

Stanford
Chaparral

June 1994

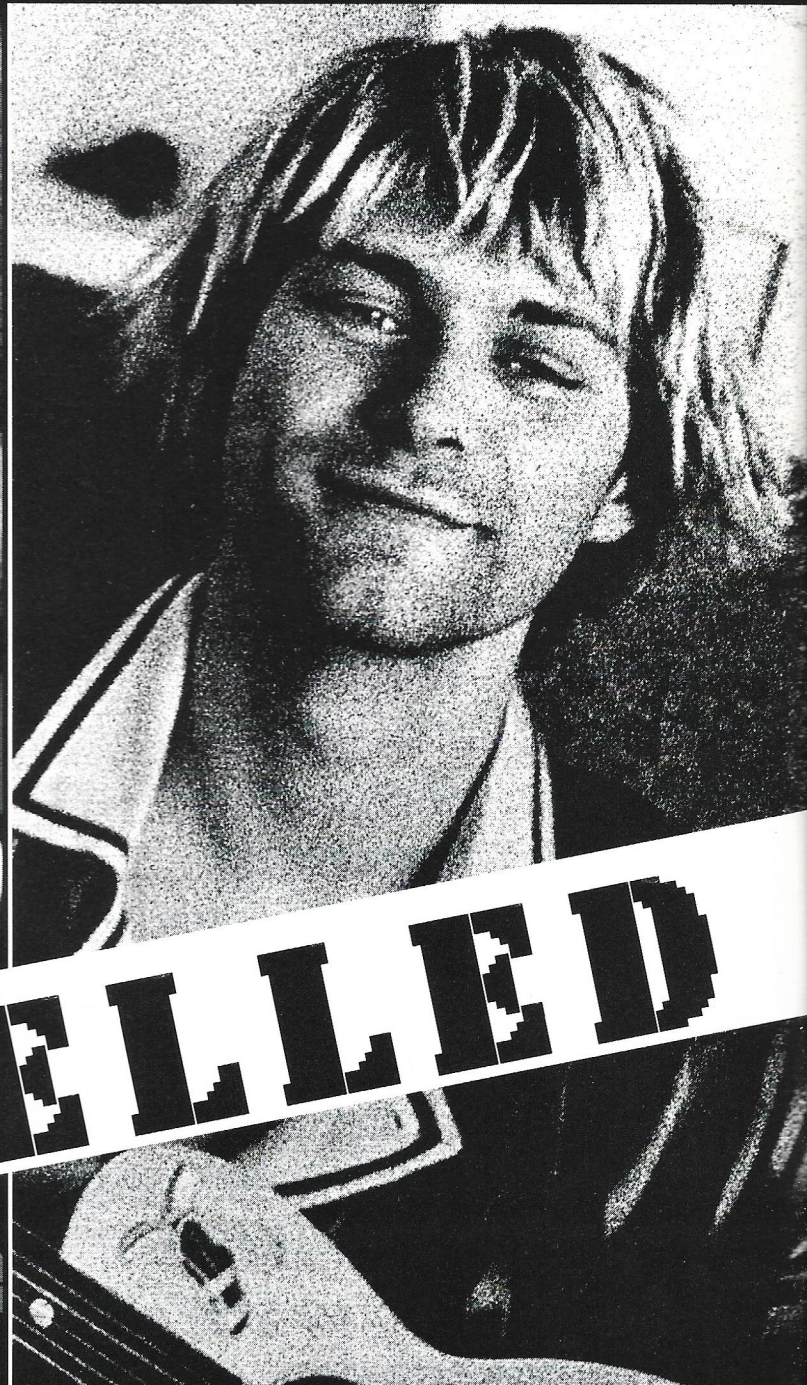
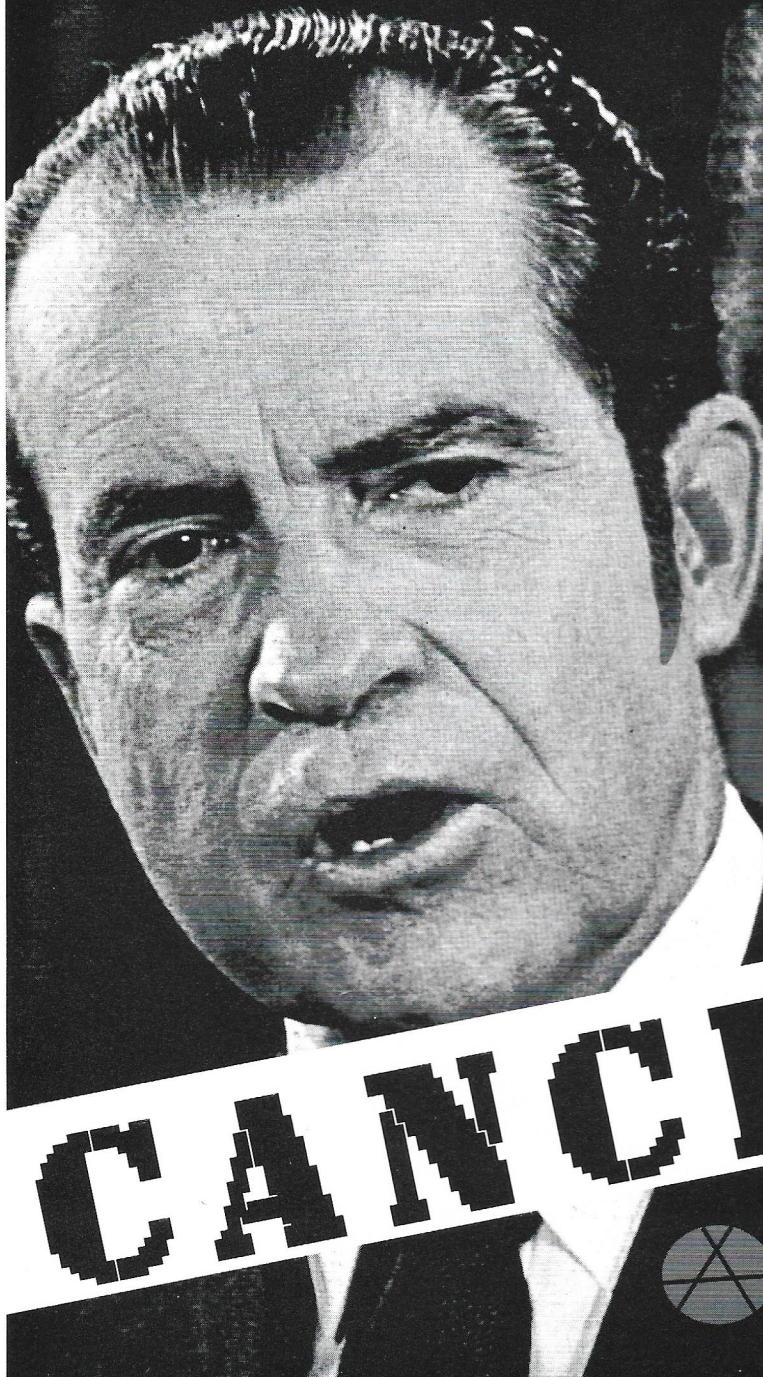
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subtlety

Nixon — Cobain

Summer Tour



CANCELLED

Kurt Cobain blends his twisted guitar visions of alienation into the world-diplomacy mix with Dick Nixon, ex-president and improvisational beat poet genius. Nixon's jowly vocal rage adds an edge to Kurt Cobain's screeching guitars that will get you on your feet and completely destroy your face. Don't miss it!

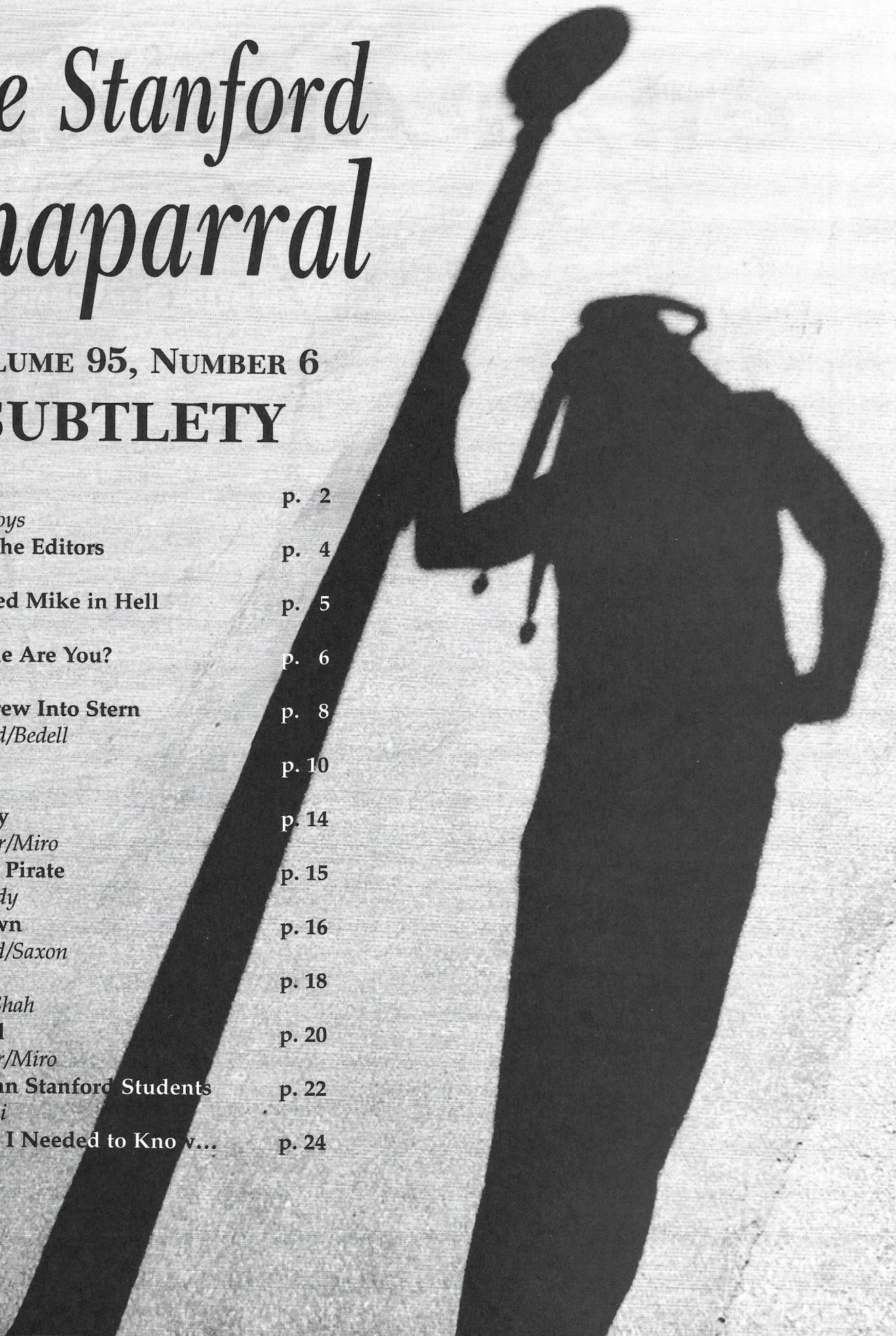
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The Stanford Chaparral

