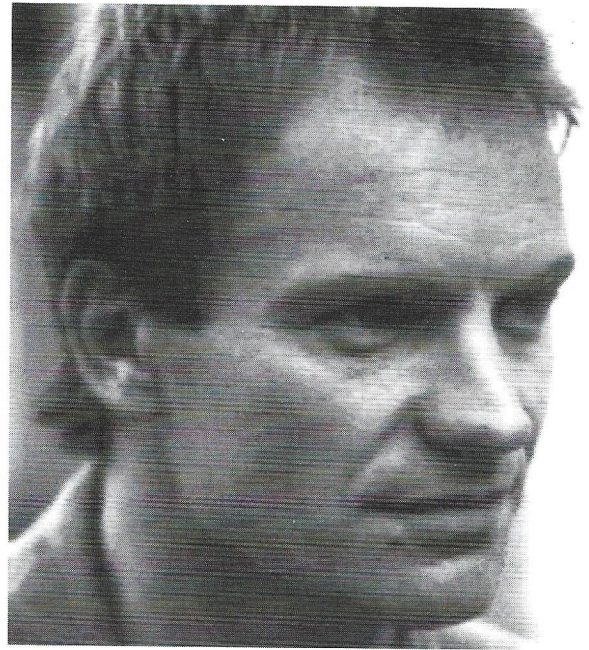
**Doctor:** Uh huh.

**Walter:** Can you do anything for me, Doc?

**Doctor:** (*chuckling*) No, I don't think so.



# MRS. PLANTER & HER SLIGHTLY IRRATIONAL FEAR THAT STING WILL SHOW UP FOR DINNER UNANNOUNCED.



## SESSION I

**Psychiatrist:** Please come in, Mrs. Planter.

**Patient:** I'm sorry to demand a session at such short notice, but, it... happened again yesterday.

**Psych:** Not at all. What happened?

**Patient:** I suddenly was gripped by a fear that Sting would be arriving for dinner later that night.

**Psych:** And what did you do?

**Patient:** I made a delicious chicken marbella; company always love it.

**Psych:** But Sting's a vegetarian.

**Patient:** Oh, God. *(breaks down)*

## SESSION II

**Psych:** I'd like to explore this particular obsession a bit more. What do you know

about Sting?

**Patient:** Well, he's a delightful man who does so much for the rain forests. He's occasionally in movies. And just the other day I saw him singing with Puff Daddy on MTV.

**Psych:** Yes, but what about The Police?

**Patient:** The police?

**Psych:** Forget I asked. *(prescribes lithium)*

## SESSION III

**Psych:** How did yesterday go, Mrs. Planter?

**Patient:** It went fine until I went to work. I kept thinking I had to call Sting and tell him that tonight wasn't a good night.

**Psych:** Hmm. Do you have any idea why you had these thoughts?

**Patient:** Well, Tuesdays are always bad. And yesterday James had a soccer game.

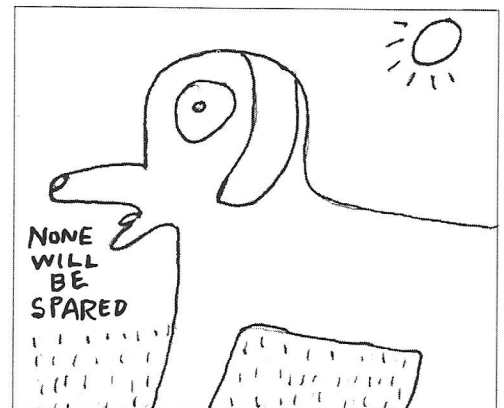
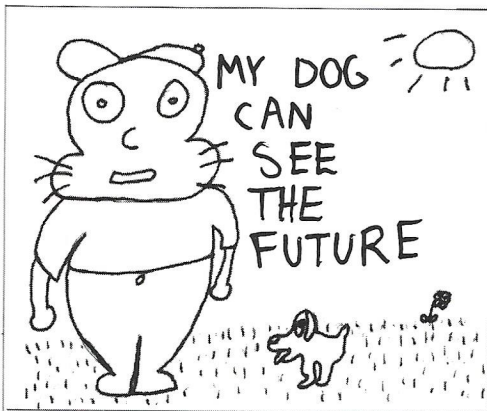
## SESSION IV

