

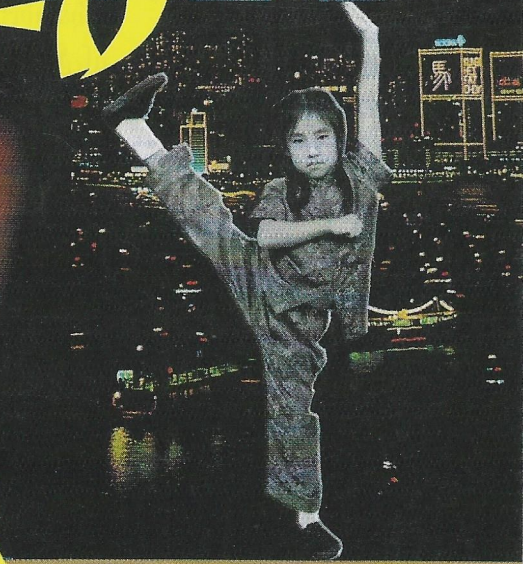
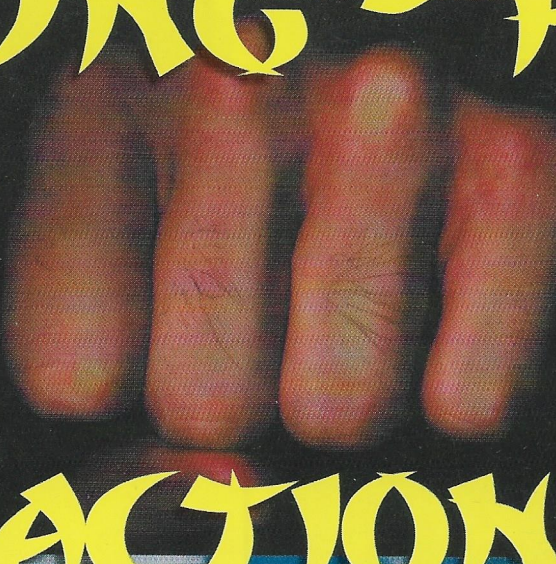
STANFORD

VOL. CM NO. 6 \$3.00

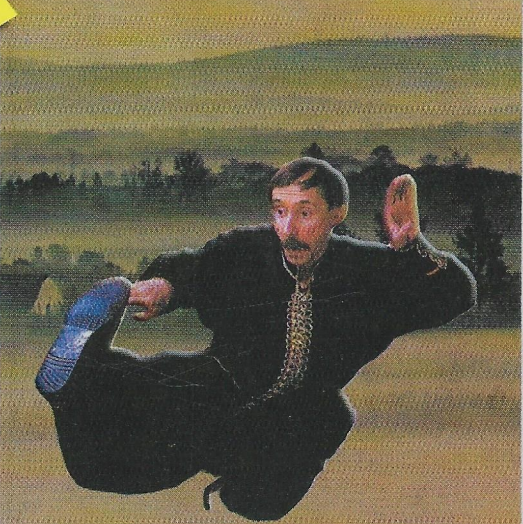
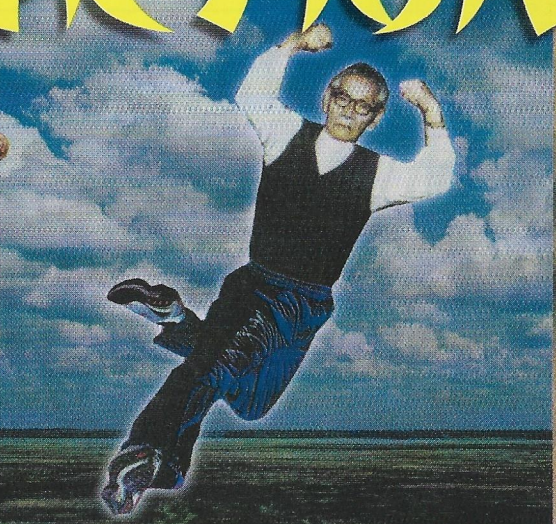
CHAPARRAL



KUNG - FU



ACTION



SPECTACULAR

Harry-Kiri Potter

and the
Sorcerer's Stone

In the nonmagic, non-Japanese human world—the world of "Muggles"—Harry-Kiri is treated like a dishonored nobody by the aunt and uncle who begrudgingly inherited him when his parents were killed—and his family for all eternity shamed—by the evil Korean wizard Voldemort. He is left only with a lightning-bolt scar on his forehead, a host of mysterious powers, and enough courage and strength to commit an unquestionable demonstration of his honor, courage, loyalty, and moral character with seppuku, feudal Japan's classic suicide ritual.

Harry-Kiri Potter

and the
Chamber
of Secrets

Chilling, malevolent voices whisper from the walls only to Harry-Kiri, and it seems certain that his Chinese imperialist classmate Draco Malfoy is out to disrespect his father's house. Soon it's not just Harry-Kiri who is worried about the possibility of dishonorable death, as other disgraceful things begin to happen at Hogwarts. Harry-Kiri must take up a traditional Japanese kozuka blade and unflinchingly disembowel himself to regain his good name, and solve a deadly mystery.

Harry-Kiri Potter

and the
Prisoner
of Azkaban

Harry-Kiri is mysteriously rescued from his Muggle neighborhood and whisked off in a triple-decker, violently purple bus to spend the remaining weeks of summer in a friendly inn called the Leaky Cauldron. Unfortunately for Harry-Kiri, Sirius Black Tokugawa is on the loose, ready to dishonor everything in sight. And he's after Harry-Kiri Potter. To save his name from eternal ignominy, Harry-Kiri allows his loose kimono to fall open, takes the eleven and a half inch blade from the traditional sambo tray and calmly splits his belly with the celebrated crosswise jumonji cut, watching serenely as his magical bowels spill out onto the rice mat below. Finally, Harry-Kiri makes a violent jerk upward, lays the blade carefully back on the sambo and motions for his kaishaku-nin to finish him with a swift beheading.



the Harry-Kiri Potter series

ABE LINCOLN AND HIS FISTS O' STEEL

ABE LINCOLN WAS:

Known as Honest Abe

A surveyor, postmaster, lawyer, and president over the course of his lifetime

A man with large hands that would swell after marathon hand-shaking sessions

Plagued with gastrointestinal troubles requiring him to drink a concoction known as "blue mass"

Blessed with the wise visage that appears on the five dollar bill and the one cent piece

Shot to death by John Wilkes Booth on April 13th, 1865

ABE LINCOLN SHOULD HAVE BEEN:

Known as Steelfist Lincoln:
The man with fists o' steel

The rootenest, tootenest,
pugilistic bad-ass in the wilderness

A man with giant fists made out of hearty steel that grew in size and power in direct proportion to his righteous anger

