

S T A N F O R D
CHAPARRAL

October 29, 1993

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Way to Rape the Earth**
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S T A N F O R D
CHAPARRAL



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THE CHAPPIES

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'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL

RANDAL BOROUGH '04
 LINN MALMQUIST '29

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NOW THAT it's almost Halloween and the moon is almost full, it's time for a new Chappie. And this isn't just any new Chappie, its a whole new breed of Chappie. In fact this Chappie is genetically engineered by a small lab in the bowels of the Bio building to be 20% firmer and riper and will last twice as long on supermarket shelves as the old Chappie.

But besides the new DNA, you might ask, "how is this Chappie different?" Well for one thing, its only October 29th and you've already got a copy of our first issue in your hands (or feet or whatever). And for another, this won't be the last you see of us this quarter cause there's gonna be another Chappie coming out in December.

Okay, so you might say its not the frequency of the wave but the amplitude that counts. That's what we say too, only more poetically, and funnier. We promise that this is the funniest Chappie you've seen in years or your money back. Of course, you haven't given us any money in years, so yer not getting any back. And even if we did give any money back, we wouldn't give it

to any Grad students. See, the Grad students claim they get no benefit from any ASSU funded organizations, but what they're missing is that we don't get any benefit from them. We can only claim 2 co-terms on our roster. They're Scrooges with their money and their time. So quit complaining. It's rough all over.

NOW THAT's not a nice thing to say. And it's also not nice that professors always insist on giving midterms the day after Halloween. You'd think they'd have a heart on this joyous holiday of giving and think about how hard it will be to get drunk and dress up like Jabba the Hut, and still take that Quantum Physics midterm on Monday. But no, they show no remorse. Then you're sweating bullets as your textbook crackles when opened for the first time during the exam. Feel the puky headache as you push aside the layers of fat in your costume and try helplessly to eek out another paragraph while the prof. is collecting the tests. Worrying for days while the TAs hack, their red pen slashing straight to the heart of your hopes and dreams.

Of course, some of us have bigger things to worry about. Like, "What am I going to do after I graduate?" or "What should I eat for lunch?" or "Where did this rash come from?" or "Whatever happened to Bob Dylan's voice anyway?"

NOW THAT you're reading this instead of doing work give yourself a pat on the back. You've mastered a skill called "Relaxation." Can you say that? "Re-lax-a-ation." Lean back, take a deep breath and say it. Drool a little. Come on. You can't keep that saliva caged in there all day. Now you're ready. No Professor to impress. No book with dense text. No member of the opposite sex to bother you. No self-important TA to tell you "this class starts at 10:00." No Daily or Review bitching about crap. No food service. No recycling. No Stanford football. No Rush. No, it all changes when you take a look at the other side of it all. Pay your sense of humor a call. You're chillin', an untouched villain. Sittin' above guilt and grime, readin' and laughin' in your own sweet time.

The Chappie Wants You

Now accepting applications for Business Manager, Layout Director, Business Manager, Circulation Manager, Business Manager, Columnists, Cartoonists/Artists and Business Manager.

Applications are due Friday Nov. 6, and can be picked up at the Chappie Office, 2nd Floor Storke Bldg.
Our Meetings are Wednesday nights at 8:30 in our offices and all are welcome.

We are always looking for more writers, photographers, artists, and other funny people.

Letters To the Editor

Dear Chappie,

Your magazine sucks. You call that humor? Jay Leno wouldn't even tell those jokes. I'd rather listen to lawyer jokes than read your filth. At least they have a punchline and don't lapse into high school lampooning, star trek humor, and sexual puns which only watchers of Showtime *After Hours* would find funny. I mean all that shit about midgets. Come on, haven't you guys learned that making fun of people just cause they can't reach the top of a yardstick isn't funny. It's just plain mean.

Snason Jyder
Co-term Aero-Asshole

Ed: We love Showtime *After Hours* but HBO has better flicks. If you're really angry contact our lawyer. He knows lots of great jokes.

Dear Chappie,

Can you please play Little Miss Can't Be Wrong by *Spin Doctors*. It's my girlfriend's favorite song and it'd really mean a lot to me if you'd play it, since she's in jail and all. We always used to listen to it while driving our speedboat, until she ran over that little boy. She was drunk at the time and singing it at the top of her lungs. But she just kept right on singing that little trooper. So please play our song for Jed and Joan (#387628).

Jed Thornhimp

Ed: We don't do long distance dedications but you can try calling BIG FUN at 723-8221. Plus our Spins CD is stuck in the ceiling.

Dear Chappie,

Expect God to strike you down for the blaspheme you've written.
Campus Crusade For Christ

Ed: Weren't The Crusades a bad thing?

Dear Chappie,

I really liked your piece on Acid Trips. It was, like totally kind. I also hope you do more Beavis and Butthead jokes, like how about Beavis and Dead Head. You can have Beavis saying, "Fire! Fire on the Mountain." I think that'd be totally green bud.

Moonbeam Johnson III
Senior Self Designed Major

Ed: Yeah. Right On?

Dear Chappie,
I was very, very disappointed when my mom told me your school wasn't gonna have the bon-fire this year cause some lizards might get burnt. Isn't that a good reason to make it BIGGER I like fire! I like burning lizards, there eyes just POP OUT!
Mike

Ed: Yeah. Right On?

Career Guidance: Just Be A Lawyer

by Abigail Van Buren

There are plenty of you saps out there with no clue about your futures. Whatsamatter? Confused? Well I've got the answer. Do it. Be a lawyer. Anyone who tells you differently suffers from high-horsedness and hemorrhoids. They may try to convince you that law school is for the sick; 'Do something more real, man,' they say. Fuck 'em. They'll rue the day they tried to undermine your ass. Angry? Oh, I'm angry.