VOLUME 95, NUMBER 6

SUBTLETY

Now That	p. 2
<i>Old Boys</i>	
Letters to the Editors	p. 4
<i>Staff</i>	
Maladjusted Mike in Hell	p. 5
<i>Saxon</i>	
How Subtle Are You?	p. 6
<i>Weng</i>	
So You Drew Into Stern	p. 8
<i>Onstad/Bedell</i>	
Flapjack	p. 10
<i>Miro</i>	
Al & Lenny	p. 14
<i>Gagner/Miro</i>	
The Angry Pirate	p. 15
<i>Kennedy</i>	
Donkeytown	p. 16
<i>Onstad/Saxon</i>	
Dreams	p. 18
<i>Miro/Shah</i>	
Crazy Cecil	p. 20
<i>Gagner/Miro</i>	
Those Damn Stanford Students	p. 22
<i>Delsoni</i>	
Everything I Needed to Know v...	p. 24
<i>Weng</i>	



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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'TIS BETTER TO HAVE

LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER

TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL

RANDAL BOGUSH '94
LINIK MALMQUIST '99

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Published twice a quarter by the Hammer and Coffin Society
with the support of the ASSU Publications Board



the Chaparral has fairly started,
drop your worries and join the

Old Boy's Fun Train, a non-stop
locomotive dream.

Are you on? Good! My new
friend, please allow me to give
you a run down of this fabulous
trip you are about to embark
upon. We speak a different lan-
guage here, so please don't dis-
turb the other passengers with
your harsh, barking dog talk.

You see, on the Old Boy's

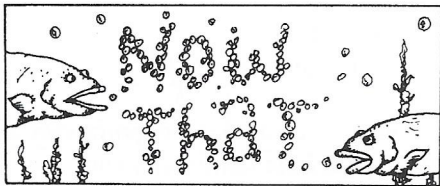
Fun Train, we speak the lan-
guage of *Subtlety*. Why? We
know how the world works,
that's why. Subtlety will get you
what you want. The Old Boy
and his happy Chappie legion
obtained their fee request this
year from the fine, fine students
of Stanford, and they did it with
subtlety. Dressing up like
Teamsters and smoking huge

cigars is subtle in its own way. Sometimes massive flyer campaigns are subtle, too. Okay, maybe we weren't so subtle. What? Get the hell out of my Fun Train.

Oh my, I'm sorry. This subtlety thing is new, you understand. We are in the process of "working it in." Please, don't cry, you'll disturb the other passengers' sensibilities. We really are subtle here in this magical land. After all, I could have kicked you out the back of the train, but I did not, for that would be entirely too overdone and predictable. See, *subtlety* saved your life!

So, please sit down and relax, my wonderful friend. No, don't sit there. Someone vomited all over that seat. Ah! There is an empty seat in the back, next to the rest of my suggestive, coy friends. Drinks will be served shortly.

I'm delighted that you could make it.



the train is running smoothly along, let's see just where we'll be stopping on our little trip.

Our first stop is in the caliginous depths of hell, where steam rises from the tracks and the wind is made of sand. Say, there's Maladjusted Mike, trying to win back his soul.

Now for the subtlety quiz. And if you don't want to read the whole thing, just read answer "d" of each question,

because that's where we put the jokes.

And for those of you who drew into the lowest pit of hell, Stern Hall, fear not! You'll never be alone with Robby Stevens around. Our photo piece features some of Stern's best-kept secrets.

Flapjack is next on the line. For your own edification, it used to contain a lengthy bit about blow-up dolls, but it was hastily omitted.

And now, what could be more fun than our old friends Al and Lenny, spending the day at the golf course? Crazy Cecil? Perhaps. But that's later.

Our travels have brought us to the Angry Pirate's Baltic turf. Neither deities or editors can explain his ways.

And here the sign reads, "Donkeytown." You may laugh, but isn't Monkey Boy's story really *your* story?

Soon, tumbleweeds blur across the red sand, and Dreams rises slowly into view. And it sinks slowly back out, as we approach the practical piece, *Those Damn Stanford Students*. Learn at a glance what you should be saying to those witty set-ups.

Then for those of you who are just days away from leaving our nebulous Stanford forever, a short piece in the nostalgic vein. We hope you enjoy your last issue of the Chappie as much as we enjoyed our first.

And anyone who wants to come and help us remodel the office this summer, you are more than welcome. Maybe we'll even let you ride in the Impala.

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Letters To The Editor

Dear Stanford Chaparral,

I have a friend on the Chaparral staff. He told me that the theme of your next issue is "subtlety." What's so funny about subtlety? Isn't that kind of a hard theme to work with? Wouldn't something else lend itself a little easier to humor writing?

Thank you,
Allison Mills

Ed—you're right. As far as the theme of a humor magazine goes, 'subtlety' is a nightmare. We had no idea where to take it, or even where to start. But I've included a list of the other themes that we had to choose from, and I think you'll agree that our final choice was the best bet.

1. Dinner With Eddie Murphy
2. 101 Ways to Spend Our Fee Request
3. The Voyeur With Tourette's Syndrome
4. Narcoleptic Funeral Parlor
5. Emmanuel Lewis Gets Cranky

Dear Stanford Chaparral,

Hey daloopy-dalupes! I've been reading your, ska-ruuti rutti, humor magazine in my home, below the bridge! Schloopy-dooskie! Well, lets see here, I was just going to ask you young fellas <garumpa-foo> if you have room for ole Red on your staff. I'm funny, too! We'll have the koo-ka-kookiest times around!

Red Skelton

Ed—Thanks for the letter. We have no need for you on our staff. Your humor is outdated. Our humor—young, fresh, and hip. Your monologues are silly, and quite frankly, unfunny. Besides, you are dead.

Dear Chappie,

I like to use your magazines for children's therapy. The kids love the funny characters and stories you guys produce! I know you don't mean to help kids who have been in school bus accidents, but you do! Thank you, Chappies!

Ruth Feldman
Director, Head Therapist for
St. Jude Children's Hospital

Ed—We know what we are doing. Every piece is water-marked with subliminal messages motivating children who have been in school bus accidents. It has been this way ever since Rudy Delson joined the staff and insisted upon doing so. Rudy Delson has been in 18 school bus accidents.

Dear Stanford Chaparral,

I understand that your offices occupy over one thousand square feet of the Storke Building. What do you do with all that space?

Sincerely,
Jeff Strobridge

Ed—That's right, the Chaparral offices are quite large. Publications such as The Balance Beam, Ether and The Organ are quite upset about this issue, since the Rhesus monkey cages occupy over 80% of our floor space.

Chappie,

I'm like tired of this new wave of student activism. Ever since those dudes put those locks on Old Union there has been a 100% increase in causing trouble for everyone. I'm glad you dudes are staying partial and neutral in this stuff. Thanks.

Ed Fletcher
Political Science

Ed—You're wrong, Ed, and you're naive. An organization like the Chappie doesn't get as far as it has without latching on to popular special causes. The list of organizations we stamp the Chappie seal of approval on increase every day. As of this writing, we support three groups: Monkeys in Action, Beggar Explosion Fund, and Athiests for Jesus. Take that, Daily-who-says-we-don't-know-how-to-spend-money! Ha! Besides, that was us that put the locks on Old Union.

I've seen the best minds of my generation destroyed by this bad greasiness. The Mexican machine lines its belly with crippled baby bodies. Lets head for the Now with our faces held upward like the TV superheroes. Fuck you and your Taco Bell.

Allen Ginsburg, 1969
San Fransisco

MALADJUSTED MIKE IN HELL

An hour after Mike died, his spirit rose from his body.

He was humbled before God, forced to face his own self-effacing consciousness.

You Suck.

After God showed Mike a videotape of his life...

He condemned Mike to Hell.

To Mike, Hell was:

ANTS

PAPER CUTS

PICKLES

Hell was awful! He had to get out. He asked Satan.

Then Mike produced a hidden fiddle that he made out of human bones and sinew. He began to try to engage the Devil in a fiddle-battle!

Mike played like he was on fire, mixing together rhythms never heard before!