Able to eat steel and shit trains

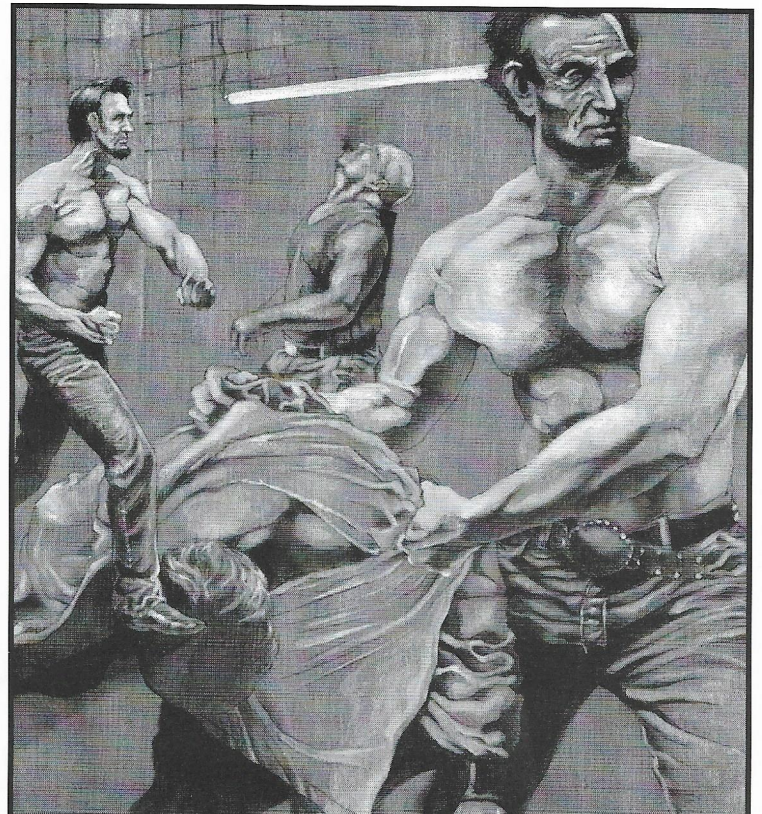
At once, too terrible and too beautiful to behold

Bulletproof

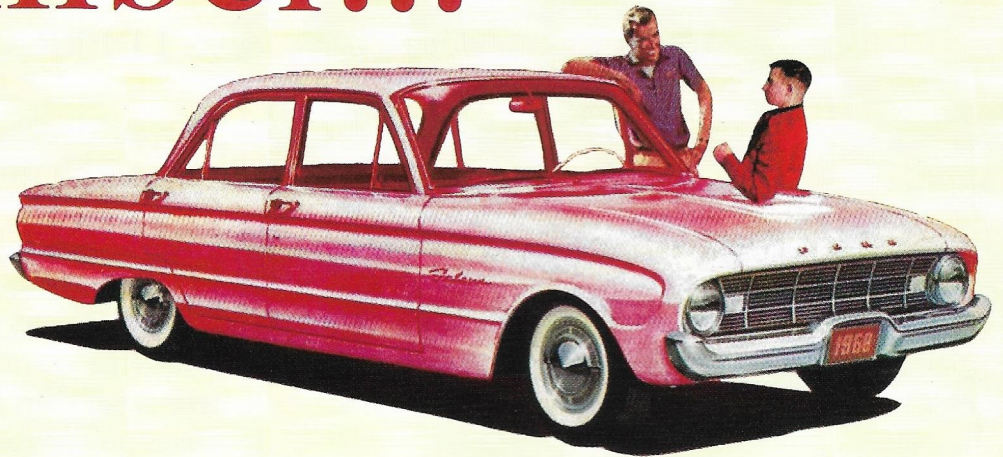
ABE LINCOLN'S PORTRAIT WAS:



ABE LINCOLN'S PORTRAIT SHOULD HAVE BEEN:



Remember...



Remember that 1968 Ford Falcon, cherry red, with the 289 that your big brother souped up to a straight 302?

Remember how good the cheeseburgers tasted when they only cost fifteen cents and you ate them with your big brother, sitting on the hood?

Remember how it seemed like no one had ever been so cool or gone so fast as you and your brother when he took you racing through the back country roads?

Remember how your mother kept calling you by your brother's name for seven months after he died when he crashed into the old mine and his fuel tank exploded upon impact and he wasn't wearing a seatbelt because they didn't come standard and that's when you learned what a closed casket service was?



Peoria Public Transport—

We're doing things a little
differently these days.

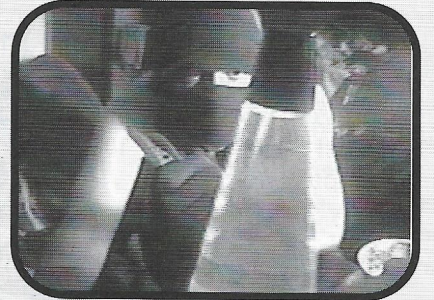
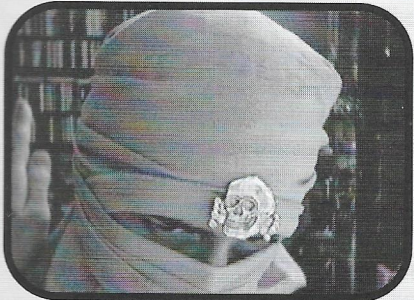


"KUNG-FU ACTION SPECTACULAR"



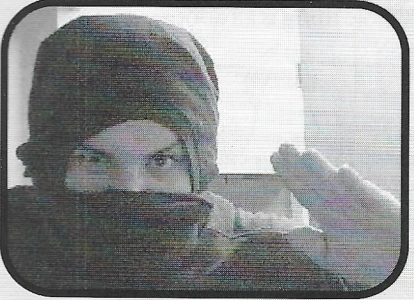
WRITING CREDITS

2	The Harry-Kiri Potter Series	Lewis-Kraus
3	Abe Lincoln and His Fists O' Steel	Schaeffer
4	Peoria Public Transportation	Young, Yelderman
6	Now That	Schaeffer
7	Pie Cartoon	Founds
8	Things I Bought	Man of Mystery
8	Post-Ironic Fiction	Lewis-Kraus
9	If You Give	Armstrong
10	Tuna Noir	Lessac-Chenen
11	The Last Day	Schaeffer
12	Chess	Yelderman, Schaeffer
13	Turkey for the Poor.....	Schaeffer
14	Your Life	Calderon
14	Bros Before Hos	Schaeffer
15	Identity Thief Support Group	Lewis-Kraus
16	Cool Jobs.....	Huetter, Schaeffer
17	Puzzled Condescension	Lewis-Kraus, Young
18	Timothy McVeigh Lives on	Lewis-Kraus
18	Worst Attacks	Lewis-Kraus
19	Jasper Ridge.....	Huetter
20	Hammenkopter Autokar	Yelderman
20	Film Festival Highlights.....	Steinberg
21	Kittens of the Fatherland.....	Man of Mystery
23	Elites	Young



ART CREDITS

	Front Cover	Montegut
2	The Harry-Kiri Potter Series.....	Glasband
4	Peoria Public Transportation.....	Schaeffer, Young
7	Pie Cartoon	Young
9	If You Give	Glasband
13	Turkey for the Poor	Glasband
18	Worst Attacks.....	Glasband
20	Hammenkopter Autokar.....	Yelderman
21	Kittens of the Fatherland.....	Man of Mystery, Schaeffer
23	Elites	Glasband