**Psych:** Are we making progress?

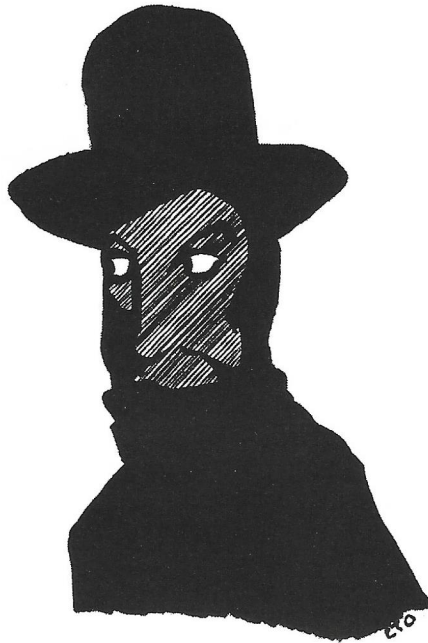
**Patient:** I think so. Last night was the first time I didn't set an extra place for Sting.

**Psych:** An excellent step!

**Patient:** It would have been better if I had, though. A strange man knocked on the door and demanded food. His name was Stewart Copeland.



# A STUDY IN CEREAL



## CHAPTER I MR. CEREAL BOY.

*Being a Reprint from the Reminiscence of Meyer Library Man, curator of Meyer Library, Stanford University.*

In the year 1993 I took my degree in Libraries and Library Management from the University of New York, and proceeded to go through the course prescribed for librarians in the army. I was stationed in Vietnam, but after a brief and glorious stint as the head librarian for the fourth regimen, I was struck by a volume of Ezra Pound's *Cantos* tumbling from a high shelf and suffered a severe wound to the head.

Thusly confined to civilian duty, and stricken with a sensitivity to climate and a unexplainable intolerance for prolonged human contact, I took up a residence in California, as the curator of the Meyer Library on the Stanford University campus.

I had neither kith nor kin in California, and was therefore as free as air to wander the library as I pleased. It was during on of these late-night wanderings, in the farthest corners of the South Mezzanine complex, that I came upon a small boy of middling height, with sturdy features, bent over a voluminous text, *The Encyclopedia of Blood Clotting*. The lad's features were unremarkable save for an enormous cereal box which seemed to comprise his entire torso.

No sooner had I taken stock of his unusual features then the little fellow whirled about and shot me with a penetrating look which froze

the blood in my veins. He spoke in a tinny, whimpering voice.

"You have trained as a librarian, I presume."

How the in heavens he deduced this I shall never know, but I knew in an instant that this was an extraordinary character I had chanced to meet in the depths of the library. We spoke at length and he explained to me that he made his permanent home in the library, but was deliberately vague about his manner of employment.

## CHAPTER II THE SCIENCE OF DEDUCTION.

As Cereal Boy and I fell into a comfortable existence together in the library, I became fascinated with his mannerisms and his strange collection of interests. He was certainly not a difficult fellow to live with. He was a quiet, reserved sort of chap who confined himself to the private regions of the library, and seemed even to shun all human contact besides my own.

He seemed never to sleep and ate little, and I was amazed to discover in a strange incident (documented fully in other chronicles of

Cereal Boy) that he had, within the mysteries of his cardboard box, not even so much as a digestive system.

His remarkable qualities are too numerous to describe completely in this space, suffice it to say that he possessed a strength even weaker than that of an average child, that he played his plastic recorder so badly that I had to take it from him permanently, and that his knowledge of the world outside the library was so spare that I began to suspect he had never been without its walls. I took the time to summarize the bones of his interests and knowledge into a short list.

### CEREAL BOY - HIS LIMITS.

1. Knowledge of Literature . . . . . Nil
2. " " Philosophy . . . . . Nil
3. Cereal . . . . . 100%
4. Powers of Deduction . . . Extraordinary

It was this last point that most sharply piqued my curiosity. He had the most remarkable knack for guessing at the most obscure and impossible aspects of my past, thoughts, and activities. One instance, shortly after I made the acquaintance of Mr. Cereal Boy, was particularly memorable.

"I have a sudden craving for a sandwich," I told him. "I think that I will go out for a bit."

"If you eat salami you will find yourself sick all night and day," he replied. "You always do." I was flabbergasted. Never had I told him of my abhorrence for salami.

"I'm not quite sure when I shall return. I am meeting an acquaintance of mine."

"You have no acquaintances. You will doubtless sit alone in the dark and comb your sideburns."

"I could not conceal my aston-

ishment. "How the Dickens did you know that I—"

"I have a turn both for observation and deduction," he replied.

"Well, I suppose I'll be going now. Until later."

