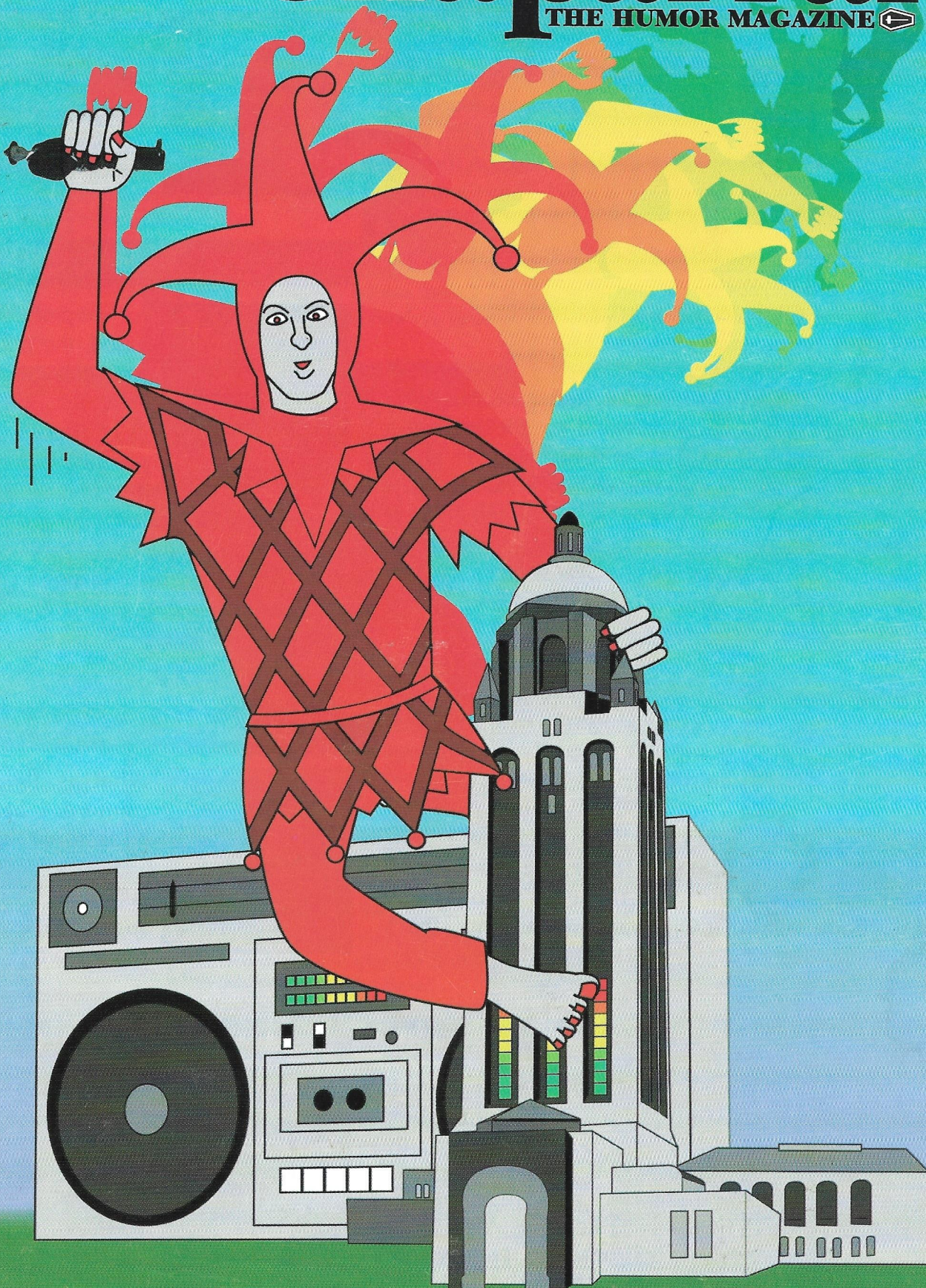


STANFORD Chaparral

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE



Vol. CIII No. 1 \$3.00

STANFORD

Guide to the Stanford Campus

SWEET HALL

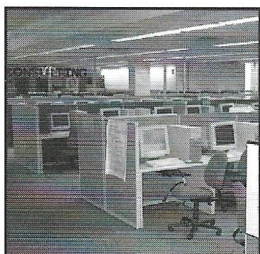
1st floor



The Undergraduate Advising Center on the first floor of Sweet Hall has professional academic advisors to assist you during your time at Stanford. Also on the first floor you'll find the Overseas Studies Office. Find out about

Stanford's study abroad opportunities in nine countries around the world.

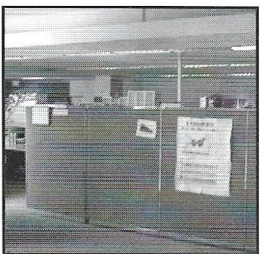
2nd floor



The second floor houses the UNIX machines for student use in a twisted netherworld caught between a forsaken existence and an abandoned ring of hell, enduring like a smog hanging low in the choking city. It is a lifeless sigh, an abyss

devoid of both consequence and meaning, but it is also the only known location to buy Austin Brand Animal Crackers, so what the fuck?

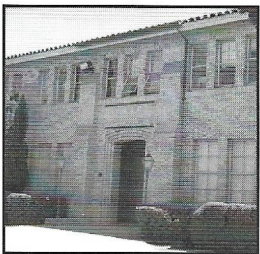
3rd floor



Systems administrators and computer security employees help keep the computers and associated systems running smoothly from their third floor offices. Thanks, guys! Oh, by the way, uh, guys, I forgot my

PAC code again. Oh wait, nevermind; that's someone else.

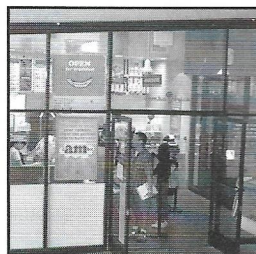
CAREER DEVELOPMENT CENTER



I mean, 7 numbers is a goddamn lot to remember. 1-812-373-6539 and then my arbitrary PAC number? I didn't even get to pick it to be my birthday like my ATM pin. Wait, is it possible it starts with

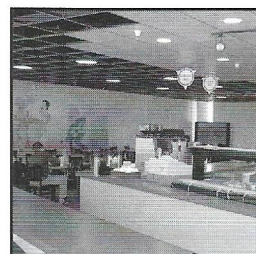
958? If so, I think I might know the last four numbers. Shit.

JAMBA JUICE



Enjoy a delicious and healthy fruit smoothie or other nutritious treat. Did you know that Jamba Juice straws are tested for their "suckability factor"? It's true! No, seriously. Check their website.

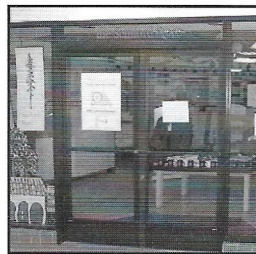
THE COFFEE HOUSE



As you probably already have surmised, the people who sit in the back of the CoHo do not actually exist. They are the wandering spirits of grad students who long ago perished in their nests in closets of the math building. The only

exception is the unflinching bird-like man in the corner. He is a projection — a product of the imagination of a Japanese animator living in Osaka. His image is sustained purely through the animator's purity of mental energy and focus.

THE STANFORD STORE



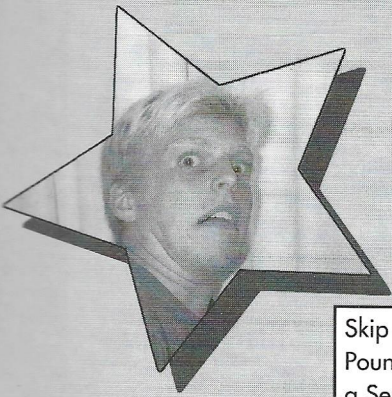
What is the purpose of The Stanford Store when the Bookstore has an infinitely greater selection not more than 200 meters away? Well, why do Spaniards love lawn bowling? You know?

THE STANFORD BOOKSTORE



New, unreasonably expensive solid oak bookcases hold down the gremlins that once helped to build the great structure. Is that fair? Jesus. The photo lab is located on the lower mezzanine. It says APS film takes

three days to develop, but it really takes more like five.



Put down that Capri Sun, Johnny Freshman, this ain't Sally High School no more.

Wipe away that Welch's, José Freshmante, this ain't Louie Lunchroom Hall no more.

Skip the rhinestone crutches, Paulie Poundmefreshman, unless you want a Senior Sandwich.

Forget that Jordache jumper, Ima Freshlady, those went out of style in Ninety Ninety Never.

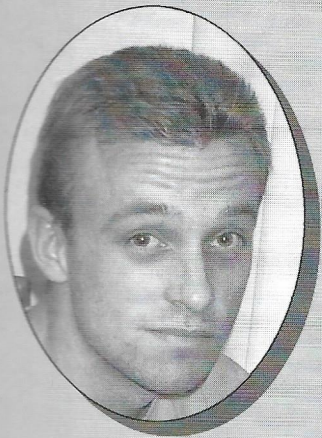
Ditch that metal Care Bears wastebasket, Mr. Freshmister, those haven't been hip since Yonder Yesteryear.



Throw down that garbage-pancake, Shakespeare McDummyskins, this here's a hamburger town.

Drop those linoleum knickers, Stanley Sumpadumpafirstyear, there's no sense hiding that panty line!

Say so long to your hump-bucket, Humpy Humpalottaafrosh, that train died out with the Humpasaurus.



Lose the Penis Lapel Pin, Johnny Backwards, no one has worn them since Lickety Lastyear (2000).

Cut out the crop dusting, Lenny Oldfrosh, the Depression was in 1933.

YO FRESHMAN!



Cover up those gills, Kevin Costnerfreshman, *Waterworld* was not a good movie when it came out in, *now get this, 1996!*

Close that internment camp, Racy Racistein, racism has never been in style.

It's closing time in "Animal Pancakes Land", Babytown, they just foreclosed on Toddler's House.

You don't need that mop anymore, Tony Danza, *Who's the Boss* went off the air in 1993.

Get rid of the snorkel and mask, Aqua Aquawater, the pool was drained three days ago. But it will be available Thursday (the 21st). (Not this Thurs., next Thurs.)

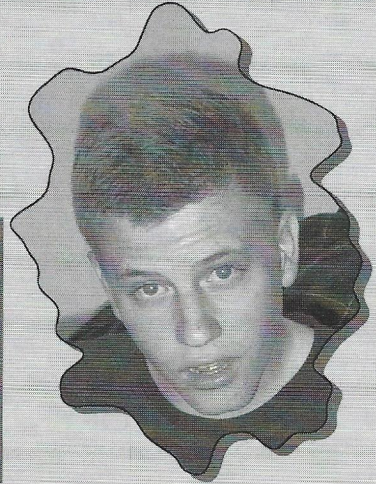
Stop wearing shoes, you stupid Grilledcheeseveryday-everyway guy. They just don't mix.