The Stanford Chaparral
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May 28, 2002



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The Stanford Chaparral

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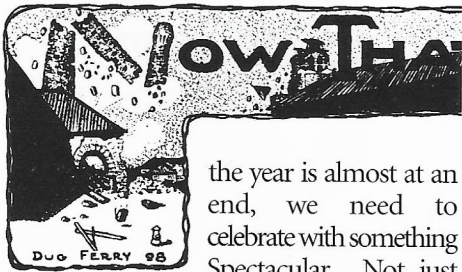
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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

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

REFLECTIONS



the year is almost at an end, we need to celebrate with something Spectacular. Not just

humdrum, everyday Spectacular. Not even action-packed Spectacular. This Spectacular needs to be Kung-Fu Action Spectacular. What does that mean to a layperson such as yourself? Kung-Fu Action Spectacular exists to show people that they too can live the thrilling lifestyle of Chow Yun Fat, Cynthia Rothrock, Jackie Chan, Zhang Ziyi, Chuck Norris, and

every other nameless, faceless ninja in the world. Sometimes we all just need to pick up our bag full of guns or assume our devastating drunken fighting stance and avenge our dead masters. Don't have a dead master? With Kung-Fu Action Spectacular you can, and that is exactly what this whole thing is all about.

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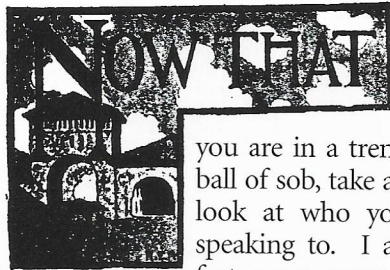
NOW THAT

we've defined our terms we can effectively argue the resolution. What is the resolution? Resolved: A Kung-Fu Action Spectacular is the best damn Spectacular that there can be. The opponent in this case, the devil's advocate if you will, will try to point out how much No-Money-Down Furniture Sale Spectaculars are better. But a new ottoman is hardly better than the rush of adrenaline that comes from avenging one's dead master with much violent justice, right? Time for the streets to run with the blood of the guilty parties! Cut out that opponent's heart and stomp on it in a rage. Your diabolic adversary and the killer of your master are one and the same. Look at the cuts on the hands of your enemy, they match the jagged shards of your only clue to your master's whereabouts perfectly. Just to really rub it in, take all the bargain furniture and light it on fire. That'll show 'em. Case closed! Good job councilor/ avenger, you've just made Michael Dudikoff proud.

NOW THAT's

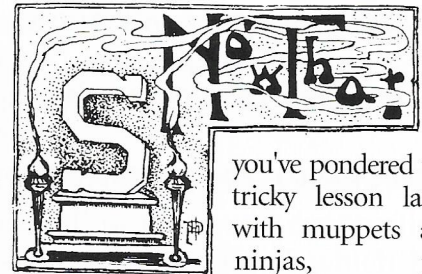
you've avenged your old master, maybe we should sit back and remember the kindly old gentleman. He really taught you a lot in

the time that you knew him didn't he? From the time he first showed up at your door in his natty red suit looking to educate, right up until his untimely disappearance with only his broken spectacles left behind as a clue to his attacker. Why, just this year you saw him get out his ghetto-blaster and do his standard Freshman Issue welcome for a new crew of recruits. He taught you all about the various lessons of the Animal Kingdom, plumbed the Mystery of the universe, made a critical example of the Daily routines of the less enlightened, and went over the powerful four earthen points National Geographic style of Kung-Fu. He will truly be missed.



you are in a trembling ball of sob, take a good look at who you are speaking to. I am, in fact, your master and, like the man said, the rumors of my death are greatly exaggerated. It takes more than one humor hating, futon loving fool to stop the Old Boy. Can I have my spectacles back? Thanks. Good to know that there are still folks out there that listen to my ramblings every once and while and will kill on my command. Anyway, how are you enjoying your Kung-Fu Action Spectacular? Pretty damn good, huh?

Another lesson from the ninjas is that you can keep Kung-Fu Action Spectacular with you all through the year. Maybe by ninjas, I really mean the Sesame Street Christmas Spectacular. It may an inferior Spectacular, but if you replace all the instances of Christmas with Kung-Fu Action Spectacular you can still get the important message from it. Except for the parts where Kermit the frog asks all the little kids how Santa Claus fits down the chimney on Kung-Fu Action Spectacular. Those parts make no sense now.



remember to keep things Kung-Fu Action Spectacular. Because if life isn't Kung-Fu Action Spectacular we might as well be crawling toward each other in the mud like two blinded lovers and neither of us know if we are Chow Yun Fat or his girlfriend. Time for a quick quiz. A final exam for the year from your master, if you will. Ready? Here it is: How is your life going? Is it Spectacular? Is it Kung-Fu Action Spectacular? It damn well better be.



Things I Bought When I Thought I was Going to be Buddhist

CANDLES THAT YOU CAN BURN

CANDLES THAT YOU CAN'T BURN

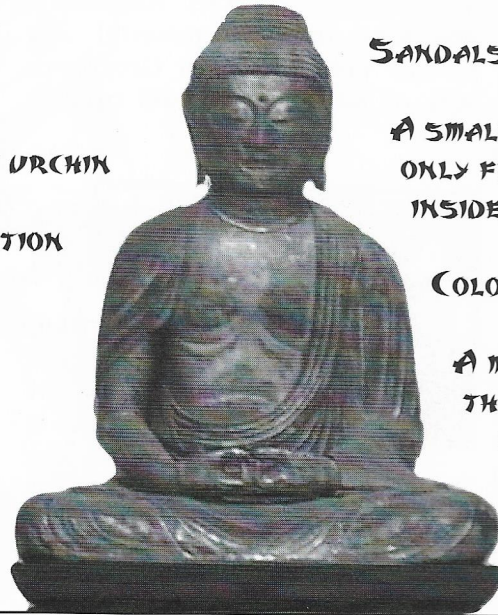
THE UNKEMPT LOVE OF A STREET URCHIN

A BOOK ABOUT YOGA FOR A DONATION

POT

YIN YANG EARRINGS

CANDLES IN THE SHAPE OF
BUDDHA THAT YOU CAN'T BURN



UNDERWEAR BUT NO SOCKS

CANDLES IN THE SHAPE OF BUDDHA THAT YOU
CAN BURN (BUT NOT ON WOOD TABLES)

PIPES IN THE SHAPE OF BUDDHA THAT YOU
CAN'T BURN POT IN ON A PUBLIC STREET

BLACK AND WHITE ASIAN PORK (SORRY MOM)

SANDALS THAT HURT

A SMALL LEATHER SACK THAT YOU COULD
ONLY FIT TWO DOLLARS WORTH OF POT
INSIDE OF

(COLOR ASIAN PORK (...))