Listen to me. Go to law school, become a lawyer and then sue them all as soon as you can. Everybody. Punitive damages I say. Roam the quad proclaiming your legal aspirations. Every time someone criticizes you, write down their name. Ten years from now, sue their ass. Punitive damages. Take 'em for everything their worth.

The benefits are enormous. Leech off the laurels of others. Get a hall pass for the corridors of power and use it. Lawyers are the real Terminators. Join a firm and get as many clothes, boots, and motorcycles as you want. Yeah man, as bad-ass as Schwarzenegger and as Scientologist as Tom Cruise, that's you baby.

Who needs a soul? As one of Satan's minions, you'll never miss it. Wiggle your tail, sharpen your horns and go to it. LSATs. Law school. So close to the edge. Smell it. The glove of destiny is so damn close to your face how can you resist?

Glory, glory, hallelujah. I love Tish Williams.

Don't worry, there will be plenty of people to support you. We have a vast network of law ministers out there. Witness one of our most recent converts. I'm sure I heard Bob Dylan sing 'Just Like A Lawyer.' "He Takes just like a lawyer, makes war just like a lawyer, he fakes just like a lawyer, nut be mrakes fust rike a riddle swirl," or something like that. Kramer is a lawyer. Its true. Goddammit, fear no more. Halloween is National Pre-Law Coming Out Day. So call your grandmothers and whip out your briefs.

Change the world or don't change it. You can

actually have it both ways. Creamy, yet masculine! Career fairs be damned, there's a fun and easy solution to world hunger: law school. Big time fun awaits all who enter. Step right up and I'll guess your weight (you pay only if you win!).

If you have a phone you've got a lawyer; if you've got a lawyer, you've got a friend. Therefore, if you are a lawyer you: A.) are your only friend, B.) are a phone sex operator, C.) are Mr. Big Time Pimp, D.) are feared by small children, or E.) could care less. If you answered correctly, you have demonstrated the basic gene for legal astuteness. Don't let that enemy of all lawyers, natural selection, weed us out. Breed! Make sure your genes are as scattered as James Tiberius Kirk's. Don't let those hopelessly romantic Dr. McCoys with their talk of space-age STDs get you down. Oh, it's a wonderful universe out there, and only lawyers can romp in it like toddlers on a McDonaldland jungle gym. You'll never have to gawk at a huge car accident because you'll be there, on the scene, waiting to sign up the next weeping victim.

Bottom line: don't listen to those voices of reason. The more the merrier I say. Lawyers are a wild, wacky bunch, really. Tell great jokes, wear suspenders and smoke big cigars. It's high time someone affirmed this path in life. It may be a beaten path, but at least you get to do your share of the beating. So don't let your conscience interfere with logic. Once you were the student, now you are the master. Let the law flow



through you.



David Neiman

So that's what I do

I still wet my bed sometimes.

I like to wear tight pants without underwear.

I've got a lot of problems. Problems you'd only feel comfortable talking about while riding with your mom or dad and your fat housekeeper in a 4x4 truck. Problems that would keep you from taking a dump. Real problems.

Which brings me to Stanford. Stanford has these kinds of problems too. Let me show you what I mean.

When I was a small boy, I used to get the crap kicked out of me at school all the time. By Greg, the tall bully. And his friend, Rick, the strong kid with freckles. You know the type. And Dawn, the red-headed girl who had the steel lunchbox with sharp edges. And by Willis, and Ernie, and Brian, and Elizabeth, and Mrs. Thompson, and a lot of other kids and teachers and parents whose names I can't remember. Everyone got a good shot at me.

Or here's a better analogy. When I was a kid, me and a friend of mine mixed up all the chemicals marked FLAMMABLE from my chemistry kit, poured them onto a grasshopper we had caught and maimed, and then, lit all of it.

Stanford can be just like that. Haven't you gotten

the urge to pour flammable chemicals onto our football team's defensive unit? Or to fire a bazooka at the bottom of Hoover Tower? Or to tie ribbons in your hair, light them on fire, and then, streak naked through White Plaza at midnight? If you have, you've got some pretty disturbing problems.

Get some help. Stay away from me.

But seriously, there are times at Stanford when I feel like that grasshopper, or like me when I was a kid. And it's hard to get through each day, especially when each one feels like your last. You know that feeling, especially if you've got a roommate who's got the paramilitary arsenal mine does. The feeling you get when you watch somebody else crash on their bike, and you know you didn't have anything to do with it.

It's the feeling of hopelessness, the feeling that you're a well-worn shoe or a well-chewed Chicklet. I felt it just the other day, when I lost my P.O. Box to some freshman because of some bureaucratic screw-up. I'm a senior. I've paid \$75,000 of my own hard earned cash, cash I got slaving away during late nights at the wheel of a 1978 Camaro waiting for Maurice and Elward to get the hell out of the bank.

But that isn't the point. It's about being a small

fish in a big pond. It's about being American. It's about Motel 6 and triple-cheesburgers with no pickles. It's about getting your hand slammed in a car door. It's about being smacked in the face with a steel belt buckle. It's about long thick vegetables and hollowed out french breads. It's about driving ten miles to church on Saturday instead of Sunday, and washing your face with a Brillo pad. It's about freedom to do what you want and it's about whores. It's about being who you are, not dressing up like somebody else's mother. Even if she's hot.

Sometimes, at night, I hear screams from somewhere outside my window. Screams of hurt and pain that tear me up inside. Loud screams. The kind that would make you close your window and put in your earplugs.

So that's what I do.

David Neiman still changes his sheets every day. He often reads Lao Tsu before he goes to sleep. He likes apple fritters and chocolate milk.

