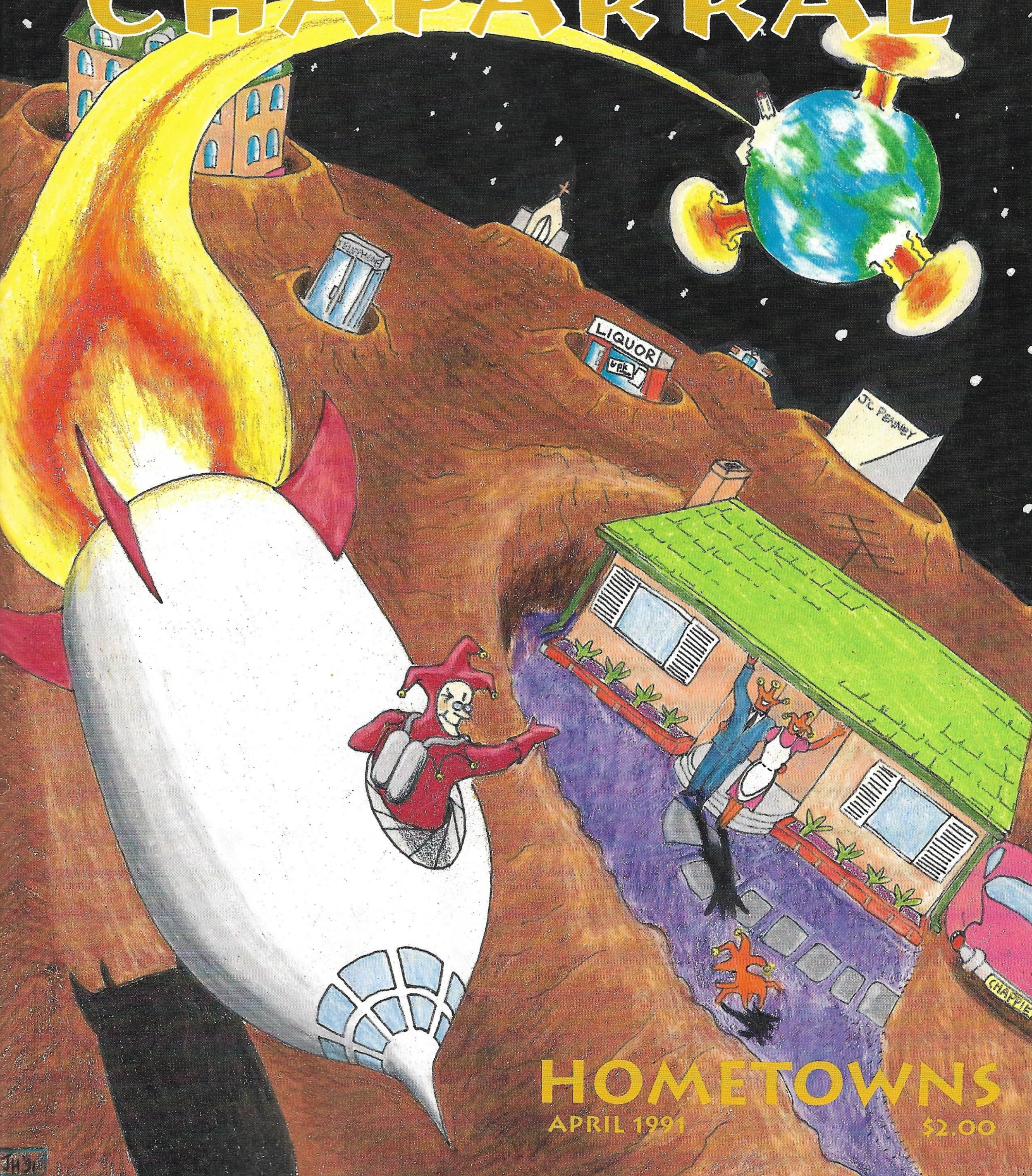


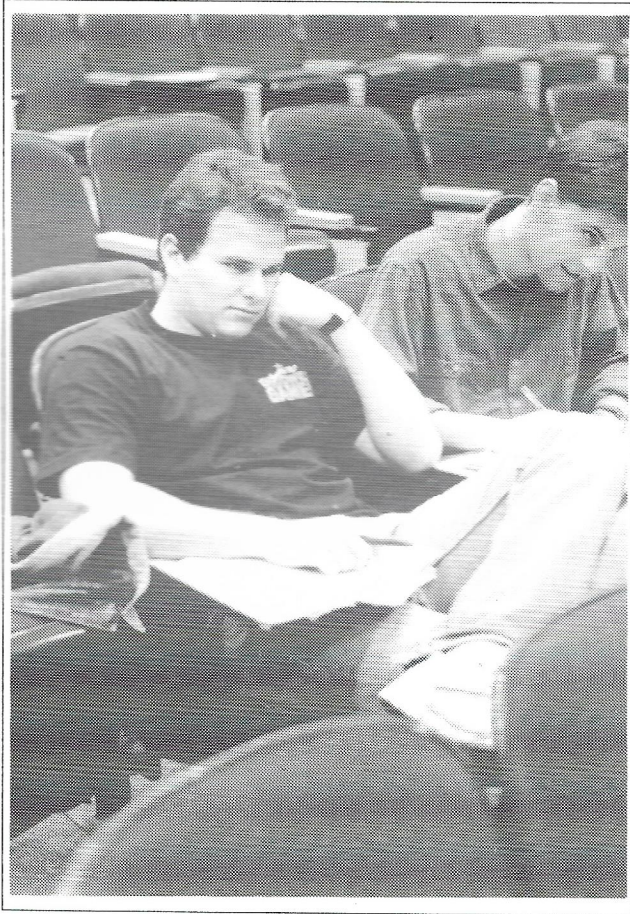
S T A N F O R D
CHAPARRAL



HOMETOWNS

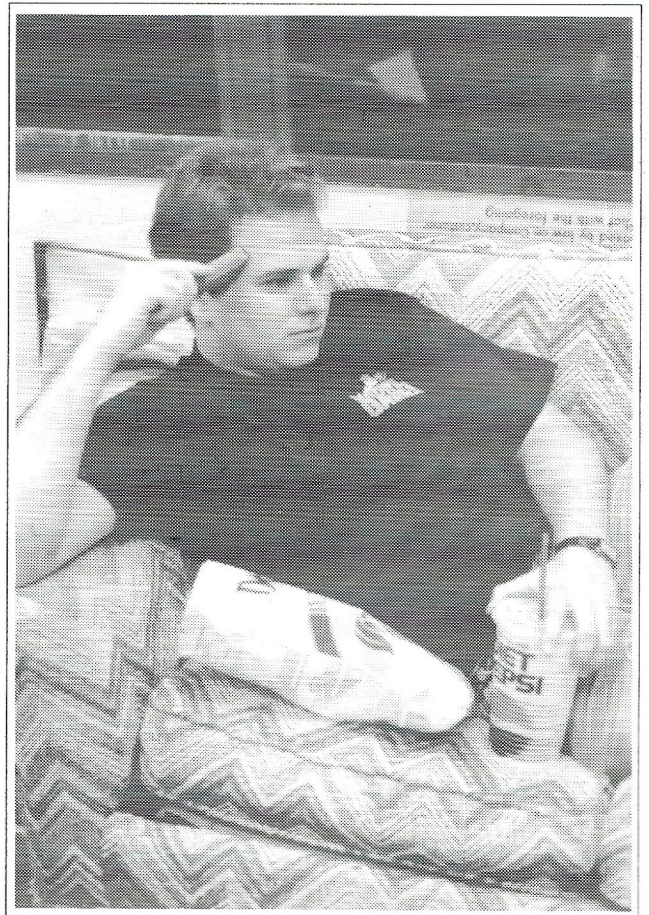
APRIL 1991

\$2.00



***“...I can’t
wait to go
back
home...”***

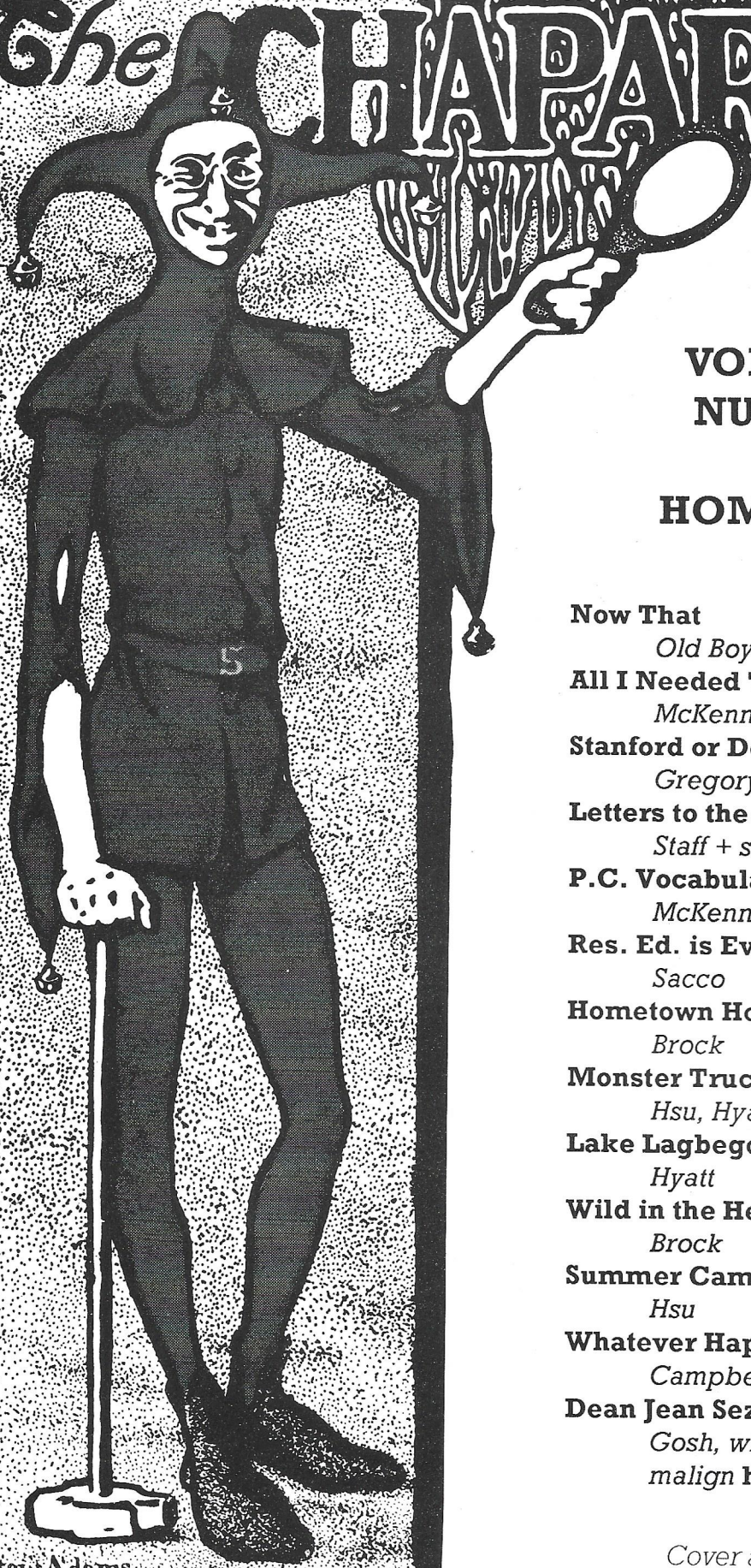
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***“...I can’t
wait to get
back to
school...”***

The CHAPARRAL



Bristow Adams.

**VOLUME 92
NUMBER 3**

HOMETOWNS

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Cover art by Jim Hsu

S T A N F O R D C H A P A R R A L



Stanford University founded 1891
Stanford Chaparral founded Oct. 5, 1899
by Bristow Adams
Published by Hammer and Coffin Society
Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

THE CHAPPIES

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Assistant Editor

Jim Hsu '92 *Art Director* Victor Payan '91
Assistant Editor

Celeste Campbell '91
Assistant Editor

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Amy Gillett '91
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Aaron Racine '92
Dave Steinmuller '92

'TIS BETTER TO HAVE

LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER

TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL

RANDAL BOROUGH '04
LINK MALMQUIST '29

Volume 92, Number 3. Copyright © 1991 Stanford Chaparral.
Published quarterly by the Hammer and Coffin Society.

NOW THAT seems about as good a way as any to start off an issue.

So then, why are hometowns so funny?

For starters, they're like bellybuttons. We've all got one. And what's not funny about bellybuttons?

But your hometown is more than just a nice place to store your chewing gum. Your home town is Eugene, Oregon. It is Mobile, Alabama. It is Madrid, Spain. Bellybuttons rarely come with both a first and last name.

Your hometown is a great song lyric. Something like "He went to Madagascar / And bagged a dozen weasels / And all of them had measles /

Hooray Hooray Hooray!"¹ What's not funny about weasels? They're wily and stinky. They contract measles. They live in Madagascar. What a funny name for an island!

Then again, your hometown has never won a Grammy, and it doesn't eat snakes to survive. That's okay, though, because Grammy acceptance speeches are never very funny. And snakes — eww, snakes! If you make jokes about snakes, they will kill you when you're asleep.

Your hometown is a dream. A peaceful and tranquil nirvana where people don't argue about whether to call it "soda" or "pop". Whether to eat

"grinders," "hoagies," or "subs." Whether to roll ice cream cones in "jimmies" or "sprinkles." They don't quibble, they just do it. And when you and your friends enjoy a round of tall, icy Cokes, you all sit and smile in shared meditation, in tacit agreement that *this, to us, to our people, this is Soda.*

So your hometown is a bunch of people sitting around a small table staring at each other, thinking about brown sugar water like it's a goddamn Confucian revelation. See, just right there your hometown's funnier than you thought it was.