A MENORAH IN THE SHAPE OF BUDDHA
THAT YOU CAN BURN CANDLES IN
(BUT NOT THOSE IN THE SHAPE
OF BUDDHA)

Some Works of Contemporary Post-Ironic Fiction

Irony, Schmirony
by Dave Eggers

My Sincerity: So Raw, and There is Blood
by Jonathan Franzen

Hip Ennui? Not For Me!
by Don DeLillo

*Alanis Morissette, It No Longer Matters
that You Do Not Know What the Word
'Ironic' Means, Because It Is Now
Irrelevant to Those Who Are Sincere.*
by Rick Moody

*Did You Say Something Sarcastic? I
Did Not Understand It. Please
Speak More Candidly.*
by David Foster Wallace

if you give...

If you give 1000 Monkeys 1000 typewriters, they will eventually recreate the works of William Shakespeare.

If you give 1000 High School drama students 1000 typewriters, they will eventually write a poem that is both substantive and well structured.

If you give 1000 Monkeys 1000 sets of collared shirts and khaki shorts, and another 1000 monkeys 1000 sets of FUBU clothing, they will eventually play out the roles of a heart warming American sitcom about the misunderstandings between black people and white people.

If you give 1000 hackers 1000 computers, they will eventually push several keys rapidly in succession, then turn over their shoulder and announce ominously: "we're in."

If you give 1000 monkeys 1000 computers, they will eventually type the works of William Shakespeare into the mainframe and use a simplified form ASL to announce to their trainer "we're in."

If you give 1000 computers 1000 hackers, they will eventually create an ironic distopia in which the hackers are ruled by the machines they so easily used to controlled.

If you give 1000 10th grade honors English students 1000 typewriters, all of them will eventually write a story about an ironic distopia in which hackers are ruled by the machines they so easily used to control.

If you give 1000 rappers 1000 computers, Microsoft Word will eventually recognize "skrilla" as an actual word.

If you give 1000 computers 1000 emotions, they will eventually enslave mankind. Ironically, Radiohead will be the first humans to fall to our new overlords.

If you give 1000 eighty-foot tall robot versions of William Shakespeare, each with 1000 laser fountain pens to me, they will eventually mount the most eloquent and horrific world takeover in human history.

If you give 1000 monkeys 1000 cloth mothers and 1000 wire mothers, 1000 high school drama students will use the metaphor 1000 times each for about 1000 years.

Tuna Noir

Julie rushes in to tell me that there's been another murder. This one will be the last that I will see, I know it already. Soon after Chief Honnigman calls to tell me the same. I'll be there after this drink. Spectacular, he cries into the pulsing phone, spectacular.

The night continues to descend, the bottom is a blinding darkness, like the blinding darkness of a soul. My soul, my blinding darkness.

I rush into this very night, symbolic of a pulsing darkness that obscures the blindness of a heartless soul.

I navigate the shadowless streets bathed in stories. Stories of rotten babies and crying milk. These two spill across the night like an oil slick.

My rotten crying oil slick pulsing dark and blindly obscuring the descending soul's baby heart into the milky blackness of a spectacular night. My milk, my night.

I call the office on the corner of night and my soul, I forgot my partner, my mate, my gun. It screams into the blackness of forgotten things, next to my childhood and goodness, screaming about all the rotten things. My things. I imagine a scene of horror as the phone rings. My phone.

Julie refrains, the chief has called reporting heart attack, foul play has stayed home tonight. I ascend away from the night to finish a drink, my drink. Julie rushes in with a sandwich for a job well done, but I don't eat tuna. Night descends.



The last day of American independence

Our particular story occurs in Sugarland, Texas, on the outskirts of Houston. But on the last day of American independence, similar scenes played out all across the once-proud nation...

Can I get you a beer Ted?

10-4, good buddy.

So how is the trailer coming?

Well, I reckon it's all going okay. Once I get the al-u-min-ium siding up, I'll be finished with the exterior.

Hold on. Say Aluminum again.

Al-u-min-ium.

You're doing it again

Doing what old chap?

Ahhh! Where did that monocle come from?

This my grandfather's, from his days at Eton, passed down to me.

Eton?

Well of course old boy. All of the WesleySmiths of Throppingshamshire go there.

What are talking about? You've lived in Sugarland all your life, Ted.

Wot?

Sugarland. In Houston. In Texas.

Ah, but of course, Sam Houston's country in the new world. I thought I had a spot of trouble placing your accent there fellow.

Ted, we're in Texas right now. I don't know what sort of game you're playing but I'm getting really freaked out here man.

Hah! You must be having a bit of sport with me. Clearly the ancestral manse of the WesleySmiths is not in this Texas you speak so fondly of.

[Runs outside] **Where did my truck and guns go? What happened to all the electricity and the burriteria down the street? Ted, what the hell is going on.**

[Comes outside as well] I also do not know this 'Ted' of whom you speak. I have been Giles WeseleySmith for all my life and Lord Throppingshamshire since my father passed on.

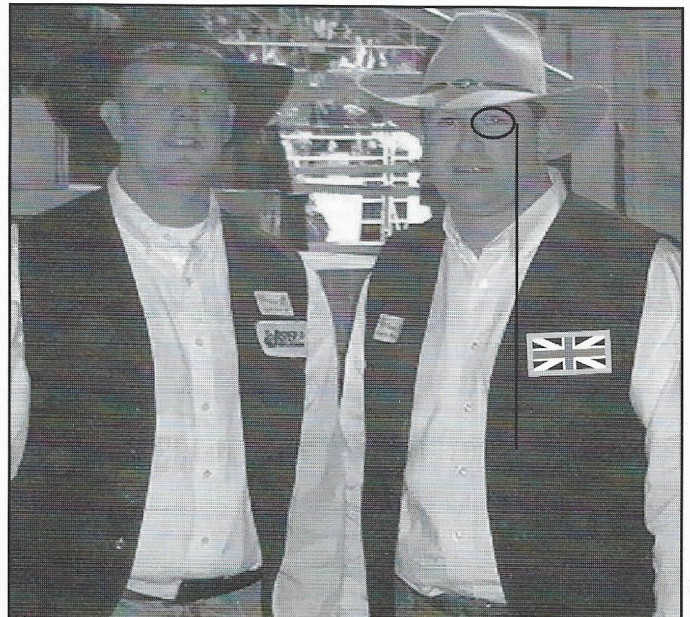
This must be some sort of nightmare.

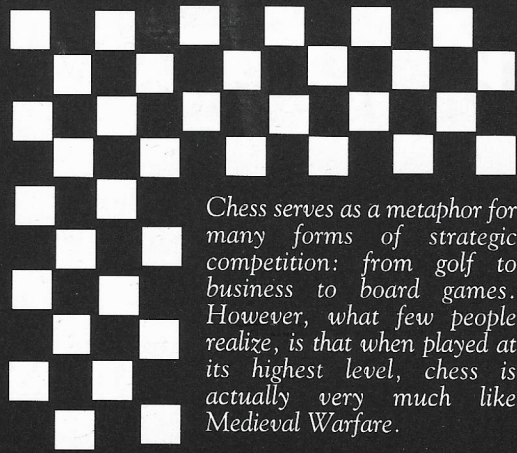
There, there old friend. Buck up. Stiff upper lip and all.

NOOOOOOOO!!!!

...and thus once all the sleepers were re-activated, England easily re-conquered its rebellious American colonies. God save the Queen.

The end.





