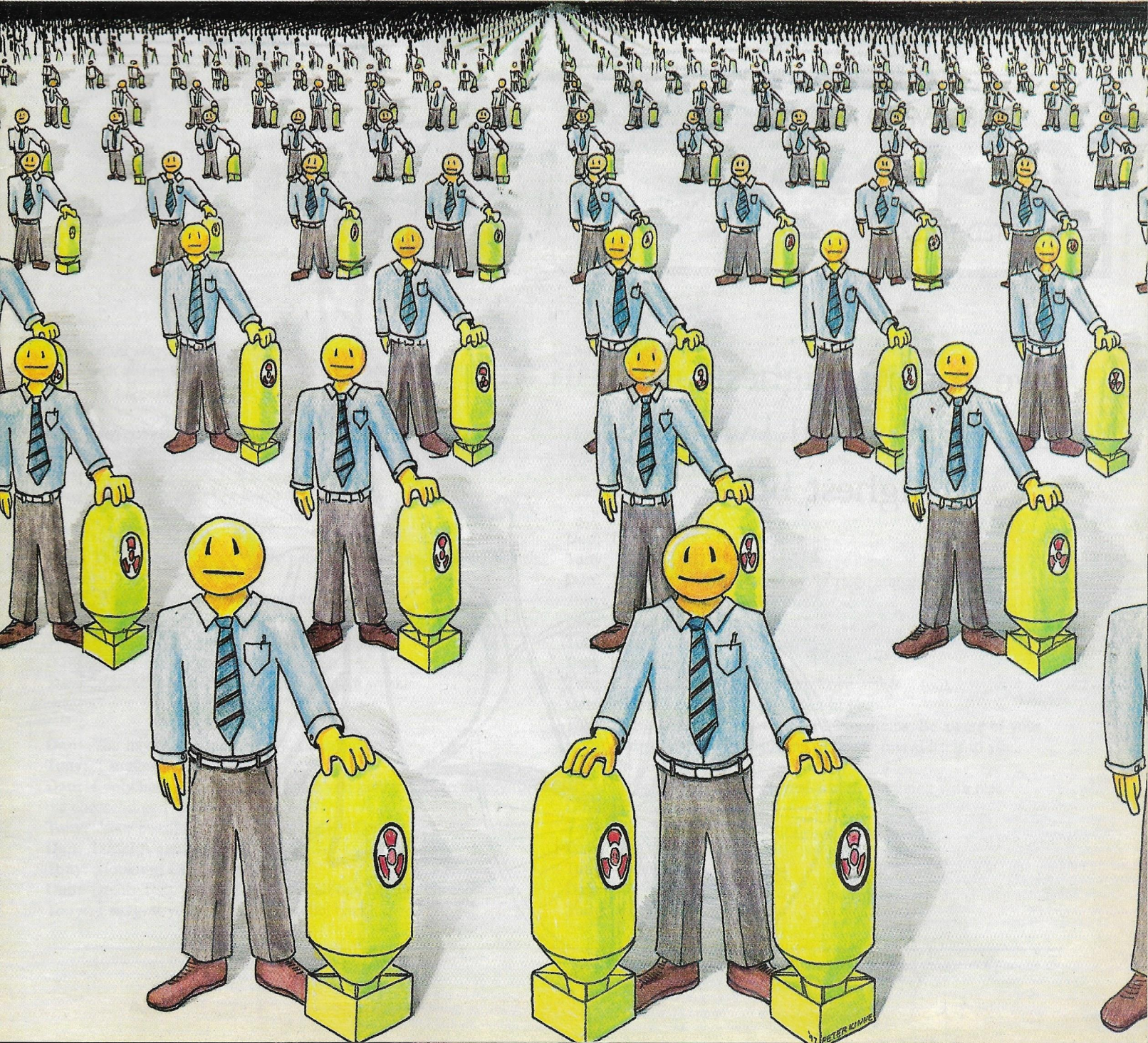


The Stanford Chaparral

Power





AND FOOD STORE

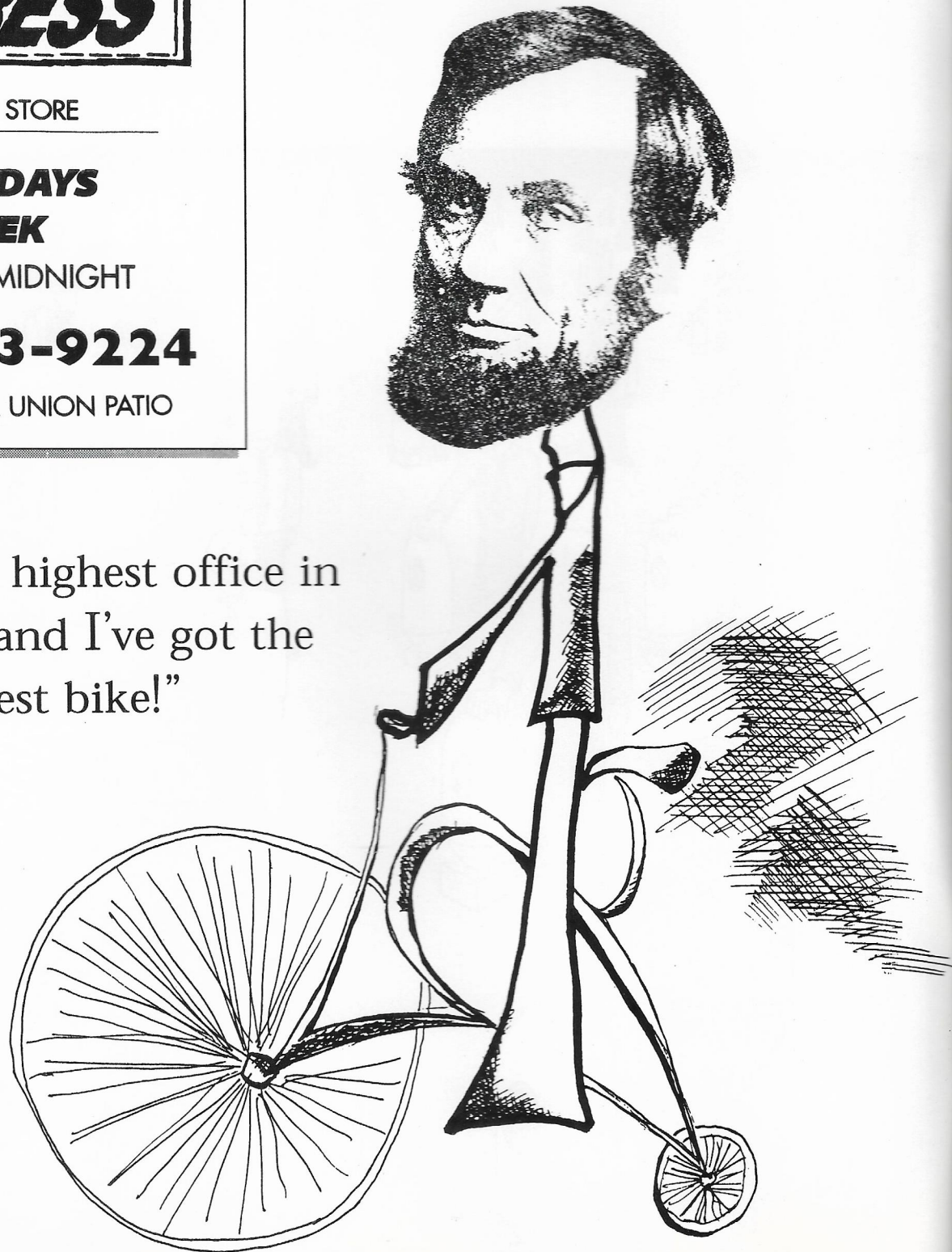
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“I’ve got the highest office in
the land—and I’ve got the
highest bike!”



The Power of Suggestion

What better way to make people do what you say than by influencing them with a simple suggestion. Let us stand aside and watch the *power of suggestion* in action.

Dan: Boy, I would like a hamburger right now.

Tony: May I suggest some cheese on your juicy hamburger?

Dan: As a matter of fact, that sounds delicious. I think I will.

Tony: Aces!

Dan: This cheeseburger is really good. I'm glad you suggested some cheese.

Tony: Perhaps you would like me to have a bite?

Dan: I don't know about that.

Tony: I suggest it.

Dan: Are you trying to manipulate me?

Tony: (taking bite of cheeseburger) You are weak.

Dan: You have eaten most of my cheeseburger.

Tony: I suggest you buy another.

Dan: I only have one dollar. I suggest you give me some money for the cheeseburger.

Tony: Your puerile shenanigans are useless on me.

Dan: Look! A giant doggie!

Tony: (looking) Dear God, where?!

Dan: (steals Tony's wallet) Now I shall buy another cheeseburger.

Tony: I suggest you give me my wallet back.

Dan: (gives wallet back) Here you are.

Tony: Thank you. Now buy me a cheeseburger.

Dan: OK.

Dan: Did you just suggest something?

Tony: No.

Dan: I'm sorry.

Dan: I'm noticing a trend here.

Tony: What's that?

Dan: You are trying to control me through suggestion.

Tony: Is this what you feel is true?

Dan: I'm no philosopher.

Tony: You are not a man, either.

Dan: But I can love.

Tony: Love does not make a man. Love makes a fool.

Dan: A fool is one who makes light of love.

Tony: Love and light are two separate mediums. Be aware of your words. Only then will the pathway to power reveal itself to you.

Dan: Do you love me?

Tony: That is irrelevant. I suggest you stop arguing with me.

Dan: Or what?

Tony: Or you will learn the truth.

Dan: Well said.

Tony: Thank you.

Dan: You're welcome.

Tony: Aces!

CHADARRA



P
C
W
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Staff

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Josh Gohlke

'97
Steve Smith

'98
Jeff Kucer
Matt Linden
Caid Peck
Seth Weisburst

'99
Rochelle Ellis
Elliot Lange
Annie McConnaha
Colleen McGarry
Mike Rosenblum
Darell Tibbles
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The Stanford Chaparral

Vol. XCVIII March 1997 No. 3

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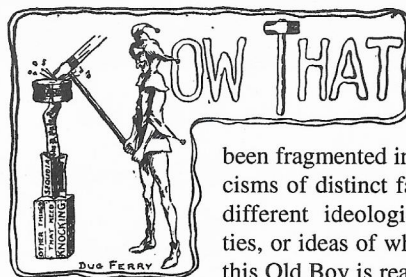
ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

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

REFLECTIONS

Thanks

Vincent Freda '84
Martie Petrie
MCA Records



the collective idealism of a student body has

been fragmented into the cynicisms of distinct factions with different ideologies, ethnicities, or ideas of what's "cool," this Old Boy is ready to take a look at the world's social ills.

It seems that everyone one is griping about who has power and who doesn't. "I got no power but I

deserve it" is the slogan for the under-represented and the physically unattractive. The social elite mock the poor and the weak, drinking fine wines and boasting estates worth millions, all the while hiding the blackness of their hearts behind a crust of precious stones, imported leather, and a thin layer of make-up. Are these the people we want to be like? Are the powerless really worse off? The homeless are actually quite cultured; they have established their own complex system of rules of propriety that help guide the average transient through a variety of tricky social situations. Bum etiquette has saved a lot of our less fortunate citizens from committing the egregious error of

blurring out, "It's for crack" while panhandling in affluent neighborhoods. Everyone has something to learn from Johnny Cash, who sings about power and about how he's got none. "It's a damn shame," Mr. Cash croons, "so I went up and shot me a man—again." We all should be more like Johnny.

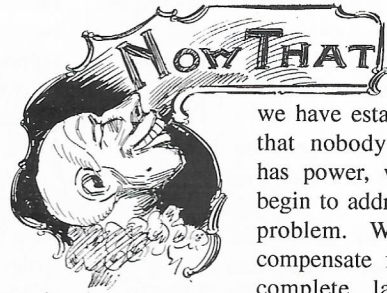
But do you have the power to change? An ancient Chinese master once said, "The power to transform oneself is like the flowing of a river down the side of a mountain." Such wisdom is lost on most American sensibilities. "I like their won tons and lemon peel chicken," an adolescent hooligan quips, representing the sentiments of a nation that has an affinity for blatant ethnocentrism and cheap fried cuisine.

Of course, different people have different ideas of power. The most bloated of our population drink a six-pack with a remote-control lost in the folds of their flesh, recounting their latest tales of how they've managed to beat The System. "That's real power," Joe Bloggs belches, while flaunting his recently stolen road sign and pushing at his rolls of fat in an attempt to find Cinemax. This is our culture's answer to the profound teachings of the Eastern sages.

"But what about divine power? Everybody thinks God is pretty powerful."

Is God really that powerful? For all his floods and tornadoes, God has never given this Old Boy any indication that He has any real power. Has God ever given you a dollar when you were 50 cents short for a plate of

nachos? When you're on the toilet and find there's no more toilet paper, has God ever made a new roll magically appear before you? No, He hasn't. Instead God works in mysterious ways—in exactly those mysterious ways that are perfectly describable by physics and chemistry. That's not power. That's science.



we have established that nobody really has power, we can begin to address the problem. We can compensate for our complete lack of power with a variety of power substitutes. Consider the range of things through which humans vicariously experience power. Back in the primitive days, cavemen carried around big sticks to feel powerful. Those sticks could do just about anything early man needed to get done. Big sticks could fend off wild animals, jostle berries from out-of-reach branches, and incapacitate the more introverted, academically inclined cavemen that didn't have big sticks. The caveman with the biggest stick always got what he wanted and always got the cavewoman with the most shallow personality.