"First you ought to change your undergarments. Three consecutive days is more than enough for one go, I'll wager."

### CHAPTER III

#### THE MYSTERY OF VIEWING CUBICLE # 3.

It was not long after my arrival at the library that I learned of Cereal Boy's unique occupation. I received a letter, addressed to Mr. Cereal Boy.

"Won't you read me the letter aloud," he asked. "And stop thinking so much about chocolate. It dominates your thoughts."

"How the Dickens did you—" I stammered.

"Please read the letter," said Cereal Boy, a smile playing softly upon his lips.

*My Dear Mr. Cereal Boy,*

*There has been a bad business during the night. Our man on the beat saw a light in Viewing Cubicle #3, and as it was well after viewing hours, suspected something was amiss. He investigated immediately, and was horrified by what he found there. There was a videotape still playing on the monitor, a film entitled "Maintaining Your 70s Hairdo in another age." The cubicle was strewn thickly with empty juice boxes and tins of peeled peaches. There had been no robbery, nor was there any evidence as to how the viewing cubicle had been so horribly fouled.*

*I am at a loss as to how the perpetrator could have entered the cubicle after library closing hours; indeed, the whole affair is a puzzle. I would esteem it a great kindness if you would favor me with your opinions.*

*Yours faithfully,*

*Walter McChutner  
Head of Security  
Meyer Library.*

When I was finished reading Cereal Boy removed a leather flying cap from his desk and placed it on his head.

"The game," he said, placing a leaking pen into his mouth, "is afoot."

### CHAPTER IV

#### MR. CEREAL BOY SHOWS WHAT HE CAN DO.

Cereal Boy set to work immediately on the case. Never had I seen his mind piqued so. His concentration was so acute that he fought off all sleep, and paid no mind to food even when I prepared his favorite dinner, a simple dish of four medium-sized pieces of putty.

But even as the case consumed his thoughts, my companion refused to leave the privacy of the library, refused to see Mr. McChutner or to interview any of the witnesses of the case. Try as I might, I could not fathom his abhorrence of personal relation other than my own, and that mystery began to consume me even as much as the messy business at hand.

He came to rely upon me as his detection emissary, collecting evidence, locating various suspects, and surveying the crime scene. I worked hard at it, delighted to be of any assistance to his tremendous mind.

#### The Facts of The Case

Miss Marianne Hodgeworth, who manages the front desk, was the last person to leave the library, excepting myself.

Miss Hodgeworth is a woman of sizable proportions, so much so that she can move only with the help of a hefty assistant. She has not climbed a set of stairs in twenty years.

Miss Hodgeworth has spent the past seven years building a church, and now presides as a mistress to the poor and the needy.

Miss Hodgeworth has lost her sight in both eyes.

### CHAPTER V

#### A LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

After Cereal boy had all the facts of the case in order, he fell into a deep trance for a number of days. He sat alone, and in the dark, rubbing his cardboard belly with the palms of his hands and humming softly to himself, a ritual I had learned to associate with the deepest of thoughts swimming inside the plump little fellow's tiny head.

When he came out of his trance, Cereal Boy drafted the following letter, and asked me to deliver it to Mr. Walter McChutner, Head of Security for Meyer Library.

*Dear Mr. McChutner*

*I have examined every minute detail of the case, and am confident that I have located the perpetrator. If there is a single essence of detective work that I have discovered in my long and distinguished career, it is that when a fact appears as the result of a long train of meticulous deductions, it cannot fail to be true. I will therefore lay out the barest bones of my investigation, and the infallible conclusions I have drawn.*

*It was the fat lady.*

*That's right, the blind one.*

*I saw her myself. She isn't the slightest bit sorry about it. I have heard her mutter to herself that she would gladly do it again.*

*Delighted to be of service,*

*Mr. Cereal Boy  
Criminal Detective*

### CHAPTER VI

#### THE CONCLUSION.

Upon receiving this letter, the library security system swung into action. Miss Hodgeworth was paid a swift and telling visit, a series of sharp cries rang out in the night, and the horrid business was put swiftly to rest.

The following night I sat with Cereal Boy and questioned him about the particulars of the case.

"I am deeply in your debt," I told him. "If it was ever discovered that it was really I who fouled the viewing cubicle, they would have banished me from the library."

Cereal Boy took his bottle from the corner of the mantelpiece, and his hypodermic syringe from its neat Morocco case. With his stubby, pale, nervous fingers he adjusted the delicate needle and rolled back his left shirtcuff. For some time his eyes rested thoughtfully upon the sinewy forearm and wrist, all dotted and scarred with innumerable puncture-marks. Finally, he thrust the sharp point home, pressed down the tiny piston, and sank back into the velvet-lined armchair with a long sigh of satisfaction.