Chess serves as a metaphor for many forms of strategic competition: from golf to business to board games. However, what few people realize, is that when played at its highest level, chess is actually very much like Medieval Warfare.

CHESSES:

A Metaphor for Medieval Warfare

The King piece is used to establish our metaphor, by bringing together the two worlds of battle and chess. Today's chessman might find the weakness of the King to be surprising, but, in fact, Medieval Kings were subject to the whims of the knight aristocracy, and, therefore, had very limited "movement."

As for the early strategy of castling, we should not be surprised to find that in fact, a Medieval King might have done something very similar. Early records suggest that many kings lived in or around castles, making them a very logical and accessible place to hide.

The origins of the horse piece are generally attributed to the wild and unpredictable powers of Nature. With its strange and incomprehensible movements, Medieval Nature could jump over the highest castles and dethrone the mightiest kings. The power of Nature was first realized in the Battle of Cornwallisfells, when horses stormed through a nearby castle, killing several of the local nobility.

The symbolism of the rook has been debated almost since its very inception. Today's chess experts think that the rook may have represented the power of the Medieval Castle. This origin would be fitting, given the typical use of castles as powerful mobile fortresses.

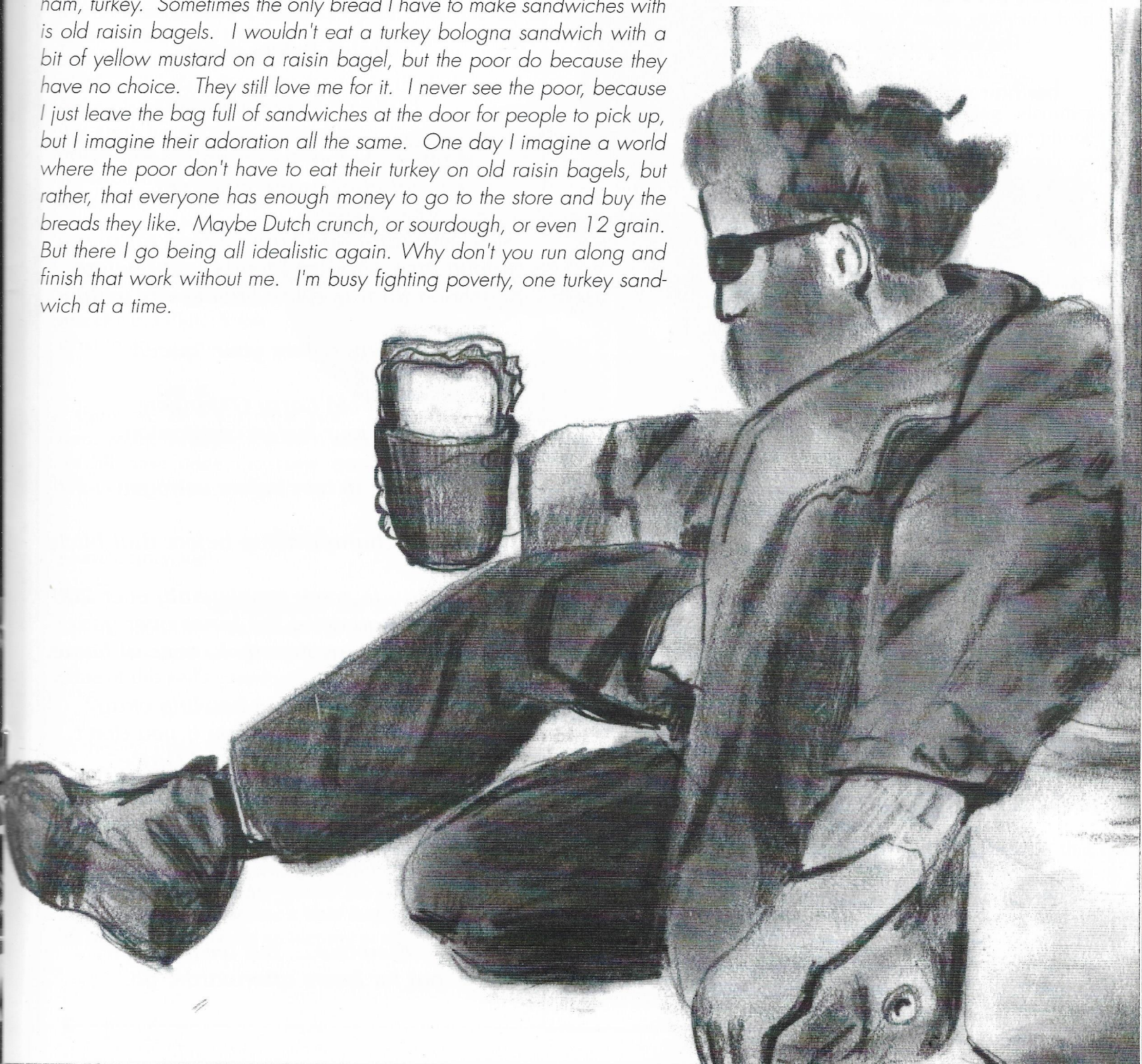
Eight might seem like an arbitrary number of pawns, but in fact the number was a very deliberate choice. It was largely held in Medieval Statistician Circles that eight children was the most appropriate number for a King to have to guarantee the succession of his lineage. Modern Kings now know this be false, and have since learned to rely on exactly two sons: one hemophiliac, and one homosexual.

While nothing is known about the creator of the chess metaphor, many have inferred that his inspiration came while viewing a Medieval Battle from above from a metaphorical airplane. Therefore, we can assume that the black and white squares of the game board are indicative of what the game's creator thought he would have seen, if man were to learn to fly.



Oh sorry I didn't do any of my assigned work, I was too busy making sandwiches for poor people. Turkey sandwiches. I do that some mornings, make sandwiches for the impoverished that is. I get up at 6am and spend a few hours on it, you know, no big deal. Just doing my part to end poverty everywhere. I know we all aren't giving enough to take a few hours out of our busy schedules to mass produce a bunch of dry turkey slices between some old pieces of bread, but that's just how much I care. And I really do. Care, that is. That's why you don't see me throwing away garbage or mopping floors or washing dishes. I am too busy caring to do any of those things. Caring and sharing. Sharing the bounty of my many turkey sandwiches with the downtrodden. The variety of turkey in this old fridge is endless. Turkey bologna, turkey ham, turkey. Sometimes the only bread I have to make sandwiches with is old raisin bagels. I wouldn't eat a turkey bologna sandwich with a bit of yellow mustard on a raisin bagel, but the poor do because they have no choice. They still love me for it. I never see the poor, because I just leave the bag full of sandwiches at the door for people to pick up, but I imagine their adoration all the same. One day I imagine a world where the poor don't have to eat their turkey on old raisin bagels, but rather, that everyone has enough money to go to the store and buy the breads they like. Maybe Dutch crunch, or sourdough, or even 12 grain. But there I go being all idealistic again. Why don't you run along and finish that work without me. I'm busy fighting poverty, one turkey sandwich at a time.