Satan could not play the fiddle, so he zapped Mike with hell lightning.

Satan admired Mike's courage, though. Mike was given his soul back. He put it on and returned to Earth.

Mike re-entered mortal life in 2012 in a first grade classroom, completely nude and badly charred by hell lightning.

HAHA HA
POOF!

The World Wants to Know...

Do you enjoy a glass of 1978 (a good year) Chateau L'Fite Brandy, or does cousin Elyle's Kerosene Throat-Meltdown Mixer more suit your fancy? Take the Subtlety Quiz and find out what you already know.

- 1.) You are in section, and a friend of yours has just stood up and is about to walk to the front of the room to give a presentation. Your detective eyes spy your friend's open fly. What do you do?
 - a.) Do nothing—it would be bad to make a scene.
 - b.) Reassure yourself that no one pays attention during section.
 - c.) Tell them after class to save them future embarrassment.
 - d.) Under the table, frantically zip your own fly several times.

- 2.) You are at MacArthur Park. When your dinner companion comes up from the juicy slab of ribs on the table, you notice a cord of meat hanging off his cheek. What do you do?
 - a.) Do nothing—it would be bad to make a scene.
 - b.) Make nervous motions, repeatedly wiping your own face off with a napkin.
 - c.) Tell him; it will save him later embarrassment.
 - d.) Under the table, frantically zip your own fly several times.

- 3.) You are openly gay, and you are at a dinner party hosted by a good friend. One of the guests, obviously unaware of your sexual orientation, begins making jokes and comments of a homophobic nature. He even goes so far as to produce authentic-looking documentation and informative bar graphs supporting his beliefs. What do you do?
 - a.) Say nothing. It would be bad to make a scene.
 - b.) Ignore him. A person like that wouldn't listen anyway.
 - c.) Smile, and tell him the truth.
 - d.) Call Rudy Delson, and tell him what an asshole he is.

- 4.) You have figured out that you need an A in Poli Sci 182 to have a shot at law school, so for two weeks before the final, you do nothing but live and breathe Poli Sci. Exam time finally arrives, and halfway through the test, you notice someone cheating off of a neighboring student. What do you do?
 - a.) Ignore it. Nobody likes a whiner.
 - b.) Cough loudly several times.
 - c.) Walk over, and break his/her pencil.
 - d.) After the test, follow him/her home. Kill him/her.

HOW SUBTLE ARE YOU?

5.) A friend of yours does something to hurt your feelings. What do you do?

- a.) Say nothing—nobody's perfect.
- b.) Pout for a while, and then realize that it's just not that important.
- c.) Talk to the person about how you feel.
- d.) Call Rudy Delson, and tell him what an asshole he is.

6.) Your next-door neighbor thinks the world of his sense of humor, although no one else does. Mostly he is tactless, suffers from poor timing and judgment, and is simply boring. It is time to try to quiet him down. What do you do?

- a.) Laugh along with his jokes.
- b.) Try to visibly wince when he tells a joke.
- c.) Exclaim, "Whoa! That was a real stinker!" and shake your head.
- d.) Stop going over to his house all the time.

7.) Your best friend has a particularly bad case of halitosis. What do you do?

- a.) Say nothing—he probably knows.
- b.) Casually offer him/her a stick of gum.
- c.) Wait until you are alone, and then mention it to him/her.
- d.) Use the phrase "rotting on the inside" in every other sentence.

8.) Your dearest relative, a former world-class athlete, is now developing quite a paunch. You are concerned about this person's health and spirits. What do you do?

- a.) Ignore it. It's their life.
- b.) Give the relative a membership to a gym as a gift.
- c.) Tell them that you are concerned about their health.
- d.) Passionately plead, "Didn't you learn anything from John Candy?"

Scoring:

Give yourself one point for any question that you answered "a," two points for a "b," three points for a "c," and four points for a "d," in that order.

8—15 points: Invisible. When you make phone calls, you never speak, you just hang up.

16—23 points: Subtle. You could get along with anyone, anywhere. Your personal skills are impeccable.

24—31 points: Direct. You are very effective at getting your point across, but sometimes you go too far.

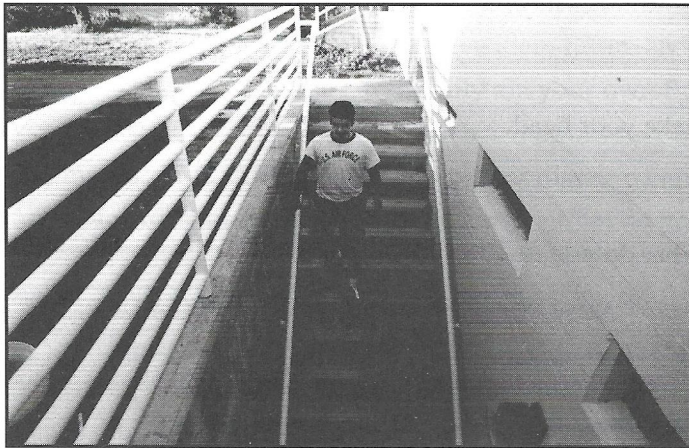
32 points: Caustic. Whoa! Fuck You!

So You Drew Into Stern...

An Introductory Tourbook

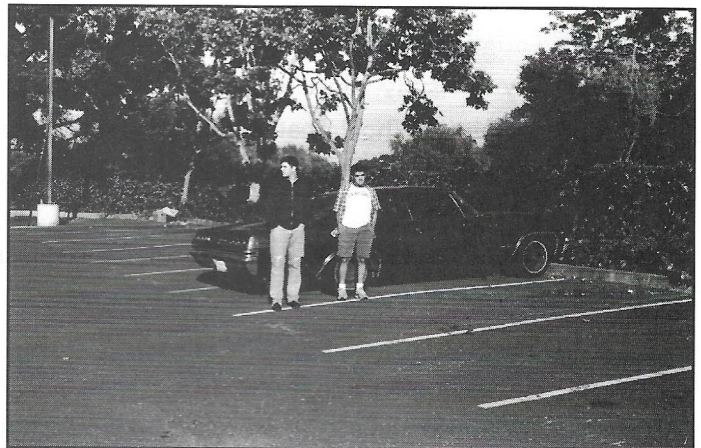
1. Convenient subway system.

Sure, you could walk to dinner, but why not make the trip *that much quicker*? Stern residents enjoy fast and safe service, as well as inexpensive beverages, candy, and souvenirs.



2. Stern Theme Park.

Perhaps one of Stern Hall's best-kept secrets is its award-winning theme park. Spend the afternoon in the Twister, the Gravitron, or just cool it in the parking lot.



3. The Novelty Shoppe.

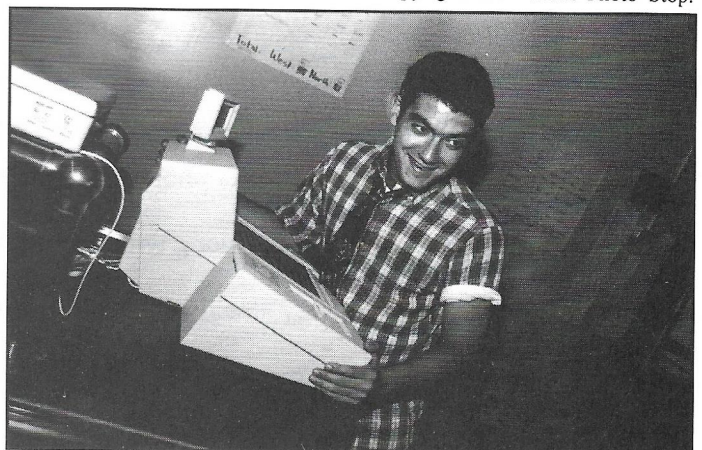
The Stern Novelty Shoppe was established to help meet the Stanford student's everyday novelty needs. Hot items include the Solar-Powered Dogmeter and the transistor radio.



4. Old-Time Photos.

The Stern Old-Time Photo Stop has been a popular service since the late fifties. Choose the time period that best fits your style: Old West, Victorian, Pilgrim, or Sales Clerk.

#4, Sales Clerk. Copyright 1994 Stern Photo Stop.



Welcome! Now that you've been awarded housing in Stanford's Stern Hall, it's time you knew some of the handy secrets that help Stern residents cope with University life.

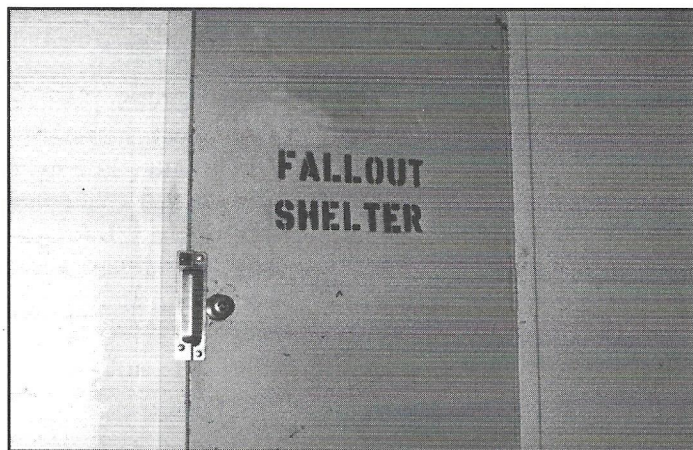
5. Robby Stevens.

Robby is a freshman living in Donner. His hobbies include biking, reading, and swimming. Donner RF Linda Paulson says that Robby is "a friend to all."