"90210" AUTOMATIC SCRIPT GENERATOR

ROLL FOR MAIN CHARACTER

- 1 Brenda
- 2-3 Dylan
- 4 Kelly
- 5-6 Brandon

Admit it. You watch "Beverly Hills 90210" religiously. Wednesday nights are blocked out in your schedule—no classes, no sections, no IMs, no house meetings, no dates no anything but you sitting worshipfully in front of the tube, sharing a cold one with Dylan...

In fact, you can't wait until the show goes into syndication. The thought makes you drool—salivate like one of Pavlov's dogs, really—"Beverly Hills 90210" five times a week. Well, true believer, your dreams approach reality here in the pages of the Chaparral, thanks to the help of our handy, dandy "Beverly Hills 90210" automatic script generator! Now you can read, imagine, and LIVE a new episode of "Beverly Hills 90210" as often as you like.

All it takes is a simple six-sided die from your nearest boardgame. Then follow the squares...

ROLL FOR EVENT THAT HAPPENS TO MAIN CHARACTER

- BRENDA**
- 1 has sex with her boyfriend
 - 2 breaks up with her boyfriend
 - 3 breaks up with her boyfriend and then changes her mind
 - 4 Kelly steals her boyfriend
 - 5 Kelly has sex with her boyfriend
 - 6 is caught drinking at a school event

- DYLAN**
- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 his father | 1 has heart attack |
| 2 his mother | 2 develops eating disorder |
| 3 his girlfriend | 3 hit by car |
| 4 his ex-girlfriend | 4 shot |
| 5 first cousin | 5 killed by car bomb |
| 6 second cousin | 6 killed by letter bomb |

- KELLY**
- 1 Mom steals her boyfriend
 - 2 Brenda steals her boyfriend
 - 3 steals Mom's boyfriend
 - 4 steals Brenda's boyfriend
 - 5 gets her period at school event
 - 6 Brenda discovers her bottle of bleach

- BRANDON**
- 1 gambles away father's fortune
 - 2 is caught DWI
 - 3 hooks up with older woman
 - 4 hooks up with Kelly
 - 5 hooks up with Dylan
 - 6 has confusing feelings for Brenda

ROLL FOR REACTION OF MAIN CHARACTER

- BRENDA**
- 1-4 cries
 - 5-6 pouts

- DYLAN**
- 1-3 drinks
 - 4 storms out
 - 5 yells a lot
 - 6 disappears for days

- KELLY**
- 1-3 gets bitchy
 - 4 cries
 - 5 pouts
 - 6 has cramps

- BRANDON**
- 1 thinks it's great
 - 2 thinks it's okay
 - 3-6 thinks it might be a problem but can be worked out by good communication

ROLL FOR REACTIONS OF OTHER CHARACTERS

- 1 amusement—everyone laughs (except Steve)
- 2 indifference—no one cares (about Steve)
- 3 shock—everyone points fingers (at Steve)
- 4 disgust—everyone vomits (on seeing Donna)
- 5 support—everyone crowds around and group hugs
- 6 bitterness—everyone plots dismemberment of co-stars (especially Andrea)

ROLL FOR RESOLUTION OF SHOW

- 1 character with problem is killed off and replaced by Fonzie (Ehhhhh.)
- 2 problem worked out through good communication
- 3 problem goes away or is forgotten by short attention spans
- 4 Mr. and Mrs. Walsh's are understanding and help solve problem
- 5 character with problem leaves show for "Class of '93" or "Melrose Place"
- 6 season finale—problem left unresolved—Steve left in jail



Win a year's supply of birth control!!!

Yes folks that's right.. If you can answer these three questions correctly, we'll buy you as many condoms, IUDs or diaphragms as you need for the entire school year!!!!

- ← A. What song is this girl singing? (please include artist)
- B. What does this road sign mean? →
- C. Who is the funkier man on earth?



Send response to The Chappie PO Box 8585 Stanford CA 94309. Please include your name and phone #.

Fall TV Lineup

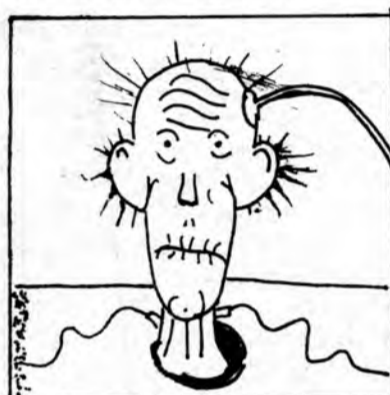
MEDIOCRE THEATRE — PBS 8:30 PM SUNDAY



Mediocre, Mediocre, Mediocre! But just as worthy as "STUDS" of air time, if not more! **MEDIOCRE THEATRE** concentrates mainly on those unseen gems that the English Theatre Society is too snooty to show on their more "exclusive" showcases. Well, call me "Hickboy Mulrooney," but these seem like instant classics to me! Included in this exciting season are: "The Uneducated Maid's Language School," "Don't Let Them Kill My Rabid Monkey," "The Smell of the Sheep," and "The Poorly Equipped English Dentist." All you Anglophiles take note!