"Please don't mention it," said Cereal Boy. "As your imaginary friend, it was the very least I could do."

# T H E P O L Y G R A P H T E S T

POLYGRAPHER: We're going to start out with some general questions about yourself, and then work back to the events concerning the allegations against you.

HABIB: All right.

POLYGRAPHER: Is your name Habib Khazil?

HABIB: (puts down, coffee, shakes finger) Ha-beeb. You have pronounced the last name correctly.

POLYGRAPHER: And that is your name?

HABIB: Yes.

POLYGRAPHER: All right. Habib, do you consider yourself an honest person?

HABIB: Yes, yes I do.

POLYGRAPHER: Have you ever falsely represented yourself to an official agency?

HABIB: At times. At times I had to, to protect myself.

POLYGRAPHER: Have you ever lied to a person whom you considered a friend?

HABIB: Yes I have.

PORNOGRAPHER: Was it about a bitch?

HABIB: What?

POLYGRAPHER: How did you get in here?

PORNOGRAPHER: I was looking for the cigarette machine.

POLYGRAPHER: Sir, if you would...

HABIB: It's down by the commissary.

PORNOGRAPHER: Thanks, man. (he leaves)

POLYGRAPHER: (looks at polygraph)

POLYGRAPH: beep beep

POLYGRAPHER, HABIB (hearty laughter)



## So many ways to say that Eric Clapton has died...

Eric Clapton is dead.

Eric Clapton has died.

He is dead: Eric Clapton.

He has died (Eric Clapton).

Who is dead? Eric Clapton.

Hes Dead, Volknar

Eric Clapton died today. I had nothing to do with it;  
I read it in the paper.

-OR-

The fax that's coming out of the fax machine is because  
of the phone call I just made. To Eric Clapton, (who is in  
heaven with his baby son).





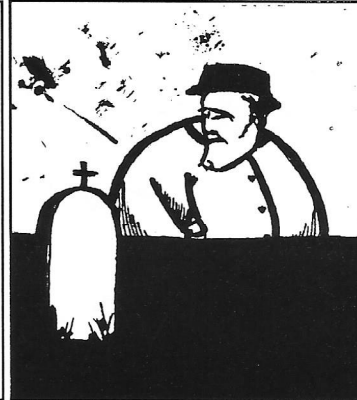
# Cartoons of Germany



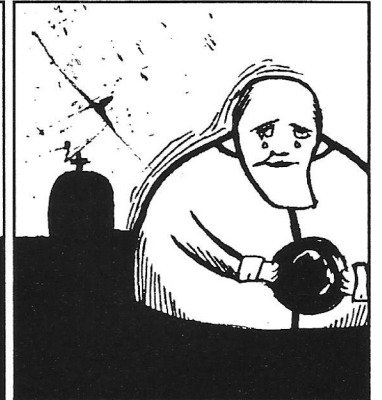
Eberhard, a large man, purchases a new shirt



Eberhard is wearing his new shirt on the street, he is proud



He sees a graveyard



He starts to cry



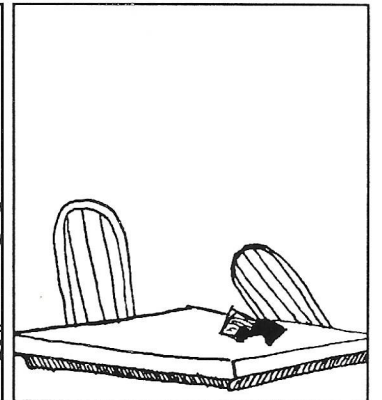
Ooter is sitting at a table, his sister reads to him from a magazine



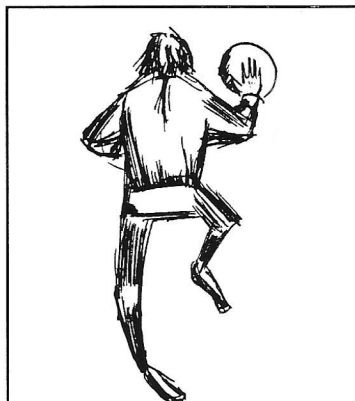
Ooter comments that the article is uninteresting



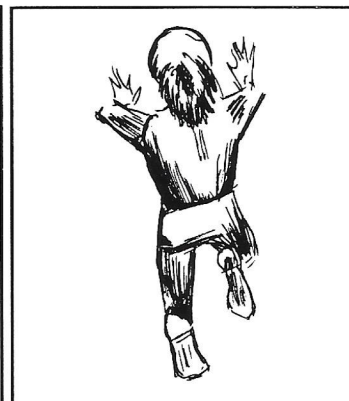
A fearsome wolf!!!