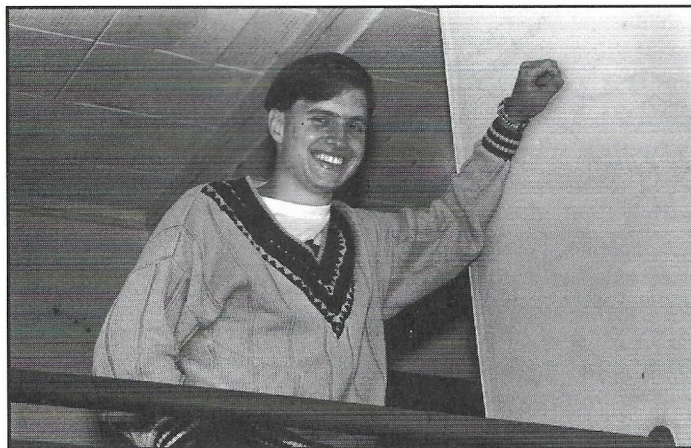
6. The Fallout Shelter.

The Fallout Shelter is located in the basement of Larkin West, and it's one of Stern Hall's most popular night spots. The entertainment includes video games, a full bar, and special guest appearances by Ice Cube.



7. An Evening With The Ideal Man.

That's right! The Ideal Man lives in Stern Hall, and his evenings are always free for *you*. He is sensitive, thoughtful, and honest, and he is not afraid to cry.



8. Trumpet Lessons.

Herb Nabors, one-time student of John Philip Sousa, is on-call 24 hours a day to teach you jazz or classical trumpet technique. Brush up on your fingering, or just hang out and jam.



FLAPJACK:

Tom Cruise is a Cocky Young IHOP Cook

A New Screenplay from Doug Miro

FADE-IN: A huge white restaurant with a sign reading "INTERNATIONAL HOUSE OF PANCAKES." It is morning, and there is a line out the door.

INSIDE THE RESTAURANT:

JACK, nicknamed "Flap," played by Tom Cruise, is spinning his spatula to the music of Steppenwolf. He stands at the stove and is surrounded by several clapping and screaming customers, mostly women. He tosses a pancake up in the air over the customers' heads and quickly disappears out the door of the kitchen.

The customers look confused. Where has he gone? How will he catch the pancake?

A few moments later he runs back into the kitchen carrying a beer. He sets the beer down, crosses his arms and leans against the wall. He smiles and sticks out his spatula, never taking his eyes off the customers. He catches the pancake and the crowd cheers wildly.

IN THE HALLWAY, SAME TIME:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: a letter in the hand of a busboy.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL JIM, a devilous looking misfit with an evil smile on his face. He walks down a hallway, away from the central restaurant and enters the office of MARTIN JONES, CEO.

MR. JONES' OFFICE, MOMENTS LATER:

JIM: Mr. Jones. There's something you should know.

JONES: What is it, Jim?

JIM: It's about Jack. He's.. he's..

JONES: He's using I Can't Believe It's Not Butter in the pancakes?

JIM: No. He's...he's...

JONES: Sleeping with my daughter and microwaving frozen pancakes?

JIM: Well, yeah. How'd you know?

JONES: I've had my suspicions. That cocky bastard, always beating the batter but never cooking it. I knew there was something fishy going on when I found those Aunt Jemima

boxes in my daughter's underwear.

MR. JONES' OFFICE, LATER THAT DAY:

Jack sits in front of Mr. Jones' desk with a concerned and intense look on his face.

MR. JONES: (angry) How dare you heat pancakes in my daughter's microwave and then sell them to my customers.



JACK: Listen, what I do is my business.

MR. JONES: Yes, well. Pancakes are my business. You're fired.

JACK: Fine. If that's the way you want it. I'll just take my unbelievable skills, developed at an unbelievably young age, to someone else. I'm sure they'll want them.

MR. JONES

It's not worth giving me flap, Jack. *(pauses, realizing what he has said.)* I've told every other pancake joint what you've done.

The camera circles slowly around Jack. His jaw is jutting everywhere with anger. He never takes his angry eyes off of Mr. Jones. Suddenly the camera stops so that we are facing Jack and his icy stare.

JACK: We'll see about that. I'm the best damn 'cake jockey in this town and everybody knows it.

MR. JONES: Yes, you are quite good.

But your pancakes stink. I wondered why they're so goddamn hard in the center. They're still frozen! Can't you even read the instructions on the box?

JACK: Just because I'm cocky doesn't mean that I can read. Besides, it's the show that matters. That's what people pay for. I'm the best, and everybody knows that.

JONES: Your cakes are full of holes from all that tossing bullshit you do. *(pause)* And everybody knows that.

Once again the camera circles Jack slowly. This time he is clenching his fists in rage. He is trying to hold back his unbridled cockiness, but to no avail.

The camera stops circling as he stands up and thrusts his fists into the air.

JACK: *(screaming)* My pancakes kick much ass!

Jack turns and struts out of the office.

DISSOLVE

A DESERTED ALLEY, LATER THAT NIGHT:

Jack sits on the ground, with his head between his knees and a bottle of Mrs. Butterworth's maple syrup in his hand. He periodically lifts his head and takes a swig from the bottle.

We see him from the side so that we can just make out that a FIGURE has crept up beside him. Jack, lost in his misery, does not see this figure.

FIGURE: *(woman's voice, with thick Irish accent)* You've got it bad, boy.

Jack lifts his head, startled by the noise. He strains his eyes trying to see the identity of the figure. A mysterious wind ruffles his nicely brushed hair.

JACK: Who are you?

FIGURE: Someone you trust, and have spent much of your life looking up to.

JACK: *(pauses)* Mrs. Butterworth?

FIGURE: No, you fool. Penny Martindale.

JACK: Penny Martindale? Our old housekeeper?

PENNY MARTINDALE, a chubby woman, steps out from the dark. She is just over four feet tall and probably three feet wide. Her red sculpted hair is backlit into a glowing ball by an alley light which seems to have just come on. She is wearing a pair of dark sunglasses and, over her floral blouse, a dark leather jacket.

PENNY: *(removing the glasses)* Yes sir, Jack. Remember how you used to watch me flip cakes.

JACK: *(considers)* Yeah. You're right. I never really thought about it, but you were my first teacher.

PENNY: *(removing toothpick from her mouth)* Your only teacher, Jack.

JACK: *(with Tom Cruise deep breath)* Yeah, well it doesn't mean anything now. *(another deep breath)* They just took it *(deep breath)* took it all away from me *(shakes head, swigs bottle).*

PENNY: Yes, well. You know, my friend, that that busboy, Jim, stole your job?

JACK: That bastard. *(pause, deep*

breath) I taught him everything he knows, and he turns on me. These people are ruthless. Anything to get at my spatula.

PENNY: And that cute little thing, Amy, ran off to St. Martin with him.

JACK: But Amy is the bosses' daughter. Goddamnit, I'm suppose to get the bosses' daughter! *(throws maple syrup bottle off the wall, it bounces)* I can't even break a goddamn bottle!

PENNY: Jack, it's plastic. *(pauses, bends down to grab Jack by his shirt collar)* This is not the Jack I used to know. The Jack I used to know kept his head high and didn't let the other boys push him around. Remember when you beat up little Billy Jordan? JACK: *(smiles coyly)* Yeah. He never should have said that about me and Johnny Spindler. I mean, we just wanted to see what it was like, it was no big deal...

PENNY: Yes, well, let's see some of that spirit. Remember, making good pancakes is in here *(touches her heart)*, not here *(touches her hands)*. My hands, my heart.

JACK: What? *(breaths deeply)* Look. I know that I can flip pancakes. But the boss was right, I can't even make microwave pancakes right. How am I ever gonna make the real stuff?

PENNY: You mean batter?

JACK: Yeah, that.

PENNY: Jack. I will show you the way. Remember, all the best cake jockeys—Short Stack Sam, Silver Dollar Ted, The Yeastie Boys, The Griddler, Blueberry Bob, Chocolate Chip, and even your father, Grandmaster Flip—had to learn how to make good batter.

JACK: My father, ha! That bastard spent all his time at the IHOP. I never saw him. Not even when he fell asleep at the griddle and fried his face.

PENNY: Yeah. I still can't believe that bastard Jim poured syrup on his wounds.

JACK: *(standing up)* What? That bastard. He doesn't know how dangerous I am. Do you know how dangerous I am, Penny?

PENNY: *(egging him on)* No, boy.



Jack barges into Mr. Jones' office, sweating, his jaw jutting angrily.

JACK: *(tearing his shirt off in anger)* I want my job back.

JONES: Not after what you did. No way. Now get out before I call the police.

JACK: I guarantee that if you put me back on the griddle, I'll double your business by 50%. Look at these graphs that I made.

JONES: Wow, these are nice graphs. Where did you learn to make these?

JACK: I've been taking night classes in Pancake Management.

JONES: A few night classes and some fancy graphs are not gonna make up for what you did.

JACK: That doesn't matter now. What matters is this.

Jack takes out his spatula from his pocket and spins it on his fingers. Suddenly, a previously unseen pancake comes shooting off the utensil, bounces off Mr. Jones' forehead, and into his open hand. Dumbfounded, he examines the cake carefully.

JONES: Pancakes shaped like Batman?

JACK: And I can do Papa Smurf, a cowboy hat, and Oprah.

JONES: Fat or thin?

JACK: They're pretty damn thick. Now let me take him on, let me take on that jerk busboy Jimmy in tomorrow's Flapjack Off.

JONES: Alright, but just remember, it's a world-wide competition, with judges coming from every truck stop from Bimidgee to Tuscaloosa. You get one chance at it, Jack, and if you lose, you must renounce the Catholic faith.

JACK: But I'm Jewish—haven't you seen my yarmulke? *(turns to show him)*

JONES: *(surprised)* I thought that was a pancake on your head. You know, for good luck.