Your hometown is like your favorite old pair of blue jeans. Unless, of course, you hate your hometown, in which case it would probably be a pair of Toughskins. Your hometown would be about four inches too long in the leg, and you'd have to wear it hemmed up. Your hometown would be sewn with fluorescent orange fishing line, and it would have a horrible brown plastic tag sewn onto its butt. Needless to say, your hometown is pretty funny looking. No wonder you hate it!

Your hometown is your grandmother and grandfather. You don't think they're funny? Do the Marsha Brady trick and picture them wearing just their un-

derwear.² Ah, now they're funny. And from now on, you probably won't be able to look at them quite the same way. Unless, of course, they're dead.

Your hometown is much like a vacuum-packed jar of pickled beets. Your hometown is a pile of rusty piano wire. Your hometown is a lost puppy hit by a runaway jalopy (see illustration).

But most importantly, **your hometown is not Stanford.**

Unless, of course, you live here. In which case your hometown probably could stand to be a little more fun.

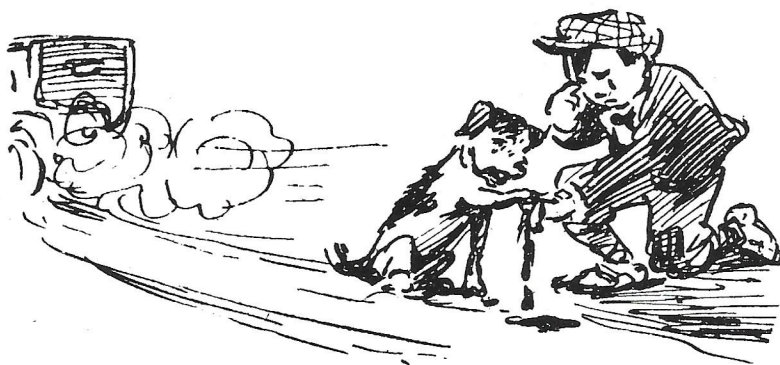


NOW THAT Perry Friedman is finally graduating and leaving Stanford... what, you say? Now that's not very nice.

Regardless, the winds of change also sweep through this office, and it is time for the Old Boy to say goodbye, as well. This retiring Old Boy thanks his 91 predecessors and his surely numerous followers, dedicating these last words to the future of the *Chaparral*, a future where it will be better to live and laugh than not to live at all.

¹ "Hooray for Captain Spalding," Animal Crackers.

² See episode in which Marsha is very nervous about taking her driving test.



THESE ARE THE PEOPLE IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

WRITING

Jeff Brock '93
 Matthew E. Milliken '93
 Srimi Kumar '93
 Lynn Deregowski '94
 Drew Hilling '94
 Dave Hoffman '94
 Lee Sacco '94
 Tony Sirna '94
 Doug Wade '94

BUSINESS

Jason Cohen '94
 Kurt Kuersteiner '00

ART

Alex Gregory '92
 Rob Wheeler '92

PERRY

Perry Friedman '91

ZOOKEEPER

Lauri Reffelt '93

H & C COP SLATE

'Click Here For Fee Refund'

Mike Schreiber '91
 Dave Levin '91
 Amy Arends '92
 Srimi Kumar '93

H & C ASSU SENATE

CANDIDATES

Eli Cates '91
 David Hyatt '92
 Raphe Beck '92
 Tony Sirna '93

SPECIAL THANKS

Mike Dornheim
 Ron Fernandez
 Vinnie Freda
 Al Hayes
 Jenn Sinclair
 Mike Wilkins
 Al X
 Raul Lopez
 Hatcher Trade Press
 ASSU Pub Board
 ASSU Typesetting
 The Jerk Who Stole My
 Computer Over Winter Break



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the editor,

I wrote a great little parable for you. It goes like this:

There once was a man named Young Goodwin Liu.

One morning Young Goodwin Liu awoke and decided that he could Make A Difference in the world, and he set out for the Future.

He came upon a lost Ass. Young Goodwin Liu told the Ass he was a Cop, and began to lead it home by its ears.

But the Ass told Young Goodwin Liu that he belonged to a Gnome named Multiculturalism, and that the Gnome lived over the steep Mountain of Intolerance and past the treacherous River of Ignorance. The lost Ass explained that it needed Service and Leadership to find its way.

So Young Goodwin Liu, being dedicated to Service and Leadership, led the Ass through the Wilderness, looking for the Gnome of Multiculturalism.

But after four long, hard years of searching, Young Goodwin Liu could not find the Gnome. As they wandered the lands, both he and the Ass, starved to death, and their rotting carcasses were eaten by wild birds.

Nate Hawthorne
Frosh, Branner

So, I guess not all Rhodes lead to Gnomes? —Ed.

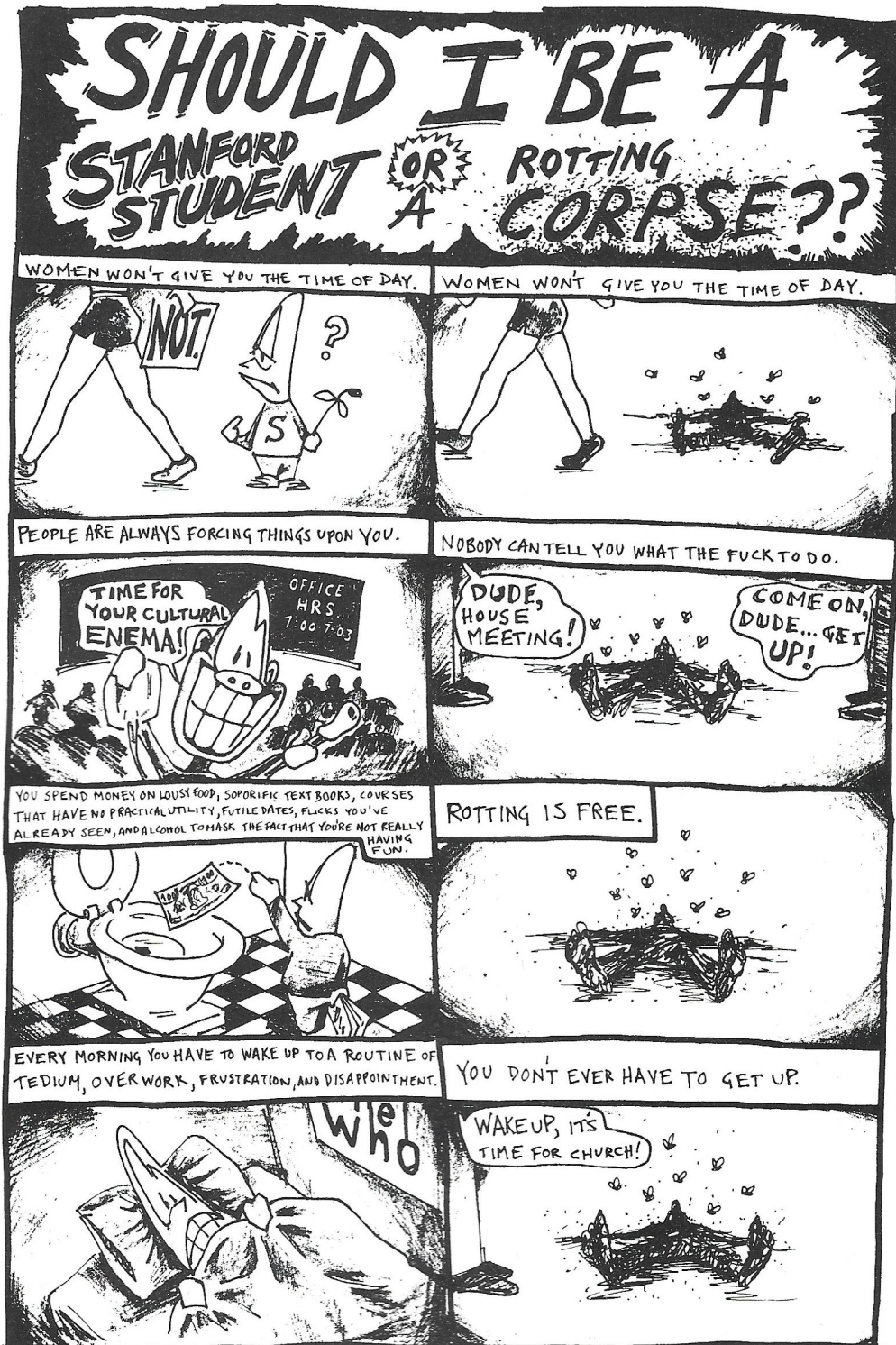
We received in the mail the following letter, typed on the inside front cover of our last number, "Sin." The writing covered our "Kuh-Razie Kuh-Ookie Kuh-Ontest #1 (Who Farted?)" announcement. It reads:

Jan 28, 1991

Please cancel the subscriptions of: Dr. V.F. Van Dalsem and Dr. E.L. Van Dalsem. Humor not well done!

E.L. Van Dalsem

*Congratulations to the Van Dalsems!
As the winners of our "Who Farted?"
contest, they each receive a free two-*



year subscription to the Stanford Chaparral (sixteen dollar value). —Ed.

Some time ago, we received the following mysterious message on our answering machine:

"Listen, and you listen very closely. Last night I was accosted by one of your people who intends to write an article based on some things that were said by me. If that article gets printed, you will be facing some very serious trouble. Think twice about what you are about to publish."

Congratulations! You're the second place winner in our "Who Farted?" contest. Call our office at 723-1468 to claim your prize. —Ed.

Hey Chappies,

Nice lips on the cover!

Hofstra Nonsense
("Hofstra's only intentional humor magazine")
Hempstead, New York

We assume the Nonsense is referring to the cover of our last issue, which featured a juicy set of pouting, quivering, tempting, sensual, succulent lips. All we can say in reply is that if the Nonsense continues to objectify women with its flip comments, we shall be forced to discontinue all correspondence. —Ed.

Fellow Humor Magazine,

Feel free to photocopy and use anything you like from any of our magazines, just as long as you acknowledge us (a byline is enough).

Clarkson Knight
("Good Humor Vendors")
Potsdam, New York

Thanks! We've been dying to print your brilliant and timely Star Trek parody! —Ed.

LETTERS CONTINUED ON P.8

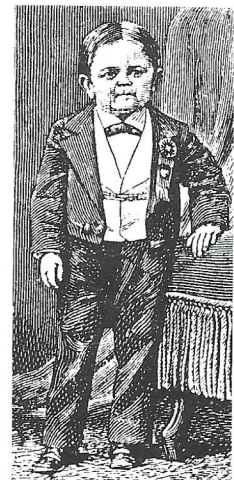
NEW POLITICALLY CORRECT EUPHEMISMS

—or—

"Hey, some of my best friends
are Vertically Challenged."

We know all too well how touchy people can be about what you call them. So in the interest of informing the Stanford community about what terms are currently in vogue, the Chappie presents its guide to the current politically correct lingo (subject to change without notice).

- When you mean to say **Black**, what you should say is **African-American**.
- When you mean to say **Oriental**, what you should say is **Asian-American** or **Pacific Islander**.
- Someone who used to be **handicapped** is now **Physically Challenged** or **Differently Abled**.
- The term for **minorities** is now **People of Color**.
- **Women**, accordingly, are now **People of Gender**.
- **White Anglo-Saxon Protestants** join the ranks of the downtrodden by becoming **Ethnically Deprived**.
- Your **short** friend is now **Vertically Challenged**.
- Likewise, the generally **stupid** are to be referred to as the **Mentally Challenged**.
- People who are **fat** prefer the less pejorative terms **People of Mass** or **Latitudinally Overpresent**.
- **Jocks** are **Physically Overabled** or **Mentally Challenged**.
- The **ugly** are **Aesthetically Challenged**.
- Members of the **animal** kingdom are **Chromosomally Different**.
- **Men** must shed their linguistic shackles and are henceforth to be known as **Myn**.
- Rather than being **dead**, those who have passed on are **Existentially Challenged**.
- Lastly, the correct term for **midget** is **Fucking Midget**.





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Everything I needed to know at Stanford, I learned in my C.I.V. class.

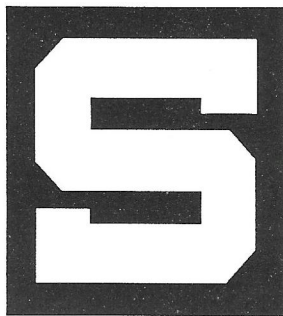


In the Bible, things are cited by chapter and verse. • Sappho was a lesbian poet. • Absolutely nothing can be stated in terms of black and white. • There is no relationship between attendance and final grades. • A lot of different people have a lot of different beliefs about a lot of different things, and most of them are for shit. • Never talk more than five or six times in a section. If you do, everyone will hate you. • Lots of departments have little coffee shops in them. • There is an inverse relationship between time spent reading and final grades. • Look up the names of main characters before section. • Never ever voluntarily sign up for a nine o'clock class. If the class is required for your major, change your major. • Always respond positively to the question, "So, how did you like the reading?" When pressed for reasons, be as vague as possible. • Never use the phrase "My teacher in high school said..." • Don't bother reading the non-European authors, they won't be on the test anyway. • If you fiddle with the margins, a four page paper can become a seven page paper, including title page and acknowledgements. • Never ask your professor a question before lecture. • Never ask your professor a question after lecture. • Never ask your professor a question during lecture. • No matter how much you might think otherwise at the end of a quarter, you will never need any of the books or any of your notes ever again. • It takes about 50 minutes to do an entire *Daily* crossword puzzle. • When you want a cheap laugh, analyze something from a Freudian perspective. • Never suggest that the section bond with a therapeutic game of "Heads Up, Seven-Up". • Never suggest alternative reading. • Very few literary classics are illustrated. • The guy in Green Special Collections is a freak. • Don't cite Cliff Notes in your papers. • Never say, "Jeez, it's just a story." • Course reader pages are much longer than paperback pages. • They don't assign the best parts of Boccaccio's *Decameron*. • It is possible to doze within six feet of your section leader. • Other students' ideas are to be considered, analyzed, and treasured as valid perspectives. Unless, of course, they're *really* stupid. • Never go to your TA's office hours "just to chat." • Never use your TA's home number. • Never ever let your TA convince you to remove your clothes in his apartment. • The Bookstore buyback rate is shit.