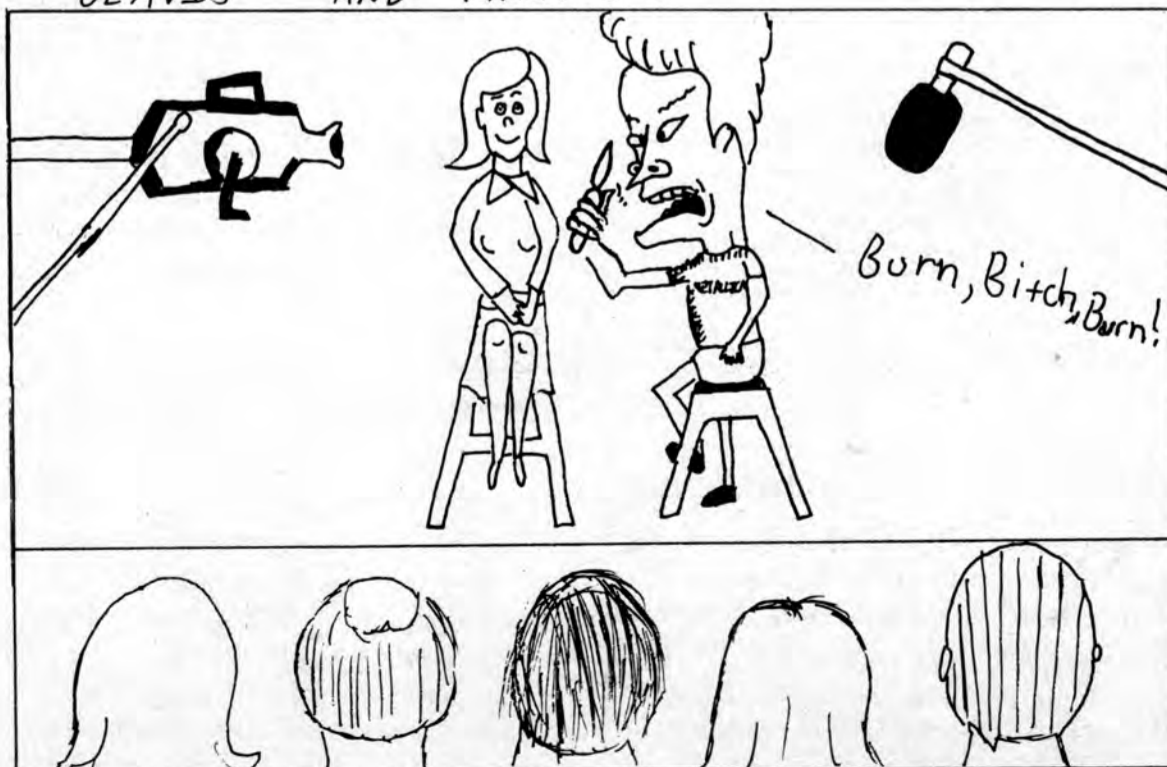
THIS OLD MAN — PBS 10:00 AM SATURDAY

By the same people who brought you **THIS OLD HOUSE**, this health magazine/documentary is a pre-season favorite. Have you ever wanted to enter the mind of a really, really old man? **OF COURSE YOU HAVE** and luckily the folks at PBS know this! The twelve week study is a brilliant source of information, self discovery, and more often than not, humor! **THIS OLD MAN** answers all the unanswered questions about old men. What does Old Man, who has no teeth, eat? Why does Old Man dislike loud noises? For what reason does Old Man repeatedly say "I want to leave. Please let me leave." What happens when Old Man is left outside with the dogs? Why does Old Man smell like shit? How does Old Man respond to electric stimuli? At the end of twelve weeks, how do you dispose of an Old Man with no relatives so the police will ask no questions? It's all here. I don't know about you, but I know where my family, including Gramps, will be on Saturday morning. We'll be eagerly awaiting **THIS OLD MAN**.



FAT BAT

BEAVIS AND KATHY LEE



RUSH LIMBAUGH'S MIME MANIA CBS 9:00 PM

Master of charm **RUSH LIMBAUGH** emcees this fascinating two hour show about those shy little guys, the mimes! Rush narrates each mime routine with his rapier-sharp political wit. For a small box routine he commented, "now he's doing Bill Clinton trying to get out of a cabinet meeting." No slouch himself, Rush closes each show with brilliant performances. The premiere will feature Rush doing his favorite mime piece, "Big Stupid Fag." Be one of the first to proudly claim, "I've got **MIME MANIA!**"



BEERS — NBC 7:00 PM SATURDAY

That's right, it's the long awaited **CHEERS** situational comedy spinoff! You are invited to laugh along with that old barstool mainstay, Norm, as you follow him from bar to bar to bar to bar. You'll chortle when you see this corpulent wise guy lie, steal, and sometimes grovel his way to the nearest tall one! This sitcom also introduces Frank Jagers as Norm's street cocky heroin dealer. We're not ones to spoil the fun, but we'll give you a little taste: in the opening scene we meet Norm face down in a pool of his own vomit! What a riot!



COOKING WITH THE FAT PEOPLE-- FOX 2:00 PM WEEKDAYS

Today's society doesn't agree on much, but it's just common knowledge that everyone adores two things: Food and Fat People. FOX had the good sense to put the two together in this new series, **COOKING WITH THE FAT PEOPLE**. This large group of chubby chefs playfully say "healthy shmealthy!" as they fry, garnish, and indiscriminantly pile their way into your heart. America eagerly awaits "noveau lard cooking" to sweep across the



heartland leaving grease marks in the grain field: over, stir fry freaks here comes Chef Bubba!

AMERICA'S UGLIEST PEOPLE — ABC 9:00 PM THURSDAY

Another "World's Most" show from those wacky guys at ABC! This one could be the greatest ever: a jam packed three hour show of not just photos, but ugly people interacting with beautiful people! Watch as Farrah Fawcett licks a hairy facial mole and Jane Fonda runs her hands through a greasy hair transplant job! Sweat slicked 400 pounders have their folds massaged by Vanna White! Watch as Tom Selleck tickles a bald woman's head with his moustache. Join host Sy Sperling as he inspires ugly Americans to shed their insecurities and blossom into their beautiful ugliness. The time is now. Ugly people of America unite!



My Hollow Weenie

by Garner Weng

I always hated Halloween. Having to give a Halloween card to every kid in class, even the boy who ate purple crayons and vomited wax on my locker. I wanted to write nasty stuff on the back of his card, like, "Drop dead, you freak of nature," but I never got past "Drop dead." I saved my more elegant prose for my biggest, brightest, and best Halloween card, which went to that cute little blonde-haired girl in the black silver-buckle shoes. Damn, I hated it when she stuck her gum in it.