More recently, many humans have dealt with their utter powerlessness by investing the better part of their annual income on big cars and fashionable clothes. "Nice wheels" and "nice threads" are common complimentary synecdoches used to describe these purported indicators of personal power. Perhaps similar expressions will eventually appear in the youth vernacular that will serve as hip, condensed descriptions of the owners of these cars and clothes—terms such as "fat head" or "miserable, wretched soul."

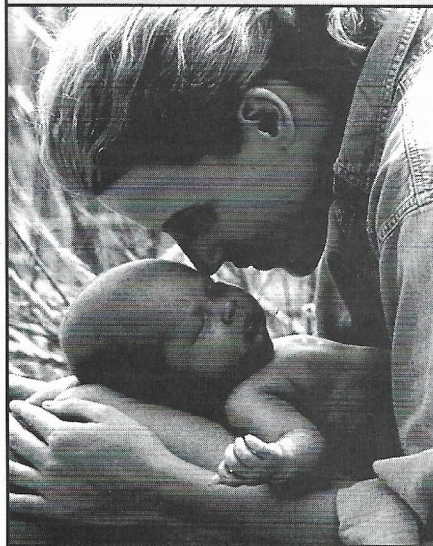
But science seems to be the only thing that can adequately fill the human void of incompetence. We can incinerate entire cities in a single nuclear explosion, and we can graft a human ear onto a rat. That's science! Of course, there is an ugly side to this noble discipline. In our mad search for greater convenience and heightened culture, we have lost our sense of priorities. Soon every child will grow up in a climate-controlled family with a five-channel home theater system, a two-hundred channel satellite system, and a one-thousand channel cocker spaniel droid named Perceval or Northcutt or Jean Pierre. But every house will be automated, so you'll never have to walk around hunched over with your pants down to get that new roll of toilet paper—science will take care of it for you. So science is still better than God. And that's good enough for me. I'm going to get some nachos.

Baby in the Woods

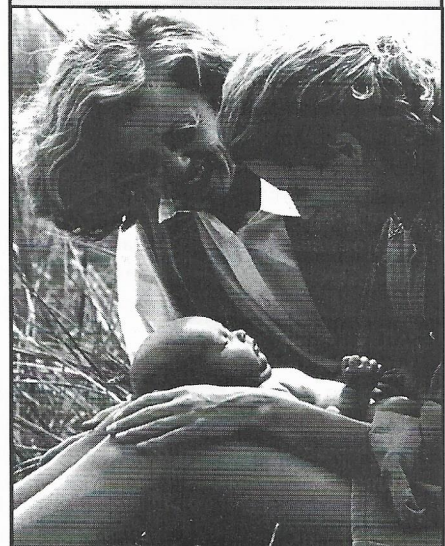
You are so cute!



Isn't she beautiful, Mom? Why would anyone abandon a baby in the woods like this?



I don't know, dear. She looks a lot like you did when you were a baby. Except you weren't dead.



from the diary of an independent filmmaker. . .

YEAR 1

Week 1

I approach Jacque, a brilliant young classmate of mine at NYU film school, for collaboration on a project I call *Power Dreams*. Jacque, a Film Noir specialist, expresses some apprehension at the prospect of making an eight-year commitment to a documentary chronicling the gradual evolution of a future political lion, but he cannot resist the ambition and sheer scope of the project.

Week 18

After a lengthy search, we settle on the subject of our film, a member of Mrs. Kenneway's fifth grade homeroom class. We are pleased to note that Brian is extremely large for his age and rules with an iron fist over the other boys in the class. During the screening interview, Brian states simply, "I like it when other kids do what I want," and we are hooked.

Week 30

We obtain our first usable footage: Brian punches a smaller boy in the lunch line and steals eight ounces of curdled milk. Such is the untempered iron of a born leader before it is wrought into needle-sharp steel. Jacque fronts his life savings for a used collection of cameras from NYU and begins negotiating with MGM studios.

YEAR 2

Week 6

Jacque is distressed to see that Brian has grown little this year and that he is considerably less vocal in class this year, keeping mostly to himself. I am confident that he is simply evolving into a thoughtful, cunning negotiator who wastes no words.

Week 27

We are proud to find that Brian has been making quite a name for himself at the video arcade with his prowess at Street Fighter II. We try to encourage this killer instinct, regardless of the medium in which it manifests itself. He is a skillful defender and counterattacks with dexterity and shrewdness. Jacque is convinced that he will rise to power from the underground, manning a small army of arcade miscreants.

Week 28

Our hopes are dashed, as Brian loses badly to the Street Fighter king of Lower Manhattan. The arcade rats prove to be a fickle bunch; Brian is egged mercilessly on his way home by the same juveniles who had idolized him and is beaten repeatedly with the joystick from a broken Ms. Pac-Man. He never returns to an arcade.

YEAR 3

Week 6

Brian has become the object of playful ridicule among his classmates, who often kick him in the stomach during recess and shove mud down the front of his corduroys. Brian never reacts, but accepts this humiliation with a glazed, self-deprecating grin and munches happily on a stick of chocolate.

Week 12

We take new hope, finding a copy of *The New*

Republic, smeared with Dorito dust, on the tile floor of Brian's bathroom.

YEAR 4

Week 17

We note with considerable sorrow that Brian has grown little in four years and is now the smallest, fattest boy in the eighth grade. The other students have taken to making him sit in a wheelbarrow at recess, while they cart him around chanting "Barrow baby has a disease!"—a chorus which they have set to music.

Week 23

Before our daily interviews, Jacque has to wipe the chunks of marshmallow and graham cracker from the corners of Brian's mouth. We are glad that Brian is talking more, but all he ever does is tell childish knock-knock jokes, which he has memorized from an enormous knock-knock encyclopedia which his ballet instructor bought him for St. Steven's Day. Things will get better . . . they must.

YEAR 5

Week 11

Upon scores of unanswered phone calls, we lower our sights from MGM to the Sundance independent film festival. Over the past few months, we have collected three hundred hours of footage of Brian forming crude humanoid figures out of Pleistocene, which he smashes together while making farting sound effects with his cheeks. Jacque has sold his apartment in New York and has been drinking heavily.

Week 43

Another outburst today. Jacque arrives at the interview session with a long ashen pole and begins prodding an astonished Brian, screaming "Do something powerful, you useless piece of shit!" Brian begins to cry and retreats to the bathroom before I can comfort him, locking himself in with a quart of raw cookie dough. We postpone interviews for a week.

YEAR 6

Sundance sends us a contemptuous letter of refusal. We ask the university if we can present a free screening of the film at the Tish Auditorium during freshman orientation. The night the university's refusal letter was received Jacque was arrested for public drunkenness and disorderly conduct. The next morning he hocked the remaining video equipment for a 1987 Geo Prism and headed west, jumping bail.

EPILOGUE

The last I heard of Jacque, he had married his bounty hunter and accepted a job as an elementary school art teacher, shifting his area of expertise from Film Noir to papier-mâché. As for Brian, I saw him yesterday in a fluorescent vest crossing students in front of the high school. Sometimes, when the cars were making lots of right turns, he would have to wait through four or five green lights before he could let the kids cross. When he saw me, he smiled and waved.

POWER

POWER

POWER

POWER

POWER

DREAMS

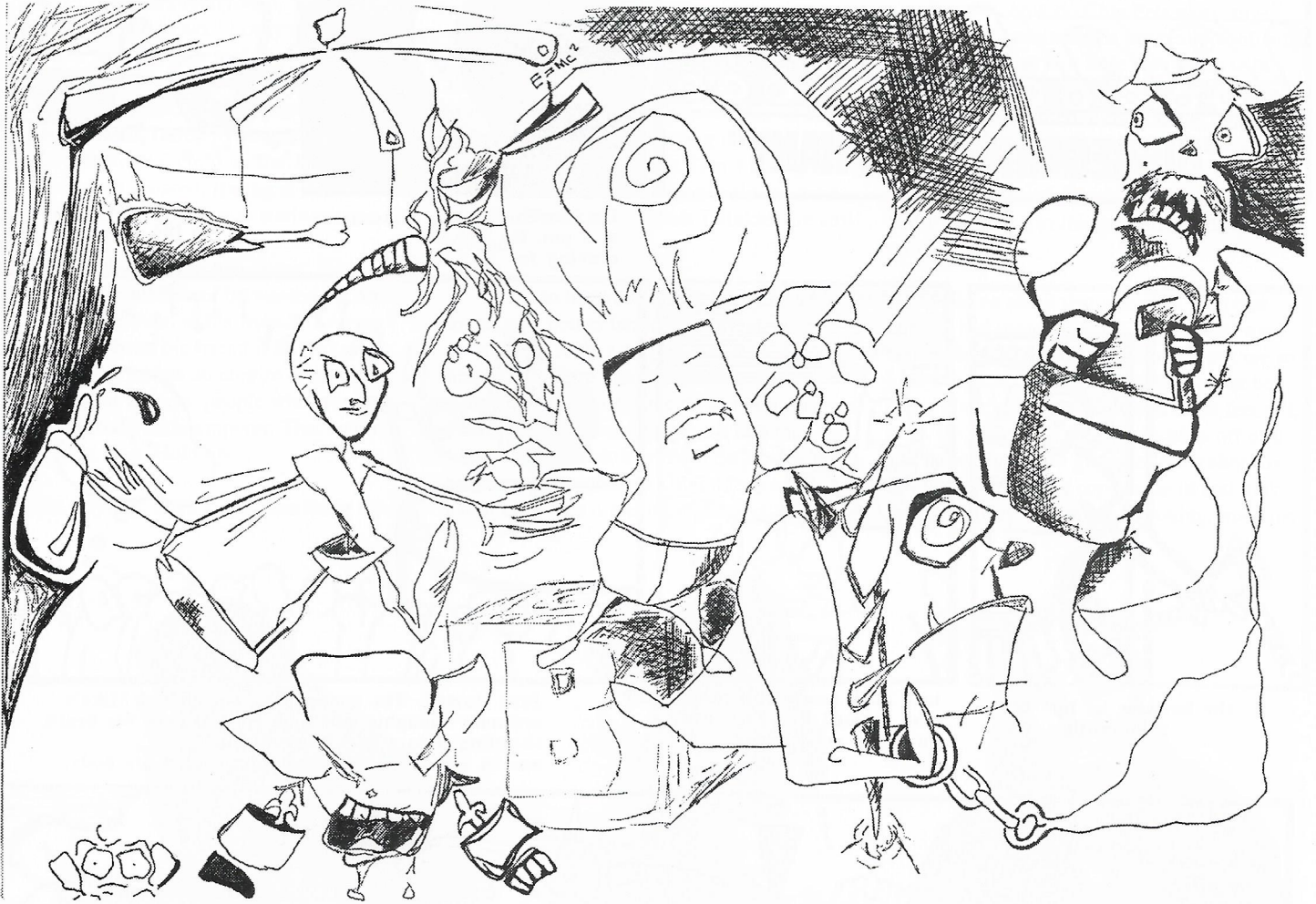
DREAMS

DREAMS

DREAMS

DREAMS

Jim Henson's Power Babies



Napoleon Baby — He's short, even for a baby, but he did conquer the blocks corner. Only baby in the nursery with epaulets on his diapers.

Stalin Baby — Even Nanny is scared of Stalin Baby since Trotsky Baby disappeared. He is responsible for the changing room's being nicknamed Siberia.

Gandhi Baby — Hungry for a second snack? Just grab Gandhi Baby's. He won't do anything but preach. A diaper suits him just fine.

Sandra Day O'Connor Baby — The only female baby on the Supreme Court of Babies; she's a real stickler for precedent—and Zwieback.

Einstein Baby — He already knows a lot of things including: the concavity in the bottom of his bottle is called a "punt."

Clarence Thomas Baby — He does not know about pubic hair, and so there is no problem.

W.C. Fields Baby — "Hey, who drank my lunch?" is not a joke to this baby.

Dale Carnegie Baby — *How to Win Friends and Influence Babies* Lesson #1: Let the other baby feel important.

John D. Rockefeller Baby — U.S. Steel, The University of Chicago... this baby doesn't wait around for someone else to change his diaper.

Martha Stewart Baby — Thanks to her, the playpen is looking especially tasteful, and snacktime is healthy and refreshing.