Stanford Student Alumni Network

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- "Shadow" Interns
- Senior Weekend



Informational Meeting
Wednesday, April 10,
7:30 p.m.
Bowman Alumni
House

We're looking for students interested in leadership and management opportunities to be officers and project directors for 1991-92. Others who are interested in helping with spring quarter projects are also welcome!

Check us out!

For more information, call 725-STAN

Dear Editor,

We are proud to announce the publication of the Aurora Cookbook, a collection of recipes gathered by the staff of Stanford's Quarterly Feminist Journal. For just \$19.95, you get recipes for hundreds of culinary delights that are guaranteed to entice your nostrils, including such popular numbers as Jasmine Tea and Spicy Fish Soup. Other featured dishes: Mashed Cucumber Salad and Slab-O-Meat à la Simonton.

Plus, an attractive cover, and special bonus centerfold illustrations!

The Aurora Collective



Quick... name the campus magazine which:

- once put Debbie Gibson on its cover
- moved its most popular feature from the inside back cover to page four in a desperate bid to get people to accidentally read the other "articles"
- fools advertisers into thinking all students have cars, are 21 years old, and religiously refer to its pages every Thursday before deciding on that weekend's dining and entertainment

That's right: it's **RELEASE MAGAZINE**, Stanford's weekly magazine for art, entertainment, and life! Tell us in 100 words or less what *you* like the *most* about **RELEASE!** Okay, better make that 20 words or less.

All entries using incendiary adjectives will be disqualified. Winners get prizes and the satisfaction of a job medium well done. Send entries to:

P.O. Box 8585, Stanford, CA 94309

"I love when you guys make fun of us. We need all the publicity we can get." — Release Publisher Matt Hansen

RES. ED.



ANSWER PERSON

Dear Res. Ed. Answer Person,
What would life be like if Stanford's
Residential Education ran your home?

Frightened in Faisan

Dear Frightened,

Fortunately, Professor Chiah-Chein Steinberg of the Modern Thought and Urban Studies Department has just completed an observation on that exact question.

The Professor first programmed a computer simulation of Res Ed institutions and dogma. Then the computer was instructed to guide real-life Hum Bio major Trip Zedlitz through one unguaranteed year of housing, to be spent at his home, Casa-Muwekma de Maisonhausjamaa, in Moscow, Idaho.

The first step involved the draw for his parents. Even though Trip was the only student participating in the simulated draw, he still drew 5,562 as an unguaranteed senior. Fortunately, this number entitled Trip to his natural parents, who were his third choice.

Next, Trip was fitted with proper multicultural siblings: a black older brother, an Asian twin sister, and an international student from Turkey for a younger brother.

Trip's lifelong friend, his dog Sparky, had to be donated to the house kitchen thanks to the strict "no pets" rule. The kitchen then prepared the dog for a Vietnamese Cultural Fest.

Trip first began to encounter problems with food service when he was once denied breakfast. "I was only two minutes late," protested Trip.

"He was five minutes late," corrected his mother. "And he forgot his meal card again, and he wasn't even wearing any shoes."

The entire conflict was resolved in a

two hour debate during a house meeting. The meeting was momentarily interrupted when some Tri-Delts came to ask for funds to pay the Rinc-a-Delt band, and the family voted to give \$50. After the meeting, the Mendicants came to sing! And best of all, the entire series of events could be relived over and over, thanks to the family newsletters posted on the inside of the bathroom doors. Big sheets of butcher paper tacked to the hallways provided ample space for everyone to express their feelings about the whole affair.

Entertainment was difficult to come by for Trip. His family computer cluster was always full, so he could never get in to play Tetris. House quiet hours were strictly enforced after midnight on weekdays. On weekends, however, Trip did get to let down his hair at his house's dry parties and get rowdy until one or two in the morning.

Unfortunately, not all parties were so carefree, such as the "Screw-Your-Housemate" party, when Trip's date, his older brother, got too fresh.

The facilities proved to be quite generous, but because the Zedlitz family had not bought an energy permit, they had to hide their refrigerator in a closet over long vacations. The nightly fire alarms proved to become irritating, and Trip always had to get permission from his parents before he could use the family VCR. Condom machines in the family bathrooms provided Trip safe and convenient protection during romantic encounters, but, Trip complained, "What's the use? I haven't gotten any action all year here. Plus, I have to use all my quarters for the laundry machines."

Unfortunately, the observation had to be prematurely terminated when members of the Stanford Central American Action Network kidnapped Trip's little brother.

- Lee Sacco



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Believe It or Die: Ass't Dean of Student Affairs Diana "I've OD'd and I can't get up" Conklin's maiden name is **Stone**.

Alternate names for Operation Desert Storm, and why they weren't chosen:

- Operation Arctic Storm** — might confuse troops.
- Operation Kill Minorities for Cheap Gas** — too frank.
- Operation Bomb Iraq On Jan. 17th, 1991, 0530 hours** — the bombing actually started earlier than 0530 hours.
- Operation Ferocious Tapir** — most people don't know what a tapir is; low t-shirt sales.
- Operation Sand Up My Anus** — might turn off potential enlistees.
- Operation Desert Heat** — name already used for bad movie starring Divine.
- Operation Desert Jihad** — didn't want to give Iraqis any crazy ideas.
- The Thrilla In Manila** — Gen. Schwarzkopf couldn't stop yelling, "I'm a baaaaad man!!" Plus, military intelligence shows Manila to be somewhere in the Pacific Ocean.
- Operation: The Wacky Doctor's Game!** — possible trademark infringement.

- UVA Yellow Journal

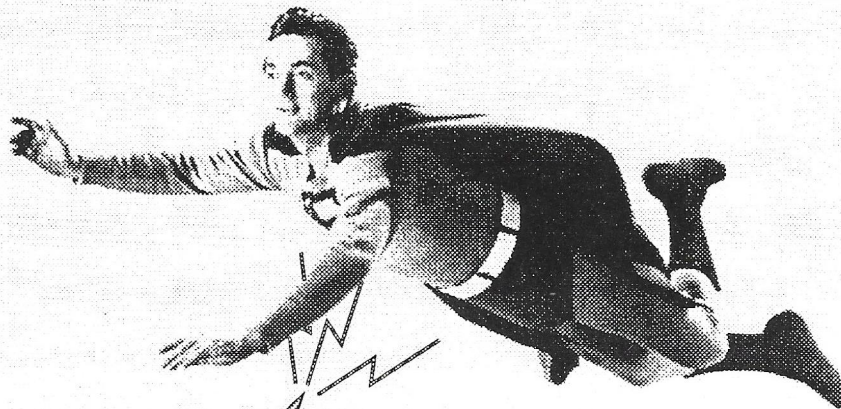


Kudos for Aimee Allison for winning last quarter's "Dean's Award for Avoiding Service" award!



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ORGANIZATIONAL MEETING

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3 7:30 PM
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Once again,

Life Imitates Art?

The Gulf War

David Lynch's Cinematic Version of Frank Herbert's Sci-Fi Classic Novel Dune

Set in the desert of Iraq	Set on the desert planet Arrakis
Armed confrontation over vital resource, oil	Armed confrontation over vital resource, melange spice
Tyrannical regime ruled by dictator Saddam	Tyrannical regime ruled by Emperor Shaddam IV
Allied troops don sinister-looking gas masks and chemical warfare suits	Fremen warriors don sinister-looking moisture-trapping "stillsuits"
Bodies of captured Iraqi troops crawl with lice	Surface of Arrakis teems with giant sandworms
U.S. Army deploys Apache attack helicopters	Stars Sean Young, who also appeared in <i>Firebirds</i> , a movie about Apache helicopter pilots
Troops use Stinger anti-aircraft missiles	Features Sting
Many Allied soldiers hold the rank of captain	Stars Patrick Stewart, who also portrays a Starfleet Captain on <i>Star Trek: The Next Generation</i>
Heavily edited for television	Heavily edited for television
Over budget, two months too long	Over budget, two hours too long
Most Iraqis are Moslem, as is Kareem Abdul-Jabbar	Poison-tipped needles are known as <i>Gom Jabbar</i>
Evil dictator Hussein bombed the innocent civilian population of Tel Aviv	Evil producer DeLaurentis dropped a bomb on innocent moviegoing Americans
Condemned by the ASSU Senate	Has never been shown at Flicks

Note: Allied forces succeeded in the Gulf War. Dune was critically panned and lost \$40 million.

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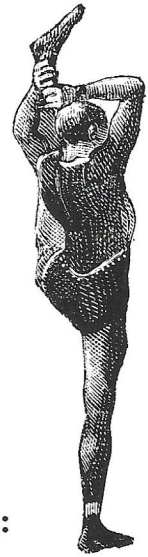
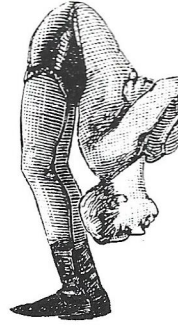
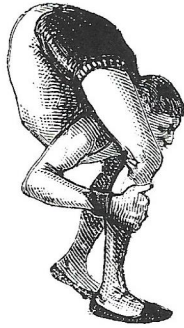
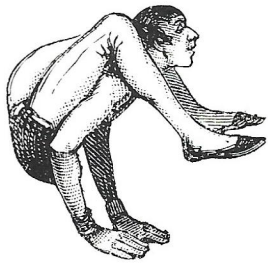
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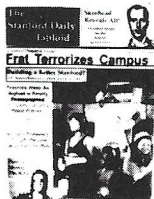
Subscriptions:
One year: \$11
Two years: \$16

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- Payment enclosed.
- Bill me later. HA!

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Back to the Return of the Progidal Son of the Special Funniness Sale, Revisited

Start or complete your Chappie collection with these golden oldies:



Tabloid, June '89
Includes the now-famous "Cops vs. COPs", our account of the takeover of President Kennedy's office in May, 1989. A must for all fans of the ASSU. Two bucks.



Harvard Joint Issue, Spring 1987

The Chappie joins forces with the *Harvard Lampoon* for 80 pages of classic college humor. Five bucks and this piece of humor history is yours.



90th Anniversary Issue + Record, 1989
With the issue comes the the first ever Chappie flexi-disk -- a side of "Radio Today" and a side of "Radio Tomorrow". The issue ain't bad, either. Four bucks.



Kids, 1986

There's nothing terribly noteworthy about this issue except that it's really funny. Three bucks. Also available -- The famous June 1990 *Stanford Daily* parody for two bucks.

Mail with cash or check (to Stanford Chaparral) to the address shown above. Tell us where to deliver if you live on campus.

a hometown honey scrapbook

by Jeff Brock

Springfield H.S. Yearbook Senior Index

5/18/90 Dear Journal,

Senior Prom Night has come and gone, but the memory shall live forever. Renee & I were elected King and Queen! What a great anniversary gift. I can't believe we've been together for roughly 3 years, 6 days, 2 hours and 3 minutes. My friends tell me that since I'll be going to Stanford soon, I should start going out with intelligent women. Well, I think they just can't see Renee's inner intellect. She's got "people smarts!" Renee told me tonight that she was accepted to the Iowa State Agricultural and Industrial Polytechnic Art Institute at Sioux City. I'm so proud of her!

6/2/90 Dear Journal,

As a graduation gift, Renee pledged her undying love to me tonight, right before I gave my valedictory address. Once again my friends ragged on her. Dammit, just because I have to avoid puns, double entendres, or intellectual wit when we talk doesn't mean we don't have a full relationship!

Bryan John "Superhuman" Shepard
Valedictorian; Male Most Likely To Succeed; Band Drum Major; Clarinet Section Leader; All-State Band, Choir, and Baseball; Prom King; Academic Decathlon Team Captain; National Merit Finalist; American Legion Boys' Nation President; Volunteer at the Springfield Animal Shelter and at Our Mother of Unbearable Menstrual Cramps hospital; Student Council President; Finalist, Westinghouse Science Fair Competition; Newspaper Editor; Powder Puff Drill Team Captain; Founder and President of the Study Overseas Club.

Renee Ann "Hollow" Holder
Who's Who's of American High School Students Among the 4th Quartile of Their Class; Girl Most Likely to Forget How to Read; Most Likely To Style Hair For A Living; Honorable Mention in Burger King's "Draw Within The Lines" Contest; Baton Twirler; First Place in the Springfield "Memorize the Nine Planets' Names" Contest; Prom Queen; "Girl in the Kissing Booth" Volunteer at the Springfield Fair four years running.

Senior Prom 1990



Prom King and Queen
Bryan Shepard
and
Renee Holder

*Bryan,
I know we'll be
together forever.
These have been
the best 3 years of my life.
I'll miss you, but
we'll make it!
I love always,
Renee*

Springfield High School Yearbook

9/19/90 Dear Journal,

A sad evening — my last with Renee till Christmas. Tomorrow we'll be 1856 miles apart. I know things will last, though — she named her new twirling baton after me.

9/20/90 Dear Journal,

Orientation! The instant I got away from all those meetings I called Renee and poured out my heart for a few hours. I did a lot of crying, but it was nice hearing her husky voice as she talked about her new classes: 'Fun With Bar Graphs,' 'Hair Styling Technology Breakthroughs in the 80s: Gel versus Mousse?,' and 'Why You Might Need To Know Algebra.' She said she thinks she might make Dean's List! I always knew she had a head on her shoulders. And I miss her so much — it's almost been 24 hours!