Everyday Halloween



Stanford students don't need much to make good costumes

Hey, wait a second. That's not Halloween.

Oh yes, Halloween—trekking over to Gramama's house, to hobnob with all the relatives you only see every October 31.

Come to think of it, I really always hated Halloween. I hated being forced to play with little cousin Jake. Everyone loved him because he had a cute smile and little kid Brooklyn accent. "Yer a jerk," he would say. "What a nice boy!" they would coo. I never really cared a lot about his voice. I just liked to trip him. Have you ever tripped a little kid? Now that's instant power. And I hated having to sit at the little kids' table, especially last year, when I turned 21. I actually liked sitting around the Witches' tree and opening presents. You can never have too many orange turtlenecks, especially ones two sizes too small. There's a feeling of closeness you get from a tight turtleneck you can't get anywhere else—not even on a Brazilian street corner or when you're squeezed between two nude, fat, hairy, old men. And nothing beats watching cousin Ed open up a spanking fresh pair of Air Jordans. What a waste. A \$150 pair of shoes forever earthbound beneath his pear-shaped body.

What? Is that Christmas? And wait—Halloween's not the one where Jesus sees his shadow?

I think I've got it straight now. Halloween's the one where you spent weeks searching out a trick-or-treat bag so big you could hear an echo when people dropped candy in. The kind of bag so big you could

never get it filled with loot before Dad would say, "Okay, it's 7:30—it's late—we'd better go home now." The kind of bag that you'd wrap around your head to get that hyperventilation head rush. Yeah, I know Halloween—Halloween's the worst of all. What a crock. I suppose once we bought the idea of a spritely nymph paying us cold cash for pieces of food-covered ivory our parents got cocky.

"Here kids, dress up like violent and horrible monsters and ask complete strangers for candy!"

I still remember feeling so misled that time my parents sent me out in my Marvel comics Underoos. I kept thinking to myself, "God, will anyone really think a short Asian boy in blue underwear is Spiderman?"

I imagined my parents chuckling to themselves as I walked out practically bare-assed into the 30 degree fall air. I imagined my father saying, "He may not be blue now, but he will be when

he gets back." And my mother responding, "I hope he doesn't get abducted by some man tempting him with giant-size Mounds bars."

Then they decided that we could save money and be creative by using homemade costumes. Mom's genius always made use of the rattiest bedsheet in the house—I was a goddam ghost for three years in a row. Then Dad took over, sending me out as an octopus complete with eight tentacles that reached out twenty or thirty feet in each direction. Although I must admit it was fun wacking the other kids in the head.

Even the whole premise of trick-or-treating seemed wrong to me. Why would Mr. Norton, who played with explosives in his backyard and always had a deer strapped to the roof of his car, give candy to some sweet little kid? Or for that matter, why would Mr. Reynolds give me candy after Mom ran over his dog? And why would Mrs. Jones give me candy after she caught me climbing on a tree next to her bedroom window? I learned the answer to my questions when I knocked on Mr. Reynold's door.

"Trick or treat."

"Trick," he laughed, as gallons of aftershave lo-

tion poured down on my head. At least then I was warm and tingly.

But these questions didn't bother me nearly as much as my older brother's stories of teenage marauders brandishing Nair. Luckily, they didn't use Nair on me and only took half of my candy. I'll never forget how I felt on that cold autumn night, standing on the street corner in my Underoos, rubbing my bald head, and wondering why they didn't use Nair on me.

Everyday Halloween



Try this easy costume—all you need is a beanie and a big tongue

I always thought I'd supplement the remains of my Halloween take with our leftover candy, but Mom bought the cheapest, most hideous stuff. That rock-hard Double Bubble would be sitting around until December. Everyone in the neighborhood knew we had the nastiest candy too, so we were always the victims of pumpkin-smashing and numerous eggs. So the next morning I had to clean up the front porch, the yard, and so on. All the while my brother would be inside eating my Halloween candy.

I hated my older brother on those bright post-Halloween

mornings. He would only leave me the unwrapped goodies. And I'll never forget the sweet old Grandma up the street, the one I'd worshipped, who used to babysit me and let me stay up late. The one who'd been friendly this whole time just so I'd sink my teeth into her needle-laced apples. What a woman.

Yeah, Happy Halloween everyone. Go drink orange beer at Flo Mo or dance on Leland Stanford's grave in revelry. But think twice when you see the old lady who lives on Waverly behind the bar. She slipped the last fella a cyanide mickey and then some. If you're smart, you'll hold out for Thanksgiving. That's a safe holiday that we all can love and understand.

Too bad I'm allergic to turkey and the pudding always makes me sick.

REBUS AND BUT-HEAD

IF THOREAU LIVED TODAY

EMPLOYMENT



I WAS NOT BORN TO BE FORCED. I WILL BREATHE AFTER MY OWN FASHION. LET US SEE WHO IS THE STRONGEST. WHAT FORCE HAS A MULTITUDE?