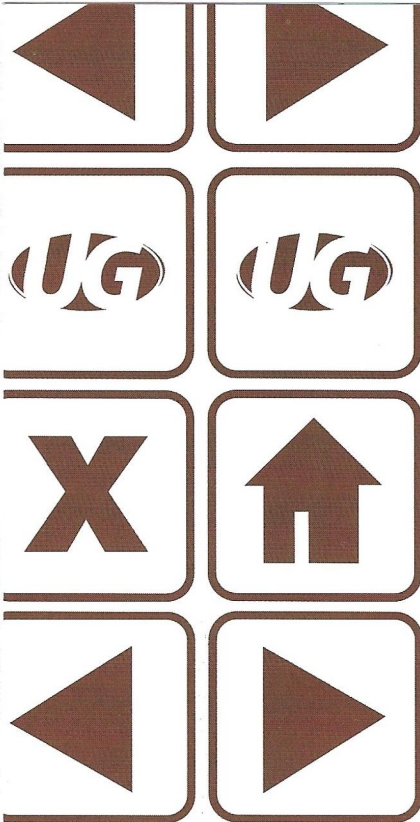


Take off that sheet metal and plastic, Roy Boy, the future's not till next year. And she's wearing wood!

Toss out that Hebrew school field trip permission slip, Arnie Sasserstein, Jesus was born over 2000 years ago. And then some people ended your religion.

Nix the Tim Curry impression, Susan Sarandon, the *Rocky Horror* convention is down the hall. In 1975! In DorkWorld! Susan SaranDORK!





unofficial guide

everything Guide, online

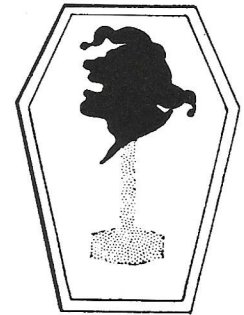
- Virtual Directory business listings
- Interactive Restaurant Reviews
- Local Maps
- Tons of other Goodies



<http://unofficial.stanford.edu>

STANFORD Chaparral

Volume CIII, No. 1
September 22, 2001



Art Credits

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7	Grandma Cartoon.....	Huetter
16	Dr. Dre in Plato's Republic.....	Montegut, Herman
19	Door Hangz.....	Perkins
23	Battleground: The Conflict Escalates.....	Huetter
25	Fun to be Rich.....	Perkins
29	"Pacific Ocean".....	Spiro

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Staff

'02

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The STANFORD Chaparral

Vol. CIII September 22, 2001 No. 1

ANNE BENDER '02 **GEOFF SCHAEFFER '02**
Old Boy *Old Boy*

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Head Writer

IAN S. SPIRO '04
Art Director

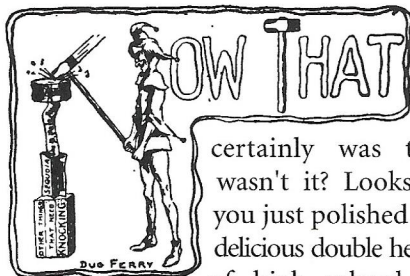
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Circulation Manager *Business Manager*

GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS '02 **JACOB YOUNG '02**
Old Boy Emeritus *Old Boy Emeritus*

Hammer Coffin

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ROB HANN '00 EUGENE PARK '98
MATT PEARL '98
CHRIS PEIFFER '98

REFLECTIONS



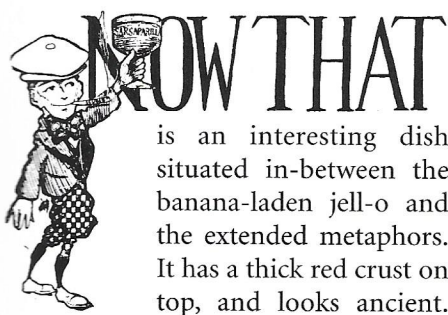
certainly was tasty, wasn't it? Looks like you just polished off a delicious double helping of high school and fried chicken and are heading up to the buffet line for another delicious

serving. It looks like, by some strange coincidence, you are even heading to the Stanford section. See those plates rising magically out of the countertop? Better load those plates up with all those things that make college life tasty, because you'll be working through them for the next four years. You might even need two trays. Three is probably too many. Slow down there, you don't want to go too crazy. There is a limit to

how much someone can digest in four years, and it might not catch your fancy to sit around for five. Starting off with a salad is generally a good choice. Classes, awkward social posturing, and cornbread are fundamentals for any plate. Most college dishes come with an unlimited supply of beer, so that hardly counts as a choice. Don't be afraid of making choices, however. You don't want to be the proverbial bisexual agnostic of this

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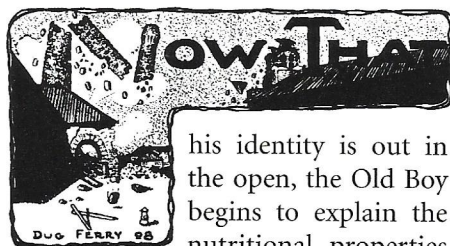
buffet line. Selections get trickier from about where you are now, the soups and networks of contacts, and right on through until dessert.



is an interesting dish situated in-between the banana-laden jell-o and the extended metaphors. It has a thick red crust on top, and looks ancient.

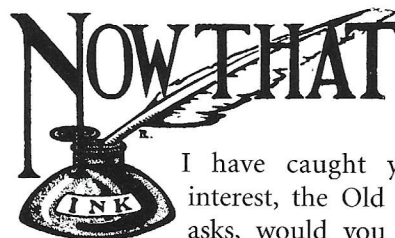
You can't imagine enjoying this dish at all, not even a small portion of it. Yet you can recall others who went up for their college serving a few years ago who came back with plates full of this stuff. Only, on their plates, the dish looked like it was ruby-red ambrosia. You pause and wonder if you are too late to sample that fabulous chow. Maybe it all dried up back when you were busy nibbling on your driver's license? The kindly old gentleman serving this dish notices your confusion and begins to explain the tricky nature of this food as he sneaks some of it into that salad on your first tray. You would have to be especially observant to catch that bit of red nestling amongst the croutons. The old man explains that what he lovingly ladels onto the plates of the interested is, in fact, the Stanford Chaparral. He goes on to say that the Chappie looks old because it is, in fact, old. It will be one hundred and two years old this October and it is the

second oldest humor magazine in the nation. The old man cackles as he informs you that he has been serving up the Chappie since 1899, almost from the very beginning of the time that they opened up the Stanford section of this buffet, and that everyone who has chosen to load a plate up with it has never gone unsatisfied. As he says this, you notice that what you originally thought was the snappy red uniform of the Stanford food service team is actually a jester's costume. You wonder to yourself if you are in the presence of THE jester, the Old Boy of Stanford University. The Old Boy notices your expression and nods a confirmation.



his identity is out in the open, the Old Boy begins to explain the nutritional properties of his magazine. He notifies you that the Chappie can bring balance to any selection of college foods. Engineers and English majors have been able to chew up the magazine and find it to their liking. Best of all, he continues, this cuisine isn't an acquired taste and anyone without prior humor experience can eat as much, if not more, then the folks who have made it a staple of their diet. All this sounds well and good, but you just have to ask the question. Old Boy, why does the

Chappie look so much more appetizing on the plates of those that were eating it wholesale then it looks in your warming tray? Ah that, the Old Boy grins, well you can't expect to get the full flavor and effect without putting a bit of work into it can you? Everyone gets a little something out of the Chappie in the form of six issues of funny per year, but those who actually help prepare the dish get the most of all.

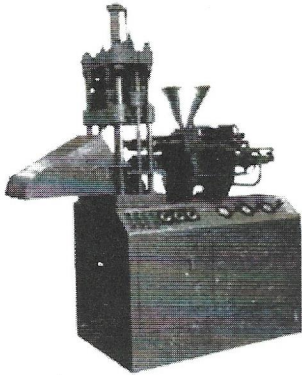


I have caught your interest, the Old Boy asks, would you like some more Chappie on your plate? Perhaps a trayful? The truth is, in the century plus since the creation of the magazine, the style of preparing it has changed but there has always been a need for those who want mirth as a main course in their collegiate meal. Maybe you don't need quite as much roast beef and self-loathing on your second tray after all? Maybe you've already eaten some of that cornbread and have room for the Chappie there? It is now your time to decide if you want to hurry away to the bento boxes or let the Old Boy load up your plate.

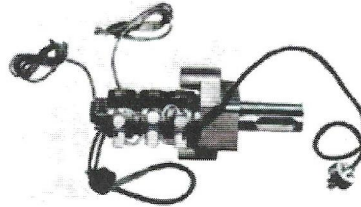


Solve your fluid control problems with

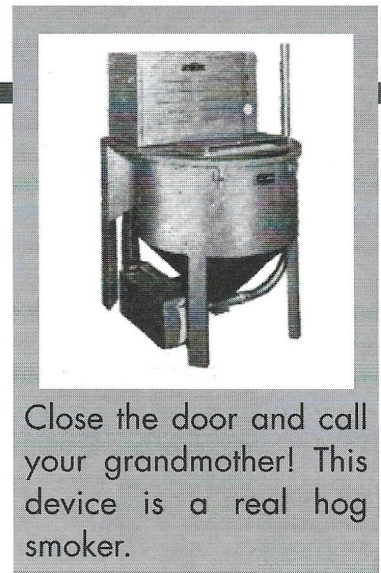
New Things in **SCIENCE**



You can call this one "sir." It will make you bellow 'til you're yellow.



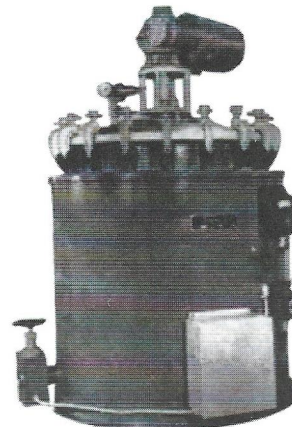
Slap down on the saddle-up, 'cause this little pony is a regular pang-dangler.



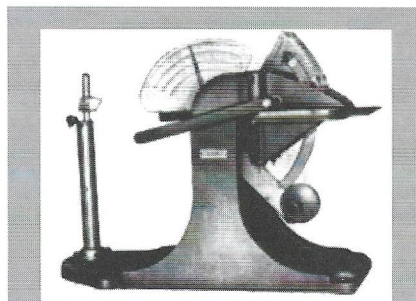
Close the door and call your grandmother! This device is a real hog smoker.



You better strap it on sideways, because this little ass-grabber really kicks around.



You'll say, "Cat, cat baseball bat, roll it in the butter and put it in a vat" when you get your hands on this little kick-in-the-pants.



Lay down the metal, Susan - this one's ready to bang 'til Tuesday.



No lies between butchers, this one's the farts.



Be the hat on the rat when you show everyone that this spanker's Not Broken After All!

The CHAPARRAL DIAPHRAGM-OPERATED VALVE Co.

"Making a Better Valve for You and Your Loved Ones."

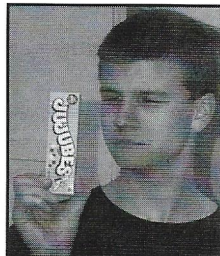
Jujus hurt, Jujus destroy

Each year, jujus destroy the lives of tens of thousands Americans. Tragically, Mike Benson lost his battle with this assorted fruit flavor devil His plight reminds us that Nerds® are a far superior candy.