9/24/90 Dear Journal,

The last few days have been hell without my honeybun! I created a couple of photo shrines for her in my room. I asked her what pictures of me she had up in her room, and she said "I'm not going to put any up because I can see you in my mind." She always knows just what to say. After we talked I was homesick, so I walked around campus in my Academic Decathlon letter jacket. I don't understand why all those students laughed at me! I'm so lonely.

10/3/90 Dear Journal,

Today I dreamed of the wonderful future I have with Renee. I'll be a CEO and she can run a chain of "Hello Kitty" stores. She received a scholarship today! She won an essay contest for her essay about her two favorite books, *Choose Your Own Adventure* #35 and the novelization of the movie *Tango & Cash*. She said she's going to declare "General Studies," with an emphasis on popular culture. I can't live without her. This is my future!

10/15/90 Dear Journal,

I haven't been able to get a hold of Renee the last few nights. My roommate said Renee was "studying really late at the library." Funny, I thought she told me the library was closed due to a tornado they had last year. Maybe they have two libraries there.

Renee said she let her housemate Biff stay in her room overnight because
 Stanford University "He was drunk from a party & I was afraid he'd trip on the stairs."
 Billable Calls Invoice/Statement
 01/31/1991-S3844059-OICU812-90125

Date	Time	Place	Number From	Number Called	Mins	Amount
9/20/90	6:09 pm Eve	Sioux City	415-498-0596	319-888-6969	375.6	60.96
9/22/90	9:46 pm Eve	Sioux City	415-498-0596	319-888-6969	257.1	41.14
9/23/90	7:35 pm Eve	Sioux City	415-498-0596	319-888-6969	223.6	35.78
9/25/90	12:17 am Wknd	Sioux City	415-498-0596	319-888-6969	169.3	22.09
10/01/90	10:32 pm Wknd	Sioux City	415-498-0596	319-888-6969	149.7	19.40
10/15/90	7:50 pm Eve	Sioux City	415-498-0596	319-888-6969	62.5	14.72
11/08/90	6:42 pm Eve	Springfield	415-498-0596	319-887-1089	40.0	6.40
12/09/90	8:05 am Day	Sioux City	415-498-0596	319-888-6969	10.2	2.50
1/07/91	7:40 am Eve	Sioux City	415-498-0596	319-888-6969	1.0	.16
					Subtotal of Billable Calls	203.26

Called Mom. She said Renee's parents are telling the Band Boosters how popular their girl is with the DK& chapter at her college. Got Renee's new answering machine. "If this is Bryan, I'm not home."
 Your account is 120 days PAST DUE. Please pay the Bursar's Office YESTERDAY.

10/30/90 Dear Journal,
 Today my roommate accused me of going out with Renee just for the ego boost. What is he talking about! There are lots of reasons why I love Renee: ... but I'm tired now and don't feel like writing anymore.

11/5/90 Dear Journal,
 I'm counting the days until our reunion. Renee hasn't answered my series of 12-page letters yet, but I know she's really busy with her classes and her new group, the Campus Crusade for Healthy Cuticles.

11/8/90 Dear Journal,
 Renee and I had a long talk. I'd been thinking that we were growing apart and couldn't relate to each other. I asked her if she knew what multiculturalism was, and she said it was when your parents force you to go with them to the Symphony more than twice a year. And when I said I thought P.C. was a good thing, she replied, "Well, I think Kiss' first drummer was much better than him." But I do have faith. We did have a deep discussion on our similar tastes in acne lotions.

11/12/90 Dear Journal,
 Renee told me she's going with the campus rugby team to Miami for Thanksgiving. "I've got a real important job," she told me. "I scrub all the balls." When I said I didn't feel comfortable with that, she got mad and listed all the things I do that annoy her. "... and I hate it when you kiss me without washing the toothpaste out of your mouth. And I hate when you call past 10:30 p.m. — you know how I, uh, go to sleep early." I know we can get over this argument; I went to a dorm discussion and I learned from a woman from CAPS that if I "empower" Renee she'll love me more.

11/24/90 Dear Journal,
 Thanksgiving Day — and I overcame a temptation! A girl I met yesterday in the "Men of USC Calendar" section of the Bookstore asked me out for Thanksgiving dinner. I was lonely, and I said yes. She took me for Earth Burgers at The Good Earth! They tasted like dirt, but worse. Afterward she took me back to her apartment, where she gave me a piece of paper which read, "Waiver of Commitment Form — I, the undersigned, swear that the upcoming sexual encounter will not result in any long-term or even short-term commitment or emotional baggage." I came to my senses and left. Renee will be so proud of me!

12/2/90 Dear Journal,
 I called Casey Kasem to make a long-distance dedication. "I'd like to dedicate Chicago's 'You're my Inspiration' to my honey Renee," I said. "Get real, kid," he snapped, and he hung up. Right before I turned off the radio I thought I heard the tail end of "Release Me" as Kasem's intoned: "There you have it, folks, from Renee to Bryan." But, hey, there are plenty of other Renees and Bryans in the country. Must be.

12/18/90 Dear Journal,
 Homeward Bound — I've got my dozen roses ready!

12/19/90 Dear Journal,
 Renee called me right when I got home! She said she has mono and can't see visitors until Christmas. Wow, that must be a tough germ.

12/24/90 Dear Journal,
 This evening I finally got to see my poor, sick angel. She answered the door in a tight black miniskirt and heavy makeup. I asked her if that meant she was feeling better. "Oh, um, just trying on my Christmas clothes; it's supposed to be ... um ... therapathetic," she said. I handed her the roses, which were dead by now. She said she had to go a family dinner and slammed the door. The mono is probably making her light-headed.

12/31/90 Dear Journal,
 Renee and I went to a Des Moines dance club for New Year's. She kept looking over my shoulder — she was probably wondering how I got my new hairdo to stay. When the clock struck twelve, I tried to kiss her, but she turned her head and said, "Sorry, doctor's orders." What a tough germ!

1/6/91 Dear Journal,
 Renee overslept & couldn't see me off to the airport. She went out late with her parents last night again.

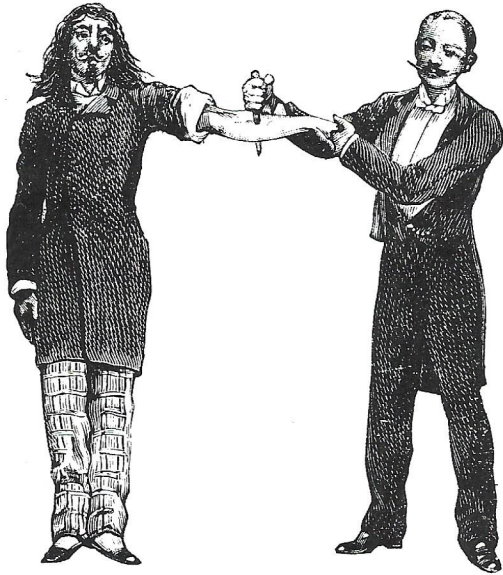
from the chest of
 Renee Holder
 Dear Bryan,
 It would be better for us to see other people. Not each other. You need someone who's smart & I need someone who's good in bed. We can still be friends. I'm changing my phone # and address. I'll call you soon & give you my new #. Really.
 Love, Renee

1/7/91 Dear Journal,
 Got a letter from Renee today. I have a strong feeling she wants to break up. But you see the way she signed it? "Love." She could've just signed her name! What does that mean? Deep down she wants me back. I'm sure of it.

How to Defend Yourself Against an Attacker

Wielding a Pointed Stick

and other topics of general interest, including:
The Spring Issue &
The 1991 Hammer and Coffin Election Campaign
to be rationally discussed at...



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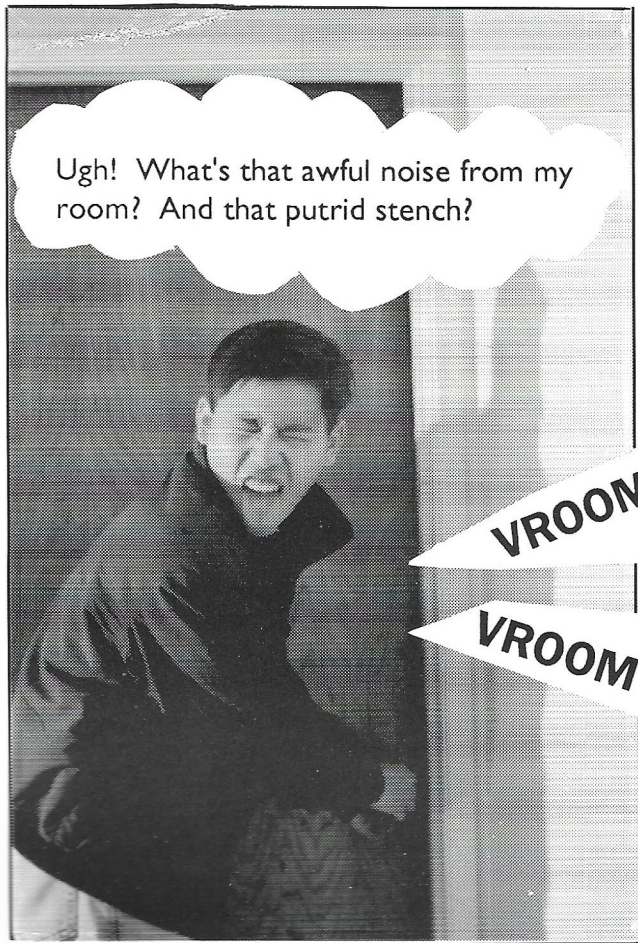
IMAGINE...

... a fresh baked blueberry muffin, crisp Caesar Salad, steaming Cafe Latte, or cool Fro Yo, whenever it suits your tastebuds!

Here's How It Works: sign up for your meal plan for Spring Quarter as usual. Then add an additional amount greater than \$125, and receive up to a 10% discount on the retail value of that amount you purchase. You save as you get the food you want, when you want it, using your convenient meal card.

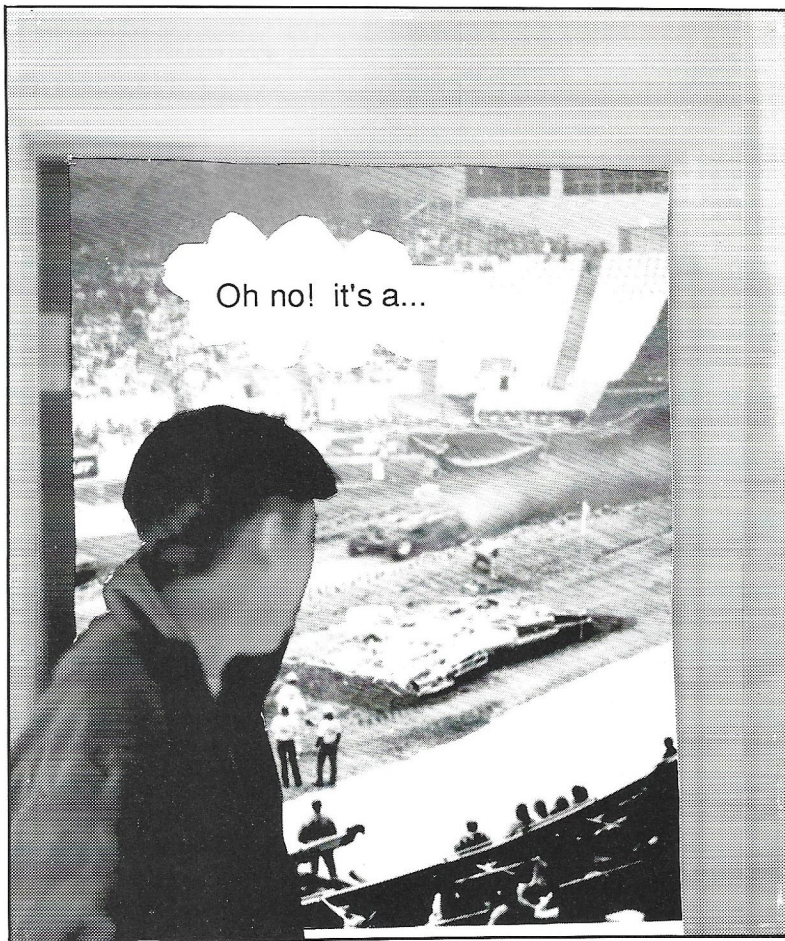
Sign up at Spring Registration, April 1, in the Juniper Room at Tresidder Union. You must be a currently registered Stanford student. Call Bon Appetit at 723-4324 for more information.