JACK: Are you mocking me?

How dangerous are you?

JACK: I'm dangerous. I'm so dangerous that I can, that I can...

PENNY: What can you do, boy?

JACK: I can...rhyme?

(rhymes)

These cakes that I make
I hope you will take
cause if you don't, then...
then my name is Jake.

PENNY: Well, your father's rhymes were much better.

JACK: Damn, I'll never escape from that bastard's shadow. It hangs over me like a bad sweater.

PENNY: Yes, well, don't worry. I'll even teach you to rhyme.

PENNY'S KITCHEN, THE NEXT DAY:

(A sequence of shots, in which Penny is

training Jack:

—The pair reading through ancient looking cookbooks in a musty library.

—Penny timing him with a stop watch as he stirs the batter.

—Penny reaches into her medicine chest for the "secret ingredient," which is next to a bottle marked "arsenic."

—Jack flipping and catching rubber pancakes, two and three at a time.

—Penny demonstrating how to draw a four leaf clover on the cake with the syrup. Jack has an intense look of concentration on his face.

—Lots of close ups of Jack sweating with his shirt off.

—Jack, suddenly handicapped and crying hysterically in the bed of a Mexican whorehouse.)

AT THE IHOP, THE NEXT DAY:

JONES: So I'll change the stakes. If you lose, you agree never to see my daughter, and, for that matter, never to use a microwave again.

JACK: Fine. I like it when the stakes are high.

IHOP PARKING LOT, THE NEXT DAY:

The contestants stand behind griddles, with bowls of batter. They are surrounded by huge inflatable pancakes. Penny and Amy hold hands nervously in anticipation. Jack and Jim stare at each other with the intensity of the Civil War, where brother fought against brother.

JIM: (sneering) Oh, good. First your father and now you. Looks like I get to take out another O'Goldstein.

JACK: (sweating profusely into batter) You bastard. You tried to destroy my life. You sent me into a tailspin. You have no respect for me or my family or Amy or pancakes. You think life is just one big pancake you can flip around. You think I'm some batter you can fry. Well, you can't handle the truth.. I mean... I mean... you ruined

my life...

The camera starts to circle around Jack. He squints his eyes and flexes his spatula with anger. His jaw juts wildly in every direction.

JACK: (con't) I'm gonna kick your ass.

The pair bursts into a spontaneous explosion of pancake cooking. Jack does a double back flip without dropping the cake on his spatula. Jim ignites his griddle on fire with some Bacardi 151 and walks across it while juggling three pancakes on one spatula. Jack breaks out his special ingredient and makes a pancake that glows in the dark.

JIM: Aye—That was well timed with the solar eclipse. But I still have one more trick up my sleeve.

Jim goes into a frenzy, his hands moving so fast that they can't be seen. When he's done, a scale model of the IHOP made completely from pancakes is left standing.

JACK: (to himself) I have no choice. I

have to use it. The only word my dad ever said to me—Valvoline. His special invention. I really shouldn't. I wanted to do this on my own, but he was a great man and I should put down my pride and honor him by doing his famous Cake Jockey routine.

There is a collective sigh from the audience as Jack mounts the hood of a Mustang. He removes his shirt and coats his upper body in valvoline so that his muscles are accentuated. The car's engine starts. The car picks up speed and starts doing doughnuts. Jack nearly falls but then saves himself. He starts flipping pancakes with both hands and recites the following haiku.

JACK: (recites)

Pancakes for god sakes
slam on the fucking brakes
for the only food a god makes.

The car stops suddenly, and Jack slides, on his chest, off the hood. He does a flip into the cheering crowd. He's too slippery for them to carry on their shoulders, but he has clearly won the day.



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IT'S A GLORIOUS JUNE DAY AT CASHWOOD COUNTRY CLUB. AL'S SISTER HAS SET UP AN AFTERNOON ON THE GOLF COURSE FOR OUR MERCES. THEIR CARETAKERS FOR THE AFTERNOON ARE LOCAL HEAVIES TODD AND REGIS.

©1994 TEAMSTERS HUMOR MONTHLY miro & gogner

I SAY TODD... I'M NOT TOO SURE ABOUT THESE TWO MORONS WERE SUPPOSED TO PLAY TODAY.



RELAX REGIS, THIS IS JUST A FAVOR FOR CHELSEA. WE'LL PUT A SMALL WAGER DOWN AND MAKE SOME CASH FOR A DAM IN THE SUN... OH... HERE THEY COME.

HEY YOU SISSYS! I BET YOU AINT GOT ONE OF THESE SPECIAL HOME-MADE CLUBS OO YA!? C'MON LETS PLAY!



WELL AL... WHY DONT YOU AND LENNY TEE OFF FIRST.

SURE TODD, BUT I NEED TO BORROW ONE OF YOUR STICKS HERE.

BE CAREFUL THERE OLD BOY. THATS A \$15,000 BEJ MOGAJ ORIGINAL.



SURE THING!



JESUS TODD, I GURE I HOPE YOU GOT WARRANTEES ON THIS THING. ITS FUCKED.



LATER...

WHOS PUTTING FIRST?



OH... THAT'D BE US AL. OUR BALL IS CLOSEST.



NO LENNY, THATS OUR BALL.



LISTEN, FAIRY-BOY ITS OUR BALL! GOT IT?!



YOU ARE THE TWO WORST GOLFERS THAT HAVE EVER SET FOOT ON THIS COURSE. WHY, I'LL BET YOU CANT MAKE THAT PUT IN 5 MORE TRIES!



HELL I BET THAT I CAN!!

YEAH RIGHT! WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY HAVE TO BET?



WELL, I GOT MY FAVORITE BOWLING TROPHY. CARRY IT EVERYWHERE IN FACT...



OH JOY... JUST WHAT MUFFY AND I NEED FOR THE MANTLEPIECE. OKAY, WELL - IF YOU MAKE THE PUT YOU CAN BORROW THE GOLF CART FOR A WHOLE HOUR. HOWS THAT SOUND?

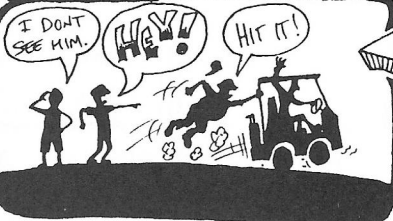


OKAY, LISTEN UP AL, THERES NO WAY IN HELL I CAN MAKE THIS PUT. I SWEAR THAT HOLE IS JUST TOO DAMN SMALL! IF WE HAD THAT CART THOUGH WE COULD USE IT AS A COUCH FOR THE LIVING ROOM. THAT WAY WE'D NEVER NEED TO GET UP FOR BEERS - WE COULD JUST DRIVE TO THE KITCHEN TO GET 'EM!! SO WHEN I DISTRACT THEM, YOU... ETC. ETC.

HEY, CHECK IT OUT BOYS. ITS THE POLO GUY - RALPH LORENZO! AJO YES EVEN RIDING THAT COOL HORSE!!



WHERE?!



PUT A HOLE IN THIS ONE BOYS!!

THE ANGRY PIRATE



Arh, me mateys. To be sure, I nearly split me finely woven breaches when those scurvy dogs at the Chaparral asked me, the Angry Pirate, to write an entire column for their publication. Aye, 'tis true. And subtlety bein' the theme, I warn't too pleased.

Subtlety, 'tis not one of me specialties, me laddies, what with me bein' a pirate and all. How subtle can me wooden leg be? Or me hook? Arh, 'tis a jolly life bein' a pirate, I tell you. All the years I done spent on me vessel, lootin', rapin', pillaging', droppin' the "g's" from me gerund verbs, they do take their toll, believe me you filthy curs!

Ye rats! You think a life at sea is all fun and games, don't ya? Aye, the rollin' waves and salty mist on your face! Salt stings, me lads! The freedom to taste a man's blood after you've slit his quiverin' throat! Arh, that's your idea of fun, ain't it?

Yo-ho-ho, and all that rubbish.

Let me ask you much covered land-lubbers one question. Have you ever considered the soul? Arh, do you uptight college kids think I can sleep at night? Look at me cursed hook where me hand used to be. LOOK AT IT! Every time I look at me hook, I am reminded that there's a piece of me

missin', there is! Arh! This twisted piece of metal is a mirror of me tattered and embittered soul.

I am filled with angst! I am riddled with ennui! When I turn me mind's eye inward to the heart of me being, I find me spirit more desolate than...than...arh, words fail me.

You squalid piles of rat's droppin's wouldn't know nothin' about spiritual health, would ya? Nah, you just dance around with yer blasted friends singing "Look at the PIE-RAT! Where's yer treasure, you mean old PIE-RAT? Where's yer PIE-RAT ship? Oh, yer hook is so big!" Blast it all!

Mateys, rapin' aside. I haven't had a woman in thirty-seven years! Arh! Arh! And last time I did, I mauled her back with me hook when I tried to get off her bra. How's that fer subtle?

Bloody selfish pigs, you are! Never thought a pirate could have feelin's, did ya? Well I'm a human bein'. I am not a freak. Do you understand? I'm no bloomin' freak!

Arh.