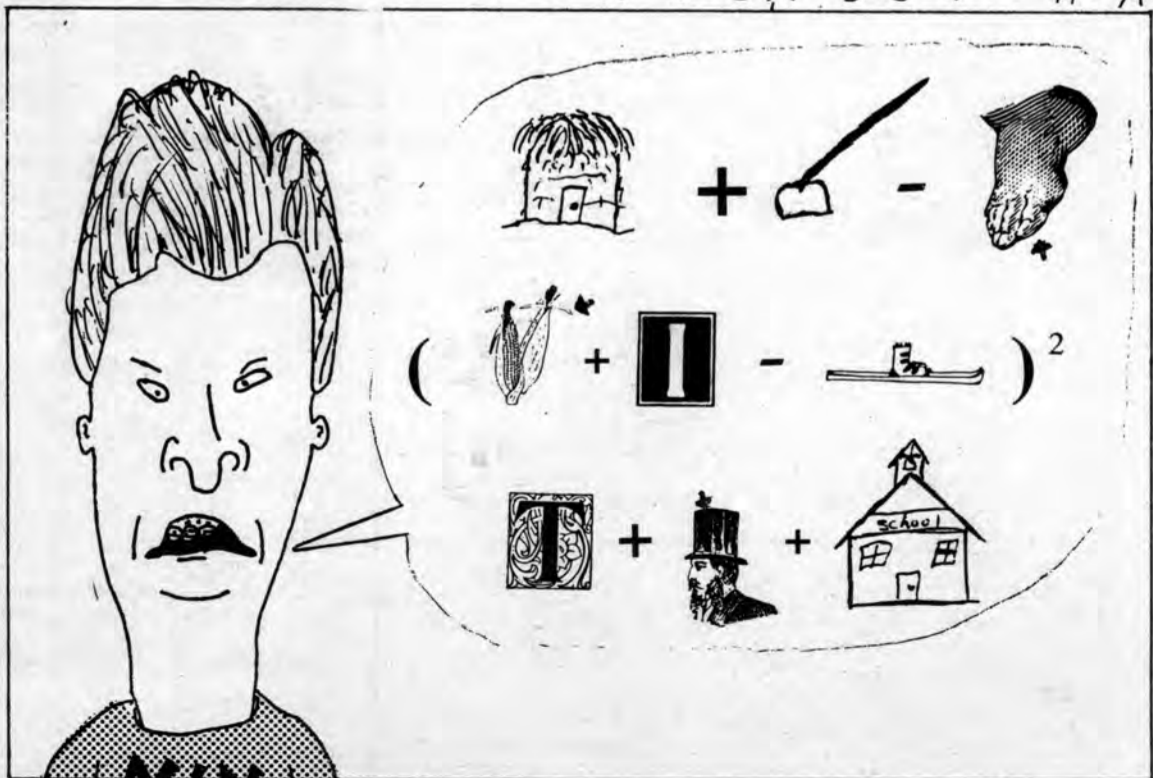


Photo of Noah's Ark Baffles Scientists

Scientists at the Slippery Rock Israeli Archaeological Institute were baffled when they discovered a black and white photograph of what they believe to be Noah's Ark, under construction, in 2541 B.C.

"We've carbon dated the picture," said Dr. G. Lance Stuveysant, head of the archaeological dig underway ten miles outside of Tel-Aviv. "We're shocked but science doesn't lie. It's for real."

The photograph was found in a Fotomat envelope, along with twenty-three other photographs which actually validated many biblical stories found in the book of *Genesis*, including the highly controversial stories concerning Noah's incestuous relationships with his daughters and his son Hasamish:

Noah awoke from his wine, and knew his daughters. Then he had some more wine, and he knew his son too. His son's name was Hasamish and was very handsome.
(*Genesis*, 9:24-26).

Because of the delicate nature of the photographs, only the unoffensive image of the Ark was released. As one might expect, all the images have triggered debate concerning Noah's sexuality and his relationship with his children,

mistress, and numerous small pets. An undercover source close to the Pope said that the Pope was "outraged and disgusted, but wanted to see the photographs himself, in private."

But in addition to the sort of biblical questions one would expect the photographs to catalyze, the pictures have brought other more fundamental issues under fire.

Originally, Fotomat was believed to have been founded in 1953 as a subsidiary company of Eastman Kodak. But again, carbon dating has dated the photographic envelope at roughly the same period as the pictures, ± 100 years. Dr. F. Morris Hershey, head of the Bowdoin Institute of Photographic History, says that the finding has completely disproved all previous information about Fotomat.

"Fotomat has been around since biblical times," said Hershey yesterday at a White House press conference. "We don't know who founded it, we don't know who ran it, we don't know anything about the four young children or the wig shop or the leather or anything else. But we're sure that it not only preceded Eastman-Kodak — it spawned it."

President Clinton said little about the findings, save that his



close to the president have said that his comment was directed not at the startling revelation about Fotomat, but rather, at information released by an unnamed source close to the Slippery Rock Institute and even nearer to the Bowdoin Institute. The source revealed a shadowy deal to sell the pictures to Bob Guccione, head of Penthouse magazine, for a photospread in late December.

When asked about the rumor, Guccione not only confirmed it, but actually pontificated at length about the nature of the photograph.

"We're calling it 'He Knew Them Well,'" said Guccione. "It's going to go between a pictorial of Christy Canyon and a page of 1-900 numbers. It's gonna be great. You should see these pictures. Everybody's gonna know why he took two of every animal. What a riot."

When asked by Mike David of *Entertainment Weekly* which was Guccione's favorite picture, Guccione said there was no question.