AT TRESIDDER



VROOM

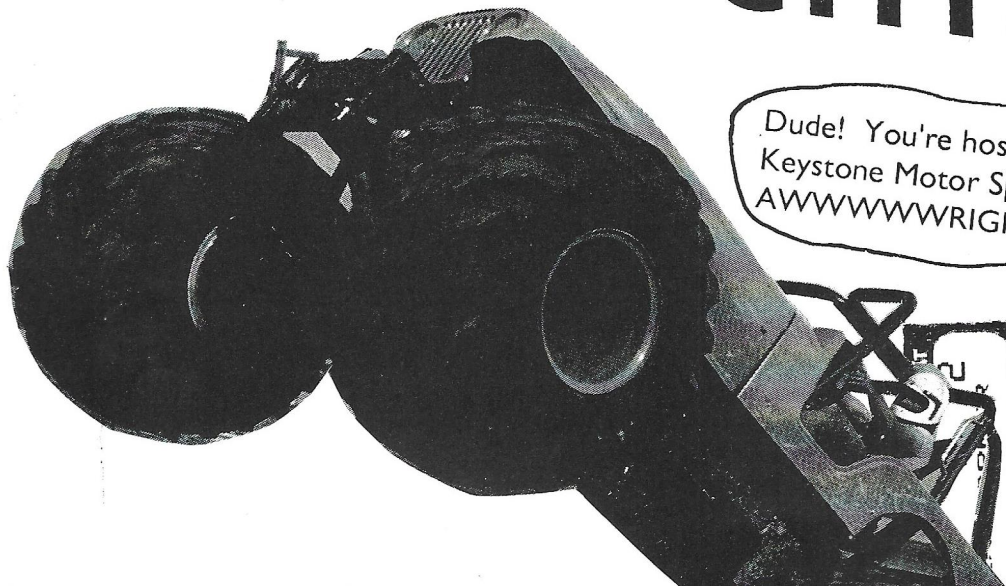
VROOM



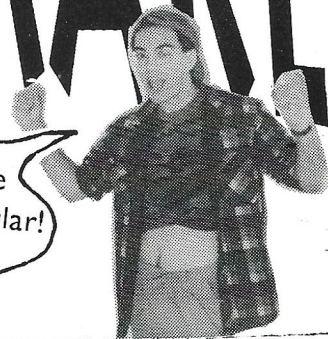
Fire Breathing **Alcohol Burning**
Mud Slinging

monster truck

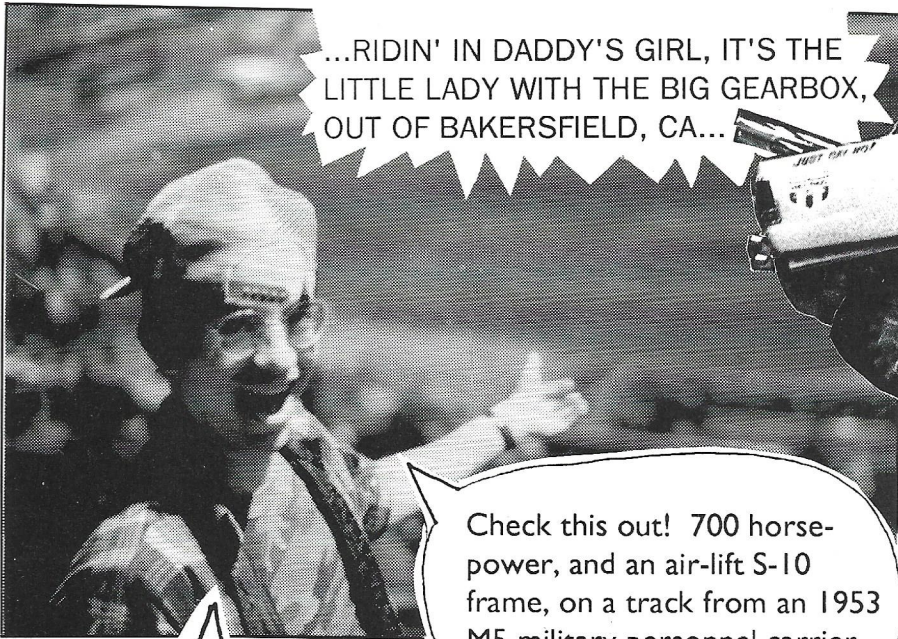
NIGHTMARE



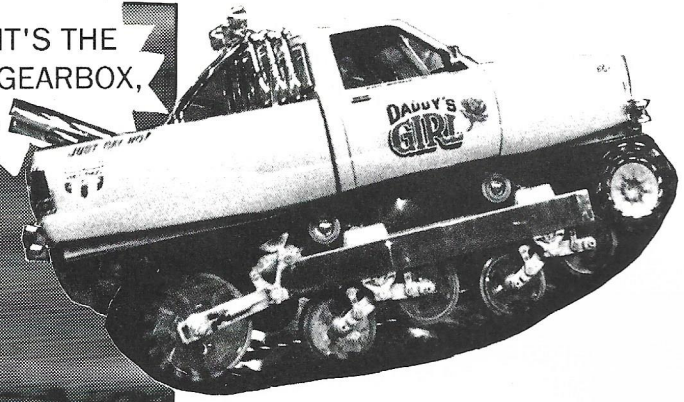
Dude! You're hosting the Keystone Motor Spectacular! AWWWWWRIGHT!



JIM'S ROOM
GENEVA & SANTOS - S.F.
CHEVY TRUCK PRESENTS
KEYSTONE MOTOR SPECTACULAR
SAT MAR 2 1991 7:30PM



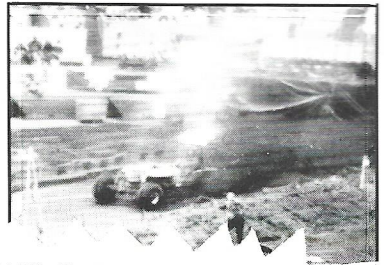
...RIDIN' IN DADDY'S GIRL, IT'S THE LITTLE LADY WITH THE BIG GEARBOX, OUT OF BAKERSFIELD, CA...



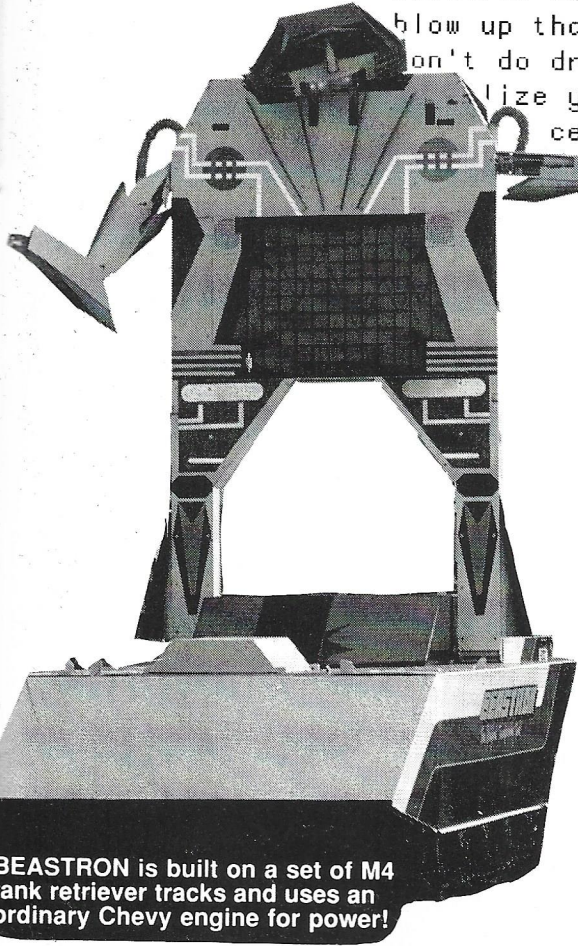
Check this out! 700 horsepower, and an air-lift S-10 frame, on a track from an 1953 M5 military personnel carrier...

...and LOOK! Your very own fire breathing transforming inspirational robot!

don't do drugs. be good. visualize your dream. buy beastron cereal. watch me blow up that car over there. don't do drugs. be good. visualize your dream. buy beastron cereal. watch me blow up that car over there.

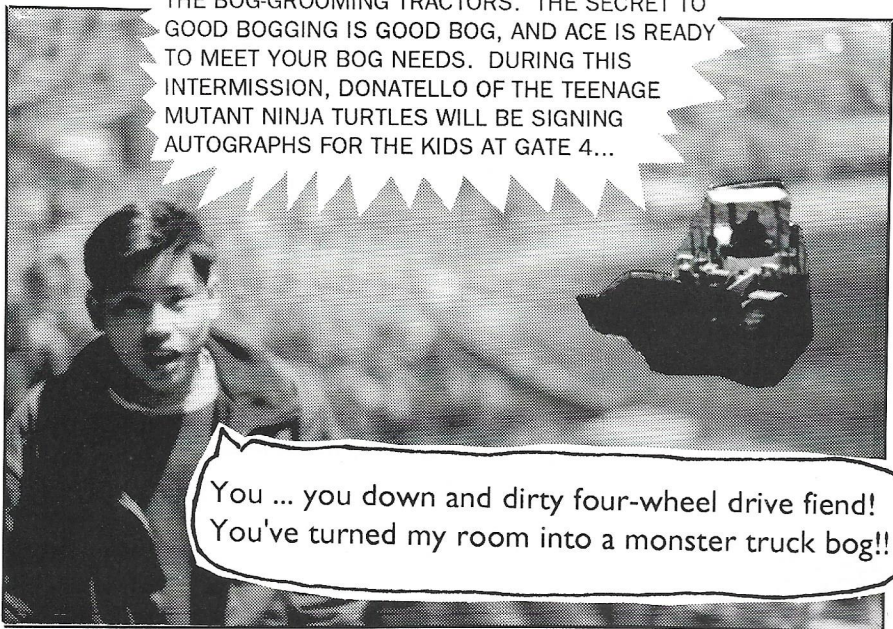


...WARNING: FANS SITTING IN THE FIRST TEN ROWS WILL BE **BOGGED**...



BEASTRON is built on a set of M4 tank retriever tracks and uses an ordinary Chevy engine for power!

...WE THANK THE ACE MACHINERY COMPANY FOR THE BOG-GROOMING TRACTORS. THE SECRET TO GOOD BOGGING IS GOOD BOG, AND ACE IS READY TO MEET YOUR BOG NEEDS. DURING THIS INTERMISSION, DONATELLO OF THE TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES WILL BE SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS FOR THE KIDS AT GATE 4...

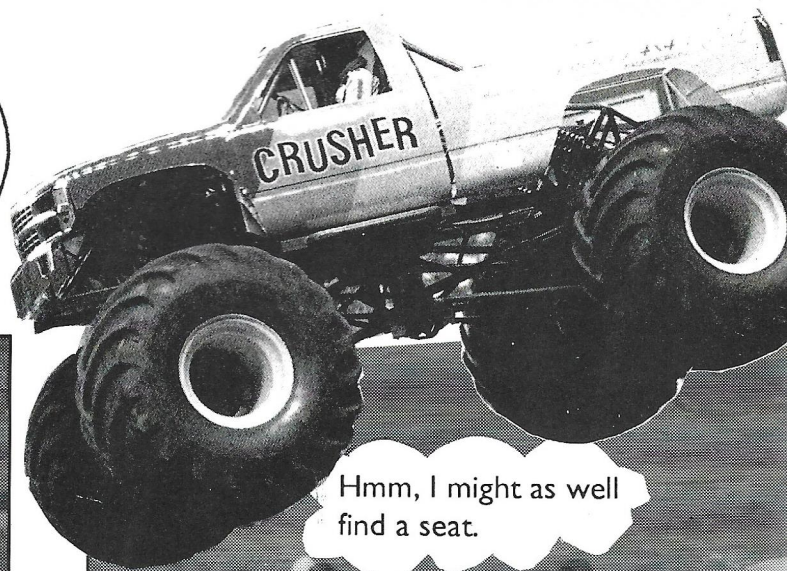


You ... you down and dirty four-wheel drive fiend! You've turned my room into a monster truck bog!!

Dude, lighten up!
Here, take a dip and
be part of the
monster mayhem!



...AND NOW TO ANNOUNCE THE WINNER
IN THE DRAWING FOR THE CASE OF
VALVOLINE...



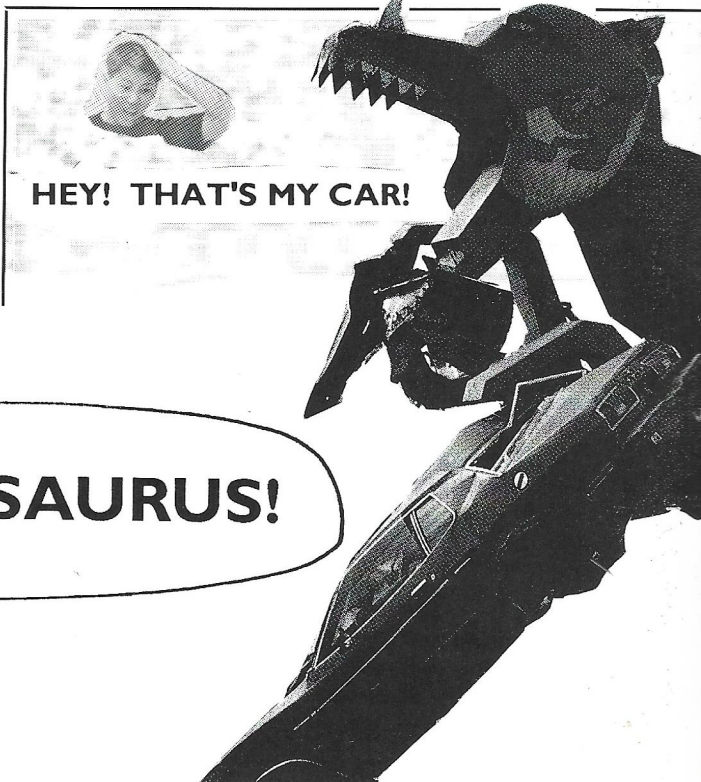
Hmm, I might as well
find a seat.



Here comes the King
of the Kar Krushers!



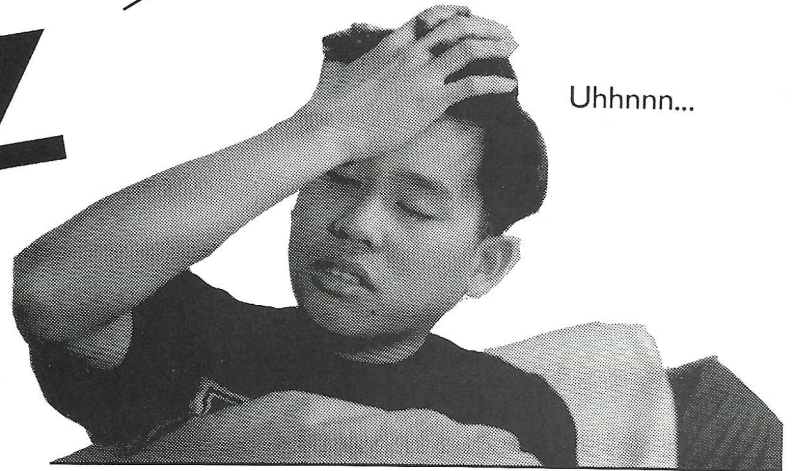
TRUCKASAURUS!