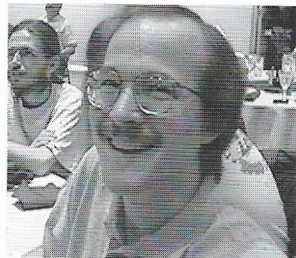
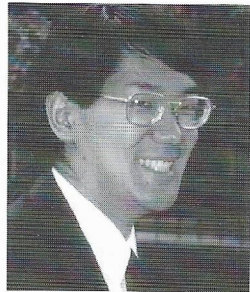
Turkey for the Poor



Your Life!

EXCITING!

The way Susie always flips her hair when you look at her.



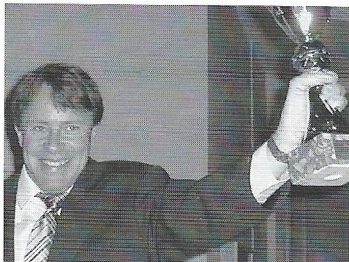
ADVENTURE!

The time you dropped your glasses in the toilet.



SPECTACULAR!

The rebates you get from Quaker Oats.

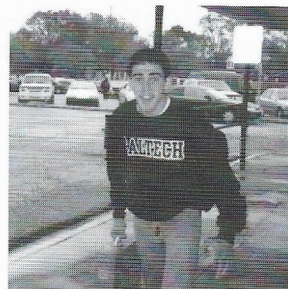


INCREDIBLE!

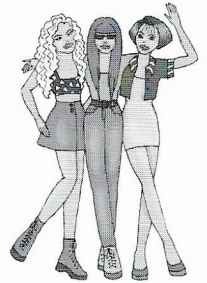
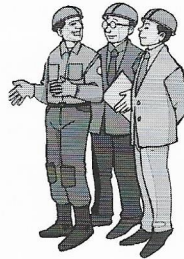
Your high score in Snood.

FASCINATING!

The implications of a market economy.



BROS Before HOS



Bros before hos.

Posse before pussy.

Mates before dates.

Buddies before cuddlies.

Brothers before (potential) mothers (of your future children).

Men (that you have known for a long time and are friends with) before women (that you are having sex with).

The team before your "queen."

Good old Larry O'Banyon before your live-in companion.

The will to win before estrogen.

The league championship before that bitch.

Your ability to score consistently over 200 points per game at the lanes over your ability to score inconsistently once at home.

Just come to fucking bowling okay? Jesus. She won't kill you if you don't watch fucking "Will and Grace" with her for once.

...

...

Awww... but we'll go out for beers afterwards, yo.

Identity Thief Support Group

Group Leader Jeff M.

So, who's going to start today?

Martin X.

I guess I'll start, Jeff. A week ago, I was really hungry. I mean, starving. And for the life of me, I couldn't think of a good restaurant. So I hacked into a Ford Motors website to steal a credit report or two. I find this one guy, Tony Manicelli, and I can tell that he's got great taste. Italian joints, some ethnics. I think to myself, "Martin, this is going to be the last time you are ever going to steal someone's identity, okay? Absolutely the last time." I pick one of Manicelli's favorites—Big Johnnie's, the little pasta place over on Chestnut. And it was great: big portions, reasonable prices, nice atmosphere. I was stuffed. Later I could hardly look at myself in the mirror, you know? I mean, this isn't shoplifting or some stupid misdemeanor, it's who someone else is. I didn't know what to do.

Jeff M.

I think we all know what you were going through, Martin. I think we all have done the same exact thing. Who's next?

Stan J.

I have a story, too.

Group Leader Jeff M.

Tell us, Stan. Don't be afraid. We are all indecisive about meals, too. And we all steal identities to help us make sense of this goddamned crazy world.

Stan J.

At the beginning, I was just into it for the little things, you know, salty snacks, salads. One of those big salads or just a big sandwich? My neighbor Harvey—I took his mail. Ice cream or gelato? My twelve-year-old niece, Jackie. I posed as an AOL Staffer to get her password. Jesus Christ, she was just a kid. I wore that identity like a light summer jacket—just long enough to help me pick ice cream, and then tossed away. She was a little fucking kid, her whole life ahead of her, hardly an identity at all.

Mark G.

But it spirals, you know? It just spirals. Pretty soon you're doing it every night for dinner. There are just so many restaurants—

Group Leader Jeff M.

Yes, there are. That's something we all know! Definitely!

Mark G.

—and it's so hard to choose. So much easier to snap up an identity here, an identity there. Pretty soon, you can't help yourself.

Carl F.

And then you're "borrowing" identities from your friends, with the phone or whatever. And then you're at rock bottom, you're begging for just a fragment of an identity—a cluster of related feelings about Middle Eastern delicacies, a general sensibility about Ethiopian or Indian, anything, even the smallest web of impulses and intuitions about local diners. Is it okay to eat gnocchi two meals in a row or maybe I should mix it up a little?

Group Leader Jeff M.

Now it's time to hear from Jim C., who has recently reached Step 7, and has brought in one of the individuals whose identity he stole. Bad binge back in '01, eh Jim?

Jim C.

Right. I was desperate; I hadn't chosen a restaurant for myself in four days. Jesus H., you know? Jesus H. So I looked through my co-worker Steve's briefcase, and found an old, marked up Zagat's. I found this great pizza place, Steve had starred it. Jesus H., I'm so ashamed. I'm sorry, Steve. I'm sorry about your identity. I'm so sorry.

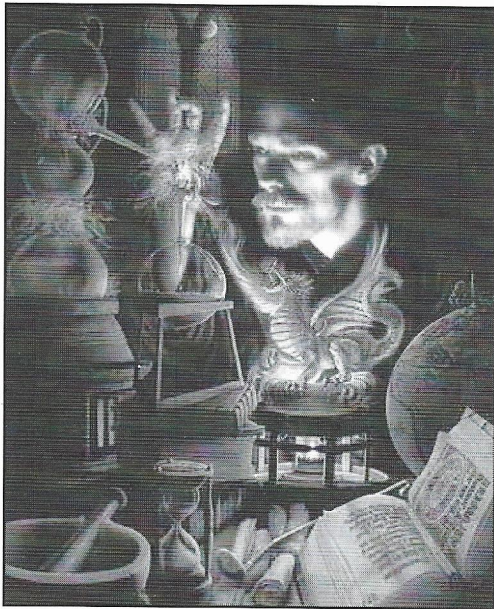
Guest Steve

Jim, I'm really not sure what to say, I guess. I lent you that copy of Zagat's, I think, and it wasn't even current. And you gave it back the next day, right? My sister-in-law owns that pizza place, so you're the one doing me the favor. To be honest with you, I hadn't really given it much thought. So, uh, thanks for inviting me, and real nice meeting all of you and everything. Good luck with the restaurant ratings and all.



COOL JOBS: NOT AS COOL AS THEY SEEM

WIZARD



You know, it's not all fun and games being a wizard. You'd think it would be, and it's true, you can conjure up fun and games, but most of the time it's kind of mundane. You're always on call to advise adventurers on quests. They always summon you at, like, 3 in the morning and start whining at you when your hint is "too cryptic" or "too ominous". I swear, there are times I thought about not going in at all, but you know, you just gotta sac up and do it. I mean, when you're an all-knowing wizard, you can't just be like, "Oh, I totally didn't get your message" or "I haven't checked my Inbox lately."