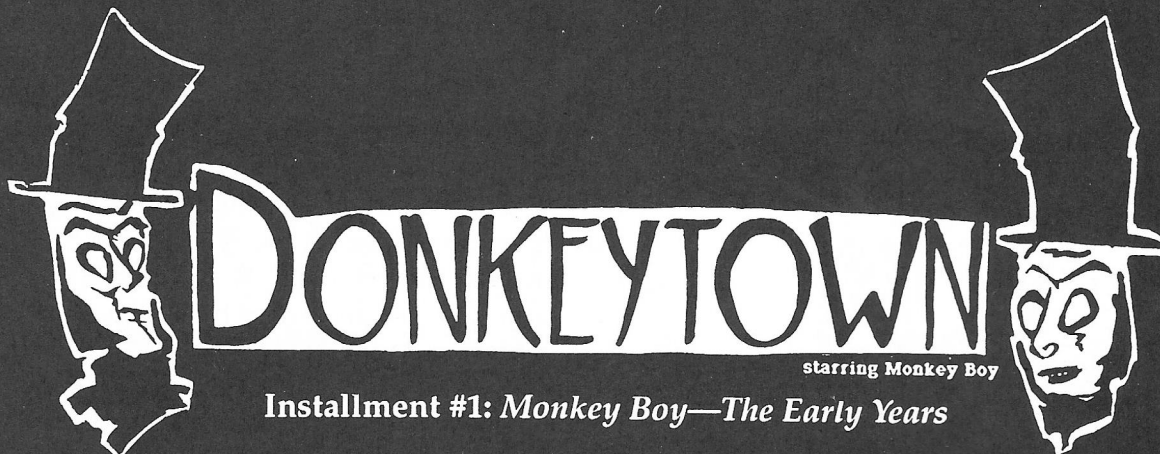
Oh, 'tis true, I am a hideous creature to behold. This patch on me face, 'tis black as the sea at night. I wears black on the outside, 'cause black is how I feels on the inside. This patch covers not only me rotting socket, 'tis an excuse to hide from society. The eyes are the windows to the soul, me mateys, and I'm pullin' the blinds. Arh.

Then there's me false leg. Reminds me of me lost childhood, it does. Me father, he was a pirate, just like me. Growin' up, he was always at sea, and me mother left home when I was a wee lad. So I grew up with no role model to speak of. Arh, them was bad times. I lived in the streets, I did, pilferin' food, beggin' fer clothes, usin' old lint to floss me ever decayin' teeth, and livin' a weary existence of flat, stale, unprofitableness. And look at me now, ye gawkin' bastards! You see before you a grotesque mass of scarred skin. I'm livin' a lie, mateys. Arh, what I wouldn't give to do things over.

Curse you, Father time! You have made me old and angry and ornery, and sometimes I find me self smelling like a dead fish fer no reason. A broken old pirate with nothin' to live for but a mug of ale to drown me sorrows. Me hates it. I say, ME HATES IT!

And me only companion is me stinkin' parrot!

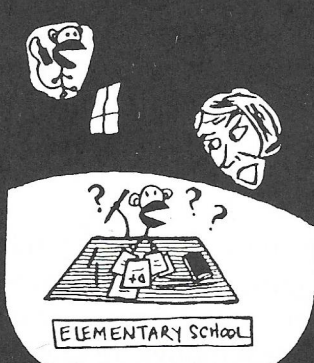
Arh.



DONKEYTOWN

starring Monkey Boy

Installment #1: Monkey Boy—The Early Years



- Spends first day in Janitor's office
- Eats entire lunch at Milk Break
- Wraps self in tin foil; not invited to any parties
- Steals kickball at recess, scampers home
- Invents Stick-in-a-Jar

—He just doesn't know.

- Gets job so that he can buy candy
- Forced to wear red vest; red makes him angry
- Loses virginity in stock room
- Fired.

- He knows that clothes are important, but doesn't know why
- Too ashamed to shop in children's department
- Steals clothes from librarians

As Monkey Boy grows older, he becomes confused. Women shun him. He buys a car that has nothing to do with his lifestyle.



His life has become a meaningless jumble of parts. He doesn't know what he wants, or what to do with what he has.

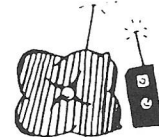


He decides to become an inventor, but his simian brain does not understand the needs of the American consumer.

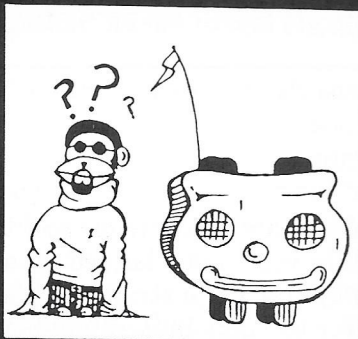
The Sub-Zero Turkey Baster



The Remote-Control Pillow

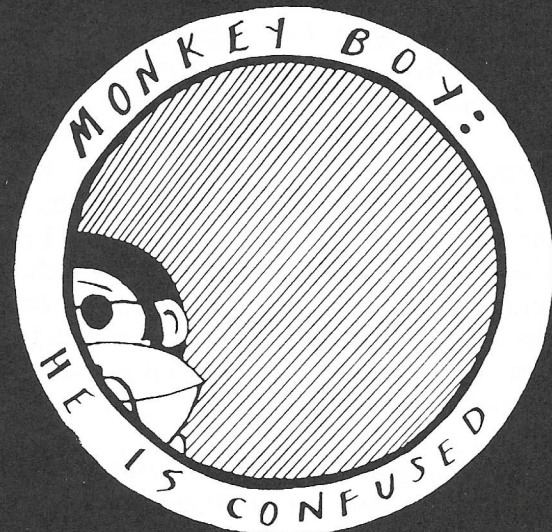


The Inflatable "I Hate You" Poster



He never got very far as an inventor. In fact, his greatest creation killed a man.

Things were looking bad for Monkey Boy. One warm August night, he wandered out of his small home, never to return. He was leaving the old days behind.



Next time: *The Amtrak Years*

Celebrity Dream Inducement: Understanding the Subconscious of the Stars

Dr. William J. Dement

Institute of Psychology, Stanford University, Stanford, California 94309

INTRODUCTION

In order to test my theory of Relational Dream Phenomena outlined in *Psychology Monthly* (June '93) I assembled several noted celebrities for an induced dream experiment in April of this year. Induced dream experiments may involve several subjects who are brought to a threatening environment and rendered unconscious with my secret Dream Potion™ (see also Mallet.) In my earlier experiments, subjects were placed in Sarajevo and given the sedative. We found that inducing REM sleep in such a hostile environment yields similar dream sequences among the participants (rape, pillage, etc.) with many equally revealing variations. For this most recent study, my assistants and I chose a more controlled environment to prevent any further loss of life. We brought the celebrity subjects to a lovely pastoral setting and immediately unleashed a horde of killer bees. We then asked each subject to describe his/her dream. Celebrities were chosen because the markers in their subconscious are easily recognizable to the world and, most importantly, to the scientist. Also, it's fun rendering them unconscious. The results were better than expected. The dreams demonstrate a bold new finding in the ever-innovative realm of *Psychology: life situations affect our dreams*.

SUMMARY

Here are the celebrities' descriptions of their dreams and portions of my analysis:

Patrick Swayze— I was in a field eating flowers when a huge bee came down and told me off so I took off my shirt and tried to kick it in the head. Then I was falling into a huge white vase and I landed on a stage. I was fat and I was dancing the polka with a bunch of Whoopi Goldbergs. They started to strip with each new verse, it was awful. I started eating polish sausage and looking in the mirror to make myself feel better. It didn't help, so I had to dirty dance with the naked Whoopi Goldbergs. I woke up and I wasn't sweating at all, which was even worse.

W.D.— When confronted with a challenging situation, Swayze reacts with the typical and well documented Cassius-ali Syndrome. His shirtless Polka, perhaps reflects deep fears about his true self— a fat Polish construction worker. Goldberg's appearance is, as usual, an anathema.

The Honorable Clarence Thomas— I was in a field eating flowers when a huge bee came down and told me off, so I took off my robe and said "hey baby." Then I was in a huge padded room with eight women constantly pinching my ass. It hurt too much, so I ran out the door. I had to get something, I'm not sure what it was or what it meant. The same women were chasing me and yelling "rip out his pubes." I made it to the coffee machine, but it wouldn't work. When the women got there, there was only one of them. She smiled and banged the coffee machine like Fonzi. I couldn't believe it when coffee came out! Then, just as I was about to get that sip of coffee I so desired, she smacked me on the head with an aborted fetus and well, I have to admit, I sort of liked it.

W.D.— Justice Thomas clearly still refuses to wear clothes under his robe. This compulsion has provoked a neurosis and a chronic fear of what noted Psychologist H. Martin Duber calls a "Stiffy." As for the aborted fetus, well, Thomas would do well to keep his masochistic tendencies to himself. There is nothing else to say as any dream with Henry Winkler does not merit this level of analysis.

Martin Scorsese— I'm in this field in Italy eating flowers and this bee came down and I said "Yo. You looking at me?" So it stung me. My whole leg swelled up and the next thing I know, this civil war doctor is amputating my leg. It was the most amazing thing I ever saw. No anesthesia and a dull saw. The pain was beautiful. But the blood, its color, it was all wrong. And the lighting, ohhhh, the lighting. My face, so pale! The doctor, he was all in shadows, for godsakes! Va Fanculo. And I couldn't change the lighting. The scene was ruined and I still lost my leg.

W.D.— Marty's dream description is so lucid, so insightful that no comment is necessary.

Ronald Reagan— Well, I was eating flowers in my field in Santa Barbara, as I often do since my accident with that horse. Damn my head hurts. Then this bee came down with the head of Saddam Hussein. He says to me, "you sold me out. you sold me out." "Now hold on there," I said to Saddam. "I'm not the president." "You're not?" he asked. Then we got into this great discussion about movies, which is all we ever did anyways.

W.D. — The most interesting aspect of Reagan's dream is how he chooses to describe it — as if it really happened. Statements such as "as I often do" and "Damn my head hurts" are very uncommon among test subjects. Perhaps we gave him too much Dream Potion™?