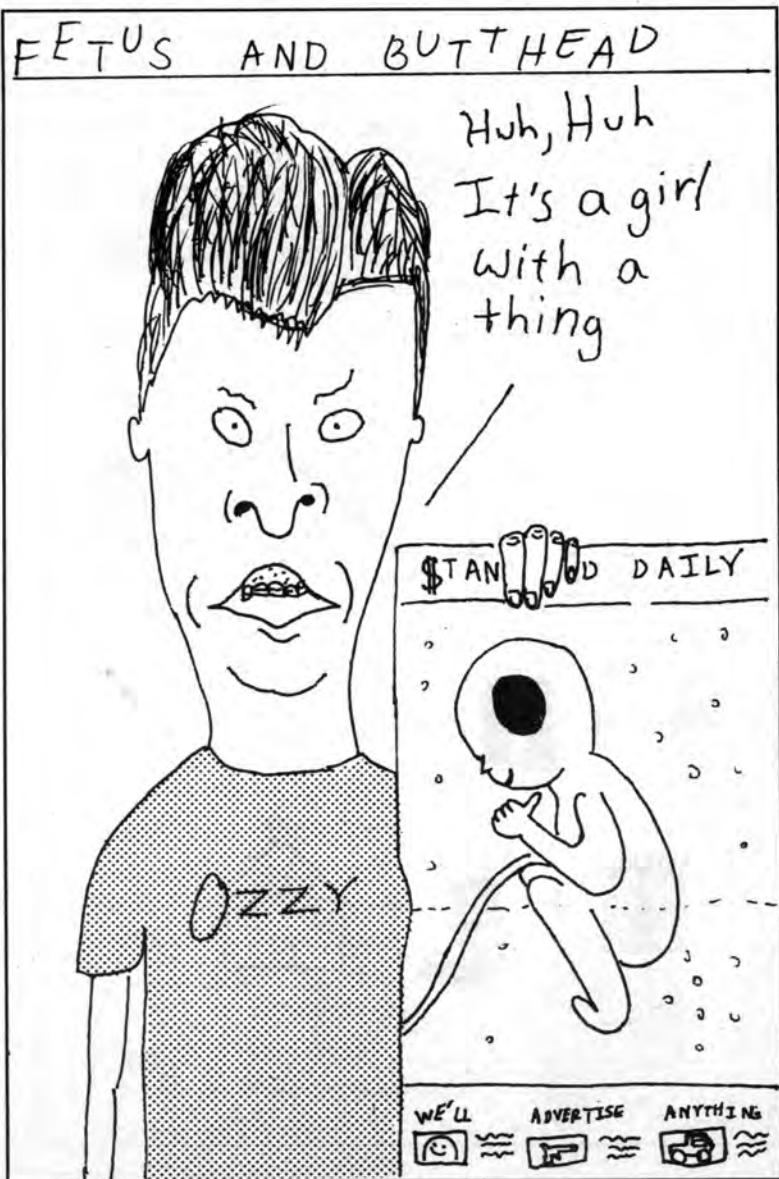
"The aardvarks," he said. "You may never have seen an aardvark before, but when you see Noah and these aardvarks you're gonna laugh."

Guccioni said many other things, none of which are fit to print here. Nevertheless, other experts are taking the photos more seriously. Many have begun re-evaluating Noah's sexuality and most significantly, the purpose of the ark.

Dr. Elizabeth Proctor, an associate researcher at the Freud Institute of Psychological Studies in Flint, Michigan, said the findings conclusively showed "that the ark looks like a penis, and was probably some sort of Hebrew fertility emblem. The entire episode, with the ocean, the rain, the thunder, the whole series of births and rebirths, of tunnels and tree stumps, the kangaroos, marmots, and fish, clearly tell me — this is something sexual."

Willy "Clyde" Storkman, a resident of King City, California, agreed.

"Looks like a penis to me," he said.



been turned upside down." But sources

Jesse Helm's follower caught in Rodin's Sculpture Garden



Stanford Police charge him with "statuary rape and fucking the arts."

ASSU HIERARCHY REVEALED

When the ASSU announced the members of the Committee on Committees we started to doubt the legitimacy of the whole committee process. We sent our cracked team of investigative reporters on a late night raid into the ASSU offices. Amid a pile of half-eaten bearclaws, several hundred empty Snapple bottles and tons of fine cut Columbian grade cocaine, they stumbled upon this highly stained document. Although almost unintelligible, we managed to decipher most of the key points. Follow this flow chart carefully. We were shocked by the crippling and redundant hierarchy of committees...

The Council of Elders

Three old gnomes run the whole show. Known only by their ASSU names of Billbo, Frodo and Moshe, their true identities have never been revealed. On occasion you may catch a glimpse of them hopping from tree to tree. No one knows the bounds of their power.

C.O.P.

Powerless, flacid and unsure of their own sexuality, the COP exists only to appease the students' false notions of self government.

Committee on Bitching and Moaning

This nasal bunch of officials field test their theories in section, after class, at meals and in Daily columns and letters. The largest committee, the COBM is the baby of the COP. Budget includes: Thousands of copies of the *Oxford Compendium of Andy Rooney*.

Committee on Mental Masturbation

Always seen, these important bureaucrats spend most of their time in the front of class or in professor's office hours communicating absolutely nothing. Budget includes: subscriptions to the *New Yorker*.

Senate

Senate meetings often take place at bath houses and wind up reminiscent of scenes from Caligula. Long ago, their own self-important creations, the committees, usurped all their power.

Committee on Bad Music

Responsible for A Capella groups and all frat party DJs. Budget includes salaries for Zamfir, Englebert Humperdink, Guns N' Roses and Garth Brooks.

Committee on Committees

Festooned in brown shirts, members spend most of their time looking in the mirror. They delegate their authority to the Committee for the Committee on Committees. Budget includes: several hundred copies of Bernard Green's *Guide to a Better You* videos and *Dianetics* by L. Ron Hubbard.

Committee for Midgets

Editors note: This was the only truly intact piece of this earth-shattering document. We find it very dismaying.

In a world where tall men like Magic and Michael make the most money, midgets need representatives in order to be well-placed in the job market. One of chairman Eddy Petitbaum's major goals will be mandatory knee-pads for all people over four feet. "It sure hurts when you get kneed in the head," the minutes noted. For a fundraiser, the committee will see how many midgets they can pack into a VW bug. "No one has tried it with little people. We could stack and really fill in those hard to reach places, like the glove box." The committee also hopes to hold a forum to discuss how the movies "Under the Rainbow" and "Time Bandits" have had an indelible effect on the lives of midgets everywhere. Another debate will center on the relevance of the phrase "I trust him as far as I could throw him" to the rights of midgets. "That phrase just doesn't work for evil midgets," another member said. "It's just not PC."