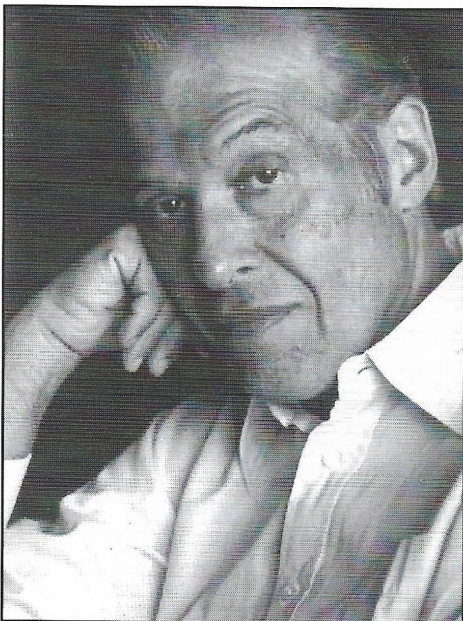
I guess all I'm saying is that you better try it for a while first.

TOP ASSASSIN

Yeah, the money is great. I'll give you that. \$50 mil to shoot somebody beats \$6.50 an hour at Burger King. But changing your face after every job is a pain in the ass. I mean, my kids don't even know who their father is, and I'm home by 6 every night. "Kids, you remember your old man," I say, and they run in panic because I had to add glasses and tint my eyes brown and they think I'm just some lunatic who barged in the place. "Daddy's home" isn't a happy time in the Jackal's house.

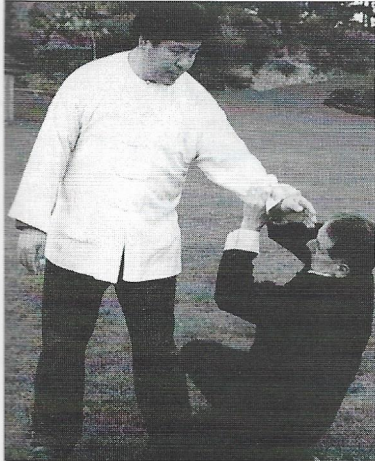


SUPERVILLAIN



Getting your ass beat and being thrown in jail every other week gets really, really tedious. Also, henchmen aren't the best for stimulating conversation. I mean, I have four Ph.Ds. I'd like to be able to talk about something other than the goddamn master plan every once in a while. There are some perks, having a superfortress of doom is pretty cool. But if you think you'll only ever have to deal with one or two heroes at a time, think again. You'll be happily building a new super-robot or something when all eight of the Justice Friends suddenly show up because they think you haven't had your ass whipped enough in the past week. Then you get to go jail again.

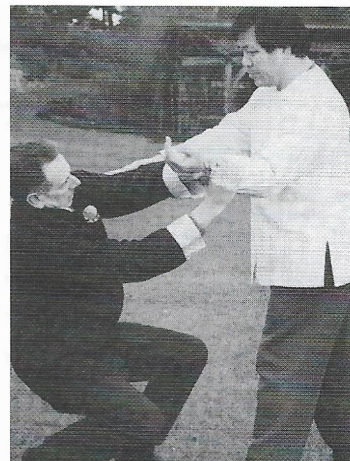
The Kung-Fu of Puzzled Condensation



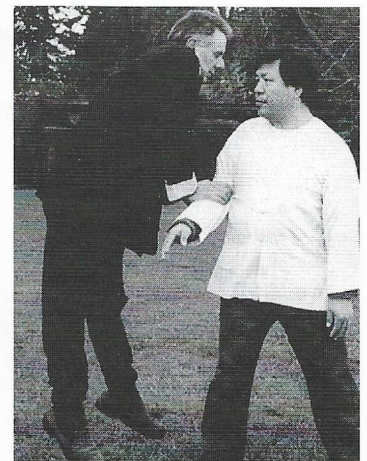
Are you grazing my wrists? Because while it would appear that you are, I certainly cannot feel anything.



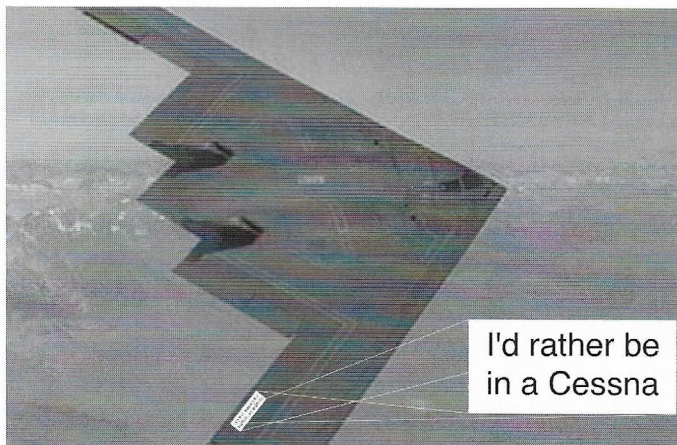
Is it the season for flies to be landing on backs?



Would you like to see my palm? I don't understand.



Perhaps you failed to notice my expression of puzzled condensation.



I'd rather be
in a Cessna

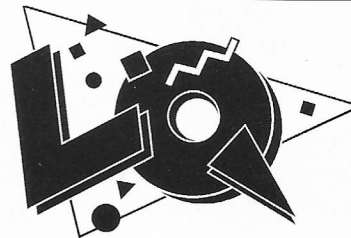
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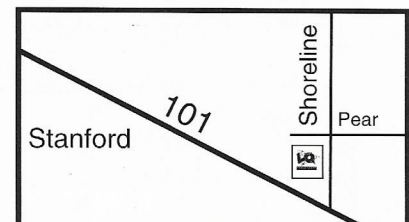
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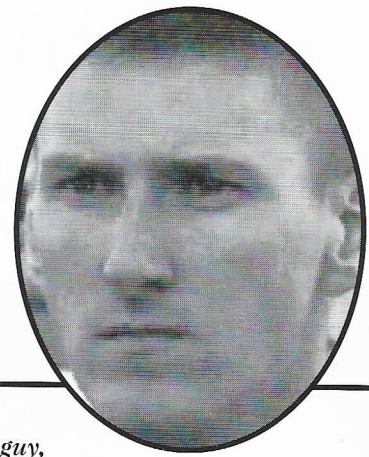
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TIMOTHY MCVEIGH LIVES ON IN POPULAR SLANG



BEFORE:

"What's the problem, Grumpy McSourpuss? You're so bitter today."

AFTER:

"What got your panties in a bunch, Timothy McVeigh? You're so destructive today."

* * *

BEFORE:

"Hey, Drowsy McNaptime, why don't you wake up already? It's past noon."

AFTER:

"Hey, Timothy McVeigh, lay off those government-issue sleeping pills! It's two o'clock already!"

* * *

BEFORE:

"Cool it with the road rage, Roadie McRageboy. This traffic's not so bad."

AFTER:

"You have every right to be upset, Timothy McVeigh. This Ryder truck does not drive well at all."