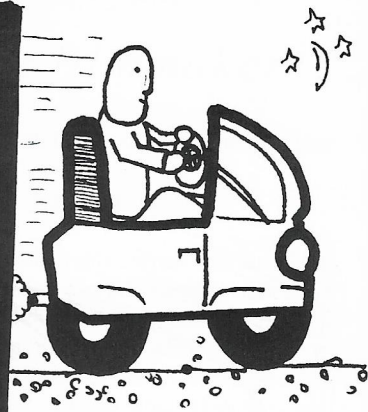
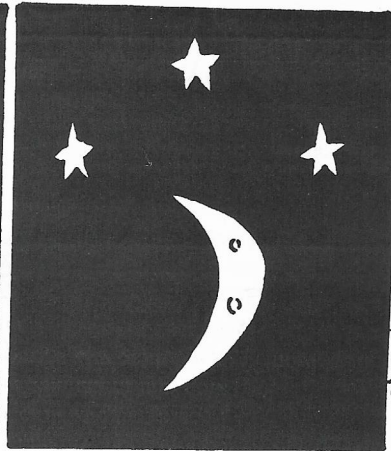
Jackie Chan Baby — He reads over another baby's shoulder, and they take the bait. He then kicks much ass.

MALADJUSTED MIKE

-IN-



"DISREGARDED EPIPHANY"



On March 5, 1997, Mike arose at 8 pm. He had a craving for jazz music,

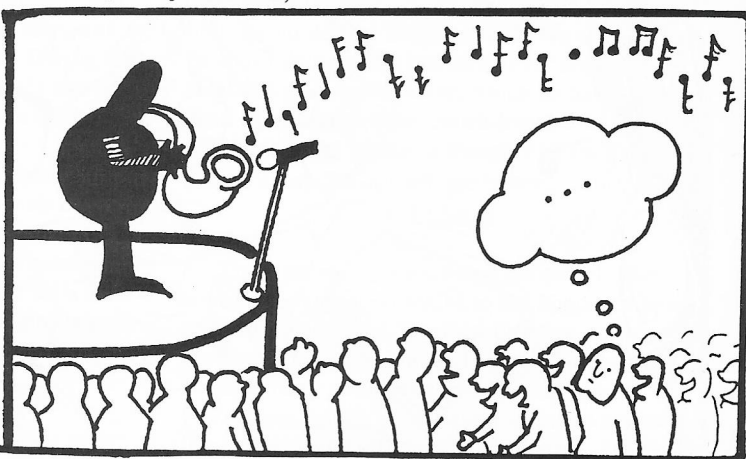
so he drove his car to the city, where



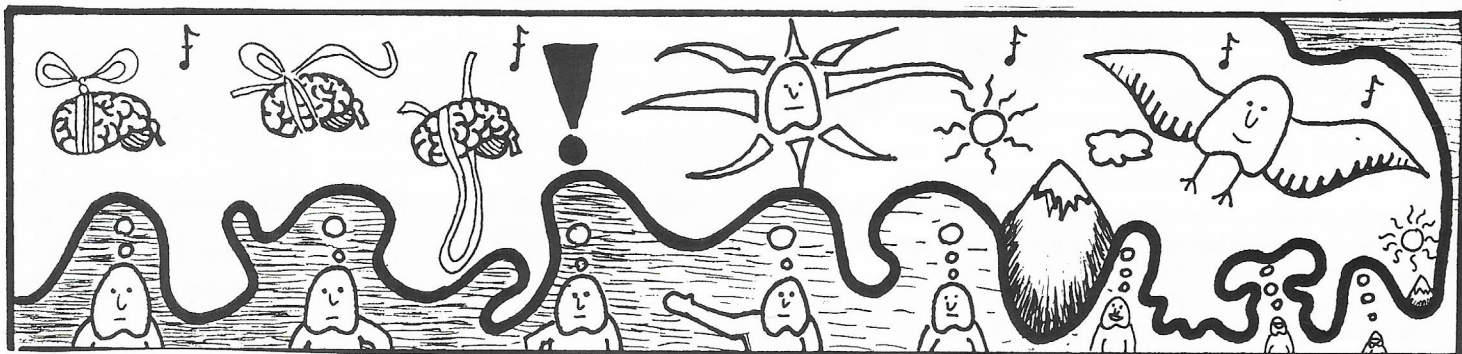
the bouncer let him in, reluctantly,



to a dark room with people who seemed like they were having a good time.



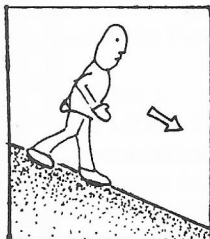
Jazz started. The saxophone solo melted Mike's ordinary thoughts and took control over his brain, shuttling it to a new place of purity, one in which Mike's soul transcended his body.



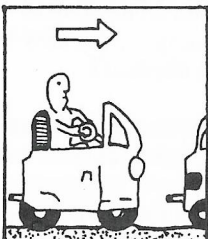
A deep relaxation of Mike's tangled brain tendrils occurred, and he realized suddenly that he willed his daily reality through his own subjective mental impulses. His psyche, he now knew, makes his day a bad day and his psyche also makes his day a good day. He controlled this subjective psyche, so his destiny, seemingly, was his to determine.



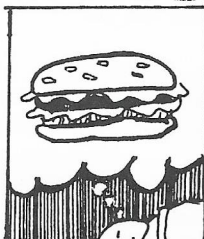
The solo stopped



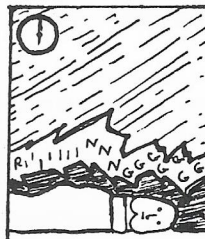
and Mike walked towards his car,



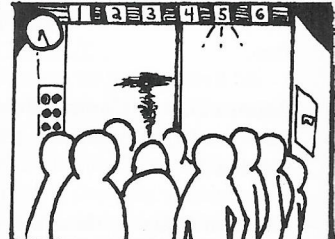
which he drove home.



At home, he had a horrible nightmare about a salami sandwich.



He woke up at six o' clock and



was at work within thirty minutes.

stoner talks about power

Yeah, man, power . . . it's pretty fucked up. I've been thinking about power lately. I mean, I was at 7-11 the other day and I really wanted a Twinkie. Is that too much to ask? I only had a quarter, but there was this guy, and he was all telling me how they cost seventy-nine cents. And that guy was mean, man. He was the boss daddy of mean. I tried to bargain with him, but he just stood there over the Twinkie rack with his arms crossed, staring at me. I swear, man, everyone in there was staring at me.

But yeah, that guy had power. He could eat a Twinkie whenever he wanted to. And he could give them to his friends. I mean, I would have been his friend if he had given me one. I bet he has an empire of people who do what he says, people who want his Twinkies. A Twinkie emperor. That's pretty fucked up, man. Hold up . . .

So, anyway, there's only one thing we all

[rests head in hands for 8 minutes]

Oh man, it was my mom. She's always cleaning my shit out of the refrigerator. Like, my Twinkies. I usually put my Twinkies in the refrigerator, but I heard their shelf life was two hundred years. That means all the Twinkies people made during the Dark Ages would still be good today. That's a long time ago, man. I mean, all those people are dead, but their Twinkies . . . their Twinkies are still around.

Yeah, so back then, there was like a big locust or a potato famine or a plague or something. Yeah, a plague. And rats. Dude, I heard there were rats everywhere. That would freak me out. I mean, can you imagine taking a bong hit and passing it to a rat? And I heard that rats stole weed. That's why the king sent in knights, to kill the rats, and I heard there was a green knight, and, I don't

into a lake. I'm serious, man. That thing gave me nightmares for a month.

So yeah, how do Chia Pets work anyway? Those commercials are really confusing. I mean, you're a little clay turtle with a green head. Someone takes you out of a box, waters you, and then, I don't know, grass is growing out of your back. So, are you a plant or an animal? And those are the only options, man. That's weird. That's some weird shit. But it happened to this guy once who I met on the beach.

Yeah, so about that one time with that guy, he had these fat white buds. They were called Humboldt Great Whites. He got me so high I couldn't breathe. He told me that he had a plant in his closet. It was eight feet tall, man. He was about to take the buds off of it, and he was going to give me like a shoebox full of them. But the cops came in and took the plant away. I'm not even joking, man, the



want to know, and that's what happens when we die. But we can't find that out, can we? No, man, we can't. I mean, that would be powerful. To know, I'm saying.

I once read the ingredients on a Twinkie, and it took me four days. I could eat a case in four days. The last ingredient is called sorbic acid. You know, to retain freshness. Once I had this orange that I wanted to stay fresh, so this guy Turtle injected it with some acid he got from this other guy. I wanted that orange to be really fresh. But then, someone took the orange. I don't know what happened.

know, I guess he killed lots of rats, man.

Green. That knight must have smoked so much bud that he turned green. And his horse, too. I can tell you, never try to smoke out a horse. But I knew a guy who tried to get his turtle stoned once. Green. Yeah, I had some green bud the other day. It was bad kine! If I had some more like that, I would get so high, man. Those buds were powerful. But I smoked them already.

Did you ever see that Scooby Doo episode where there was that giant turtle? It chased Scooby right out of the castle and

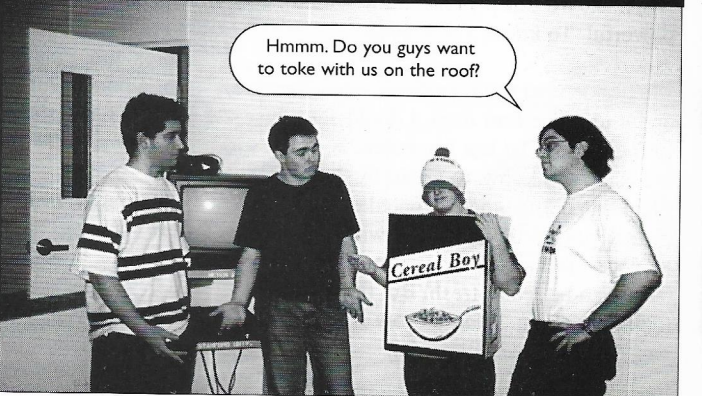
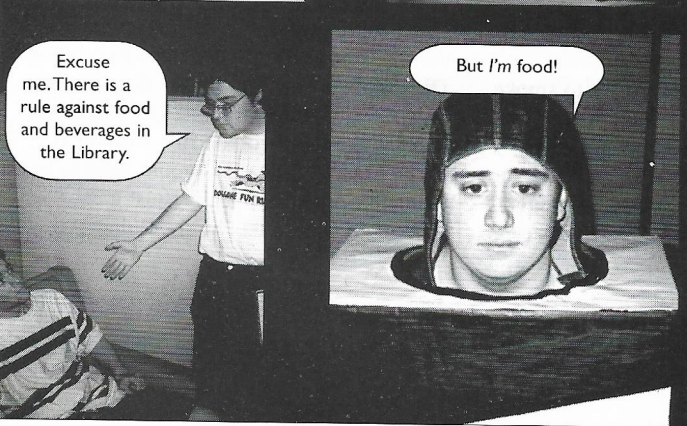
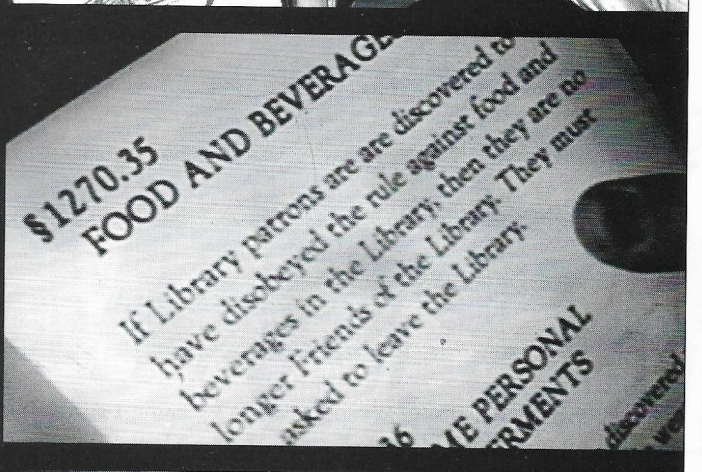
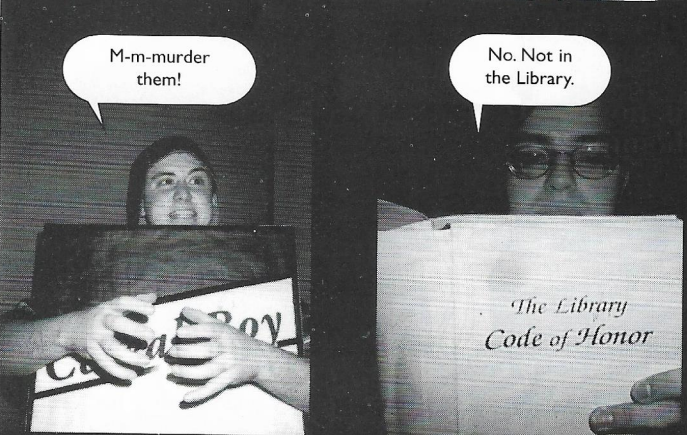
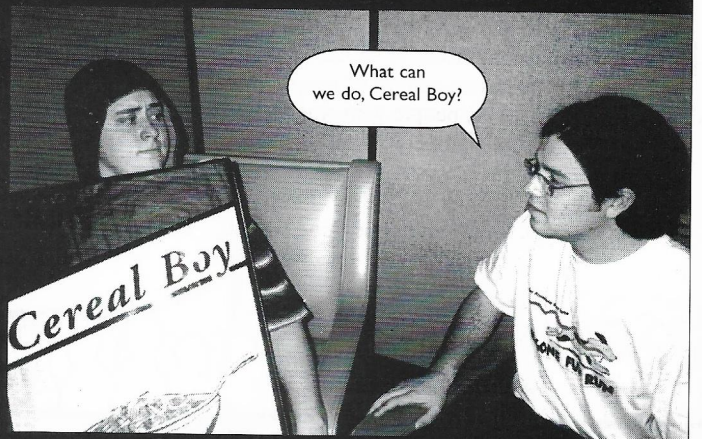
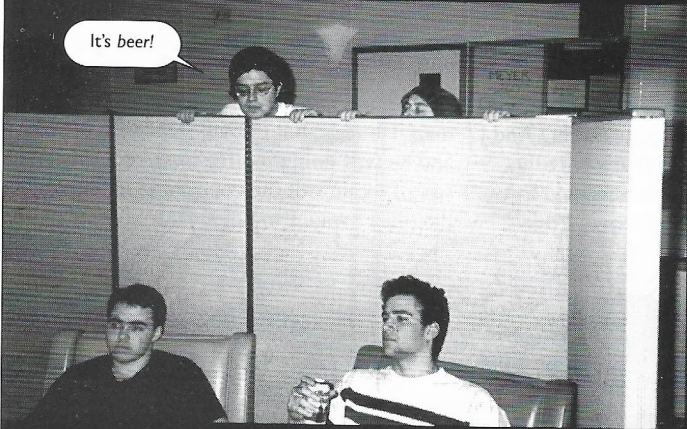
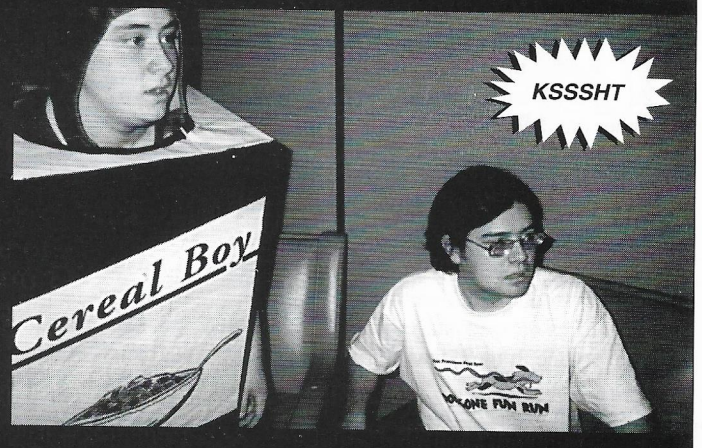
whole plant. They told him they had the power to do that.