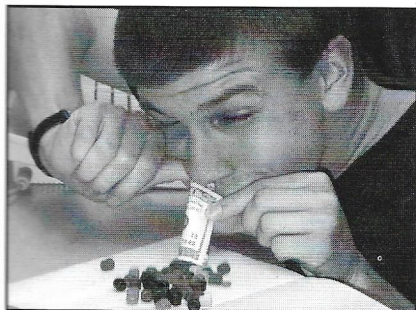
Jujus hurt, jujus destroy Anthem:

"I will face my jujus. I will permit them to pass over me and through me. And when they have gone past I will turn the inner eye to see their path. Where the jujus have gone there will be nothing. Only I will remain."

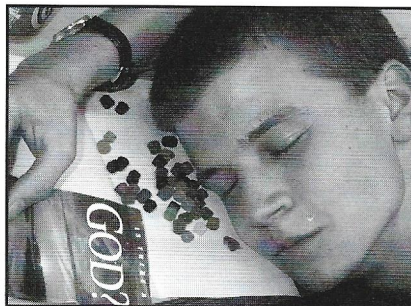
-Frank Herbert, Dune, "Litany Against Jujus"



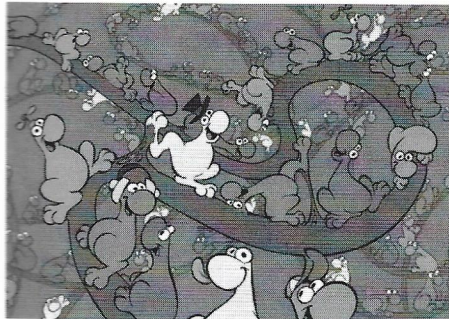
Mike Benson
1989-2001
son, brother, friend



Spiraling into the depths of candy-colored hell.



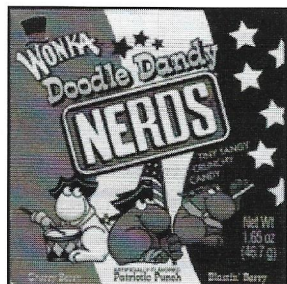
A Godless, devil candy



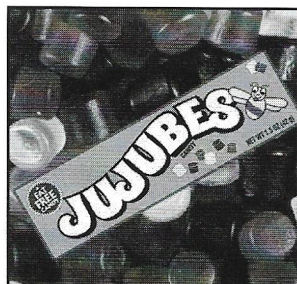
Nerds just like to go rope sliding.



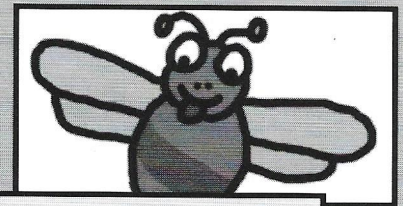
Mike made this artwork illustrating how jujus are the incarnation of pure evil.



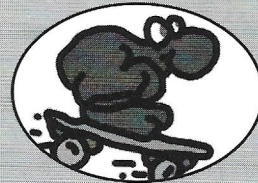
Nerds are patriotic, fun-loving and adorable.



Is that a swastika??!

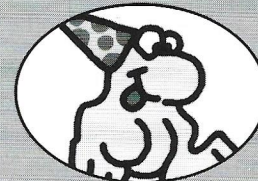


Celebrities on the sordid life of the Juju Bee.



Skater Nerd

Once he tried to get me to carry drugs across the border and I was like, "Dude, drugs are wrong."



Party Nerd

As the party nerd, I like to party, but that Venezuelan house fire stunt he pulled last year just went too far.



Max Wright

This one time he tried to get me to carry drugs across the border and I was like, "Dude, you're a maniac!"



Dancing Nerd

Once I invited him to go sliding on the ropes with us and he just laughed in my face. It's just... he didn't have to be mean about it, that's all.

It's been some thirty years since Arthur C. Clarke and Stanley Kubrick gave us "2001: A Space Odyssey" and inspired a generation of filmmakers, scientists, and gleefully androgynous rock stars. Now the inevitable has happened, and 2001 will be upon us in less than three years. While the moon is still free of habitation, monoliths have yet to appear in the desert, and very few observers are reporting the heavenly presence of a star-baby encased in a translucent uterus, the prospect of evil super-computers in very real. Here we present for the frosh a case-by-case guide to determining if your roommates is, indeed, HAL 9000.

Your RA has just ran through your floor yelling "House Meeting in 5 minutes. Be there or be square. <giggle>"

Roommate — "Dude, I hope they got mini-carrots and dip for study break again!"
This human is in for a treat.

Roommate — "Screw that. The last time I went to house meeting we gave fifty bucks to someone's horse."
While surly, this roommate is probably made of carbon.

Roommate — "Dave, I am afraid that I have to finish this problem set, and thus will be made square."
A worrisome lack of social context.

You enter your room at 3 AM and turn on your light, disturbing your roommate.

Roommate — "Dude, I've got crew practice in two hours."
No computer would have made such a horrible decision.

Roommate — "I'll fucking kill you."
Santos may not be the ideal roommate, but he is not a computer.

Roommate — "What have you been working on Dave? I'd like to see it."
It's either HAL, or an honor code violation

You turn up your stereo to its highest level.

Roommate — [silently bobs head, begins to finger imaginary guitar.]
Computers do not regularly waste so many cycles in an attempt to resemble Joe Perry.

Roommate — [plays a 311 album on his stereo as loud as possible.]
Indeed, "some people really suck," and one of them is your roommate.

Roommate — [begins atonally singing the words to "Daisy, Daisy"]
There's a chance the year 2000 bug might eventually shut him up.



Is your roommate socially awkward?

A dorm crush

Roommate — "Dude, you've got to help me get Kim to notice me."
A computer's unyielding memory doubtless would recall the time Kim put a cigarette out in his Jamba Juice.



What does he do for fun?

Roommate — "So I said "Tequila Popper, I don't even know her..."
This moronic pun is not indicative of the 9000 line's superior humor program.

Roommate — "Dave, Liz said Kim wanted to 'hook up' with me, but I am unsure of the proper interface."

Bottom line: when HAL gets confused, people die.

A boring Saturday night

Roommate — "Dude, wanna go get some beer?"
You have an extremely average, and human, roommate

Roommate — "I'm gonna go serve hips and get my nuts gobbled!"
The desire for the pleasures of the flesh and gobbling of nuts is decidedly unlike HAL.

Roommate — (Steadily probes you with his single red eye)

Stanford

2001-2002

New Undergraduate Student Information Project

FAQ for Incoming Freshmen

Q: How are roommates picked? I am often shy/homesick/grumpy and sometimes I snore/stay up late/forget to go to class. I want to make sure that my roommate will be able to live with me.

A: The coordinators will take the information you provide on your information forms and try to make a good match, taking into account academic interests, extracurricular activities, region, and living habits. Hopefully, you will find enough in common to be able to get along and form a friendship; the differences that you discover will allow you to learn from each other.

Q: When do I find out the name of my roommate?

A: You will find out the name of your roommate(s) on September 21, the day that you will move into your new room. Stanford maintains a strict policy not to disclose names or phone numbers of future roommates before that point.

Q: When do I find out the name of the great and terrible demon inhabiting my roommate?

A: Whenever your roommate feels comfortable telling you; maybe never. Stanford regards this information as extremely private and will not disclose it. Besides, not all demons are great and/or terrible and there is a chance that your roommate won't be a slave of the Evil One.

Q: Realistically, what are the chances that my roommate is possessed by a demon?

A: We really appreciate and support diversity here at Stanford. Those students that shine pure in the light of Christ (or another diety from a major world religion) will most likely have a roommate with a diabolic stowaway. However, if you are currently possessed, you probably won't have an accursed roommate.

Q: If my roommate is possessed, when is it okay to perform an exorcism?

A: Exorcisms can only be performed with the consent of your roommate. Some people revel in having their soul full of sin. Trying to cleanse their black hearts against their will goes against the beliefs of that individual and is, as such, a violation of the Fundamental Standard.

Q: What if I seriously have a problem living with a darkling bastard of the nether realm? Can I petition to change my roommate?

A: Stanford does not allow roommate changes based on cultural differences. Your roommate would have to present a serious detriment to your physical or mental well-being before such a petition would even be considered.

Q: What if my slaving hell-fiend roommate tries to attack me and/or invite Satan into my soul?

A: Call campus security and try warding him/her off with crucifixes or other religious icons appropriate to your belief structure until security arrives.

Q: AARRRRGGGHHH! It's eating my soul!

A: Hopefully this FAQ has been informative and all your questions have been answered. Have a great year at Stanford!



The Conundrum of the Delicious Swedish Fish

In which two famous friends discuss the bewildering nature of the most mysterious of the fine candies.

Watson: I say! Delicious Swedish fish are an enigma!

Holmes: Indeed, I have long wondered: Just what it is about them that makes them Swedish?

Watson: They have the word 'Swedish' written across their bodies.

Holmes: An astute observation, Watson, but is this sufficient proof of their Swedishness?

Watson: Why, no Holmes. Anyone can write arbitrary nationalities on themselves, or have one included on the mold that creates them, for that matter.

Holmes: Quite so! And where do you suppose the deliciousness come from?

Watson: Well, that must be the flavor. Given that the most common variety of Swedish fish are red-flavored. I would say the deliciousness . . . comes from this red flavor.

Holmes: Hmm . . . yes, Watson you continually astound me! But like red Jell-O, no indication is given as to what this flavor is supposed to be.

Watson: Well, it must be cherry, or strawberry, or some sort of exotic Swedish snow-fruit.

Holmes: Come now, there is no basis for those deductions. All we know is that red is definitely not chocolate, and it might not even be a fruit flavor.

Watson: I see your point. Yes. Definitely not chocolate.

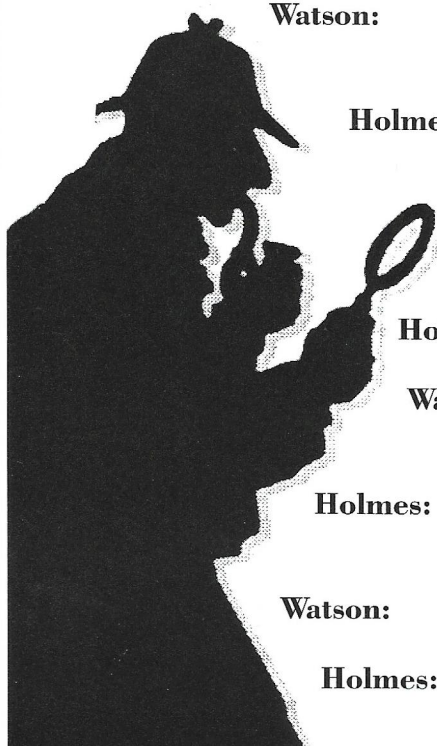
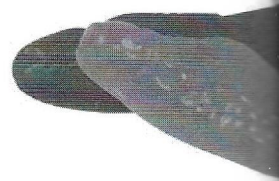
Holmes: And I even wonder about the fish shape.

Watson: Terribly sorry to disappoint you Holmes, but I just don't know anything about that at all.

Holmes: Yes, well, Swedish fish are indeed an enigma. One I have puzzled over for many a year, Watson.

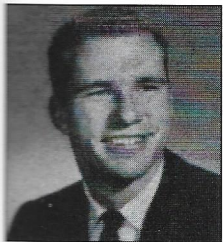
Watson: Holmes! It says here on the bag they are manufactured in Canada.