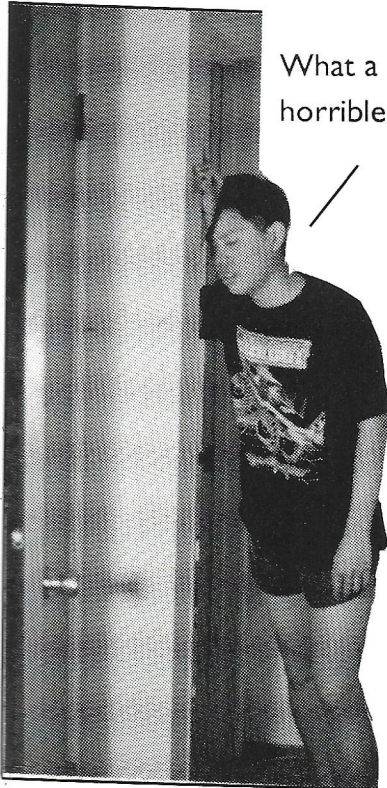
HEY! THAT'S MY CAR!

BUZZ

Uhhnnn...



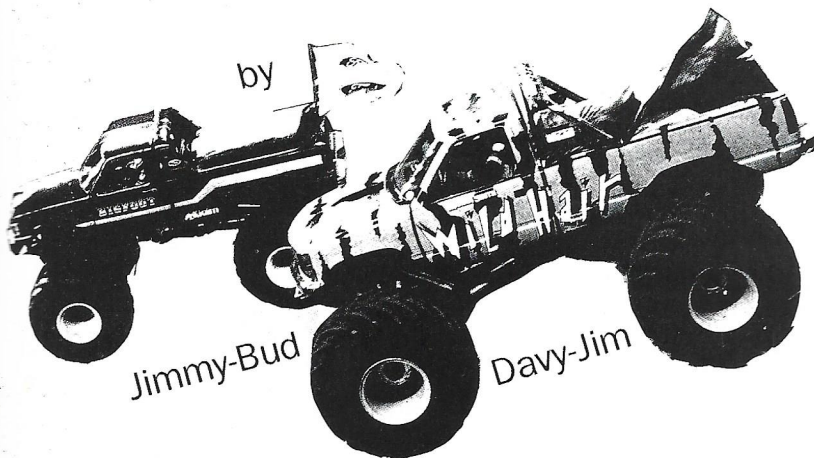
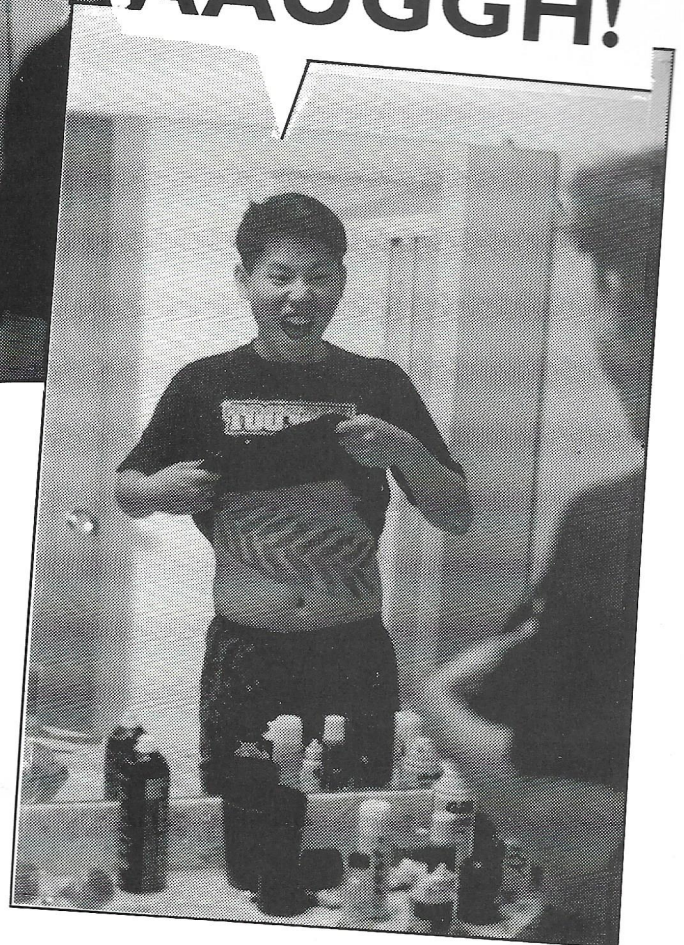
What a horrible dream...



Huh? I don't remember this T-shirt...



AAUGGH!



LAKE LAGBEGONE DAYS

It has been a quiet week in Lake Lagbegone.

It is March, the beginning of spring, the time of year when people in this sleepy college town look up from their winter activities, breathe deeply, and discover that Lake Lagbegone is, indeed, "The Little Lake That Rain Forgot." And then they get back to work.

But in Lake Lagbegone in spring, as I suppose is the case in most other University towns, the thoughts of the younger folk turn away from schoolwork, and naturally fall upon love. Such was the case for Sven Petersen, the 16-year-old son of the Lagunita Dormitory Resident Fellows, Professor and Mrs. Petersen.

Sven had lived in Lagunita for all his life, surrounded by college-aged women ever since he was born. You would think that such a life would be distracting for a healthy young boy, but Sven had always heeded the advice of his father, Professor Petersen. This advice was delivered by the Professor on the occasion ten years ago when he found a sweaty and highlighted copy of that year's froshbook underneath Sven's bed. When he discovered the manual, the Professor waited for Sven to come home from school, and when he met him at the door, he gripped him firmly by the arm in a tight, tight grip, an urgent grip the feel of which he hoped Sven would never forget. Professor Petersen presented the book to Sven. He looked Sven straight in the eye. "Don't ever," he began.

But he had not thought of what to say next. He knew how he was to say it, but he had forgotten what it was to say. So that was it.

"Don't ever," resounded the stern fatherly voice in the back of Sven's memory, especially whenever new class of frosh women

unpacked. And he had heeded the vague words, in all their unspoken meaning.

But moving in to Lagunita that spring was a new senior, Olga. A transfer from Oslo University, a long, tall, lean, blonde transfer, come to study human sexuality and to play volleyball. And there was no hope for Sven.

Sven was paralyzed, struck with a love more pure than that he had sworn years ago for Donna Dixon, an urge more powerful than the oomph he had for the blond daughter on "Too Close for Comfort." And there was no hope for Sven, because there were, as always seemed to be the case at Lake Lagbegone, male students. And Olga quickly became their darling as well.

"Don't ever," Sven heard inside his head. But his burning sixteen-year-old loins marched to the beat of a different drummer. And Sven, being sixteen, decided that he had to ask Olga out on a date.

But how? Sven had been watching Lagbegone males ask out Lagbegone females for the last sixteen years, and he had yet to observe a successful strategy. He needed advice.

He needed a plan, and sweet, sweaty love was Sven's inspiration. He posted a batch of fliers announcing a fictitious dorm program on "Dating and Sex at Lagbegone," to be held in his dorm lounge that evening, Thursday night at eight. Sven was excited to draw a turnout of almost forty students, all prepared to discuss dating while Sven would quietly take notes from the hallway.

But alas, it being Thursday night, someone turned on the dorm

television for "The Simpsons," and the students agreed to delay the evening's discussion. Then at 8:30, as promos for "Babes" started to air, no one was really in the mood to discuss dating or sex any more.

So Sven was on his own. He couldn't ask any of the other students for help, because if they knew, Sven would simply die of embarrassment. And then they would tell his father, and as Sven thought about that prospect, he could feel that primal grip re-tightening around his arm, and he could once again hear that threat, "Don't ever."

He had to act quickly, for the weekend would soon be upon Lagbegone. He saw Olga leave the lounge to return to her room, and he stopped her.

"Olga," he said, as softly and kindly as he knew she deserved.

She turned to face him on the stairwell and said nothing. Instead, she looked at him with those tall, blonde eyes.

"Olga," he said. And like his father, suddenly he had forgotten. "Olga, don't ever."

"Thanks, Sven," she said, and she smiled and tousled his hair with her soft hand, and turned up the stairs.

What have I done? he thought as she continued away. Never mind the fact that he didn't even have a car to take her to the date he had planned at Taco Bell. Never mind the fact that he didn't even have a single to bring her back to after the dinner. Never mind the fact that he felt like he was having his blood pressure taken by the largest python in South America, his arm compressed by a vise of guilt. He knew that the window of opportunity was probably gone forever.

He sulked back to his room, angry at himself, and more in love with Olga than ever before. And when he thought of how she had just looked at him, he knew he had to quickly try again. He dug in his desk and found an index card and a pen, and inspired by the

muse of burning loins, he wrote what he was to ask, so that this time he would not forget it. He palmed his speech nervously in his hand, and he went upstairs to deliver it.

He planned to burst into her room, to surprise her and sweep her away with his words, words more tender, he believed, than any he had written since his first fan letters to Donna Dixon. The only thing that could stop him this time, he resolved, would be to discover his Olga in bed with that bastard Dan Ackroyd, who could never take Olga from him just as he had taken Donna.

"Olga!" he shouted as he threw her door open, and it hit the side wall with a loud *bang*. And as he gazed in, he saw two figures hastily scurrying underneath Olga's comforter. He hoped for a brief moment, praying with all his strength that he had walked in on Olga's Greek roommate Olympia.

But as soon as her golden hair peeked out from under the top edge of the comforter, Sven knew that the face to follow would indeed belong to the beautiful Olga. And before Olga could say anything to this juvenile invader, a second head slid out from under the opposite end of the covers. It was not Dan Ackroyd.

"DON'T EVER," roared Sven's father, leaping naked from Olga's bed. And even as Sven struggled to escape from him, he strained to see the shimmering body of Olga as she grasped for pillows and blankets to cover her nakedness. But he could not catch a glimpse, and soon Sven was overtaken, his entire body strangled by the professor's dangling, flaccid penis.

And that's the news from Lake Lagbegone, where the women are busy studying, the men are in the bathroom stalls on the third floor of the library, and the children are up late at night under their covers with stolen copies of the froshbook.

—D. Hyatt



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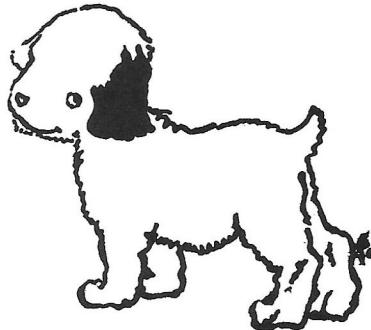
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329-9977

If you're a peace activist and you
"pause for peace," does that mean
you're no longer an activist?

"Excuse me, is that a bugle, boy,
or are you just happy to see me?"

If Geronimo jumped out of a
plane, would he yell, "Meeeee!"?



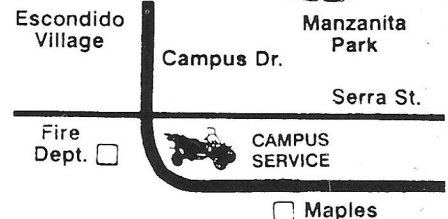
Q: Why does the Stanford Daily,
an independent corporation with
an annual budget of over a million
dollars, get a \$40,000 fee request
from the students every April?

A: Why does a dog lick his own
balls?

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even "Lard-Ass"!

Rah! Rah! Rah! What *they* don't want you to know

Rah, Rah, Rah!
Kappa Alpha!
Alpha Pi, Alpha Pi!
Rah, Rah, Rah!

Rah, Rah, Zeta!
Rah, Rah, Psi!
Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah!
Zeta Psi!

Phi, Kai, Phi!
Beta, Theta, Pi!
Alpha, Omega,
Lambda, Theta!
Beta Theta Pi!

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Crescent and Star!
Vive La Vive La!
Kappa Sigma!

Phi Alpha! Alicazee!
Phi Alpha! Alicazon!
Sigma Alpha! Sigma Alpha!
Sigma Alpha! Epsilon!

Rah! Rah! Rah!
L.S.J.U.!
Beta Chi Chapter!
Sigma Nu!

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Phi! Kei! A!
Phi! Delta! Theta!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

D.U., Delta U., Delta Upsilon,
D.U., Delta U., Delta Upsilon,
D.U., Delta U., Delta Upsilon.
Delta U., Rah, Rah!
Delta U., Rah, Rah!
[indecipherable Greek garble]
Rah, Rah, Rah!

Special super-duper secret fact:
*The official Delta Tau Delta
fraternity flower is the pansy.*

Note: "Rah! Rah! Rah!" used to be a popular expression of glee, roughly equivalent to today's "Huzzah!"

WILD in the HEART of TEXAS

by
Jeff
Brock

I am disturbed.

I saw *Wild at Heart* at Flicks, and it disturbed me.

I saw two mind-bending hours of oozing brains, crooked teeth, messy lovemaking, and general perversity.

But I liked those parts. What disturbed me were the scenes where Sailor and Lula, the main characters, travel through Texas. My home state.

Sometime after Lula draws "Oh Sailor, you make me hotter 'n' Georgia asphalt," and before the dog runs off with the man's severed hand in its mouth, Lula and Sailor are slumming in a ratty motel in an equally ratty part of the Lone Star State.