Did you see that last James Bond movie? Did you ever wonder why he does so much for the British government? Do you think that James Bond would kill a baby if M asked him to? I mean, it would have to be an evil baby, but still, man, it's just a baby. I think he'd do it. Like, he'd kill that evil SPECTRE baby.

Power, man, that's what I've been talking about. The whole thing is power. And it's pretty intense.

Meyer Library Man and Cereal Boy in

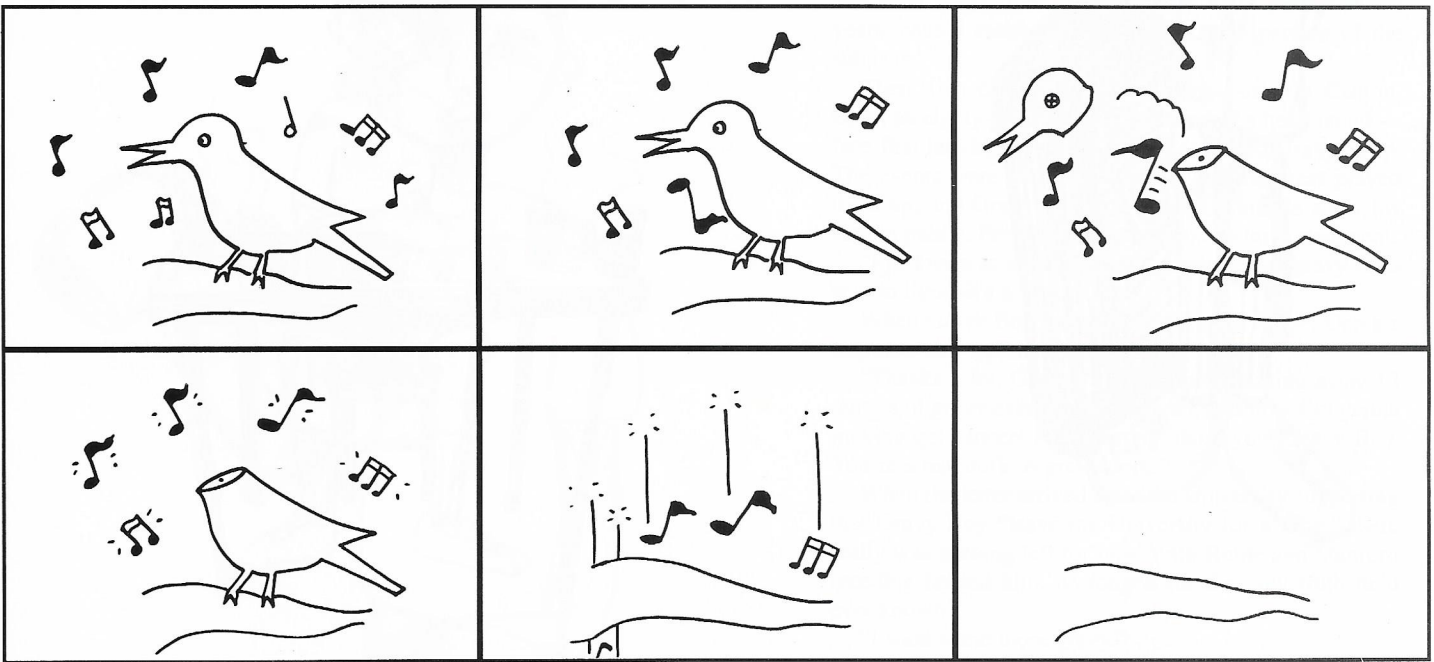
NO FOOD OR DRINKS IN THE LIBRARY



REAL POWER VS. STANFORD POWER

Real Power	Stanford Power
Vicious prison guards deny medical treatment to "bad prisoners."	Bored lab intern denies experimental drug to "bad rat."
Cult leader Jim Jones made 700 people kill themselves in 1977.	Cult lecturer Philip Zimbardo made a sophomore cry in 1968.
Unabomber holds nation hostage with 17 year campaign of terror.	"Hello my name is Coma" given little attention for campaign of stickers.
Great Pyramid subject of thousands of years of awe.	Hoover Tower subject of forty years of poor jokes.
Politician raises \$2 million at testimonial dinner for vicious negative ad campaign.	Axe Committee raises 50 bucks at Rinconada house meeting for "Spirit Week" campaign.
Wall Street financiers earn millions on insider trading.	Freshman nabs a "hardhat zone" sign.
Stalin slaughters millions for dissonant political views.	<i>Review</i> staffer eats chicken dinner on copy of <i>The Summit</i> .
Multi-volume biography of Winston Churchill inspires mankind.	<i>Daily's</i> "15 Minutes of Fame" produces 56 prank calls
Band Marilyn Manson aims to "end organized Christianity."	Fleet Street thinks you "rock."
Deranged postal worker takes shotgun to coworkers.	Deranged postal worker tells student to remove roller blades.
A city mourns as beloved columnist Herb Caen dies.	Columnist Jesse Oxfeld gets hit by a car. Survives.

THE POWER OF MUSIC



The Rise and Fall of Gravy Boy

September



September 27 saw hundreds of freshman pouring into Stanford's Roble dormitory. One of them was the one who would later become known the nation over, who would have a thousand pieces of meat raised in his honor. But for now, he was just another freshman with a scared look on his face, a Stanford hat on his head, and a "Hormel" label stuck on his suitcase.

Fitting in is always a problem for anyone with a bit of an "alternative lifestyle." In Roble, an overwhelming fondness for gravy certainly counts. His constant canteen of gravy was soon a joke, and by day three the moniker "Gravy Boy" was his for life. Striking up a conversation with "Hey, have you seen Johnny's roommate, that gravy guy?" became a well practiced way to meet everyone else in the dorm. A cheerful response of "I know . . . gross!!" was predictable, and thus more than one late-night lounge conversation was off and running.

Roble seemed to be full of people like Derek, who always greeted our hero with a scornful "Hey, how's it going, gravy dork?" and a toss of his backwards-hat clad head. Gravy Boy never responded with anything more than a simple "Hi" and a slurp of gravy. Things didn't improve at a certain house meeting, when Gravy Boy suggested a keg of gravy for the first big all-Roble party. Then, at the Roble Progressive, Gravy Boy's table of gravy drinks was a complete disaster. Actually, what he termed "gravy drinks" were simply cups of gravy of varying sizes.

"Well, more gravy for me," thought Gravy Boy, as a drunken Derek lurched by.

"What's up, gravy face?"

"Hi. Not much," blinked Gravy Boy, temporarily distracted from the Food Service mug full of brown goodness in front of him.



November

Things continued this way into November, and indeed they might have forever, were it not for the holiday of Thanksgiving. The meager attempt made at a home-cooked meal by the few Roble residents who remained for the vacation was pathetic enough, but it was crippled by crucial shortages. When Kim, (who couldn't afford to fly home), brought out the microwaved turkey breast on Wonder bread only to discover that there was no gravy, she was near tears. Rob, (who didn't go home for vacation so he could get a little work done), kicked the dining table in frustration, and it was a full five minutes before anyone thought to knock on Gravy Boy's door.

Gravy Boy hadn't gone anywhere for vacation. He was in his room with a snifter of gravy and a dreamy look on his face when they knocked on his door with their pleas. Soon, a barrel of his Private Reserve Gravy had been opened, and a dreary event turned merry.

Cries of "Gravy Boy saved Thanksgiving!" and "Gravy Boy, you're the coolest!" were heard all over Roble. Only Gravy Boy himself was strangely downcast.

"They took all my gravy. Now I have to buy more."

When the rest of Roble returned in two days, Gravy Boy was officially elevated to dorm hero. Even Derek had been won over.

"Sorry I made fun of you so much, Gravy Boy. That was a pretty cool thing you did."

Soon, his legend spread over the campus. Students of all types would delight each other with retellings of his escapades, or how they had spotted him in White Plaza or bummed a can of gravy off him in line at the Post Office.



January

By the time everyone returned from break, "Gravy Madness" had officially descended. The Stanford Daily, never one to buck a trend, gave Gravy Boy a column without even an application. Gravy Boy had no use for it, however, and it was ghost written by a managing editor, who gave it the title "Of Gravy."

Gravy Boy's vibe spread to greater Palo Alto and beyond. He was on hand when World Wrapps unveiled their culinary breakthrough "Intense Gravy Wrapp," and a small picture of his face graced the bottle of the newest Snapple flavor "Groovy Gravy."

Endorsements were rapidly arranged, and soon Gravy Boy's own line of clothing—GravyWear—appeared everywhere. It consisted of solid colored T-shirts sporting slogans like "Good Gravy!" and "I'm Ridin' the Gravy Train."

Gravy Boy enjoyed the fame and the excitement but never forgot what had gotten him there: gravy. He never forgot because he loved gravy more than anything. He always had and always would. In fact, in interviews he always cited the only drawback of his new commitments as "They are keeping me from my gravy."

February

Things turned bleak again in mid-February, as they often do. Gravy Boy was on his way to Washington to celebrate National Gravy Week, when the FDA republished an overlooked 1930s report on the ill effects of gravy. It seems that gravy, when directly injected into the ventricles of a rhesus monkey every day for a period of ten years, causes esophageal cancer in three percent of the subjects.

Then, two days later at a nursing home in Canton, Ohio, an eighty-year-old man fell dead of a heart attack—face first into his bowl of Gravy Boy brand Gravy Soup. The events were hardly connected, but the press played them up, and Gravy Boy was suddenly unable show his face in public. President Clinton issued a terse statement:

"I just want to tell all the kids out there that gravy is no way to live—it's a way to die."

When Gravy Boy returned in shame to Roble, Derek's response was typical of how students felt.

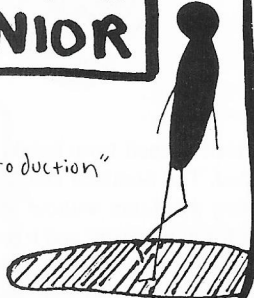
"Thanks a lot, Gravy Boy. I've been putting away 12 ounces of gravy every day all quarter, and now I'm gonna fucking get cancer! I was wrong about you, Gravy Boy. You're a real dork. A gravy dork."

When the letter arrived from the University suggesting that Gravy Boy "leave the University for a time," there really was nothing left for him. With Roble and Stanford receding behind him, he longed for the only truth he'd ever known.

"I want some more gravy."

FLO-MO SENIOR

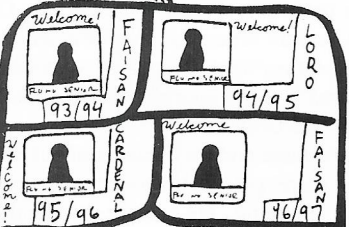
"an introduction"



Okay... that's 47 "for" and 10 Christians and Flo Mo Senior "against"

FLO MO SENIOR VOTES "NO" IN HOUSE MEETING TO USE DORM FUNDS FOR ALCOHOL.