Paul McCartney— I was in this field eating flowers when this bee came down and told me he was not happy with my vibes, man. So I wrote a song about bees, happy bees. It sold millions. He was so happy. He gave me some totally organic honey. Linda and I marketed it right away with a special edition recording of John learning to play the harmonica. It sold millions. Then John reappeared in my dream and he liked me! We wrote songs together, happy songs! He didn't even make fun of Wings!

W.D. — McCartney was the only somnambulist in this test group. While he was having this sweet, happy dream in his head, he was attacking bees, scientists and an unsuspecting Ronald Reagan with his opened palms. In spite of the fact that the bees were stinging him mercilessly and we were injecting him with equal fervor, McCartney repeatedly shouted out "Fuck. Fuck me do. You know I'll fuck you too." How could a man who writes so many songs about love be filled with so much hate?

Gerhard Casper— I was in Wilbur field eating the dandelions when a huge bee came down and told me not to eat the flowers, that I was insulting migrant worker bees. I was hungry, really hungry. Lunch at the faculty club had been Bratwurst with no sauerkraut. You can't eat Bratwurst with no sauerkraut *gott in himmel!* So I started negotiating with the bee. I shoved a piece of paper in his face with the most half-assed solution I could think of on an empty stomach. The bee refused and prepared to sting me, but of course, he/she realized it was not worth it to lose his/her life over. Needless to say, he/she accepted my offer and after he left, I ate the flower.

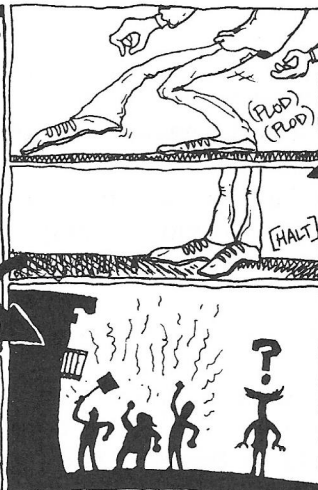
W.D. — Like Scorsese, Casper is clearly an adept dreamer. He must sleep a lot.

CONCLUSION

Comparing these varied dreams demonstrates that all respondents had a dream as a result of the stressful situation in which they found themselves. While all of the subjects started at the same point, they diverged into deeply personal realms reflecting their deepest fears. I subjected myself to the same tests and encountered similar results. Therefore, I am clearly also a celebrity. Based on the "evidence" I have "collected" in this "study," I have no grounds with which to base any conclusions. However, I believe these results demonstrate that we have succeeded in proving what has been obvious to most human beings for thousands of years. Dreams are a reflection of our everyday existence, problems, worries and desires. Viva Psychology!!! Long Live its Painfully Obvious Brethren Sociology and Anthropology!

CRAZY CECIL

...TIME ONCE AGAIN TO CHECK UP ON THE WOE'S AND WANTS OF STANFORD'S VERY OWN MENTAL DEFECT. SIT BACK AND WATCH AS CRAZY CECIL TAKES HIS SPECIAL FORM OF LUNACY RIGHT ON UP TO THE BIG TIME!! JOY! ©1994 G & M



FROM ALL OF US
TO ALL OF YOU

THANK YOU

STANFORD CHAPARRAL FEE ASSESSMENT 1994-95



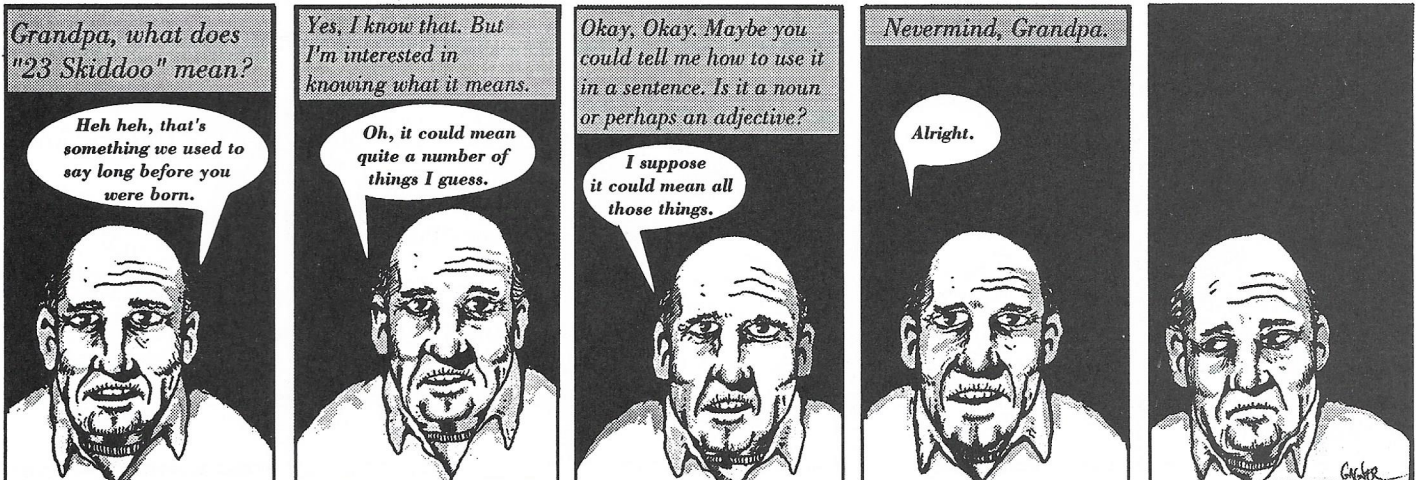
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Grandpa

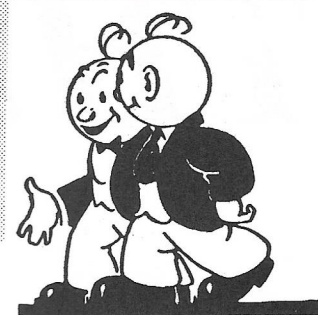
by Gagner



Those damned Stanford students!

They think they're just so damned funny. But they're not. They couldn't get a guy to laugh if he'd just smoked nine bowls and they had bananas and instructional videotapes to help with the gags. They'd just keep telling the same damned jokes over and over. And the stoned guy would just sit there going, "Hey, do you want those bananas? They look really good."

So the Stanford Chaparral proudly gives you:
**Correct Responses to
Stupid Stanford Jokes...**



Riddle: "Why can't Helen Keller have kids?"

Stanford Response: "Because she's dead!"

Correct Response: "Because as a blind, deaf woman living in the 19th century, she wasn't likely to have sexual intercourse."

Situation: "Geez, these tomatoes are small."

Stanford Response: "You know, it's not the size of the tomato that counts..."

Correct Response: "It's not the size of the tomato that counts, it's the length of the man's penis."

Riddle: "Why can't Freud have sex?"

Stanford Response: "Because his mother's dead!"

Correct Response: "Freud did have sex."

Riddle: "Why can't Rudy Delson have sex?"

Stanford Response: "Because he's at Stanford!"

Correct Response: "Because he's impotent."

Situation: A man has lost his hammer. "Where's my hammer?" he asks.

Stanford Response: "Ham 'er? I don't even know 'er!"

Correct Response: "It's under your bed."

Situation: Viennese Ball

Stanford Response: "Vietnamese Ball, tee-hee."

Correct Response: "I ain't staying up all night for those tickets."

Situation: Hoover Tower

Stanford Response: "Freud would have loved this."

Correct Response: "Freud himself said that a cigar is sometimes just a cigar, and this situation is clearly what he had in mind."

Situation: Flicks

Stanford Responses: 1st credit—"Yeah!"

2nd credit—"Sssss!"

Alternate credits—"Yeah!
Sssss!"

Correct Response: "No one really knows whether the second assistant producer is any good or not."

Situation: "I want to finger Gerhard Casper."

Stanford Response: "Eww! Where?"

Correct Response: "I think his address is hk.gxc@Forsythe."

Situation: "I have class."

Stanford Response: "No, you don't have *any* class!"

Correct Response: "Oh, which one?"

Situation: (A)—"I have a great knock-knock joke. You start it."

Stanford Response: (B)—"Okay, Knock Knock."

(A)—"Who's there?"

(B)—"Hey!"

(A)—"Tee Hee."

Correct Response: (B)—"I can't start it."

Situation: (any inane joke-question, e.g.: "Did you know that Lipton is the Brisk Tea?")

Stanford Response: "Tee Hee."

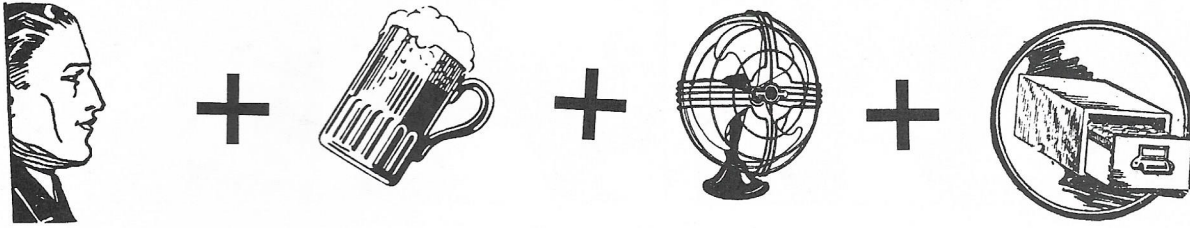
Correct Response: "Fuck You."

Situation: Chaparral concept stretched too far.