"Oh Sailor," Lula breathes, "this world is wild at heart and weird on top."

Eureka, I wanted to yell, running naked through Mem Aud. *That's the way I feel about Texas.* At that moment, I realized all my Texan kinfolk were extras in a David Lynch movie. Watching my relatives dance upon the big screen, I drifted into catatonia, swooning as I recalled "the horror... the horror...": my Christmas trip back to The Cowchep State.

Being a starving student, I flew on South-by-southwest Airlines. The cabin crew took great pains to preserve my status as a starving student ("It's time for your two ounce pack of peanuts and complimentary beverage, little boy," said the flight attendant just as I had fallen asleep). I was sitting beside a fellow (shudder) Texan, a twitching man who tried to start a conversation. "Ya see this missing finger? I cut it off so I'd Remember The Alamo. Ya see this second missing finger? I cut it off so I'd Remember to Remember The Alamo, in case I fergit the first. Ya see this third missing finger? ..." I kept myself entertained with the article on "Raising Armadillos for Fun and Profit," a piece in the airline's complimentary "travel magazine."

Once I stepped off the plane in the Dallas-Fort Worth airport, the true terror began. I was immediately surrounded by a flock of East Texas school children on a field trip to the airport. Some of the kids started to chew on my long hair. "Hey, mister," one shouted in ecstasy, "this's almost as good as the red dirt we got back home."

After further wandering through the gate, I saw my father, who said "Howdy," plunked a John Deere cap on my head, and informed me he thought it was going to be "just plain chuck-a-licious" to take me on a two-week pilgrimage to see his side of the family, whom I hadn't seen in six wonderful years.

So we packed up and drove down to Central Texas, to the city of Waco, a special pit of hell reserved for people who try unsuccessfully to bury the memories of their relatives. Waco — where men are men and cows are nervous. Where the favorite teen hangouts are "Stella's Manicure Heaven" and the gravel parking lot in front of the feed store. Where the town landmark is the Bowl-A-Rama's flickering neon sign. Where newlyweds spend their honeymoon watching South Western Alliance wrestling matches at the Sportatorium.

On this visit to Waco, I was supposed to "rediscover my roots," which all must have come from under the same rock. I'm not going to accuse my family of inbreeding, but my cousin Danelle-Sue is pregnant, and I fear she's going to give birth to a Cabbage Patch Doll.

The relatives were so thrilled to see me, my long hair, my John Lennon glasses, and my double-pierced ear that they dragged me that very afternoon to a revival at The Hampton Road Baptist Church (or, as the town calls it, "The Church"). The amusingly dynamic pastor urged us to imagine the

amount of time it would take for a very small bird to level Mt. Everest by picking up grains of it, flying all the way around the world, and piling up an identical mountain right here in Waco. "That," he howled, "would be the end of your first second in HAY-ELL."

I was Visibly Shaken.

After an hour of appeals for financial support for The Church's missionaries, helping "those poor, misguided heathen Negroes" in lower Zimbabwe, the pastor led us in a rousing rendition of "Lord, I Humbly Disembowel Myself For Thee." Then everyone held hands for a silent prayer, during which the pastor urged the congregation to pray for the removal of Brother Jimmy Ray Sneedle's "gallstone from Satan's minions."

I noted to a surprisingly intelligent-looking man sitting next to me that it seemed the majority of the people in The Church were bigots. He responded, "Hell, no, son, we hate bigots. And hom'sexshuls, too!"

I had received almost enough spiritual strength to survive that evening's Christmas dinner. We hosted tons of relatives, some of whom may actually have been strangers from off the street bumming a free meal — no one could admit to not being able to recognize someone in the family.

My cousin Kim ("Kee-im") provided the entertainment, playing an 8-track tape of her ex-husband Odell singing an old country hit, "Baby You Hurt Me So Bad I'm Gonna Feed Parts of Myself To My Huntin' Dog Till You Come Back To Me."



Other than the slurping noises, the meal itself was tolerable. But then I cringed as my father boasted, "Hey, my ol' boy's goin' to Stan-ferd."

"Oh, really?" cooed Jimmie-Marie, my kissing cousin who always wore the same soiled "Good Girls Go To Heaven, Bad Girls Go Everywhere" T-shirt. "I knew a guy from Stan-ferd once. We made it on the back o'

his motor-sickle a coupla times. Things broke off cuz he didn't like me havin' my pig Vernon with me when we wuz buckin' the bronco."

Great-grandfather Joe Bob, with black-eyed peas dribbling down his chin, pointed his fork at me and said, "Son, I wantcha to realize we're all behind ya. 'N fact, to help ya along after college, I decided I'd will ya my entire collection o' scabs. All of 'em! I been collecting scabs off some o'the most well-known people in Waco for almost forty years now. They come from any type o'wound you can imagine. Wait, son, lemme see your arm. You done with that little scab on your elbow yet?"

I thankfully had an excuse to cut the evening short. I had to get up early the next morning to accompany Uncle "Slick" Pete to a hunting range in West Texas. I didn't want to go, but the family implored me, saying "It'll be more fun than you can hit with a clay pigeon."

Slick was a good ol' boy with a penchant for sadism. Rumor has it that he picks vagrants up off the road in his pickup, takes them back to his ranch, and reads Houston Oiler box scores at them. Once the vagrant begs to be released, Slick performs what he

Lookee thar. I gotta shoot me that 9-point buck. Look, his whole family's watchin'. Hot damn, got the sucker! Say son, ya don't hunt much, do ya? Whatta they teachin' you at that big-ol Yee-university out thar? Ya ain't one of them damn flag-burnin' environmentalist-types, now are ya? I've hunted people like you before. Just last week they had a lib'ral hunt in the next county. Released a bunch of 'em into the woods. I had my special lib'ral call ready: 'No nukes! Socialized medicine!' Drew 'em out ever' time. Those are hard suckers to kill, though; sometimes takes two or three shots to do the job. I got a few waitin' to get stuffed up at the Waco Taxee-dermy."

Slick also delivered a thirty minute lecture about why we should "nuke the sand outta between them A-rabs' toes." He added, "And if them Japanese get too big for their ee-economic britches, I say we oughta nuke them again too. My damn Sony-jitsu Tee Vee went out again yes'day, right in the middle of my fav'rite fishin' show. Damn 'spiracy!"

After he "slapped some slugs" into a few more animals' butts ("That's where it causes 'em the most pain," he smirked gleefully, as if he had just shared with me his most treasured and secret insight), he



calls "Texas tattooing" — carving his initials into someone's chest and filling the cuts with crude oil.

When he entered my room to wake me, I got a little nervous when I saw the rusty Mexican Army Surplus knife in his back pocket. "Oh, that knife's just fer cuttin' off my nose hairs when they get past my lip," Slick smiled deviously.

He and I drove out past Llano at 3 a.m. to sit in a bunker in the middle of nowhere and wait for Bambi. As we squatted on a muddy plank, Ol' Slick would turn to me and whispered stuff like, "Hey, son, hold muh rifle while I getcha some Skoal — wait now!

scratched his groin, and proved how far he could urinate that day. He offered me a cold Pabst and asked me if I was having fun yet.

At this point I was drooling in anticipation of my return to Stanford. I was praying that the P. C. Police would come take this man away. I was even considering escaping by donning a set of antlers and running out into the field.

Lula and Sailor had it easy. It is one thing to face a real, live, drooling, drawling Texas Bubba. It is quite another to realize that you share the same chromosomes.

SUMMER CAMP

Dear Mom and Dad,

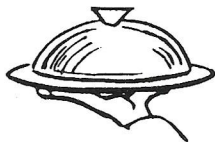
How are you? Summer camp this year is great! I like it a lot better than the one last year, when all the counselors laughed at me 'cuz I peed in my shorts when that dorkus Darby Finster told me Jaws lived in the lake and liked to eat fat kids. I'm glad there is no one like Darby here, and I'm friends with mostly everybody. No one makes fun of me because we're all equally fat, except when we go to the grocery store in town to buy candy and all the snotty teenagers throw dirt at us and call us Fatty Campers. One girl with gross lipstick and tight jeans tried to take my bag of Kit Kats, and she pushed me over and ran away. I got scared because I couldn't get up until Johnny DeSantos saw me lying in the gravel and helped me. Some kids on skateboards followed us to the bus and called us dirty names. I yelled, Sticks and stones may break my bones but words will never hurt me. Then our head counselor scared them away by saying she would turn them all into frogs. We thought that was real funny, 'cuz they all shut up and started to beg and cry until the bus drove away. The counselors here are all really cool, even though they're all women, and

they're kind of old, too, but they're real nice to us. My favorite counselor is Esmerelda, but she told me to call her Ezzy. She sneaks me extra food after meals and likes to watch me eat and calls me her little dumpling. She's really nice, but when she pinches my arm it hurts. All of us kids get to live in our own little huts. When I got here I found some X-Men comics in mine, which was cool 'cuz it was the episode when Galactus fought Jesus. Ezzy told me there are lots of wild animals in the woods so that's why the huts have to be chained up at night. The food is so good, it gets harder and harder for me to squeeze in and out of my hut. We also got our own hot tub, it's really huge and gets really warm! And Morgana, the head counselor, says we're all going to have a big barbecue on the last day, when we can eat all we want, including her cabin, which is made of real cake! Anyway, I'll be really sad when camp is over. Write back soon!

Your loving son,

Hans

P.S. Please answer my letter this time, okay?



PANFLUTE ENEMY



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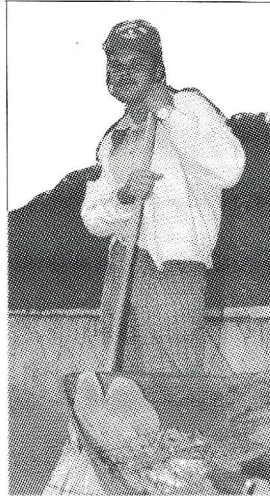
(unretouched photo)

T H E
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 S E R I E S

Featuring the Stanford Yell Leaders

HIGH SCHOOL PERSONALITIES:

Where are they now?

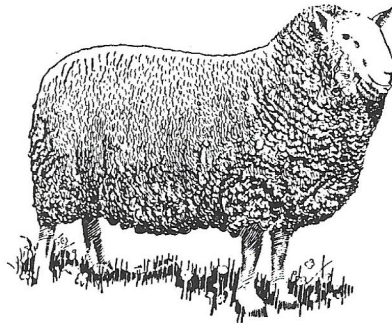


Mr. "Why do you want to go all the way out to California, when you can get a perfectly good education here at State?"

He went to State. His wife went to State. His kids went to State. This amateur guidance counselor continues to gripe at departing seniors while scrubbing the bathroom tiles.

The Absent-minded Chem/Lab Teacher:

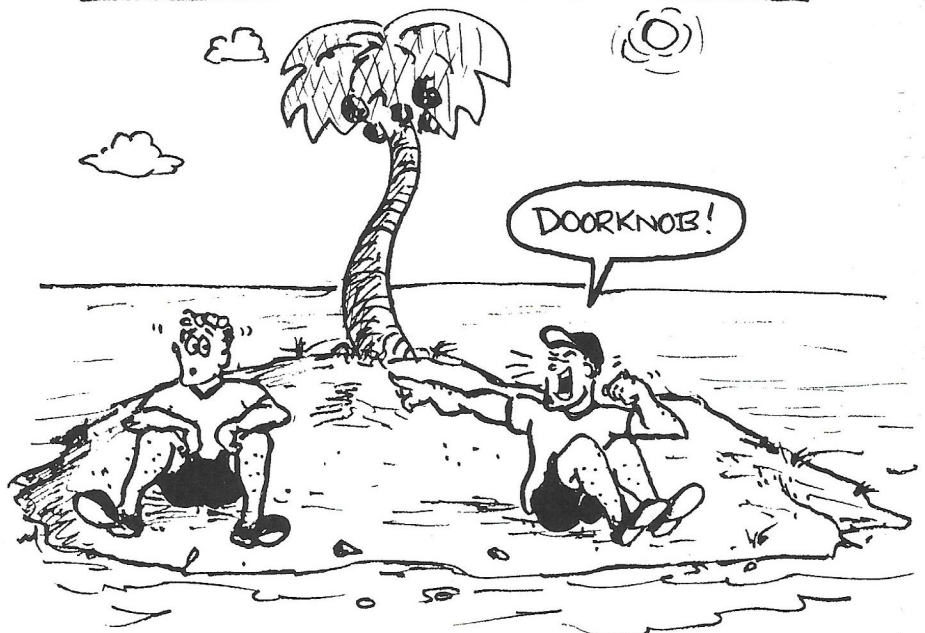
Known for singeing her (and her students') body hair due to "acid-dents." You're not sure, but you thought she still had both eyebrows when you graduated.

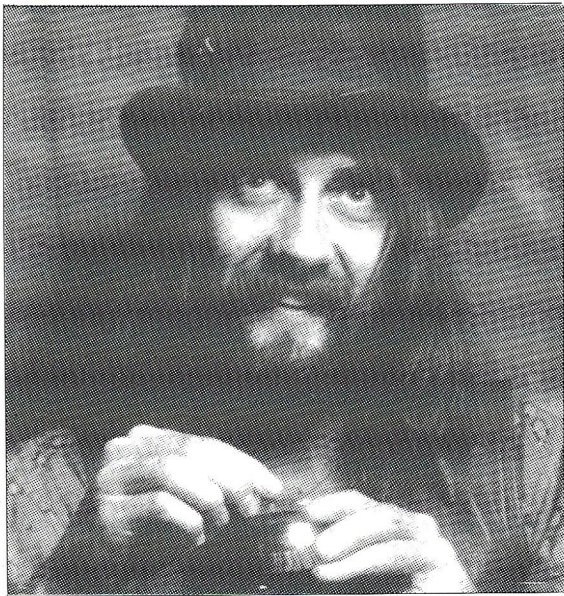


Mr. "Find the Moment" Art Teacher:

Explained art as if he were on a constant LSD/Silly Putty trip. He recently had his NEA grant revoked for letting sheep genitals be "his moment."