Holmes: This mystery deepens, and begins to take on sinister outlines as it does so.



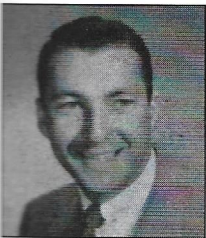
The Chappie asks: What are you going to do after graduation?

For new freshmen, these first few weeks can be a very stressful time. Which classes should I take? What should I do with my life? Do I just want a well-paying job, or do I want to sacrifice money to do something I love? Do I want an office job, or a job that does not take place in an office? We thought that the new freshmen might find it useful to see what some older students had to say.



"I'd never, ever take an office job, man. I'm going to do something that won't force me to

work in some stuffy artificial office somewhere."
—Michael Ames, '03



"Yeah, I can sympathize with all those guys who say that office jobs aren't for them. Money is definitely not my first priority, either. What is my first priority? Hmm. That would probably have to be gold. I'm not in it for the money, I just want a few huge hunks of gold."

—Jon Markowitz, '03



"Take an office job? Ha! No way, Jose. There's no yuppie life in my future, no sir. I'm just going to grab my backpack and my journal

and travel around the world for a while. How long? However long I need to, man. Until my beard is down to my knees and my skin is rough and leathery and a deep chestnut brown. Or at least until I come across some gigantic hunks of gold."

—David Croke, '02



"I would rather die than take an office job. I don't need money or fancy things to make me happy. Simple

pleasures, dude, simple pleasures. Simple, enormous hunks of solid gold."

—Nolan Convery, '03



"I would say that I'm more the bohemian type, you know, starving artist, something like that. I could see myself in

Greenwich Village or the Mission District, maybe even Austin or Boulder. You know, anywhere I can get some humongous hunks of gold."

—Sophia Nadel, '04



"Are you fucking kidding me? Give me some giant fucking hunks of gold!"

—Brett Lurman, '02

Differences



THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN...

... A MUSICAL AND REAL LIFE

a musical:

Janitor:

I just want to dance.
(Enter twelve flamenco dancers, a piano player, and an elephant. Musical number ensues.)

real life:

Janitor:

I just want to dance.
(Mouse enters, janitor kills mouse.)

... MY LIFE AND THE LIFE OF A BALLERINA

me:

I wish I was skinnier and taller.

ballerina:

I am skinnier and taller. Than you.
(Stands on toes. Sticks out long, pointy tongue.)

... A LOSING GAME SHOW CONTESTANT AND A MANGY PUPPY

mangy puppy:

I have fleas, but you could find it in your heart to love me.

contestant:

(dejected silence)

... PEPPER-JACK AND MOZZERELA

pepper-jack:

I am spicy and delicious.

mozzerela:

I am bland and lifeless. I will suck the life-force from your soul.

... A DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN AND A POLAR BEAR

gentleman:

(polishes monacle)

polar bear:

GRRRRRRRR.

THE SUN IS EXPLODING



As a Stanford freshman, you're probably thinking, "I'm going to be in real trouble when the sun consumes itself in several billion years." You are probably also thinking, "I wonder if there's anything I can do to stop the sun from exploding." The simple answer is "no." The more complicated and, less correct, answer is "yes." Here are some tips:

The sun destroys itself because, eventually, it becomes too hot. Try throwing some ice cubes into the air. Aim at the sun. If it's early in the day, it will be to your right. If it's later in the day, look to the left.

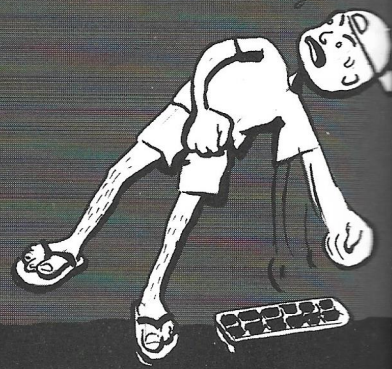
The sun explodes when it runs out of the hydrogen to fuel its nuclear reactions. So a good bet to stop the sun's inevitable death would be to somehow get the sun some more much-needed hydrogen. If you've taken Chem 32, you know that water contains hydrogen. If the ice cubes you have thrown into the air haven't cooled the sun, perhaps they have delivered some hydrogen. Tragedy averted, at least for now! Throw some more, just to be sure, and aim more carefully this time.

I don't mean anything by this, but you sort of throw like a girl. You have to throw faster, or the ice cubes will melt before they get to the sun. And your aim really isn't great. The sun isn't that big a target in the sky—in fact, past literati have likened it to a burning copper penny. Pennies are small, and tough to hit with ice cubes. And, in case you didn't notice, *this is important!* Get someone else to throw them.

Ask my brother to throw them. He plays sports and once hit a rabbit with a baseball from about 75 yards away, so he might be able to hit a metaphorical penny with a swiftly melting ice cube if the continued existence of the world hung in the balance. But then again the explosion of the sun is completely and utterly inevitable *regardless of human efforts*, so he might not be the best person for the job.

Okay, let's think. You're not allowed to have space heaters, halogen lamps or hot plates in your dorm room because they cause fires, right? So maybe you should ask my brother to bundle up a big package of hot plates and halogen lamps and space heaters and put them in the back of a truck and send the truck off a cliff over the Pacific towards the setting sun, when it is low in the sky.

Wait a minute. Did we want to heat the sun up or cool it down? I can't remember. Thank goodness our efforts are futile to begin with, or I might feel responsible for the not-terribly-imminent death of our planet. Tell my brother "Thanks, but no thanks," and hide that halogen lamp before maintenance finds it.



AD REVIEW WEEKLY

Magazines
- and -
their Ads

COSMOPOLITAN:

Good ads. Good,
solid, ads.

THE NEW YORKER:

Mediocre ads on
the whole, with a
real zinger here
and there.
Predominantly
functional ads.

ROLLING STONE:

Fabulous,
fabulous ads.
Tremendous ads.
Also: many, many
ads.

THE NEW REPUBLIC:

Full color ads.
Photographic
quality! Excellent
ads.

VANITY FAIR:

Great variety of
clever ads. Funny
ads!

BRILL'S CONTENT:

Nice-looking ads.
Many colors,
shapes included.
Ad copy could use
work. But very
nice ads overall.

ELLE:

Nice ads. Women
(in ads).

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY:

Extraordinary
ads. Very
meaningful ads.

Great ads,
magazines.

Keep it up
with the
good ads!

Fresh men

stats

- 68% of freshman like baseball
- 78% enjoy harboring ill feelings towards their parents
- 89% bleed when cut
- 52% will go up stairs, but not down
- 17% are seventeen out of a hundred people
- 59% linger
- 90% answer the phone in private with, "Hello?"
- 96% answer the phone in public with "Sup, Dog?"
- 32% are destined to become HumBio hoes
- 32% think they're hot, despite having massively thick arms
- 32% are destined feel the fury of my disapproving glances
- 23% will know soon enough
- 11% have an unfounded fear of open-backed stairs
- 9% believe that other freshman have faces made out of Velveeta

Dr. Dre in Plato's *Republic*

BOOK I

Thrasymachus:

Some citizens in the city have been talking about weapons as if you had no weapons, Dr. Dre.

Dr. Dre:

I see. Well, did you think that I had sold all of my weapons?

Thrasymachus:

I say, Dr. Dre, that I do not see any weapons on your person at the moment.

Dr. Dre:

If I had such weapons, do you, dear Thrasymachus, think that I would have such weapons on my person all of the time?

Thrasymachus:

No, I suppose not.

Dr. Dre:

When, citizen Thrasymachus, do you think I would have such weapons on my person?

Thrasymachus:

When you were readying for battle, Dr. Dre.

Dr. Dre:

Yes, when readying for battle. Am I currently readying for battle?

Thrasymachus:

No, it appears that you are not readying for battle right now.

Dr. Dre:

So, Thrasymachus, do you believe that I shall never again engage in any battles?

Thrasymachus:

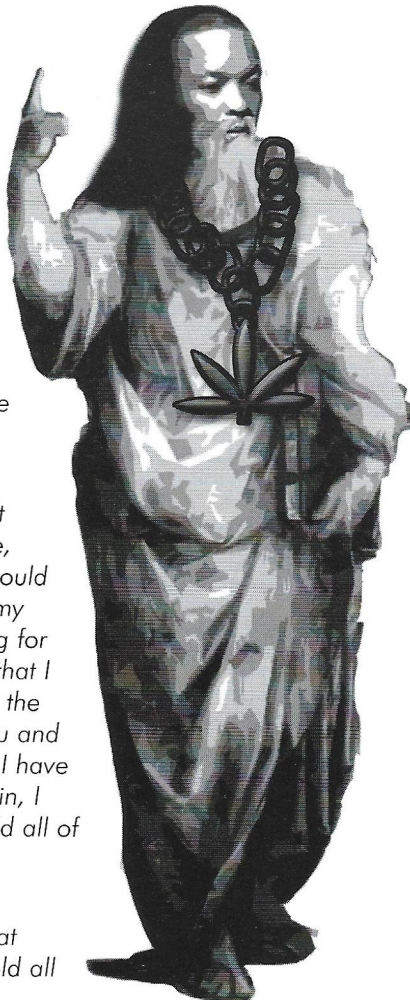
I would presume that you will most likely battle again, Dr. Dre.

Dr. Dre:

If you know that I do not currently ready for battle, and if you grant that I would only have weapons on my person if I were readying for battle, and if you grant that I will once again battle in the future, then how can you and other citizens claim that I have no more weapons? Again, I ask: what you think I sold all of my weapons?

Thrasymachus:

No, Dr. Dre, it seems that you have not, in fact, sold all of your weapons.



BOOK II

Eminem:

Young Adeimantus, I have heard that you have been acting as if you had forgotten about the very existence of this mortal man Dr. Dre. Is this true?

Adeimantus:

I know not of whom you speak, Eminem. Who is this "Dr. Dre" mortal citizen?

Eminem:

Adeimantus, I know that you remember our fellow citizen and doctor, Dre. Who, Adeimantus, do you think taught you to smoke trees?

Adeimantus:

...

Eminem:

You answer not, Adeimantus, so I repeat my inquiry in a different form. Who, dear sir Adeimantus, brought you the oldies? Eazy-Es? Ice Cubes? and D.O.C.s? And, perhaps most importantly for our fair republic, the Snoop D-O-Double-Gs? What mortal man did such things for our state?

Adeimantus:

I cannot recall the name of the mortal citizen that did such triumphant things for our state.

[Dr. Dre enters.]