The table is empty



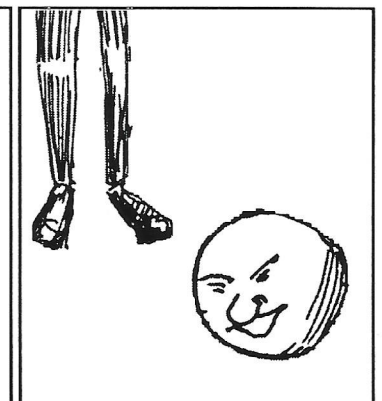
A boy is throwing a ball against a wall



The boy misses a catch, the ball hits him in the mouth



The boy spews blood and teeth all over the ground



The ball now has a face, and it is laughing at the boy

# Disney to animate *Faces of Death* series

After an exhaustive search, the Walt Disney Company announced that it will animate the *Faces of Death* series as its next summer blockbuster.

"When it came down to it," says Disney president Michael Ramser, "we decided that a movie with enough appeal to merit three sequels had to be good enough for a Disney project."

Disney will use its standard technique of using cartoon animals to play the main characters. In *Faces of Death*, the man crushed by a tractor will be played by Atiba, the adorable African monkey. The woman who fell two thousand feet from a blimp will be played by Kuku, the playful Brazilian sea otter.

Franz Petrikof, the creator, producer and director of the original *Faces of Death* series, is enthusiastic about the project. "The Disney company is a wonderful company, yes indeed," declared Mr. Petrikof, dabbing softly at a crack in the top of his bleached skull. Mr. Petrikof added that he would be delighted to write original scenes for the movie. "In my exploration of the many faces of death, cartoon animation is a

medium that has gone largely unexplored."

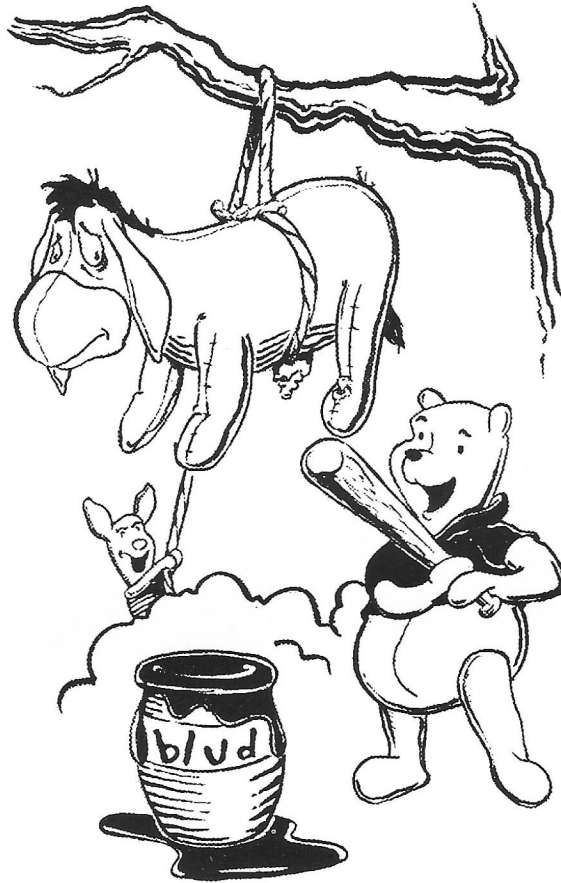
Newman.

The movie will be directed by Alex Drummer, who also directed the hugely popular *Aladdin*. "I see us going in a slightly different direction with this picture," said Mr. Drummer, "but we're still shooting for the same audience base. We want this to be a movie the entire family can watch."

Mr. Drummer admits he isn't yet completely familiar with the script. "I haven't actually had a chance to see the movie yet, but I like the ideas implied by the title, the theme of many different faces, both during and after life."

Mr. Drummer predicts that Disney animators will have a lot of fun with this project, creating amusing and original masks, or "faces" for the different characters. "I think this will turn out to be an intensely spiritual movie," says the director. "I know that the principle of multiple faces has always been a powerful theme in my life."