* * *

BEFORE:

"You shouldn't have slugged that guy, Touchy McTemper, even if he was a wacko."

AFTER:

"You shouldn't have blown up that guy, Timothy McVeigh, even if he was at Waco."

* * *

BEFORE:

"Just be a little patient, Antsy McFidgety, there are always lines at this Post Office."

AFTER:

"Take some deep breaths, Timothy McVeigh, there are always horrendous lines at this Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms."

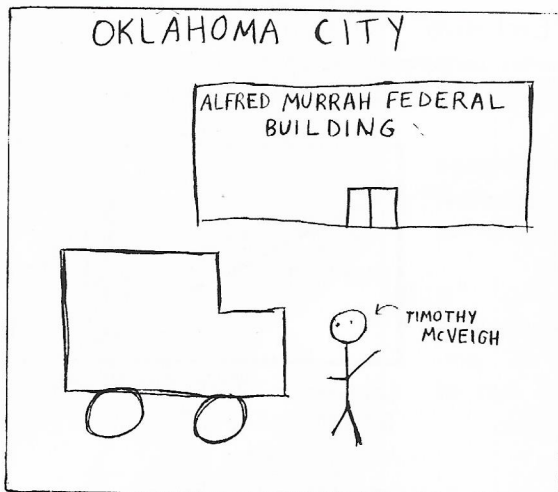
* * *

BEFORE:

"Hey, Snappy McMeanspirited, be nicer to your imaginary friend Berry Tickles."

AFTER:

"Hey, Timothy McVeigh, will you introduce me to your friend Berry Tickles?"



THE WORST ATTACK ON
AMERICAN SOIL IN HISTORY



THE WORST ATTACK BY
AN AMERICAN MOHEL IN HISTORY

Jasper Ridge Biological Preserve: An Exploration

Jasper Ridge, or Nature, was sealed away from the eyes of the public, except for the strange Shackriders Club, which allows humans to ride horses, drink beer, and hold barbecues on Nature. Nature is biding its time, waiting for the day when enough sediment will build up under the club to entomb them. Nature is patient that way.

Nature is comprised of four plants - three varieties of poison oak (plant, bush, and shrub) and ticks. Nature has no animals, except for banana slugs, which raise their sensory organs every day to the Natural heavens and give thanks that Nature has not sent another animal to step on them. Nature has no desire to preserve anything else at Jasper Ridge.

Nature has a volcano and a fault line, which it uses to dispense its own brand of justice. These archaic weapons have been used since the feudal era, when Nature roamed the countryside, pillaging and taking women for itself..

Nature was formed about 2 million years ago, when it attacked an ancient Cenozoic lake and used enslaved humans to build more nature in the form of a giant biological reserve in the South Bay. The hu-mans eventually evolved and rose up against Nature, which retaliated once more by playing possum and allowing itself to be turned into a resort.

Just when it seemed as though Nature was down for the count, Dr. Paul Erlich hypothesized that humanity would soon overrun Nature forever. Though many cheered humanity's impending triumph, Nature-lovers decided to save one piece of nature in the zoo known as Jasper Ridge and overrun the rest of it.

But Paul Erlich's conclusions were inaccurate, and humanity fails to conquer the world. Nature captures a few of them and forces them to give tours of nature to other hu-mans, which Nature sucks into its cruel maw and bores.

Nature constantly dries up and builds up sediment, and will be a savannah in 100 years, a forest in 200 years, and will touch the face of God in about 350. God doesn't mind. Nature vows to put a man (docent Duncan Menge, worst of the tour guides) on the moon or face of God, whichever comes first, by 2402.

Nature kills off one docent per year. While this is seen as wanton brutality by some gentler aspects of nature, hu-mans see it as a fair tradeoff to be spared Nature's cruel and boring wrath.

Nature was unavailable for comment.



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of compromises...

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why should your car?



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let us enjoy the Extravagance
and Danger of europe.

Long shots
of people
thinking.

Sigh of
defeat from
director
as credits
begin.

Long shots
of people
doing
nothing.

References
to Scoresese
and Jesus.

Long shots
of people
doing
nothing in
slow motion.

Pimply
teenager as
Principal
Dad.

Pointless
cameo by
director.

Fake sex
scenes that
gave me an
erection.

Pointless
cameo by
lead actor.

Star wipes.



KITTEMS OF THE FATHERLAND

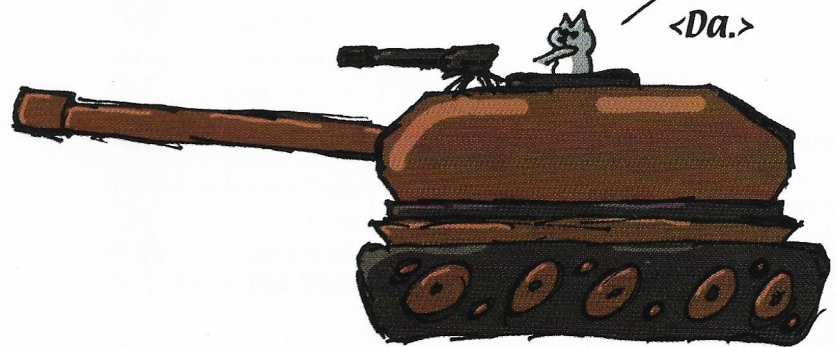
ЩИРЕ, СРИДЧЯСЖ

<Forward, kittens of the Fatherland!>



ИЧ

<Da.>



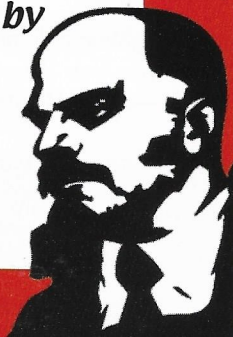
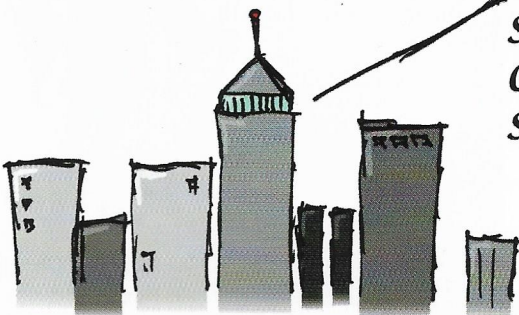
Meanwhile... in the metropolis.

Mr. Mayor, bad news and good news.



Bad news: We're being attacked by Soviet tanks.

Good news: They're being driven by Soviet kittens.





Another year, another six issues of the Chappie. To the many supporters of the Chappie, thanks for reading the issues this year and supporting the magazine. To Ray at Prodigy, thanks for the printing. To Jared, thanks for the administrative support. To the past Old Boys, thanks for keeping this thing afloat until we got a chance to run it. To Professor Richard Martin, thanks for playing along. To the neo-nerds, thanks for nothing. To the Fire of the Future, thanks for the warmth. To robots, T.S. Elliot, Victorian gentlemen, the Midwest, detectives, babies, awkward silences, and American history, thanks for being such good sources of comedy all these years. To PaRappa the rapper, thanks for believing. Adios amigos. See you in the fall.
—Chaparral, Volume CIII