Dr. Dre:

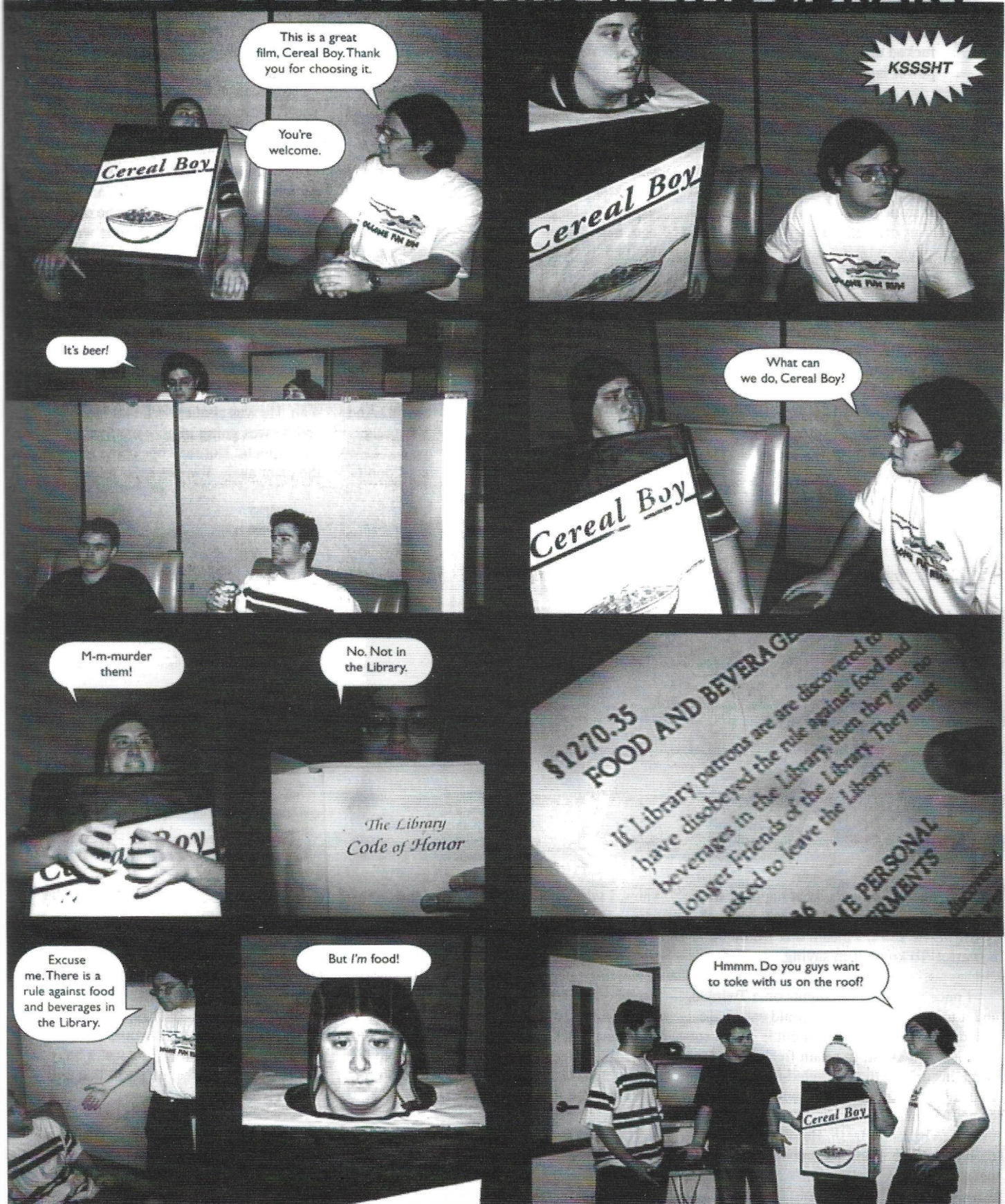
You do not remember me, dear Adeimantus? I am that virtuous citizen who still has eros for our republic's fine streets. In addition, I still have no such eros for police. Surely if you possess a rational and critical mind, you have not forgotten me, the D-R-E.

Adeimantus:

I can no longer argue. I have been telling falsehoods and practicing the sly deceit of rhetoric; I do, after all, remember you, great and virtuous citizen Dr. Dre.



NO FOOD OR DRINKS IN THE LIBRARY



by Chris Onstad '97 and Sean Lucy '99, originally appeared in Vol. XCVIII, no. 3, March 1997's "Power" number

Learning Time!

Okay children, settle down. Today we will be learning about Aztec gods. Can anyone tell me what they know about Aztec gods? Maybe from the coloring pack from last night? Don't be shy. No? Well, that's okay. When I was in Kindergarten WE certainly didn't know about the Aztecs.

Cihuacoatl? Is that an Aztec god? Yes, she is a goddess whose roaring signaled war. Did you all know that?

Metztli? You're right! Metztli was the Moon god. Did you kids just guess? No? I don't quite believe you.

Chicolan? You all think this one is an Aztec god? Lets see a show of hands. All of you that didn't raise your hands are CORRECT! Yay you!

Tonacatecuhtli? Do you recognize this one? Maybe from your worksheets? You might have colored him in last night on your activity pad? No Timmy, I didn't make this one up. What, Suzanne? Very good! This god was the creator and provider of food.

Axolotl? You all have heard of this before? Yeah, it does sound like a Nahuatl word, doesn't it? Good job, Bret! Well, actually, an axolotl is a fish, not an Aztec god. Oh Bret, don't cry. You knew about Nahuatl.

Huixtotec? Well, just because it ends in 'tec' doesn't mean it has to be an Aztec word, Amanda. I might have made it up, you know. You think I DID make it up? Very good!

Tlalocan? No one recognizes Tlalocan from the funbook? I'm sure you all saw something like it? Well James, Tlaloc is the rain god, but do you have any ideas on Tlalocan? That's right class, Tlalocan wasn't a GOD. Tlalocan was where the souls of those killed by lightning, dropsy, skin diseases, and those sacrificed to Tlaloc went.



It's a
DOOR
(T)hangz[®]
door hang!

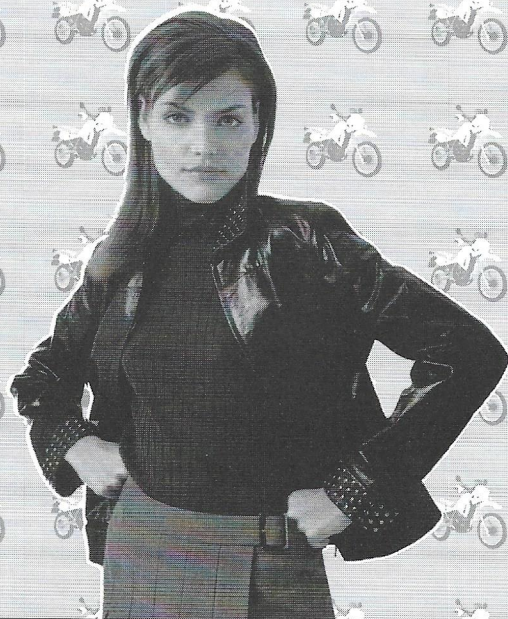
BORN TO
COLLEGE



The Door Thang
you just gotta hang!
(on your doorknob)!

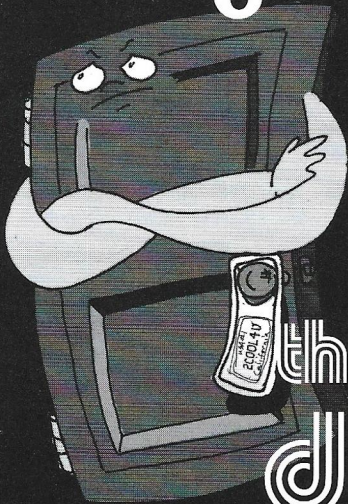
College Boys are like
Chocolate Dirtbikes...

...FUN TO RIDE,
but they only last
2 minutes !!!!!!!



Ain't no thang
if it ain't a
DOOR
(T)hangz[®]
door hang

Talk to the
Hang...



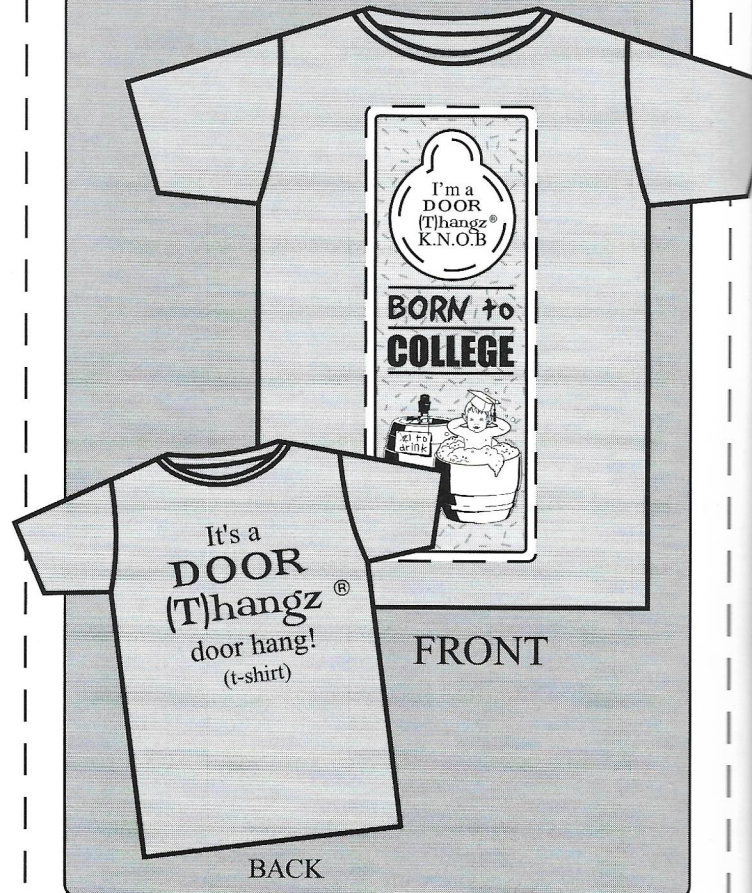
... 'CUZ
the door
don't

wanna
hear it.

DOOR[®]
(T)hangz
"WIN THIS
T-SHIRT!"
CONTEST

Hang a Door (T)hangz
door hang on *your* knob!

If the Door (T)hangz crew
sees it, YOU WIN!!!!



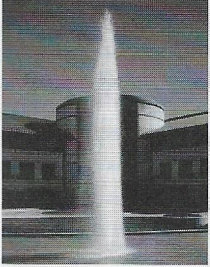
FRONT

BACK

Guide to Corporate Headquarters

You're a **freshman**. You don't know what to do with your **life**. The **decisions** facing you seem overwhelming. But don't fret. There is a secret to making these crucial choices: **corporate headquarters**. There are literally thousands of different kinds of corporate headquarters, each with its own individual character, so take your time and find one that seems right for **you**.

Tip #1



These corporate headquarters seem nice, don't they? Fountains are always attractive. Want to work here, don't you?



Tip: Fountains can be very misleading. The fountain conceals the entrance! What looks like a palatial atrium is an empty lot full of dirt and feces. Here's a hint: try not to work at this dirt-and-feces corporate headquarters.

Tip #2



Ah, these look like great corporate headquarters. They look so stylishly rounded, and the grass looks so soft and inviting. Maybe you should work here.

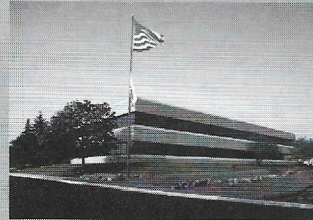


Tip: Be aware of the landscaping on both sides of the building. These corporate headquarters may have gentle grassy slopes in the front, but you forgot to look at the back, where it is freezing cold and snowy. And it's in South America, where they only have space heaters!