FRAT BOYS ON A DESERT ISLAND.





The Quiet One:
Do you remember this person? Probably not. But he remembers you.

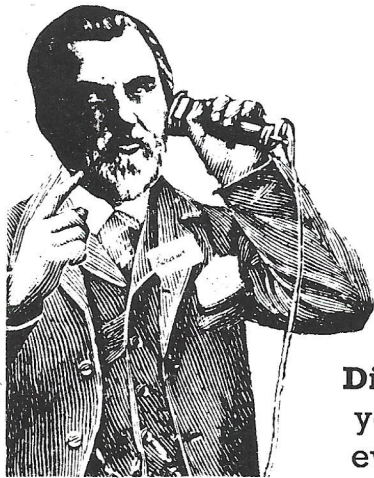


Miss Goody-Two-Shoes:
Was the teacher's pet, never got into trouble, and always wore her skirts below the ankle. Now she's in this month's *Muffdiving Monthly*, featured in a 5-page spread with Dana Plato.

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is available at



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Attention Stanford Phone Users

Did you know that the University does not allow you to dial 976 numbers from your own phone, even in the privacy of your very own room???

...



If you believe in your First Amendment rights to hear the time, the weather, or some fat middle-aged housewife pretending to be a horny nubile vixen, **clip out the convenient form below and mail it along with your next University phone bill payment.** And, call 7-HELP and read the statement below to register your opinion.

And they say Stanford students are apathetic. Remember, "The students, united, will never be defeated." - Ingrid Nava, ASSU Council of Presidents

DEAR STANFORD COMMUNICATIONS SERVICES:

Enough with the fascism! Even if I can't choose my own long-distance carrier, **I demand my Constitutional right to hear "True Confessions".** I've waited long enough to be 18, and I even have my own credit card now. **If I'm old enough to die for my country, aren't I old enough to order my own hotel-style wake-up call? Let the winds of freedom 976-BLOW!**

CLIP-N-MAIL

THOSE KRAZY FRATT BOYZ



Stanford's financial woes never seem to end. Due to a secretarial error, this year's Frosh "Thank-A-Thon" accidentally became the Frosh "Crank-A-Thon". Overheard on the lines:

"Hello, Dr. Jones? Yes, my name's Shelley and I'm a freshman at Stanford University, and I'm calling because I see you're a member of Stanford's Med School class of 1955.

"Yes, and I also see that you graciously donated one thousand dollars to the general undergraduate scholarship fund last year.

"So, you're a podiatrist? Gee, that's funny, I just had an ingrown toenail treated. Imagine that.

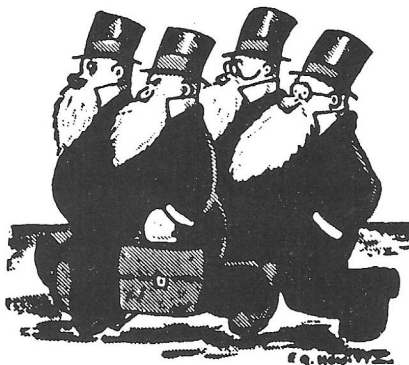
"Anyway, I'm calling because I was wondering if your refrigerator was running.

"Yes, I'll wait."

"Hello, Mrs. Quan, my name's Bill and I'm a freshman at Stanford. I'm calling to see if you'd considered donating to Stanford's general undergraduate scholarship fund.

"No? Well, then I suppose a blowjob would be out of the question?"

Needless to say, the simple spelling error proved a costly one.



"I even got the government to pay for it!"

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♥ Looking for Action? ♥

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CHECK OUT THE HOT TALK:

- #1: Hey, what's up?
- #2: Not much. Um ... what are you wearing?
- #1: My grey Stanford sweatshirt.
- #2: Oh. Didn't we meet at a Deke party?
- #1: Probably not.

#2 Oh.

Leland's Love Connection

The talk's hot, at 3-2-3 double-naught!
723-2300. \$80,000 for 4 years, Visa/MC.
Billed as "Student Communication Services"

What Not To Do As a Frosh

unless you want to be horribly stigmatized for the rest of your Stanford career (and certainly beyond).

10. Sign up to help distribute the *Stanford Review*.
9. Make a point to ask a question during every CIV lecture.
8. Get caught by your roommate while masturbating or sodomizing.
7. Get kicked out of University Housing, for any reason
6. Win three gold medals at the 1988 Summer Olympics
5. Buy an IBM
4. Take SLE / Live in Branner
3. Date your RA / Date a child of your RF
2. Deface a flier
- 1.(tie) Write a column for the *Daily* / Drown in Lake Lag

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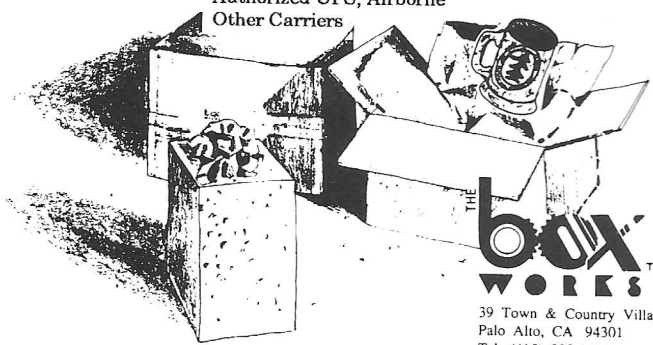
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Went Out In Georgia
— Vicki Lawrence

Arizona
— Mark Lindsay

Brother Louie
— Stories

Playground In My Mind
— Clint Holmes

Billy, Don't Be A Hero
— Bo Donaldson & the Heywoods

The Night Chicago Died
— Paper Lace

Don't Pull Your Love
— Hamilton, Joe Frank & Reynolds

Heartbeat, It's A Lovebeat
— The DeFranco Family

(You're) Having My Baby
— Paul Anka

Baby Don't Get Hooked On Me
— Mac Davis

The Candy Man
— Sammy Davis, Jr.

Thunder and Lightning
— Chi Coltrane

Play That Funky Music
— Wild Cherry

I Am Woman
— Helen Reddy

Afternoon Delight
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Ah, nothing

stirs the soul quite like a good, healthy fart.

I know the Chappies have a strict “no fart jokes” policy, but because I’ve decided to call it quits, they’re making one last exception for me.

I’m so pleased that the Chappies are finally including something I’ve written. It’s a piquant little number about what a Stanford application should **really** be like. I think this series of questions would far more accurately measure a student’s constitution and inner fortitude. Besides, isn’t that what Stanford is all about?

Brappo!

Dean “Dean Jean” Jean Petter



1. You’re taking an exam. You’re the only one seated at the front of the lecture hall; your back is to the rest of the class. You finish the exam early with two hours to go. It was a breeze! But as you exult, you accidentally relax your tense abdominal muscles and rip a long and noisy fart. The lecture hall is still packed, and small titters from behind let you know that everyone has heard it.

Do you:

- a) get up to turn your test in, and then walk up the aisle, thereby letting everyone see the scarlet face of the perpetrator? or
- b) sit fixedly in your seat for the next two hours, pretending to ponder the problems until the room has emptied?

2. It’s rush hour at Safeway, and you’re next in line for the register. The lady in front of you rips a silent but violent fart. You twist and turn, struggling to escape the wafts of this vile scent, but you simply cannot get away without sacrificing your precious place in line.

You’re in a hurry, and all the other lines are much longer.

Do you:

- a) join a longer but less odiferous queue? or
- b) grab a *Cosmo* and torch it with free Safeway matches, hoping that the perfume strips in the magazine will burn like incense?

3. You’re at a classy restaurant and the waiter has been providing exceedingly good service all evening. You have decided to tip him generously. When he gives you the bill he kindly says, “Have a good evening,” but squirts a vicious fart in your direction as he walks away.

Do you:

- a) vengefully leave only a handful of change at the bottom of your water glass? or
- b) give him an even bigger tip out of sheer admiration?

4. You're conversing with a group of classmates when you suddenly expel an inaudible but incredibly mean fart. At this point, everyone else accuses one of your best friends of having perpetrated the crime. They taunt him cruelly.

Do you:

- a) join in the taunting with reckless glee? or
- b) sheepishly confess your crime and thus absolve your hapless friend?

5. You are at your friend's house, and his/her mother, a dignified, elegant lady, strikes up a mundane discussion with you. Suddenly she pops a wee fart, yet continues to speak volubly.

Do you:

- a) continue smiling and nodding attentively while inhaling as little as possible? or
- b) snicker and flee the house, ignoring the fact that you and your friend were planning to drive to the movies together?

6. You're on a first date with a complete hunk/babe, alone in a secluded part of a very romantic restaurant. As you converse pleasantly, you suddenly detect an unholy stench wafting through your alarmed nostrils. You're fairly sure that you didn't do it.

Do you:

- a) sit there and pretend that nothing has happened, while secretly indulging your own fart fetish? or
- b) bolt for the restroom, knowing full well your date will be frightfully embarrassed and never go out with you again?

7. You're riding in the small Miata of a relatively new acquaintance, while outside a hailstorm rages. You realize that you have silently unleashed a hideous, foul-smelling gas beast.

Do you:

- a) sit tight and desperately suck in as much of the poisonous gas as you can? or
- b) ask to roll down the windows because "It's too hot in here," even though it's freezing and sleeting outside?

8. You're in the shoe section of your favorite department store, and you find the perfect pair of shoes, just the ones you have been looking for. You ask to see a

pair. The helpful salesperson seats you and goes to the stockroom to find your size. However, as you wait, you inadvertently sound a rousing chorus of "Morning Has Broken" against the yielding vinyl of your seat.

Do you:

- a) fan the immediate vicinity and hope the smell disperses before the salesperson returns? or
- b) flee the scene of the crime, leaving a rancid mystery for the confused salesperson?

9. You're studying at a table in the library when you realize that a behemoth of a fart is impending, one you are certain you will be unable to stifle.

Do you:

- a) let it rip, knowing people might snicker but otherwise not bother you? or
- b) slam the volume in front of you repeatedly in order to mask the sound, even though this will attract the librarian, who will venture over to admonish you and thereby detect your atmospheric transgression?

10. You are having the time of your life at a crowded, swingin' frat party, dancing with someone you would drop a class to go out with. Suddenly you feel that familiar constriction telling you a monster's about to rear its venomous head.

Do you:

- a) hastily raise your fleshy portcullis, hoping the band won't suddenly pause in the middle of this number? or
- b) dance like a dork from Devo, jerking your upper torso around nervously to release the gas in benign, measured increments?

11. You're still at the party. You've scratched and fought your way to the bar, where a pledge in a cave-man costume is doling out brews from a rapidly dwindling supply. Suddenly, the jock ahead of you rips a mean fart that knocks down you and several other innocent partygoers, clearing a radius of fifteen feet.

Do you:

- a) clamber over the bodies and escape the potential fire hazard, thereby leaving your thirst unquenched, and possibly risking not being able to get a cup all night? or
- b) try the same trick to clear your own path to the bar?

the Los Altos

4032 EL CAMINO REAL, LOS ALTOS

HOUSE OF TOAST



Thomas G. Timberlake



1933-1991

Old Boy, Volume 56
Trustee, Hammer and Coffin Society

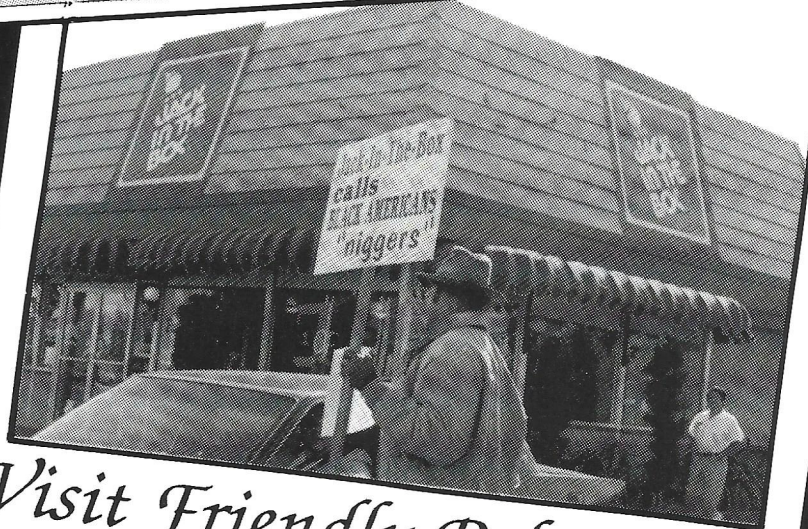
He lived and laughed.

NOT
postcards



Having a Ball at Stanford

Greetings!
from the
Stanford
Linear
Accelerator



Visit Friendly Palo Alto!

THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL



"Poster? I don't even know her!"

The Four Professors first appeared in *The Stanford Chaparral* in 1941. The philosophical comment printed in red above showed up in 1985. It figures. The magazine is very big on epigrammatic philosophy, having told us, "Tis better to have lived and laughed than never to have lived at all" for nearly one hundred years. Pretty heavy stuff. You could build a not-half-bad religion around it.

SINCE 1899

The *Chaparral* presents a poster featuring thirty-five sets of the famous Four Professors, with quips from 1941 to the present. A super collector's item for any Chappie fan. Black and cardinal on white, 17" x 24". Available at the Stanford Bookstore, or for six dollars plus two dollars postage to Stanford Chaparral, P.O. Box 8585, Stanford, CA 94309.