When searching for the subject of its next summer blockbuster, Disney was torn between *Faces of Death* and *The Torture Chambers of Doctor Sadism*. *Faces* won out because it had more characters, and a bit less torture.



In their usual style, Disney will work a number of catchy songs into the script. The song writing will be handled by *Toy Story*'s Randy

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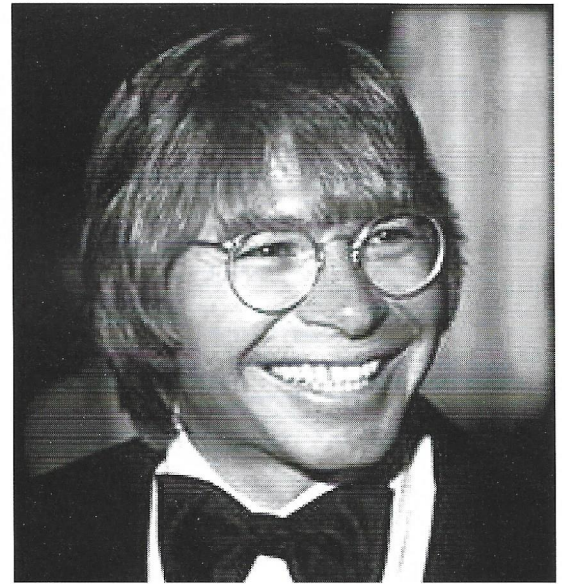
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# PLEASE LET ME DIE LIKE A ROCKSTAR



**December 31, 1943** John Denver is born Henry John Deutchendorf in Roswell, New Mexico.

**February 3, 1959** Buddy Holly, "The Big Bopper" (J P Richardson), and Ritchie Valens die in a plane crash.

**April 17, 1960** Eddie Cochran dies in a limousine crash on the way to the airport.

**October 23, 1964** David Box of the Crickets dies enroute to a gig in Harris county when his Cessna Skyhawk 172 crashes nose first and overturns.

**December 1967**  
Otis Redding is tragically killed in a plane crash.

**June 1969** The folk trio Peter, Paul and Mary record Denver's "Leavin' on a Jet Plane," which went on to become the number one song in the country. Denver was denied royalties when a judge ruled that, "it was really an easy song to write."

**April 1972** Denver's "Country Road" single makes it to number two on the charts.

**September 20, 1973** Jim Croce dies while taking off at night in a light plane from a small airstrip. The plane snags in a treetop at the end of the dim runway outside Natchitoches, Louisiana.

**June 1974** Colorado Gov. John Vanderhoof names Denver the state's Poet Laureate.

**August 1976** John Denver's much anticipated follow-up album sells just shy of 500,000 copies.

**October 1977** John Denver stars opposite George Burns in "Oh God!"

**October 20, 1977** Ronnie van Zant, Steven Gaines, Cassie Gaines of Lynyrd Skynyrd die in an airplane crash.

**January 1979** John Denver's "Windstar Tribute" album is his first not to grace the Top 40.

**May 1980** George Burns sans John Denver stars in "Oh, God! Book II."

**November 1984** George Burns sans John Denver stars in "Oh, God! You Devil."

**December 30, 1985**  
Ricky Nelson dies when his plane, once owned by Jerry Lee Lewis, burst into flames en route to Dallas.

**August 27, 1990** Stevie Ray Vaughn dies with four others in a helicopter crash near East Troy, Wisconsin.

**September 1993** John Denver is mistaken for Martina Navratilova at a trendy New York City restaurant.

**February 1995** John Denver's "Live at Pompeii" sells a disappointing 4,000 copies.

**March 8, 1996** George Burns dies at age 100.

**October 6, 1997** John Denver buys a "Make a Single Engine Aircraft from Home Appliances" kit from Fry's Electronics.

**October 13, 1997** John Denver dies when his "experimental" aircraft plunges into a bay near Monterey Bay, California.

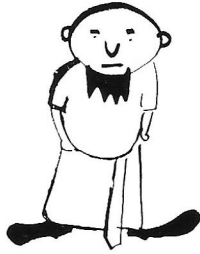
**Can I Take Your Order Ma'am**

A New Comedy Written By and Starring  
the great and powerful creator of  
the independent film *Going Crazy*  
(God)