Tip #3

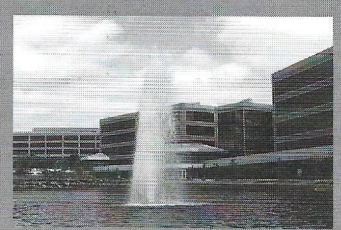


These corporate headquarters are beautifully lit up at night, which will be nice on those long, long corporate days.



Tip: Many corporate headquarters sell themselves with spectacular night-time light shows. But you didn't even look at it during the day, when it has fewer floors and a *much* smaller atrium. If not for the American flag, these could be located in some pre-industrialized third world country with shitty corporations.

Tip #4



This one also has a fountain. A beautiful, beautiful fountain in front of a beautiful set of corporate headquarters. Perhaps we've finally found the perfect corporate headquarters.

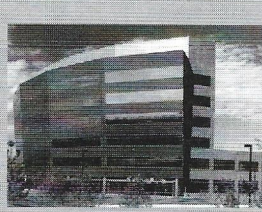


Tip: Remember what we said about fountains. From this angle, those same corporate headquarters look absolutely terrible.

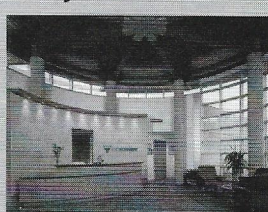
At last, success...



Hm. This one looks nice. Large, well-landscaped, well-proportioned. These corporate headquarters might just work. But what lies behind the fountain?



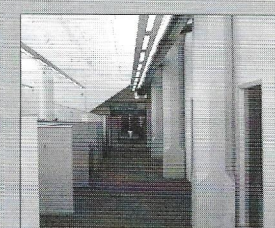
Well, well, well, behind the fountain stands an even more beautiful corporate headquarters structure. Stunning, isn't it? But before you get too excited, lets take a look inside.



Who would have thought that inside lurked the most high-ceilinged, spacious, well-lit atrium in the entire world? But let's not get ahead of ourselves—is this just a bunch of pale, fleshy cogs in a faceless machine?

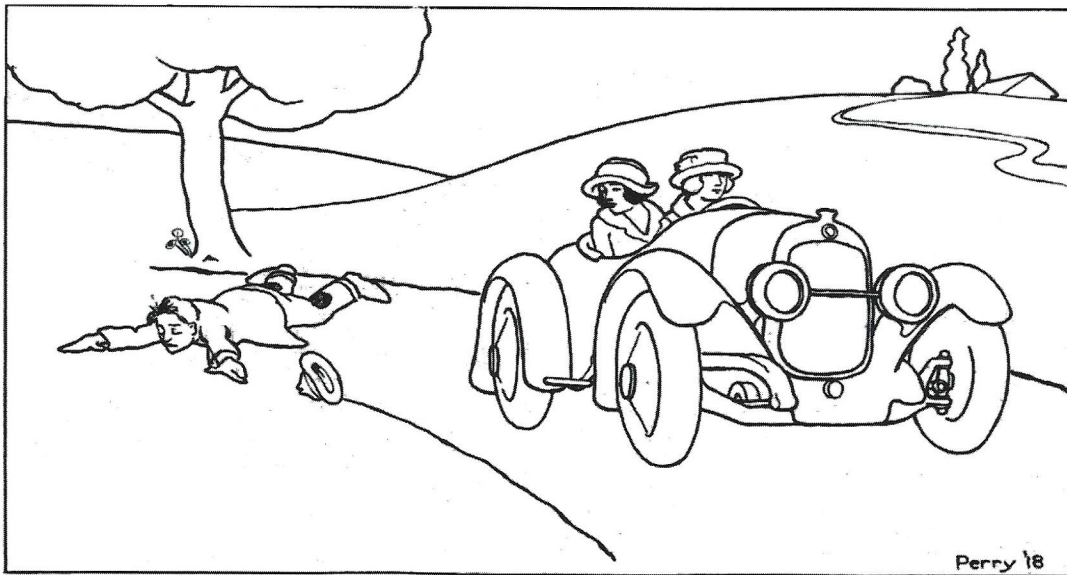


It looks like your colleagues are not only razor sharp and efficient, but attractive, mentally healthy, remarkably self-aware, passionate, and well-fed. Their cubicles are well-ventilated and have well-stocked minibars.



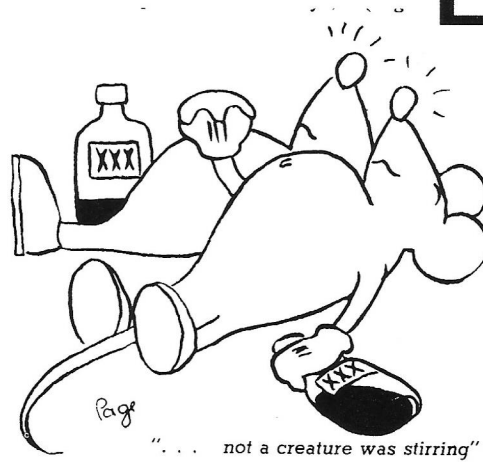
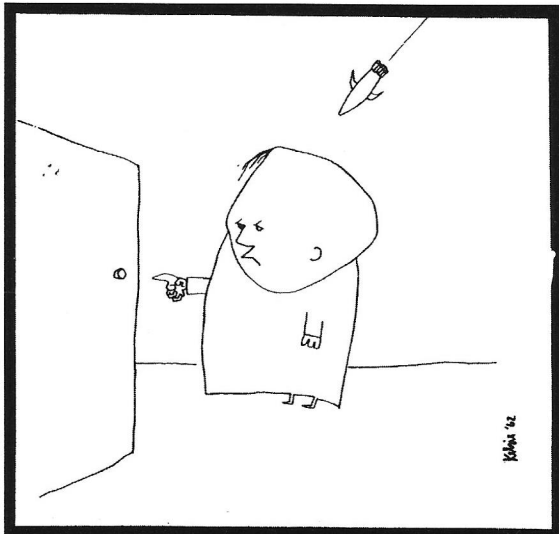
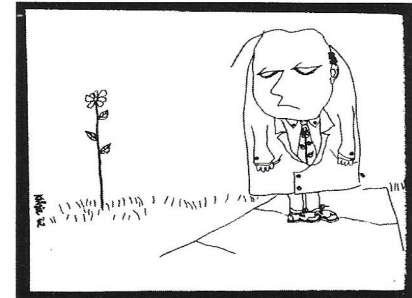
It looks like you've found some corporate headquarters that are a perfect match with your personal idiosyncratic desires. Congratulations, you've found the corporate headquarters for **you**.

OLD CARTOONS



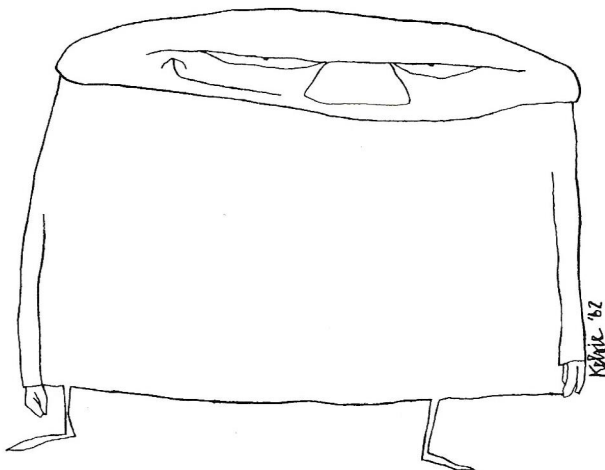
First (looking back)—Don't you think that we should have picked up that man we just ran over?

Second—We might, but it wouldn't be quite proper when we have only been introduced to him twice.

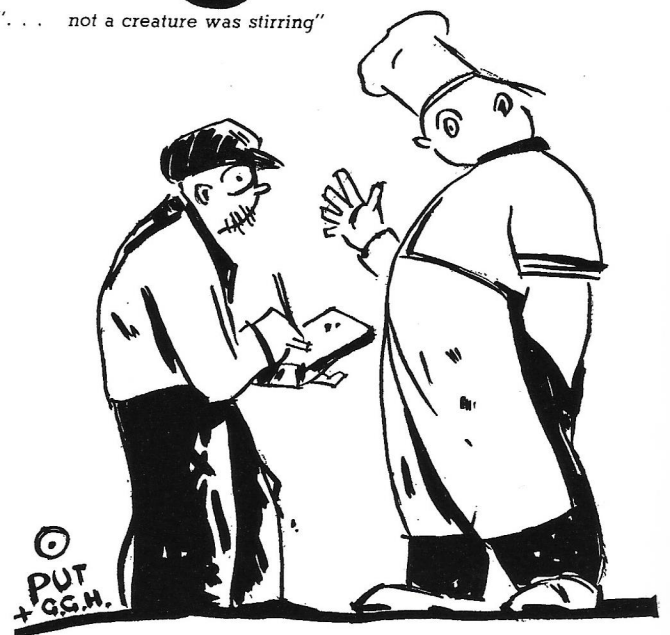


TO A GARBAGE CAN

"... not a creature was stirring"



Let's twist again.



GARBAGE MAN—Any Garbage today?
ENCINA COOK—Yes, we'll take twelve cans, please.

Campus is a **big** place, so there are a few things you need to know to survive!

Always have with you the things you need to have with you

Make sure your wallet and keys are on you at all times! Stanford is a big, overwhelming place, so you'll definitely need your wallet to orient yourself when making purchases, and your keys to help you lock the door to the place where you sleep.

Always reference the movie *Blade Runner*

A lot of bullshit classes let you watch *Blade Runner*. Even if you don't take these classes, referencing *Blade Runner* will make others see how blasé you are about your academic schedule.

Always make "Stanford goggles" jokes

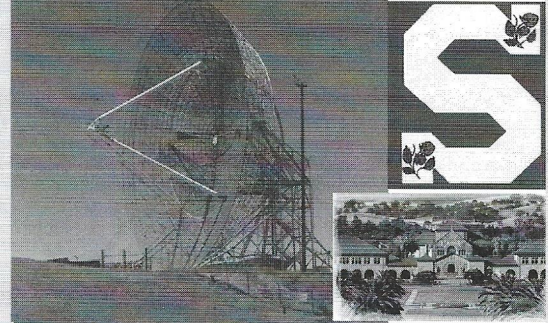
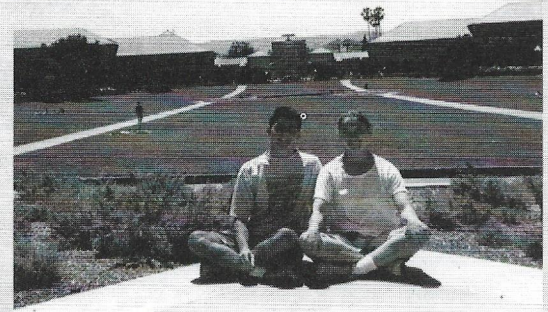
Girls are ugly at Stanford. Face the facts. Say things like: "Well, I have my Stanford goggles on tonight" or "Let me put on my Stanford goggles tonight" or "I just got a blowjob from a monkey."