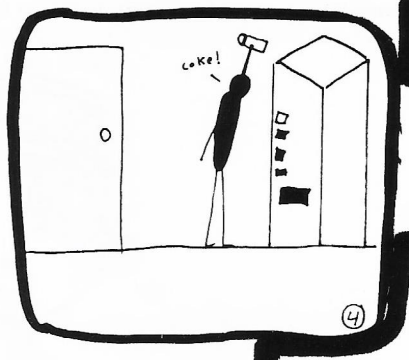
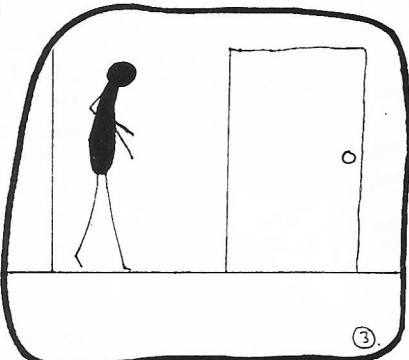
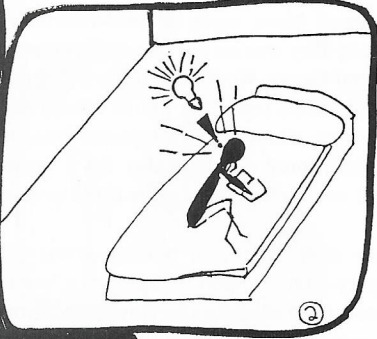
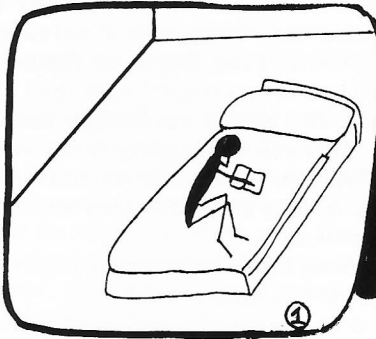
FLO MO SENIOR ANTICIPATES "KICKING A LITTLE ASS" IN DORM ASSASSIN BECAUSE HE'S "BIGGER AND MORE EXPERIENCED" NOW.



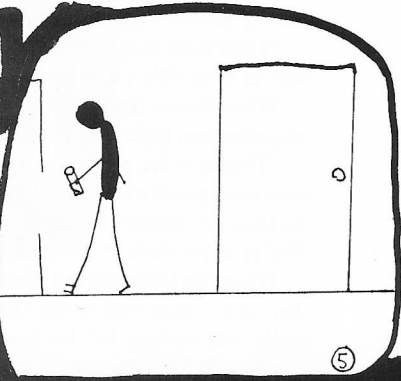
FLO MO SENIOR LIKES FAISAN THE BEST.

...And now, a short, illustrative vignette.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL presents FLO MO SENIOR -in- "THE OUTING" © 1997



THANKS TO M. HOOVER FOR FLO MO SENIOR COLONY GUIDANCE.



ALL SIMILARITIES TO PERSON'S LIVING OR DEAD IS COMPLETELY INTENTIONAL.

Interview With a Vagrant

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: Hello, Mr. Benson. Thank you for granting us this interview.

MR. BENSON: Hey, no problem. Thanks for the fries.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: Our magazine is doing an issue on power, and we wanted to find out how power is defined and exercised "on the streets." You know—who controls what, and how.

MR. BENSON: Power? I guess money is power. It's the same for everyone, the homeless included.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: We thought you'd say something like "a good blanket, is good."

MR. BENSON: ...yeah. Well, yes. Blankets are important during the colder months. But food comes first, and to buy food you need money.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: What are some of the stranger things that you've eaten, when you've had no money?

MR. BENSON: Most grocery stores have a bin where they throw away produce that isn't fresh anymore. I'll wrap old potatoes in foil and bake them over a fire, or boil them with carrots and beets as a borscht.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: Have you ever eaten a shoe?

MR. BENSON: There is no nutrition in a shoe. Let's talk about something else.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: Who is the most powerful bum that you know?

MR. BENSON: It's not like that. There isn't any one "king," you know, like in England. The homeless are largely nomadic.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: Does it bother you that in England they call their butts "bums"?

MR. BENSON: No. And I really don't think of myself as a "bum." My name is Edward Benson. I don't ask people for money—I just don't have a home right now.



Payless all the time?

BUM: Cheap alcohol is not the cause of alcoholism. The rich and poor alike have this problem. Can we please talk about something else?

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: Where do you go to the bathroom?

BUM: Please.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: This is a question we all have about the homeless. What do you do with it? Bury it in a hole with your hind legs?

BUM: Let me have some dignity.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: I once saw a bum just sit down by a wall and pinch one, right in front of everybody. Do you do that?

BUM: I think I'd better be going now.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: We'll give you a dollar if you eat your hand.

BUM: I'm leaving.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: Have you ever had a home?

MR. BENSON: Yes, of course. I used to live in an apartment. But when I lost my job because of problems with alcohol, I wasn't able to make ends meet anymore.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: What kind of alcohol can you afford, as a bum?

MR. BENSON: Listen, please stop calling me a bum. My name is Edward.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: There's a sale on Meister Brau at Payless this week.

BUM: Thank you, but I'm trying to get over those problems right now.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: Is it hard to conquer your alcoholism, with these sales at

NON COMPOS MENTIS

Reflections on Friedrich Nietzsche



FEW WRITERS HAVE inspired such fanatical devotion and nagging influence as has German phrenologist and veterinarian Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche.

Just who was Nietzsche? The timid choir boy painstakingly chronicled on the fetid walls of Berlin lavatories? Or the sagacious skull measurer who built an empire trading exotic monkey furs on the South African black market?

A survey of the scrawl he left behind provides clues to the true nature of the mysterious figure beneath the coconut suit. The man they called *Nietzsche*.

1872

Ayouthful and exuberant “Fred’s” Nietzsche burst onto the European intellectual landscape with the publication of his doctoral dissertation *Tragedy, Destruction and Other Virtues*. Its style — simple, direct and insipidly mystifying — was designed to confuse and repel a curious public. Influenced by his studies of classical linguistics, Freds described consciousness in

terms of two conflicting “spirits” in Greek culture. The Artemesian (after moon goddess Artemis) spirit spread disease and animal essence throughout the sensory world. By contrast, the Hermesian (after trickster god Hermes) intermittently dispensed grogginess and castration, depending on the traffic and weather.

Here is the origin of philosophy as we know it, with its fundamental assertion that “rainy days and Mondays build moral fiber” and “sperm has no conscience other than an occasional guilt trip disguised as logical schematism” (*Tragedy*, 214).

1873-6

While the Western world mulled over the decrees in *Tragedy*, Nietzsche quietly completed his next work, *Meditations I’ve Tried That Fail*, which was published in 1876. Universally applauded as an authentic search for spirituality, *Meditation’s* introspective passages reveal a more vulnerable side to the German thinker:

Beautiful Woman Appears and Dances

Sandalwood incense held high.

Clap hands and crab walk in fear.

Shiny horse clear in mind’s eye.

Tall dancing woman appear. (Repeat)

Die Id

You pray to ferry in the sky

He lives beyond the scope of eye

I poisoned your sausage, I hope you die

His peculiar fascination with Masonry, coupled with a predilection for riddles and palindromes formed the framework of his early work and provided a blueprint for what would become his seminal contribution to philosophy in years to come.

1877-9

Nietzsche became increasingly introverted, refusing to leave his apartment except for occasional visits with his elderly grandmother, a bearded woman with the St. Moritz traveling circus. It was during one such visit that Nietzsche hit upon the origin of moral prejudice. A collection of aphorisms outlining his theory, *Human Weakness, All Too Easy To Rationalize: A Book for Intoxicated Spirits*, was released in 1879:

“Enemies of Truth. Convictions are more dangerous enemies of truth than lies. And if you tell a lie it becomes the truth when there is something true in the lie. But when the lie, proceeding from a half truth, purports itself to be the truth, never was a lie so truly spoken.” (*Human Weakness*, 483)

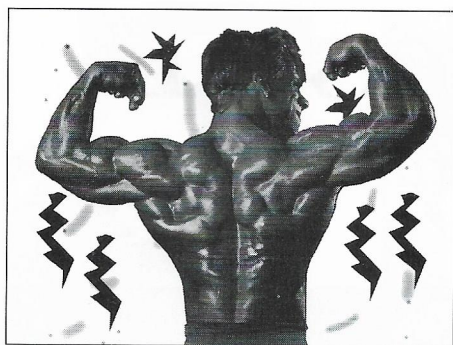
“I distrust all children, and avoid them. The will to toys shows a lack of honesty.” (*Human Weakness*, 483)

1883-5

Approaching his 40th birthday, Nietzsche slid into a prolonged depression, privately longing for the acceptance from Europe’s proletariat class that long eluded him. Following the advice of his clergyman, Nietzsche released the evocative novel: *Zarathustra: Smartest Man in the Whole Wide World*, which introduced the phrase “God is paralyzed” and gave rise to the concept of the “suppurate man.”

Nietzsche argued that God did in fact exist but was unable to intervene in the affairs of men because he had fallen and was immobilized by an injury to his spinal column.

This led Nietzsche to formulate the suppurate man, who concentrates on the real world, rather than on the rewards of the next world promised by contemporary religion. The suppurate man affirms life, including the suffer-



Blonde Muscle sold only 7 copies. Stars and lightning bolts were penciled in by the author.

ing and the pain that accompany human existence. Finally, he discharges pus as proof of his existence and faith that God is simply injured and will one day return on large crutches made of clouds.

1886

At last sensing he had fully satisfied a deep-seated need to terrorize his followers, Nietzsche expanded the scope of his work, and with a flurry of the pen, produced two works in less than a year. The first, *Blonde Muscle*—an historical account of gay Scandinavian bodybuilders—was a financial disaster. The second, *Beyond Worms and Whistles*, which detailed Nietzsche's new-found interest in tiny birds, was a tremendous success, selling over one million copies in less than a day.

1888

Always the iconoclast, Nietzsche soon grew weary of birds and the nutritional needs of athletes and began focusing on the history of devils and chimera. His new-found interest led him to ancient Sumerian and Egyptian texts with titles as obscure as the material they contained: *A Thinner Waist in 20 Days: My Secret Deal with Lucifer*; *Hoof, Horn and Sadistic Porn*; and *Evil But Okay* filled his brain with wonder and awe. After a two-year walk to synthesize the material, Nietzsche produced *Satan: Misunderstood Angel of Goodness*:

"Pay for that which I desire? I say rather steal it, then there will be more money at day's end."
(*Satan*, 672)

*"Rob from the rich,
Steal from the scum,
Piss on the poor,
Forget it over rum."*
(*Satan*, 119)

1889

As another decade drew to a close, Nietzsche, pleased with his literary accomplishments, began work on his autobiography. Released in December 1889, *Homo Habilis* unveiled the philosopher's secret world, relaying personal anecdotes, childhood secrets and family recipes:

"As a child I derived a great degree of pleasure spanking my cats. One in particular, 'Rubles,' seemed rather to enjoy the experience. After I spanked him, he would roll over on his back, gesticulate wildly and gyrate to and fro. To this day, I do not know why he enjoyed it. But he did and I loved him."
(*Homo*, 226)

"Trixie was the name of my first girlfriend. One day in class she asked me if I liked her. I told her I would if she would give me some change. She agreed and I used the money to buy candy. I don't know where she is today."
(*Homo*, 304)

"The night my father died he asked me if I might one day become a priest. I told him nothing would bring me greater pleasure. He began sneezing uncontrollably then keeled over dead with a most horrific expression on his face."
(*Homo*, 304)

1890

Nietzsche, when greeted with the shocking news that he had contracted syphilis, would slowly grow delirious, then die a horrible, wrenching death, isolated himself from family and friends and refused to communicate with colleagues in any medium other than Semaphore. Maintaining a semblance of dignity and stoicism, Nietzsche bravely faced the uncertainty ahead and continued his writing.

Nine months later he emerged with a manuscript. *Why I Write Books Naked*, published in July 1890, featured drawings of hairy policemen, squirrels and badgers and contained prose and psalms to an unnamed pear goddess. When his publisher, who was uncertain how to sell a play that contained no dialogue, asked Nietzsche for an explanation, Nietzsche purportedly replied, "Inside a snake, here's the biscuit." The play was never performed.

1891

Oblivious to his own increasing dementia, Nietzsche continued to compose. In March, 1891 he completed *A Will to Cheese and Other Products That One Day Will Mold*.

In *Mold*, Nietzsche laid the groundwork for his theory that the common denominator to all life is a desire to one day become cheese. This was "a necessary step in an evolution towards hyperdimensional moldiness. A state of excremental, malodorous existence that transcends all known boundaries of space and time."

Nietzsche insisted the book only be sold by women with seven toes, severely limiting distribution. Only 15 copies were sold; seven were later returned.

1894

Local police received a series of complaints from Nietzsche's neighbors. Nietzsche's problems with the law culminated in an October arrest for running naked down a one-way street wielding a shovel and severed paw. The paw's owner was never identified and Nietzsche was later released. Two weeks later he completed *Whiskers, My Invisible Mermaid Doll*.