**HEY!**

That's

**ME!**

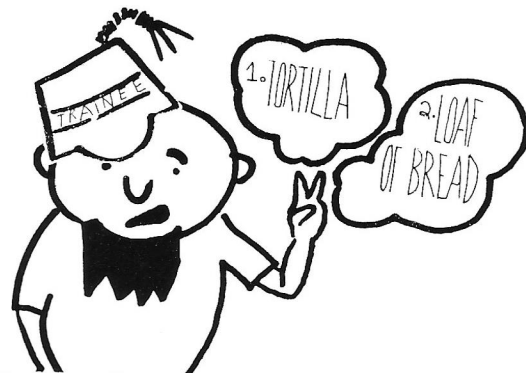


Hello, Mother Theresa, and  
welcome to Heaven. I am happy to  
report that because you dedicated  
your earthly life to Me and  
Mankind, I appoint you to Saint.  
You will forever be influential  
among the mortals who choose to  
jog the path of God.

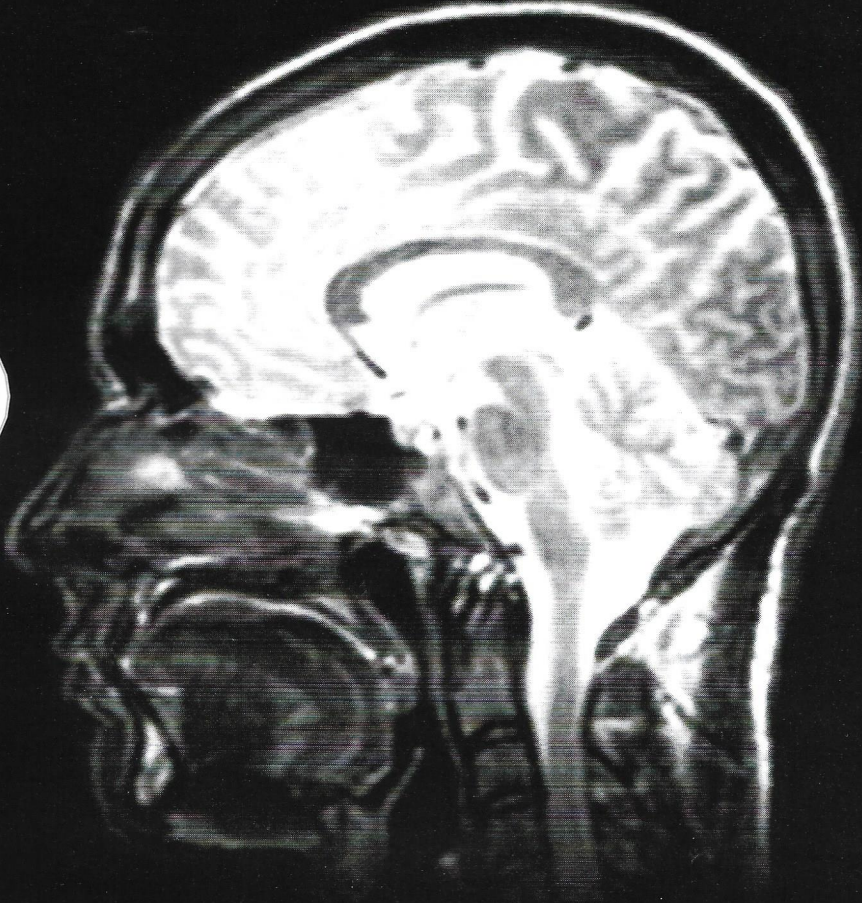
There is a certain advantage to  
becoming Saint, of course---a reward  
for your life of sacrifice...



To this end, I must ask you: would  
you like your influence to materialize  
in tortillas or loaves of bread?



# CHAPARRAL PRESIDENT SANTOS MARROQUIN



Welcome to the  
Chappie. Have a  
seat anywhere.

As part of our continuing synthesis of humor and science, Chappie meetings are now presided over by Santos – a living brain in a translucent skull. Meetings are held every Wednesday at 8:30 PM on the second floor of the Storke Publications Building. Artists, writers, and businessmen are welcome. Anyone who can cure this brain's self-destructive appetite for Pabst Blue Ribbon is especially welcome. For more, email [oldboy@chappie](mailto:oldboy@chappie) directly.

# Greatest Fears of the Staff

**Dave Lampson, writer**

I am afraid that May Day will come back into prominence as a national holiday. I will be asked to be May Day coordinator, and I will have to leap and dance around a tall pole, clad only in starched white shorts. There will be one bonus, because I will take many vacations. I will relax and enjoy myself on every day that is not May Day.

**Stacey Nordwall, writer**

I have carried these fears with me through my entire life: falling from a great height, failing to obtain adequate employment, Dean Martin's shaking hands touching me, touching me from beyond the grave.