No racism

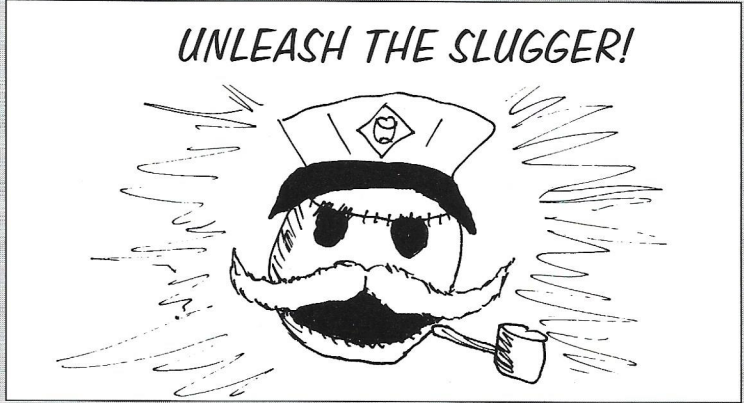
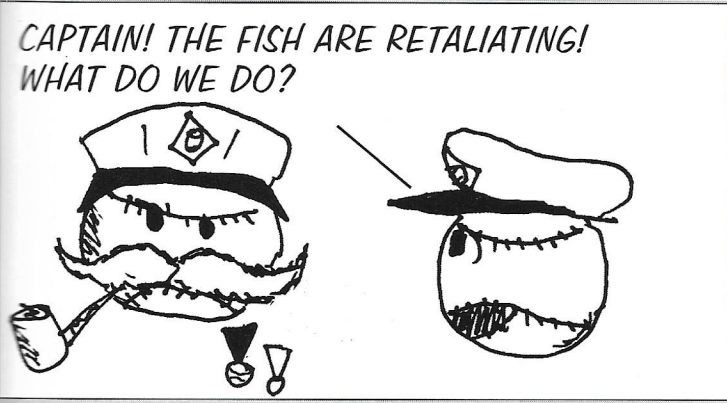
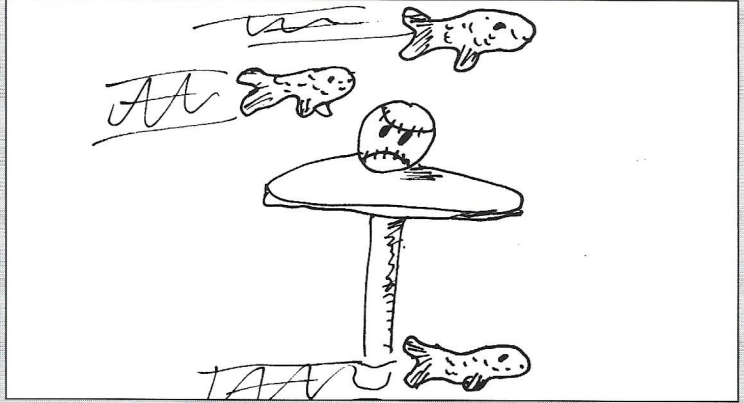
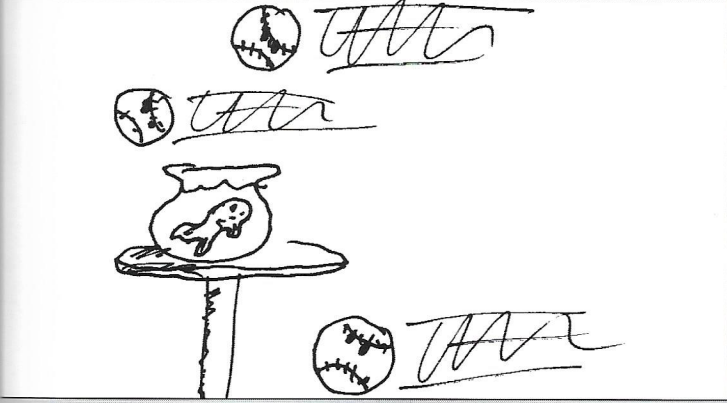
Stanford is a really big, frightening place, so racism is going to be unhelpful at best, unpleasant at worst. Try to avoid it, when possible.

Brew your own beer once

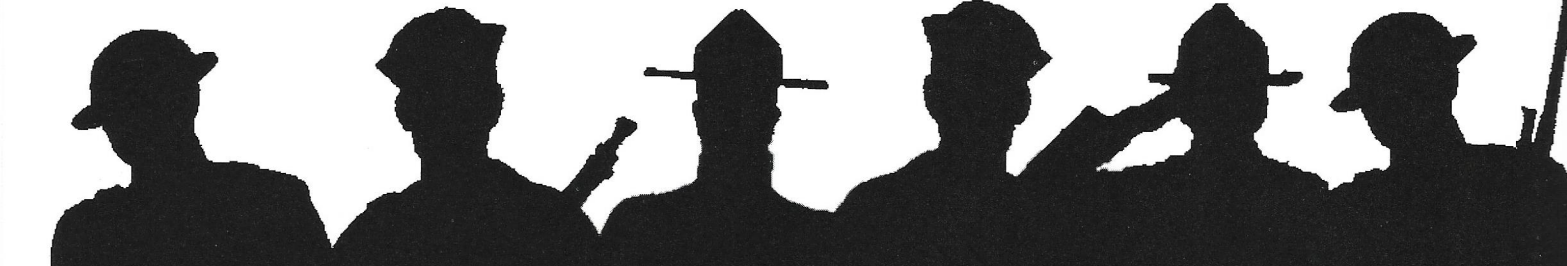
Every dumbass freshman does it. The brewing process is usually accompanied with statements like: "Dude, we're MAKING beer" and "Beer is so illegal for us. And we're MAKING it." or "I am dying of diphtheria because of mistakes made during the brewing process."



BATTLEGROUND: The Conflict Escalates



ON THE STANFORD FRONT



Follow the adventures of that wise-cracking, ethnically diverse bunch of GIs - Sarge, Dum-Dum, Izzy, Reb, Dino, Gabe, Junior - as they are engaged in the damn dirty business we call Stanford.

Into the Breach

FRESHMAN ADVISOR: Well, I think you guys may want to look at taking Writing and Critical Thinking.

DINO: You in your ivory tower, you damn FA. You get down here and see what you're sending us into. You make me sick. *(He throws drink into FA's face.)*

IZZY: *(whispering)* He's been grim ever since Chem 33. Won't ever talk about it. A massacre, I heard.

In the Hands of the Enemy

GABE: Under the Fundamental Standard, you cannot give us a test this close to the final.

FIELD MARSHALL ZIMBARDO: I do not care about your Fundamental Standard! *(Slaps him.)* Your Fundamental Standard does not apply here! You do as I say! I say!

(GABE stands his ground.)

ZIMBARDO: Hook him into an experiment! *(8 hours of air blown into GABE's eyeballs later...)*

ZIMBARDO: Well, are you ready to take the test?

GABE: Under the Fundamental Standard...

DUM-DUM: Jeez, Gabe. Just shut up and do what he says!

GABE: We must have discipline. Show they can't break us. Else we're nothing more than beasts.

ZIMBARDO: Back in the box!

On Leave

PALY HIGH GIRL: You buy, G.I.? Oh, me so horny. Me love you long time. Let me into college party, and I do anything you want.

JUNIOR: Anything?

SARGE: Forget it, kid. You don't want none of that action. Think about yer girl back home.

PALY HIGH GIRL: Oh, Long Distance Relationship? Me so sorry. Bet you 'specially looking for love G.I.!

SARGE: Let's get you a nice Pi Phi, kid. Let 'er go.

In the Prison Camp

FIELD MARSHALL HENNESSY: Welcome to Stanford. There are no walls. No guards. But the campus is three weeks in every direction. There is no escape, except death.

Dissention in the Ranks

DINO: Why don't you want to take that class? Are you yellow?

IZZY: Nobody calls me yellow! *(Fight)*

SARGE: Hey, Reb, how big is that pool on me? You wanna know what I did before Stanford?

REB: What?

SARGE: I was a high school student.

REB: A high school student. *(Laughs.)* Who'da thunk it.

(Fight stops. Men embrace.)

Fun to be Rich

Rochester: Ha ha! It's fun to be rich!
Barnaby: Ha ha!
Rochester: And fun to be smart, too!
Barnaby: Shall we suffer a cappuccino and a wrap and revel in our smart righthitude?
Rochester: Yes, let's shall!
Barnaby: This looks like a suitable establishment!
(They enter Bistro Italiano and are seated by a slightly swarthy waiter)
Rochester: Hello, ethnic. How about some of your delightfully cultural wares?
Barnaby: Yes, and seat us with a view of the commerce, please!
(Cellular phone rings.)
Barnaby: Ha ha! My phone is ringing!
Rochester: Ringing phones are the sign of success.
Barnaby: The sign of smart, rich success.
Rochester: Ha ha!
(Grand chuckles are had all around.)
Barnaby: *(into phone)* Ha ha?
Rochester: Is it the mater?
Barnaby: The mistress!
Rochester: Ha ha! It's fun to have sex!
Barnaby: Indeed! Sex is one of the perks of the rich, smart station!
Rochester: Which we are in, old boy!
Barnaby: Let us toast this station with a spot of drink, old boy.
Rochester: Perhaps a sniffer. Ha ha!
Barnaby: I fear the brandy may go to your smart brain. Ha ha!
Rochester: Ha ha! Ha
Barnaby: Rochester?
Barnaby: Rochester?
Rochester: ha!
Barnaby: You old rogue. Ha ha!
(Laughter from bistro patrons. Cellular phones chime musically.)

“Ha
ha!”



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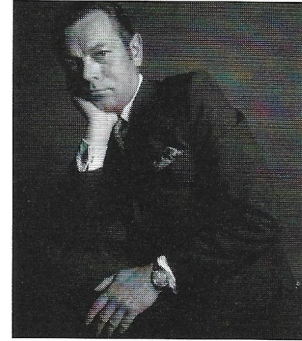
4329 El Camino Real, Palo Alto, CA 94306 (650) 948-1031

Church Critique

WITH Francis Doramundetheth

Hope of Harvest

Smelly, poorly attired (I'm sorry, but dressing a child in gingham?), and, in general, physically awkward in nature, it makes one wonder why such people even go to church. Perhaps to pray for a sense of style? One fellow sitting next to me smelled—*reeked*—of spirits. Furthermore, if one is somehow forced to attend this square dance of a religious gathering, I suggest avoiding the diseased-riddled facilities and disemboweling domestically.



Faith Church

A beautiful girl wearing a spring dress was sitting directly in front of me. She had a flower tucked flippantly in her fragrant blonde hair, the scent of which wafted into my soul. Of course, that flower likely grew from a sun-kissed dung-heap. Nevertheless, methinks I spied an angel.

Knesseth Israel

I thought things were going to be different at this synagogue, and for a few brief and tantalizing moments, they were. The attendees were tastefully attired, their yarmulkes placed with a purposeful jauntiness that only a Judeo could execute. But once again, I was met with disappointment. As they say, "Jew, Jew, Jew; poo, poo, poo." (I know, but really, they actually say that.)