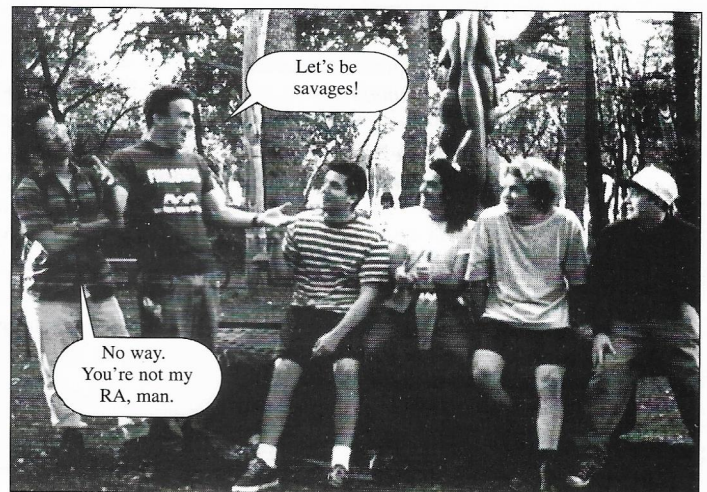
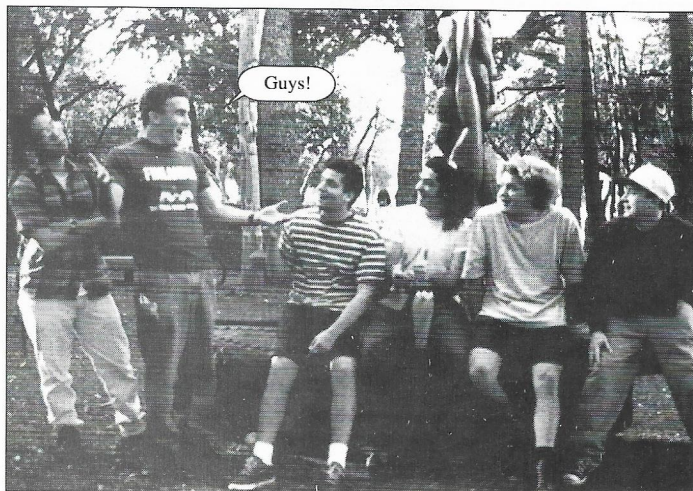
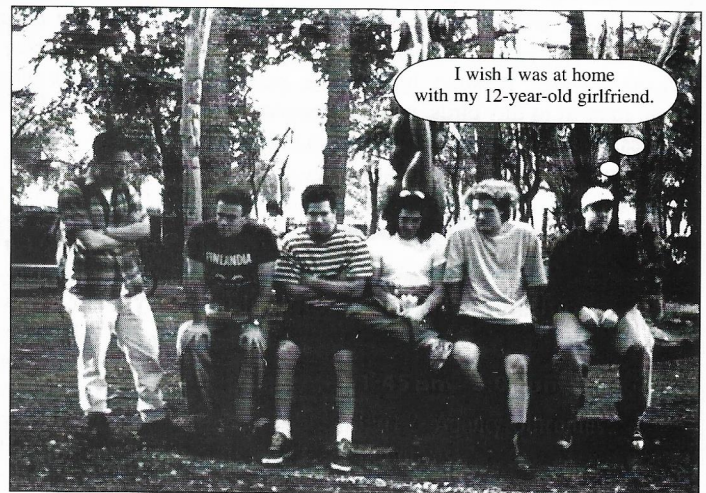
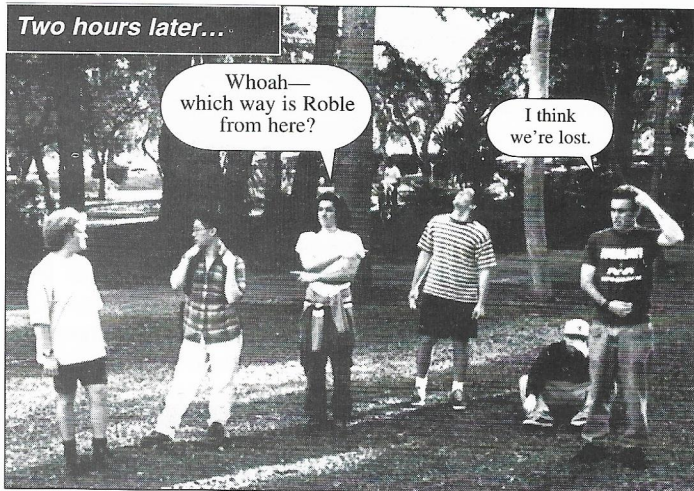
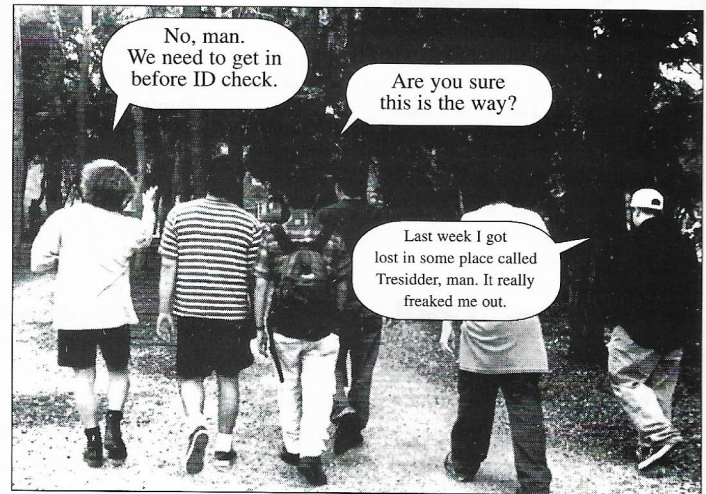
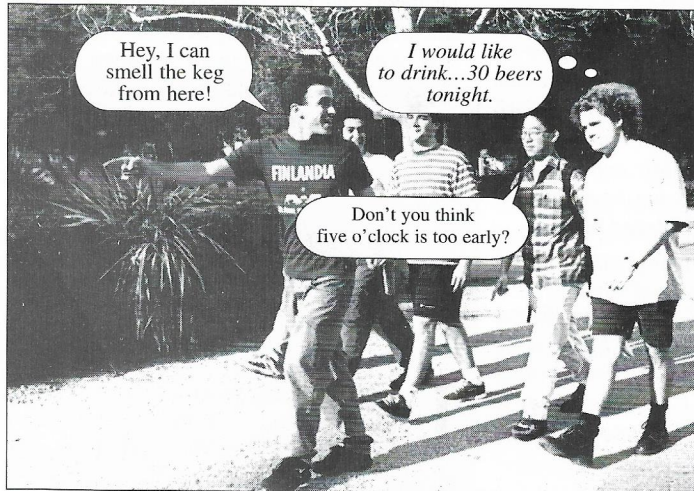
This was the final straw. Nietzsche was unceremoniously institutionalized by his family and left to die in a room with no windows or doors. Six years later, Nietzsche joined the saints in heaven.

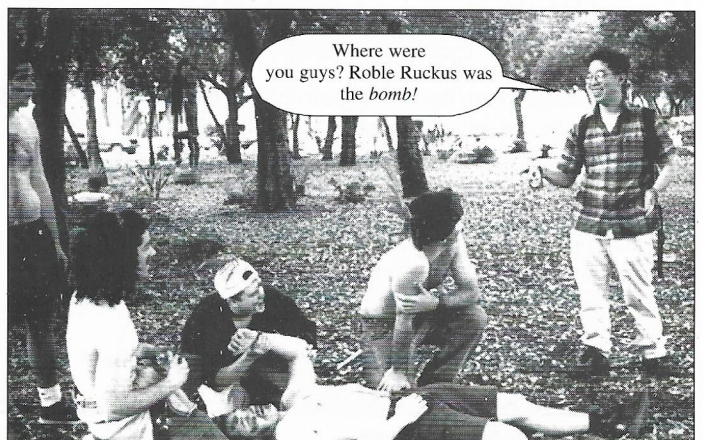
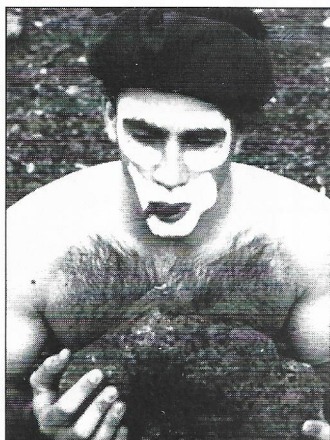
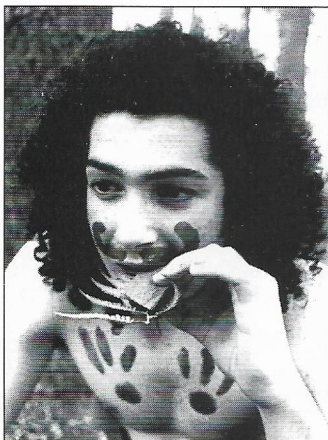
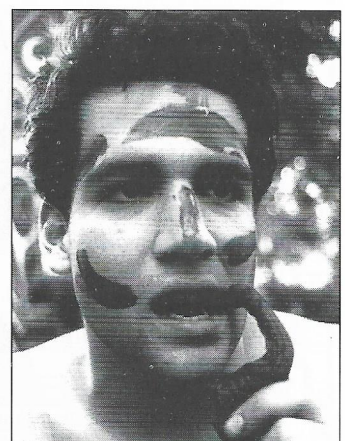
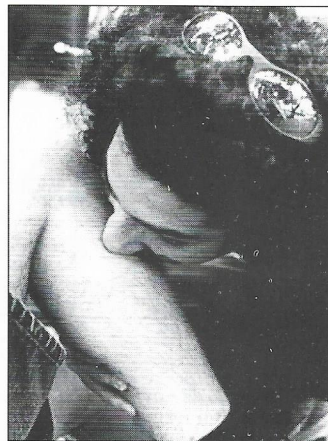
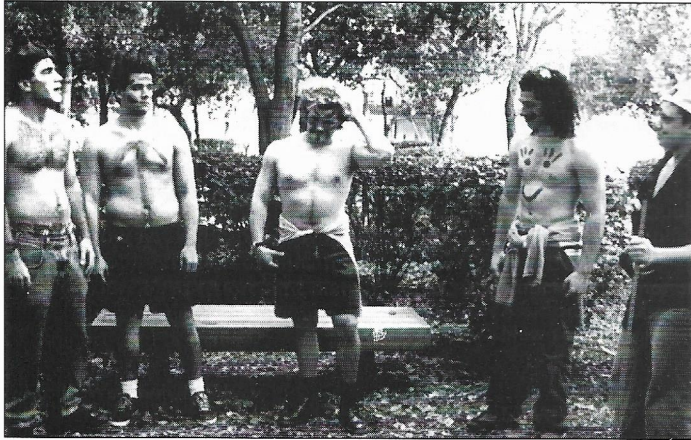
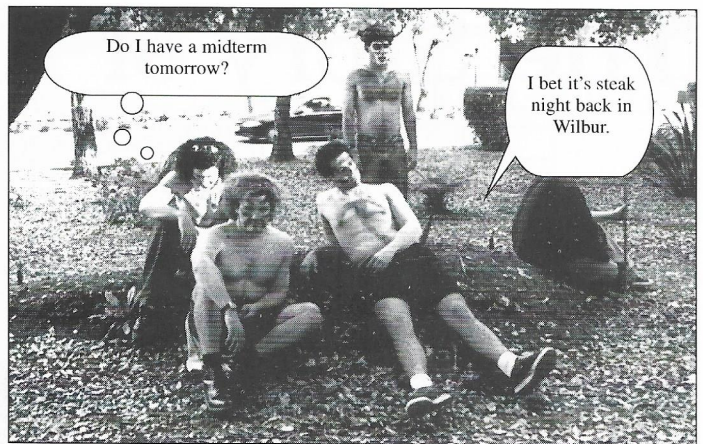
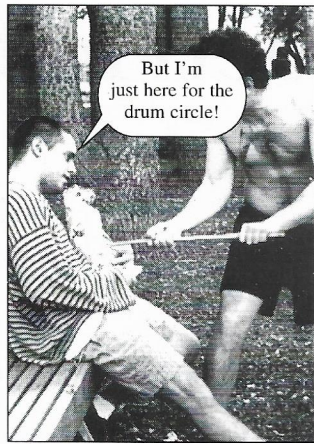
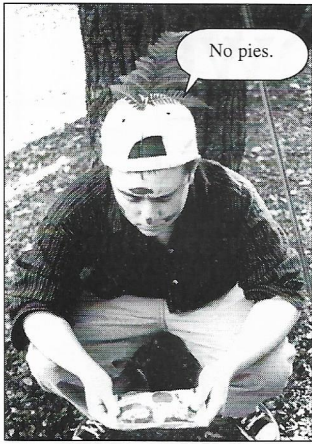


Satan: Misunderstood Angel of Goodness was later recreated on screen by Federico Fellini. Here Thomas Salvatori portrays Thoth, Ape God of the Egyptians.