**Eugene Park, sluggard**

My greatest fear is the force of "glug." Why must bottled beer be so cruelly dispensed? My fear inspired me to invent the bottle buddy.

**Marc Mezvinsky, business manager**

I am afraid of spiders. This condition is called "arachnophobia." It is a disease like any other. That is why I must continually take codeine. I have arachnophobia.

**Chris Crane, writer**

Just the usual fears for me— Snakes, spiders, loud motorcycles, folding chairs, camping equipment, hats. Those kinds of things. Oh yeah, and spotted dogs. And fingers.

**Anna Saporito, writer**

A big fear of mine has always been the garbage disposals in many suburban sinks. But I guess that's all part of the "emotional baggage" that comes with losing a hand.

**Owen Ellickson, writer**

My biggest fear is that one day I'll be really bored and playing with a pen, and on a whim I'll just shove it right into my eye. Then I'll be a pseudo-pirate outcast, and no one will talk to me. Then, I will die.

**Bobby, adorable child**

Everytime I go outside, I worry that it will start to rain and I will be caught without my galoshes. I have never seen a pair of galoshes, but I know that they are very powerful indeed. They can protect you from the rain.

**Sean Lucy, head writer**

My worst fear is that one day I'll return home to find that my collection of Duran Duran CD's has been smashed. I really like that band.

**Jon Maas, writer**

Being from Texas, naturally my biggest fears are hypocritical gun control laws. For instance, it is still illegal to "murder" someone with your (concealed) weapon.

**Dustin Perkins, artist**

I am afraid that I will never build the sweet bridge of love across the yawning void that exists between myself and the rest of humanity. Also big dogs.

**Santos Marroquin, president**

I have always had this fear that while bored in class, I'll begin to wiggle a loose tooth so much that it comes out in my hand. I'm serious.

## Good Ways To Scare Your Friends

- 1) Pretend you're asleep in bed, and when your drunk friends come in your room to piss on you, jump up and go "Blah!" or some other scary noise.
- 2) Wait for your friends to lock you in the closet. Then when they remember to let you out, hold your breath and pretend you died of thirst.
- 3) When your friends have a party and don't invite you, go to their window outside and tap on it. When they go to the window to find out what the noise is, hide. They'll think it was a ghost making the noise.
- 4) Go find your friends first. Then, when they say "here comes shit-head," shit on your hand and put it on top of your head. That's the best one.

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Melodrama — *Kennedy*  
Separated at Birth — *Staff*  
Four Horsemen — *Peiffer*  
Billy & Bike — *Crane*  
Black Sqwrri — *Saxon*  
Diary of a Stalker — *Nordwood*  
Camel Campaigns — *Lampson*  
H. R. Geiger Gym — *Lucy*  
YMG — *Pearl*  
Makeover — *Saba*  
Campus Comix — *Rivera*  
Dating Death? — *Lucy*  
Marilyn Manson's Day Off — *Pearl*  
Things You Should Fear — *McConnaha*  
Walter's Terrible Headache — *Crane*  
Sting for Dinner — *Peiffer*  
A Study in Cereal — *Lampson*  
Campus Comix — *Rivera*  
Polygrapher — *Onstad*  
Eric Clapton is Dead — *Onstad*  
German Cartoons — *Lucy*  
Disney Faces of Death — *Lampson*  
Like a Rockstar — *Pearl*  
Apocalypse Dog Comix — *Crane*  
Scare Your Friends — *Crane*

## ART

Cover — *Kinne*  
H. R. Geiger — *Kinne*  
Billy & Bike — *Perkins*  
Black Sqwrri — *Pearl*  
Disney Faces of Death — *Perkins*  
German Cartoons — *Onstad*  
God — *Saxon*

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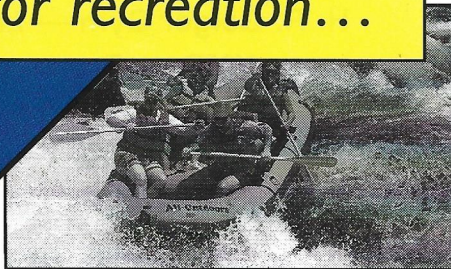
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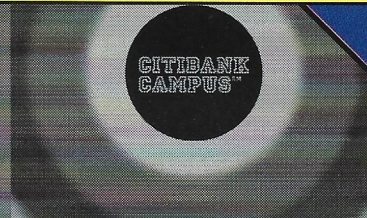
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