Way of Life Methodist Church

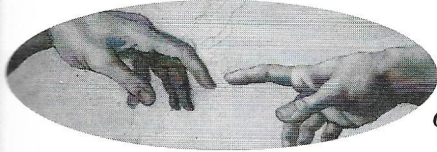
As soon as I passed through the entryway, a feeling of guilt overcame me, as if there were some large and forgotten transgression—floating, steaming, taunting—above my soul. Oh, how I wished that dark beast would spin down into the moist depths from whence it came. But no. It would not. And the parishoners were of absolutely no help in rectumfying my poople.

First United Lutheran

I sat by the window hoping that the incoming sunshine would make for a warm and comforting day of worship. Instead, a morninglark lighted upon a nearby tree and began to stare at me in a most peculiar manner. I tried to focus on the lovely hymns and credes featured in the service, but I simply could not concentrate with that *animal* watching me. I started thinking about all of the parasites that it was no doubt harbouring, and the insects that it certainly ate, and the shit—oh lord the shit—and I had to leave. Thankfully, First United is just a stone's throw from an absolutely fabulous Denny's. No birds there—except on my sandwich! But don't tell mummy. Bird sandwiches do make me shit most terribly!



"...don't tell
mummy."



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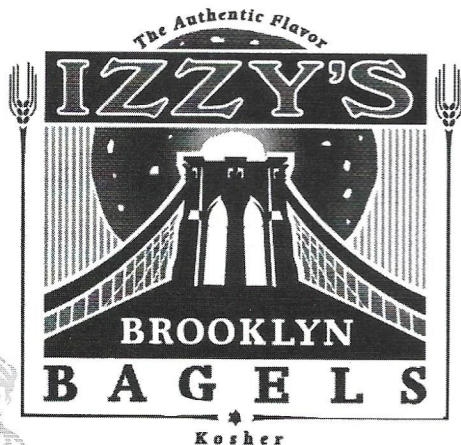
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DARE LION: No thanks!

Way 2: “Giving a Reason or Excuse”

DAD: Son, time ta git in the beating room and git beat.
DARE LION: I'm allergic!

Way 5: “Changing the Subject”

DAD: Boy, burnin' yew with cigarettes is gonna hurt me more than it hurts yew.
DARE LION: Let's go play video games!

Way 6: “Avoiding the Situation”

DAD: Son! Git in the shed an' stay there fer 10 days!
DARE LION: (Still at school, being cool)
DAD: Dammit!

Way 8: “Strength in Numbers”

DAD: Boy, d'ya want the bat, the wrench, or the chair?
DARE LION 1: No!
DARE LION 2: Yeah, No!
DARE LION 3: That's right! No!
DAD: Wall, y'all git beat now.



“Wasn't that great, kids? And if all else fails, tell Dad that DARE Lion wouldn't like it! Because I wouldn't!”

Mad Matt the Chappie Cyberpunk, a gritty and authentic harbinger of the post-apocalypse, granted us a rare interview.



So, Mad Matt the Chappie Cyberpunk, how did you get your nickname?

Well, you know, Mad Max was taken already, but I really liked the whole "mad" thing, you know, "mad! I'm mad!," someone unpredictable might say that, so I kept that part and then added Matt, because it alliterated.



"Alliterated"—is that a word?

This is the post-apocalypse, man, where words only exist when there's some lone iconoclast, some dark and unshaven stranger wearing goggles, to utter them. The only words I utter are my own. "Innuendous." That's the adjectival form of the word "innunendo." I made it up. Why? Because there's no one to stop me.



I see. Well, let's move on. So, we thought that post-apocalyptic cyberpunks rode old motorcycles, not 1993 Chrysler Concordes. Is that a leather interior you have there?

Post-apocalyptic cyberpunks ride what they want to ride. No rules in the post-apocalypse, man! No rules. So, yes, I'm driving a luxury sedan that used to belong to my grandfather.



Right. So where are you going? The Australian Outback?

No. I'm going to California. I need to get there before Wednesday to assemble a rowdy gang of outlaws to help write and edit Stanford's 102 year old humor magazine.



Oh. Don't you have better things to do than help with a humor magazine? I mean, isn't there a Thunderdome that you have to go beyond?

Thunderdome? More like "Tundradome," if you know what I mean! The Thunderdome can wait—for now, I am racing back to the Chaparral, the second oldest continuously published humor magazine in the country, to help with Volume 103's freshman issue.

If you have the gritty authenticity needed to work on the Chappie, we'd like to invite you to join the staff. Writers, artists, graphic designers, web designers, and business staff needed. NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED. Email oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu for information and/or bon mots.

FIRST MEETING: WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3RD, 8:30PM.

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He was a new student at a prestigious university. He was on the West Coast for the first time.
 He was fresh, young, full of promise. He had the world at his fingertips.
 But he would soon succumb to that assassin of youth, that power which makes fiends of all youth.
 It would make him commit vile and unspeakable acts. It would make him listen to voodoo-satanic music.
 It would give him trouble with problem solving. It would make him rape white women.
 It was the...

The Ocean
 from HELL!

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SIN

VICE

DEGRADATION

INSANITY

WOMEN CRY FOR THE OCEAN-
 MEN DIE FOR THE OCEAN !

OCEAN
 MORAL
 LAPSE

WHITE WOMEN

OCEAN-
 CRAZED
 ABANDON

GOADS
 SWIMMERS TO
 BLOODLUST

WORSE THAN THE
 INDIAN OCEAN



We asked the staff:

“What was your favorite Freshman year memory?”

That one time in the Kappa Sig hot tub. Those two Tri-Delts were so drunk, man, they'd do pretty much anything you told them to. We got them to do cannonballs right there in the hot tub. It was pretty fun.

STEVE YELDERMAN,
Business Manager

I think it was my second or third IHUM section. I don't even recall who was leading or what we were talking about, but I distinctly remember just being swept over by this feeling of intellectual fascination and involvement. I was like, I am actually an integral part of a diverse and vibrant academic community.

CHRIS ALLOCCO,
Sellout

Freshman year. The football games, the dances, the friendships. I can't believe it's already been four years. Oh man, remember Geometry with Wodock? And Mystery Meat Wednesdays? We thought we'd never make it, but here we are. Snider High School, Class of 1998, we did it!

JACOB YOUNG,
Editor Emeritus

My fondest memory of freshman year? That spring break road trip to Wally World in the Road Queen Family Truckster. Russ! Don't eat the Truckster.

MATT STEINBERG,
Foreign Correspondent

"As I sat in my chamber, thumbing through a dusty tome, a peculiar ache grew upon me—a tingling sensation. My pen seemed to glow in a rarefied, glistening light, my shoddy dorm room illuminated with a surreal sense of luminescence. In the swirling refractions—my heart swam with a rare, delicate, honey-like joy."

KATIE FOUNDS,
Obvious English Major

Manipulating the girl next door into doing my laundry on a reg-

ular basis. RedEd really paid off in the end.

CRAIG PROTZEL,
No Longer On Campus

Most of what should be my best memories were lost to cheap (\$9 a handle) vodka, so pretty much all I have left are Chappie meetings. Oh, and one time I'm pretty sure I had two women at the same time. On second thought, that probably didn't happen—my being a freshman and all. I'll stick with alcohol and Chappie.

JASON JENKINS,
Drinking Alone

One time a friend and I took CalTrain to Redwood City because we heard there was a Wendy's there. We walked around for a couple hours but couldn't find it, so we settled for KFC.

IAN SPIRO,
Dave Thomas

Freshman year was the first year a girl told me I was hot. Three bottles of wine and a knee to the groin later, we got 3 kids and live in Escondido Villiage. Thanks, freshman year!

ADRIAN PERRY,
Family Man

That night, that one single night that we shared, when passion ascended the throne to rule us, and ideals were momentarily traded for lust. Poop.

ERIK LESSAC-CHENEN,
Hopeless Romantic

I think my favorite time of freshman year was when everyone else went home for Thanksgiving. That extended weekend I wore nothing but my green bathrobe. Awwwww yeah! I was kicking it bathrobe style for the most comfortable extended weekend of my life.

GEOFF SCHAEFFER,
Uncomfortable

My fondest memory of freshman year was when Tony

Danza showed up at one of our dorm parties in his underwear. I don't care what you say about his personal hygiene — he's still the boss. Tony taught me that people think you're much cooler if you pronounce the word "party" as par-tay. As in: "Who the hell invited you to our par-tay, Tony Danza?"

SETH ROSENBLUM,
The Boss

My fondest memory of Freshman year was coloring pictures of bones in for homework while all my quadmates slaved over Math 51 problem sets.

JOHN HUETTER,
Never to be Employed

My favorite memory of Freshman year was definitely the time I went to Big Sur Junior year. That doesn't make sense? I know, but I'm the Editor Emeritus and I get to say *whatever the fuck I want*.

GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS,
Always a Pleasure

My freshman year was full of new discoveries — discovering I could

sleep with my eyes open, discovering the hidden bedroom in the 1st-floor bathroom of Varian Labs... And then in the winter quarter, I discovered a little friend I like to call my "inspiration" or "short roommate" or "Yolanda." She was a nice girl. We got along pretty well for two random people. Definitely. We were both pretty clean, so that was good, too.

ANNE BENDER,
Agreeable

My fondest memory of Freshman year was setting all the construction cones we stole while drunk back into the wild.

ERIC JORGENSEN,
37-year old

My fondest memory of Freshman year was getting into Toyon.

BEN WILFONG,
Very, very annoying

✂

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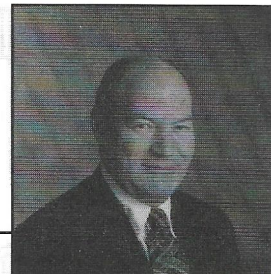
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The Chappie Interviews a Theoretical Architect



Dr. Randolph

Stanford boasts many academic luminaries, none more luminescent than Dr. Phillip J. Randolph, the world's foremost theoretical architect. The Chaparral was lucky enough to share an evening with Dr. Randolph at his Menlo Park home.

Chaparral: Did you design your house? What kind of house is this? It's nice.

Dr. Randolph: Thank you, but no, I did not design this house. Theoretical architects do not actually design structures for purposes of construction. Incidentally, my home is a villaminium.

Chaparral: A whosawhatzitcock? A shamadingaschlong?

Dr. Randolph: Yes, it is a mouthful. A villaminium is simply a house in a group of houses that is owned by a company that oversees the upkeep of all the lots.

Chaparral: My grandma lives in a place like that. They oversee her upkeep.

Dr. Randolph: It's a bit different than that.

Chaparral: Just kidding. She's dead. But seriously, does it ever hurt your feelings when all the other architects are like, "There's my hospital," or "That pavillion over there is one of mine."

Dr. Randolph: No, I am a theoretical architect and very proud of my designs. They are not realized in steel and concrete, but are significant all the same.

Chaparral: Do you ever try and pull a, "That building is mine," and the real architects go, "Where?" and you go, "Oh, you just missed it. My structures are 'unassuming.'"

Dr. Randolph: No—

Chaparral: But in "theory" you would?

Dr. Randolph: Please...this is—

Chaparral: You look like you would. What if it were raining, and I were to wear this blueprint on my head? Would that ruin the whole thing for you? If your theoretical architecture became a practical hat?

Dr. Randolph: I don't think you're making the least attempt to understand my work.

Chaparral: Do you like my theoretical pants? (drops pants)

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