Committee on Bad Facial Hair

Devoted to the propagation of sideburns, goatees and pubic beards regardless of testosterone levels. Budget includes: lifetime memberships in Shaggy fan club.

Committee for the Committee on Committees

Festooned in black shirts, they are the evil doppelgangers of the members of the COC. With their fake German accents and Marxist goatees, intimidation is the name of their game. Budget includes: monogrammed nightsticks.

Committee on Funk

Founded by COP member Jason Snyder, the COF is responsible for puttin' sum thump in da bunk o' Stanford. They are often seen brawling with members of COBM. Their latest groove features Dean Jean jammin' on "Up for The Down Stroke." Budget includes: Star-shaped sunglasses and skinny sweaty men in green suits.

Committee on Masturbation

Rarely seen, these important bureaucrats spend most of their time in the carels of Green South stacks communicating in light thumping sounds. Budget includes: lotsa kleenex.

Committee on Informercials

These Blueblocker™ clad politicians spend most of their time documenting amazing discoveries. Organized mass Suck-n-Cut™ in White Plaza. Gerhard Casper, a well-known Suck-n-Cut™ enthusiast, officiated. Budget includes: Funding for the *Home Shopping Network Conference*.

Committee on Doughnuts

Determined to eradicate synthetic fat-free *SnackWell's™* cookies, the large constituents picket grocery stores with signs that say "Don't forsake America's pastry." It appears their efforts have succeeded. Bay area police have begun arresting for "failure to eat doughnuts." Budget includes: A dozen a day keeps the doctor in play.

Yes, Gentle Readers, the ASSU is a behemoth of bureaucracy. Our ASSU fees have contibuted to this monstrosity. What are you going to do about it? Don't let those midgets get away with it. For god's sake, this injustice has got to stop!

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<p>#1000 SJF Non-smoker, romantic at heart, funny, enjoys sailing, movies, soft rock, jazz and sunsets. Nights of dining and dancing. Long walks under the stars. Likes men who wear whitey tighties.</p>	<p>#1003 Johnny, I love you; especially what you do with the Garden Weasel™.</p>	<p>#1009 SWM Attractive yet slightly emaciated sophomore. Long brown hair, pail complexion. Enjoys acid, speed, ecstasy and getting in fist fights with ravers and punks who are much bigger than me.</p>	<p>#1012 SBM(midget) Must like talking shit and acting tall. Must be over 3 feet but well under 4.</p>
<p>#1001 SBF Attractive, large, divorced lady, 5'4" 250 pounds, long brown hair, blue eyes. Enjoys romantic six course dinners and being on top.</p>	<p>#1004 GBF Grace Jones type wants small female whose ass she can kick all over the room.</p>	<p>#1010 SWF Non-cigarette smoker, enjoys New-Age humor, the Grateful Dead, moving slowly, talking softly and reading horoscopes. You must talk slowly, tilting your head to the side when you talk. You must love to write poems about nature and you absolutely must be a vegetarian.</p>	<p>#1013 SBF Enjoys rap and things from the inner city but also enjoys walks on the beach and skiing in the Alps. Must be over 6'5", football player type who looks good in speedo suit. Send Photo.</p>
<p>#1002 SAP I love listening to music, especially the Spin Doctors (Two Princes) and Blondie. I love acting silly and eating ice cream over late night conversations with close friends. I love to laugh and often spit up food in the process.</p>	<p>#1005 SBM Non-smoker, romantic at heart, funny, enjoys sailing, movies, soft rock, jazz and sunsets. Nights of dining and dancing. Long walks under the stars. Jungle Fever a must.</p>	<p>#1011 SWM Bourbon drinking, Skoal chewing, hick wannabee with an incredibly disorienting speech disorder seeks a Sissy Spacek type with a cowboy hat who has very little to say.</p>	<p>#1014 SAF I've been looking for love in all the wrong places and need a man to set me right. Send Photo.</p>
	<p>#1006 BWF The more the merrier.</p>		<p>#1015 SIF Recently escaped from prison. Missing a few teeth. Looking for domanatrix. Willing to negotiate on sexual relationship but hoping to do some damage.</p>
	<p>#1007 Marty don't use up all that Nutella! Be there soon, Rob</p>		
	<p>#1008 GWM Computer geek looking for a hard drive.</p>		

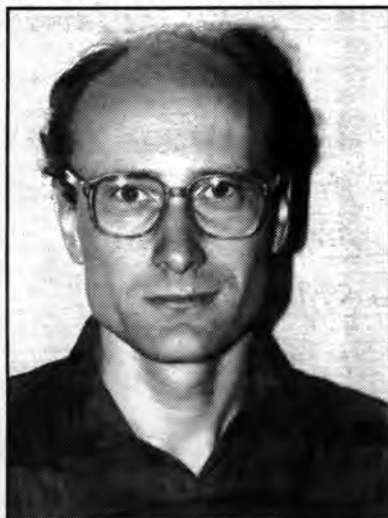
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TOP TEN THINGS A GUY SHOULD NOT SAY TO HIS DATE

10. Don't sell yourself short. You're a really bright girl.
9. Yeah, I like tacos and refried beans a lot.
8. Pull my finger.
7. If I had to make a guess, I'd say, no, you're not wearing panties.
6. Hey. Didn't I see you in that yeast infection commercial?
5. I'm into maiming small defenseless woodland creatures. What about you?
4. Are you gonna eat your gristle?
3. I meet ladies on TV with the help of Chuck Woolery.
2. I got turned down for "STUDS"
1. The strangest place I've ever done it? Well that'd have to be up the butt.

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CLARENCE HOMAS

Ht: 5' 6"
Wt: 135 lbs.
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Blue Eyes
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