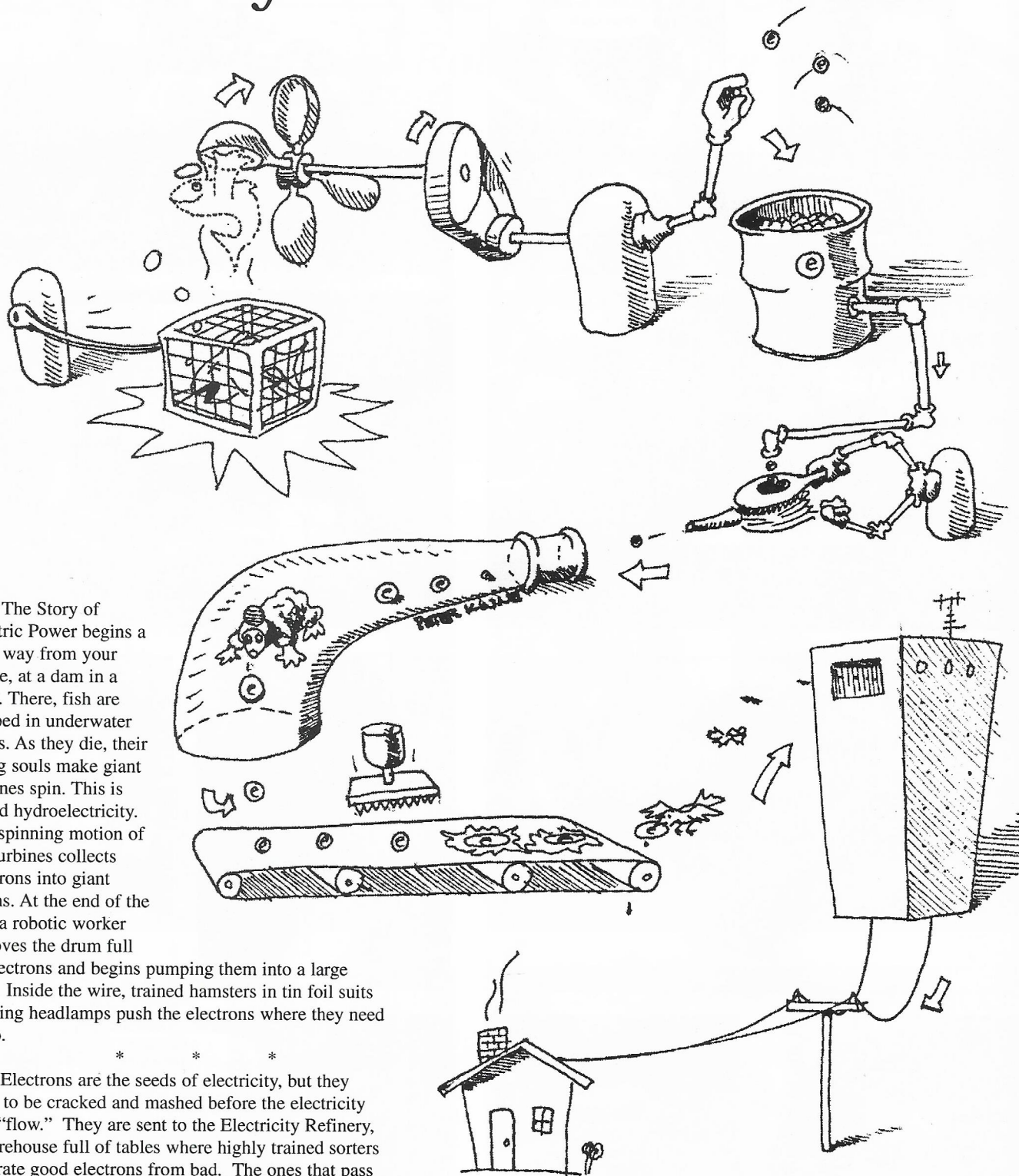
Lord of the Flies II

Six Freshmen Lost in Roble Sculpture Garden





The Story of Electric Power



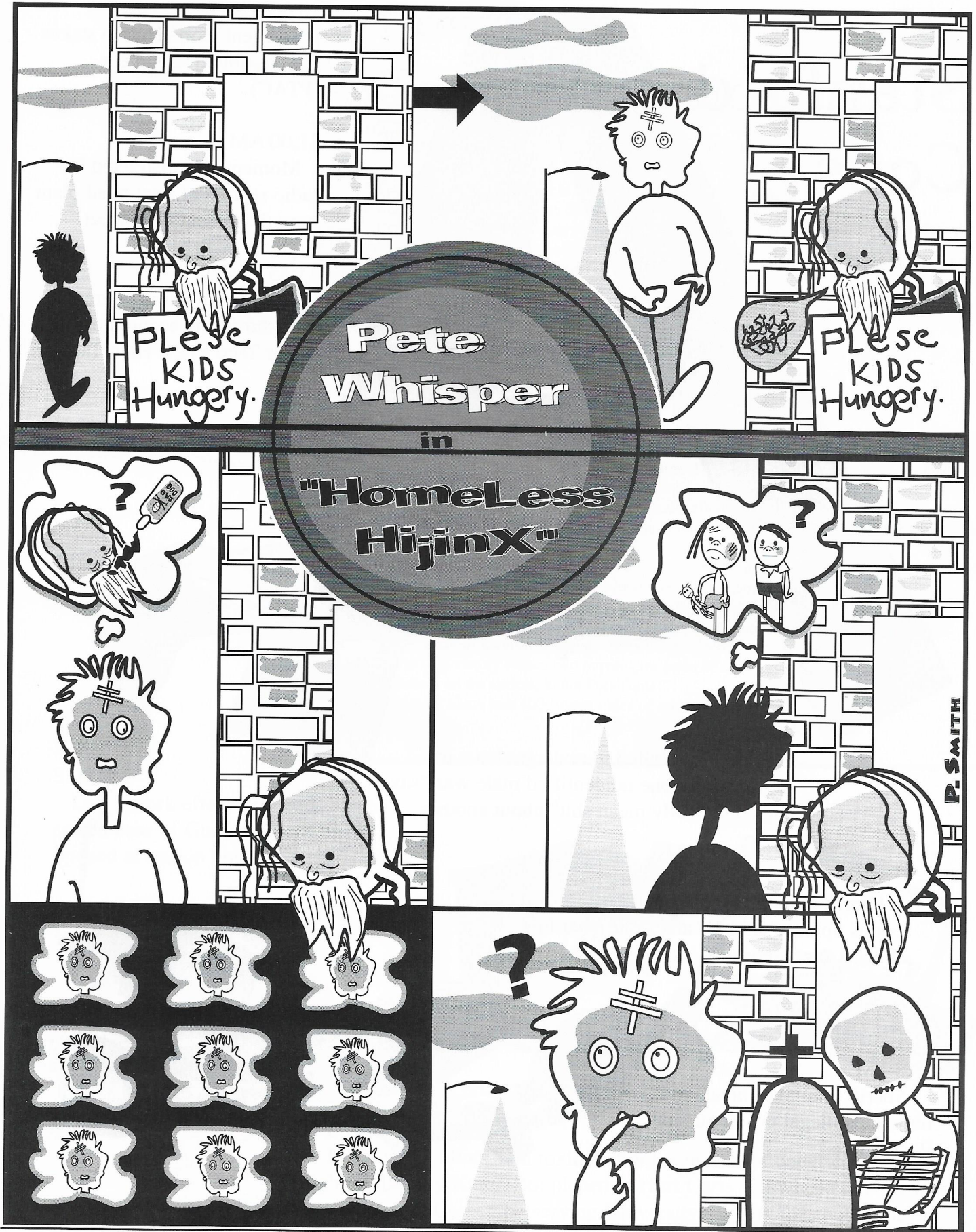
The Story of Electric Power begins a long way from your house, at a dam in a river. There, fish are trapped in underwater cages. As they die, their rising souls make giant turbines spin. This is called hydroelectricity. The spinning motion of the turbines collects electrons into giant drums. At the end of the day, a robotic worker removes the drum full of electrons and begins pumping them into a large wire. Inside the wire, trained hamsters in tin foil suits wearing headlamps push the electrons where they need to go.

* * *

Electrons are the seeds of electricity, but they need to be cracked and mashed before the electricity will "flow." They are sent to the Electricity Refinery, a warehouse full of tables where highly trained sorters separate good electrons from bad. The ones that pass are given to waiting flocks of captive sparrows. In the sparrow's beak, the electron is flown up to the thirteen-story entrance to a giant hopper. There, the final transformation takes place, and electricity leaves for all parts of the country, including your home.

* * *

When it gets to your home, it misbehaves and turns a baby into a charred skeleton.

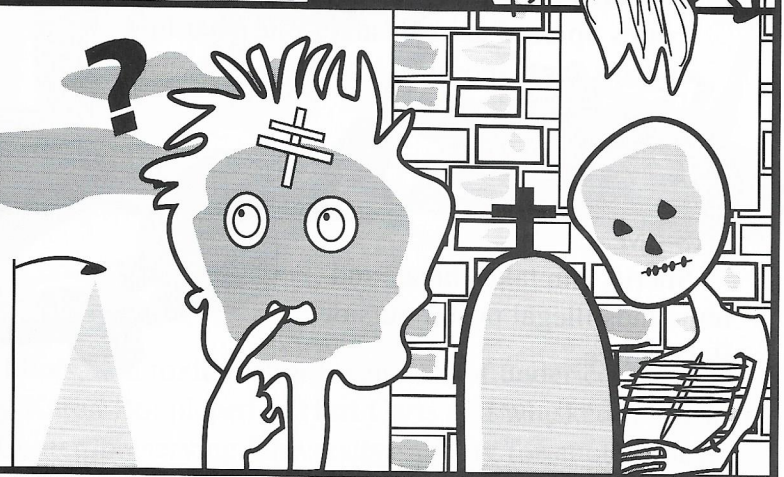


**Pete
Whisper
in
"HomeLess
Hijinx"**

PLEASE
KIDS
Hungry.

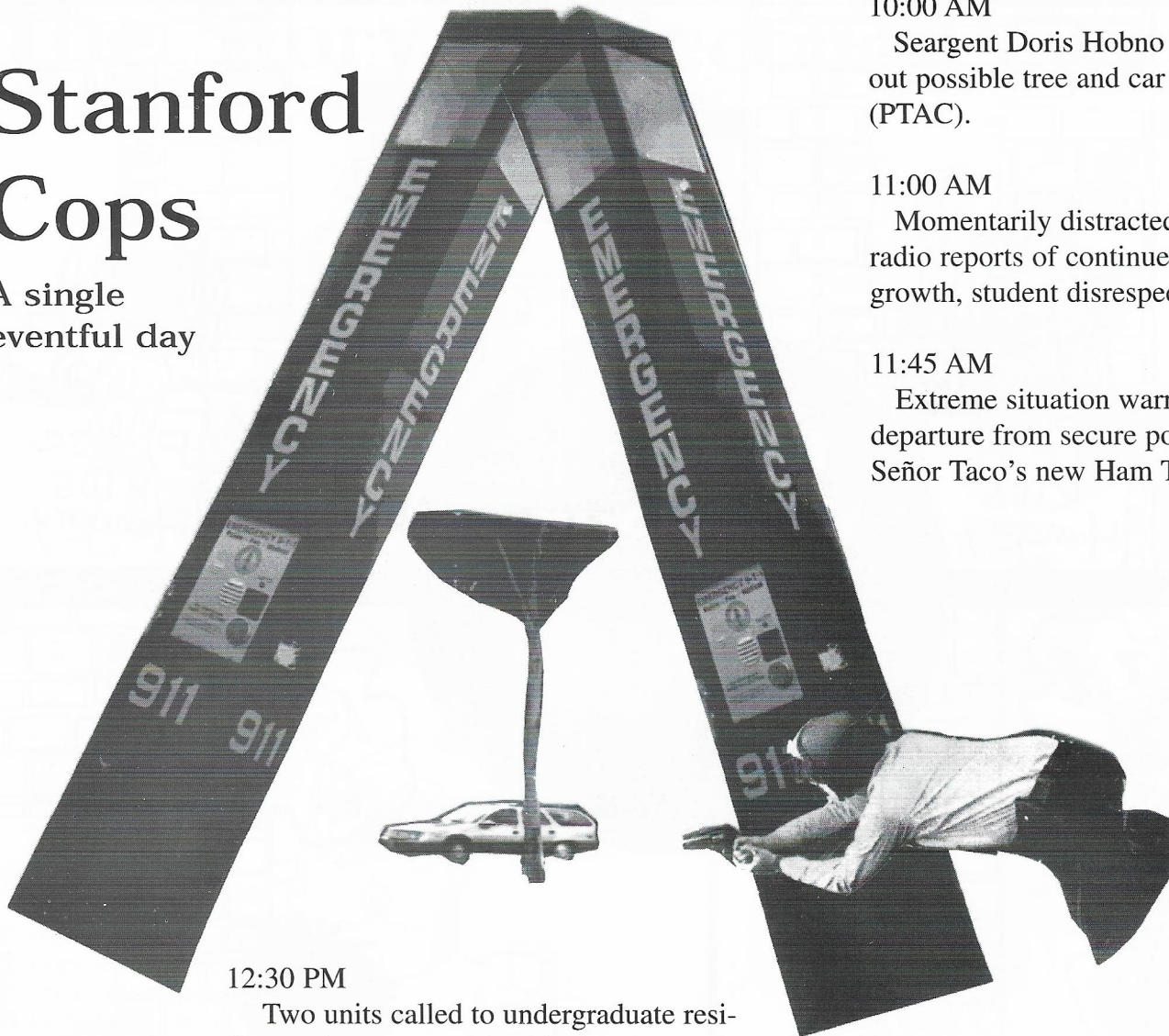
PLEASE
KIDS
Hungry.