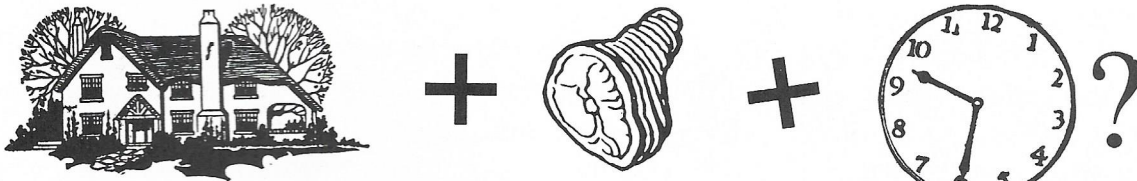
Stanford Response: "The Chappie sucks!"

Correct Response: "It's not the length of a joke that counts, it's length of the man's penis."

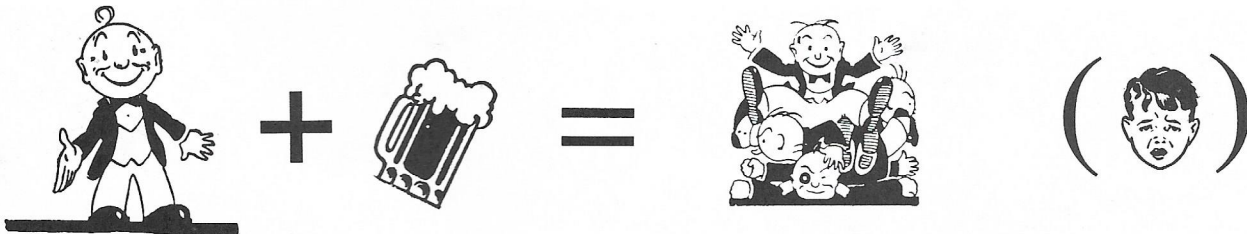
Rebuses



Mr. Simmons drank too much beer, put his fingers in the fan, and then stored them in a file cabinet.



Do you know what time is Ham Time at my house?



John is ashamed that his father is an alcoholic.

Grandpa

by Gagner

Hello Grandpa, do you have any jokes for me?

Actually, I do have quite a good one that Mr. Lochner told me yesterday.

There's this young couple who are in love.. One day the woman turns to the man and says "There are many bonds that shall keep us together ..."

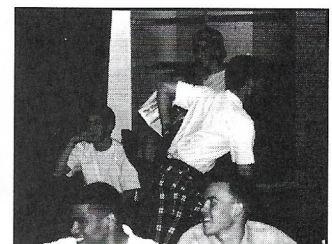
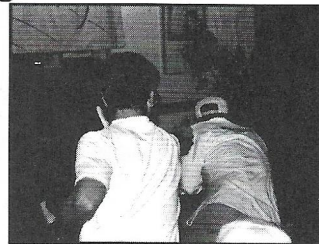
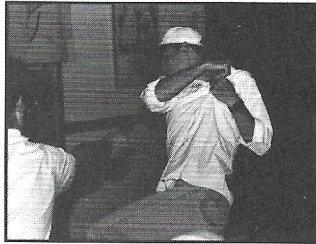
The man then says, "like what, dear?" "Oh", she replies, "like your savings bonds and liberty bonds..."

heh heh... heh..

Any others, grandpa?

heh heh... nope, that's all.

Hey Seniors



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EVERYTHING I NEED TO KNOW ABOUT LIFE I LEARNED AT STANFORD THIS YEAR

All life is important (even salamanders).

When someone from another school says hurtful things like "We've got the Axe," act like you don't care.

People stop feeling sorry for you after your third consecutive Super Bowl loss.

You can be a short freshman and still be a star at point guard.

Doing parodies can get you in big, big trouble.

Never take your job as Associate Dean and Vice Provost in the Office of Student Resources for granted.

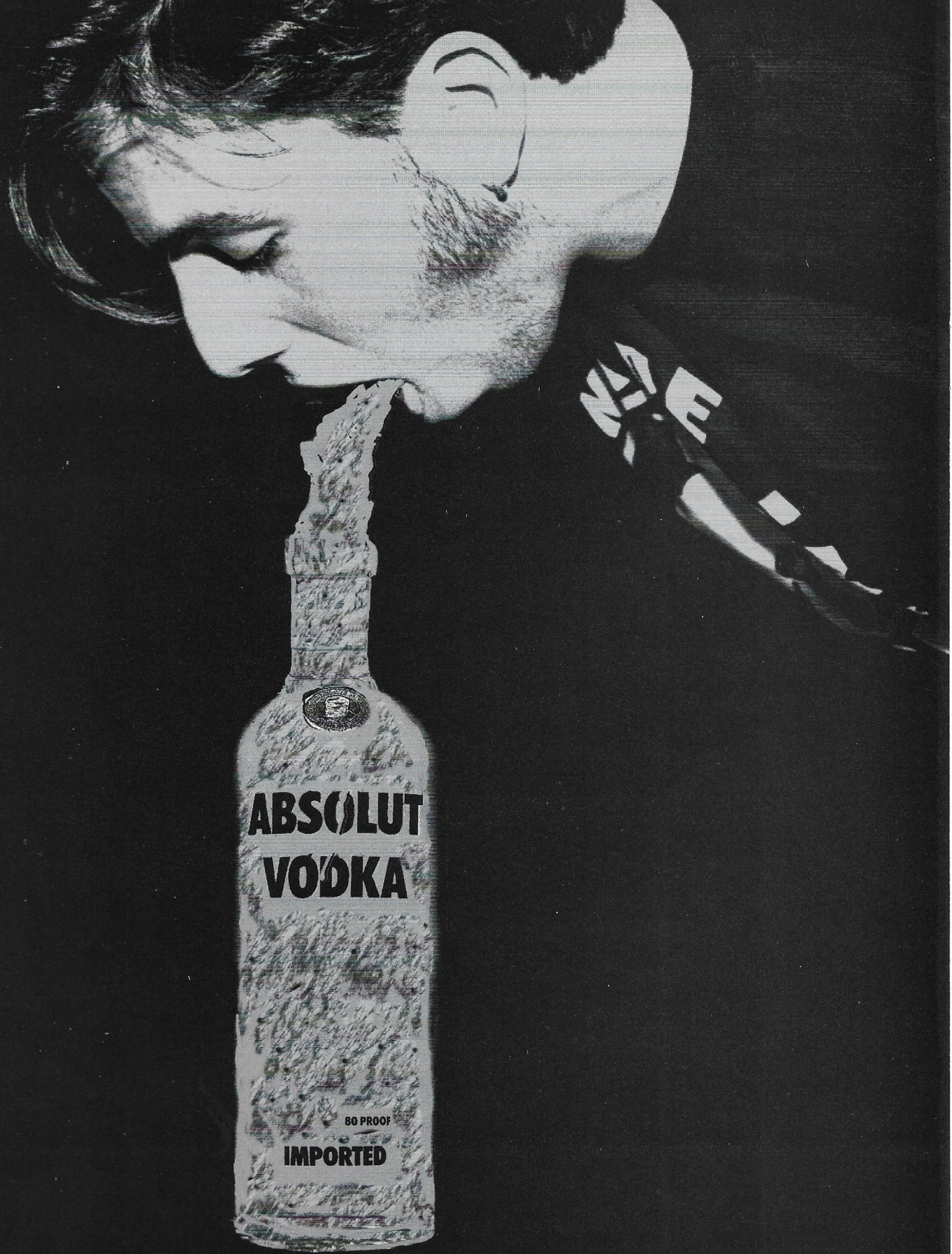
Graduate Students are important too (just like salamanders).

Luck be a lady tonight—please!

It's better to Not Pass than Fail.

It's better to be hungry in the Quad than full of grapes in the President's Office.

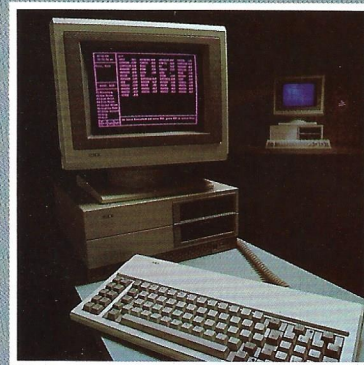
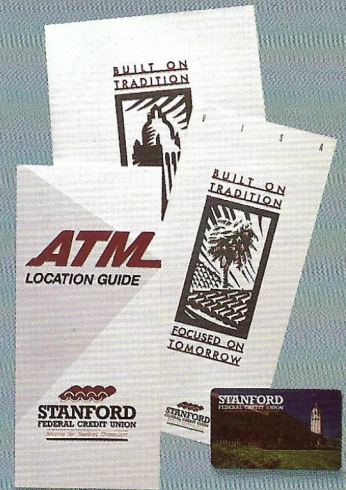
CIV still sucks.



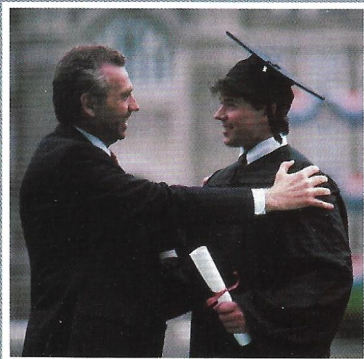
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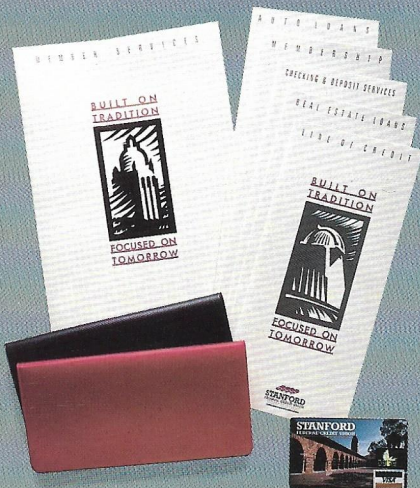


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