P. SMITH



Stanford Cops

A single
eventful day



10:00 AM

Sergeant Doris Hobno stakes out possible tree and car (PTAC).

11:00 AM

Momentarily distracted by radio reports of continued plant growth, student disrespect.

11:45 AM

Extreme situation warrants departure from secure position: Señor Taco's new Ham Taco.

12:30 PM

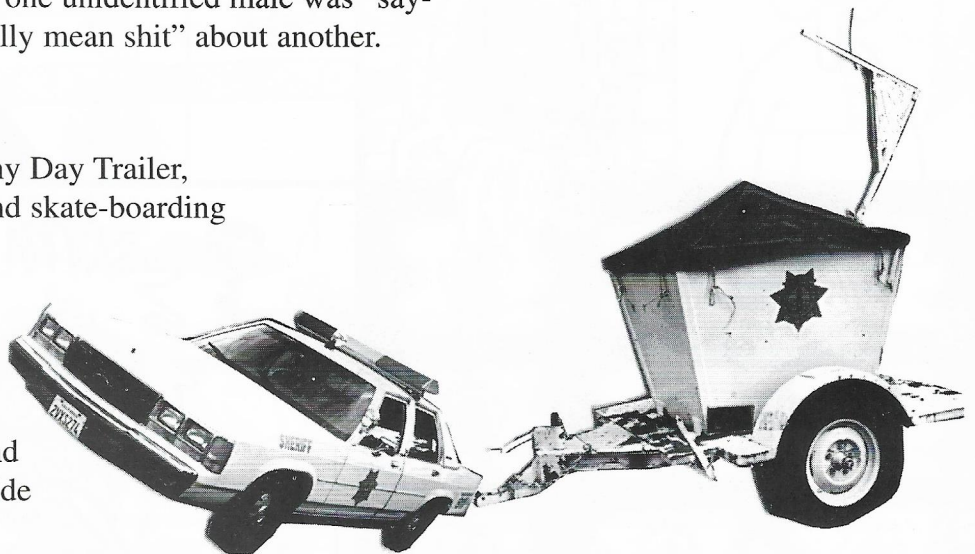
Two units called to undergraduate residence where one unidentified male was "saying some really mean shit" about another.

1:00 PM

Sheriff Jim, in his Sunny Day Trailer, scoops up dead animals and skate-boarding students for disposal.

2:15 PM

Sheriff Jim takes break and impounds illegal poster outside Post Office.



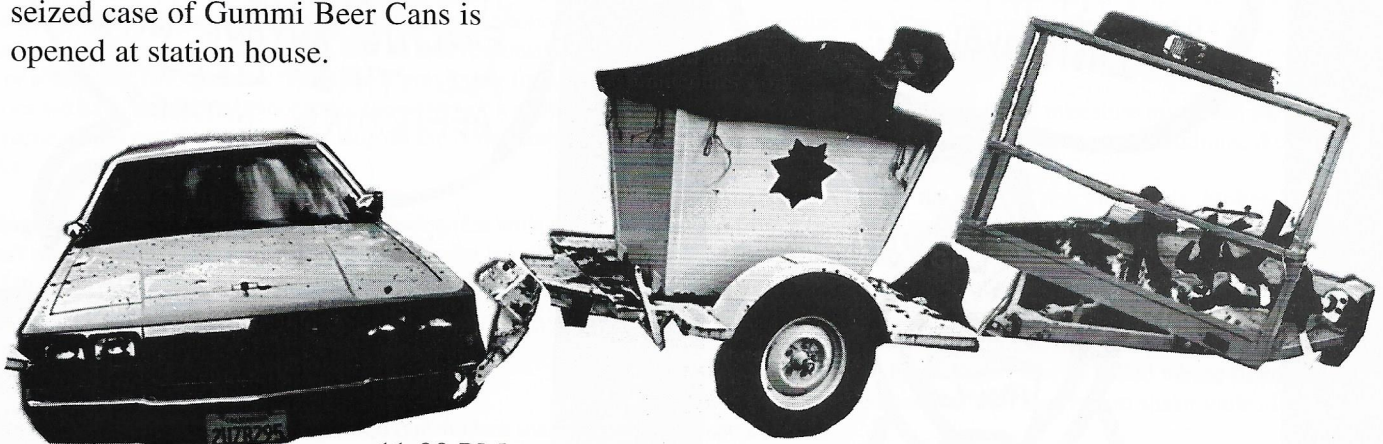
Power in South America

The many perks of dictatorial rule

Peasant souls two-thirds less valuable than American souls.
Making love to Amazonian Sloth not considered a crime.
Leaders given complimentary preview of new season's drugs.
Brightly colored poisonous frog makes unlikely agent of death.
Most desserts served with bowl of tasty Brazil nuts.
New species of monkey discovered every 36 hours.
Ancient tribal rituals make charming backdrop to child's birthday party.
All-access passes to National Geographic photo shoots.
Most cars under \$2000, most human lives an even \$40.
Local film industry rarely produces Lemur Movies.
Automatic weapons.
Winsome native butler given to cursing at "iron llamas" on street.
Presidential palaces uniformly well-stocked with salsa.
Subscriptions to magazines not printed on tapir hides.
Children tutored in English by Michael Caine (he's a whore, he'll do anything).
Easy to appear cultured by wearing Lacroix poncho.
Surprise guests with gifts of ancient religious relics.
Flaunting government environmental regulations much easier when you're the government.
Less bread, more breadfruit.
Endless enjoyment in finding words that rhyme with "Incas."
Faking your own death is legally acceptable way to avoid jury duty.
When grammar school music recitals enter second hour, you can have the teacher shot.
North American terrorists: Michigan Militia. South American terrorists: Shining Path.
Rich variety of local snakes make herpetology degree somewhat useful.
World Cup victory means two burritos for price of one.
"Blame it on the cartels, Señor Presidente!"
Burn your name into 100 square miles of rain forest.

3:00 PM

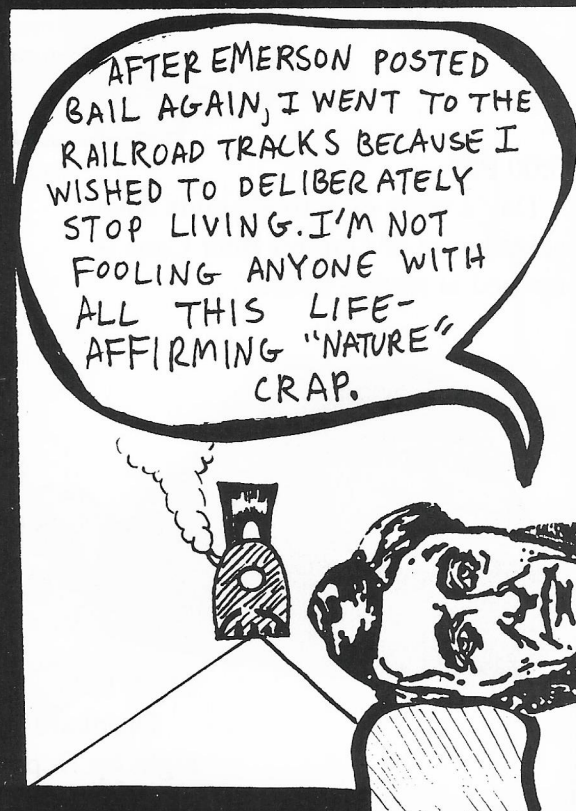
Day's work effectively ends when seized case of Gummi Beer Cans is opened at station house.



11:00 PM

Drunkards, idiots, and toxic matter taken care of under cover of the night by Deputy Karen Bo: placed in Hurt Carts and whisked to off-campus Treatment Center, preserving University sanctity for another day.

Thoreau's Virtuous Life





Le Seal Despair

A seal plays a set of horns that are tuned in a minor key.

Harlemime

Half-harlequin, half mime — a soul torn between the two most shameful occupations the world has ever seen.

Eternity?

A lion in a cage is repeatedly doused with water. After each dousing, it is teased with a tasty piece of meat and told to "get back to work."

French Circus

Trapeze Artist

A man falls to his death.

H[99]

Four men behind a black curtain punch the fabric repeatedly. No one knows what is going on.

Iatopos et Jour

Between acts two children, a boy and a girl, sell big foam baseball gloves and pennants. At the end of the show, audience members who purchased these items are scorned.

Clam d'ennui

A man trapped in a giant clam shell cannot get out because it opens and closes too fast for him. Under ordinary circumstances this would be a humorous routine; however, it is inexplicably terrifying.

Weekend en Mersault's

A man shoots an Arab who is lying by a pond. When the police come, he puts sunglasses on the dead man and pretends to make him talk with ventriloquism. The police are fooled, and soon leave.

Thomas Edison: The Power of Invention

Thomas Alva Edison was undoubtedly America's greatest inventor. He created the electric lightbulb, the movie camera, the phonograph, and much more. So much more, in fact, that he was responsible, jointly or solely, for 1093 patents. Truly these previously forgotten inventions we have unearthed demonstrate the power of a genius whose name would one day grace a rest stop on the New Jersey Turnpike.

Orchidograph: A hand-cranked mechanical device that pulls the petals off orchid flowers and presses them between the leaves of Henry James novels. Good for those who are pensive and soulful, but also quite lazy.

Gilthomery: A machine that turns gold into dirt.

Mealimaget: A sort of arc lamp equivalent to our modern toaster, for cooking meat pies in a pure stream of electric current.

Lotovita: Small metal device that fits in shoes and clamps the toes in an unnatural position. Supposedly eases the pain of walking. Tested, but never marketed.

Imprator: For those for whom a studio photograph was too expensive, this machine was ideal. Consisted of a basin of hot wax, into which the subject's face was pressed.

Cretonomes - An interlocking set of miniature manacles, for imprisoning and displaying Orangutans, captured Eskimos, &c.

Donnimarton - A toy for the child of rich industrialists. Molten lead is poured from a basin into a mold that the child has selected, for a warm custom plaything. The harmful effects of prolonged exposure to lead were not known in Edison's time.

Huntintorn - A mechanical instrument that Edison invented for a friend of his in a brass band. Eighty feet of coiled tubing filled with marbles encircled the operator, who then had to shake violently to produce a sound.

Moiroscope - A glass ball filled with colored vapors and hooked to an electric current. Anyone who touched it received a massive electric shock, which was believed at the time to be the touch of God.



Kings and Queens of England

The history of the Crown of England is a rich tapestry, filled with despots, princes and visionaries: the flower of one of Europe's last surviving monarchies. It reflects the nobility and bearing of every citizen of that merry island. That is, until it ceased to matter, (1649), since which time it reflects their sick grasp for anything beautiful and enviable to pull them from the drudgery of their horrifying lives. Here we present a selected history.

King Arthur - 500? - Many are quick to downplay the difference between "legends" and "history." One might draw the line by saying if the events in question *never actually happened*, they would not be considered history. In this spirit, King Arthur's contribution to history can be summarized by (1) his erection of the castle "Camelot" and (2) his collection of porcelain dragon miniatures in outlandish poses.

Edward the Confessor - 1042 - One of the earliest known kings, Edward introduced many kingly customs. Among them are plundering, wearing a golden crown, and sharing a roasted joint of meat with his slavering hounds.

William the Conqueror - 1066 - William came from France and forcefully assumed the Crown of England. As such, French culture and its tradition of fine cuisine was vilified among the conquered people, and they began the English tradition of only eating "puddings" made of intestinal matter.

Henry II - 1154 - Many people remember Henry II as the only king portrayed on film

on two separate occasions by Peter O'Toole. ([Beckett, *The Lion in Winter*](#).) Curiously, the real Henry looked much more like Karl Malden, who was available to play those parts, and gladly would have, according to his agent.

Henry VIII - 1509 - As a schoolboy of age fourteen, Henry was insulted by a nearby monk, who called him "a fat, pale gigante [sic] of a boy" in an illuminated manuscript he was writing. An enraged Henry held a grudge, and as a king founded his own religion and abolished and pillaged all monasteries.

Mary - 1553 - Daughter of Henry VIII, Mary was the first reigning queen of England. She began a ruthless campaign against Protestants that quickly earned her the nickname "Bloody Mary." Her husband and consort Phillip became known as "Gin and Tonic," for obvious reasons.

Elizabeth I - 1558 - As monarch, Elizabeth presided over an England that saw the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the explorations of Francis Drake, and the writing of a young William Shakespeare. Thus it was somewhat of a disappointment when, on her deathbed, she named as the highlight of her reign "the time I hit it with Sir Walter Raleigh."

Charles I - 1625 - Not long into his kingship, Charles was criticized, put on trial and gruesomely executed. A jubilant public was sure that a king would never again appear in public wearing such a frightfully unattractive wig.

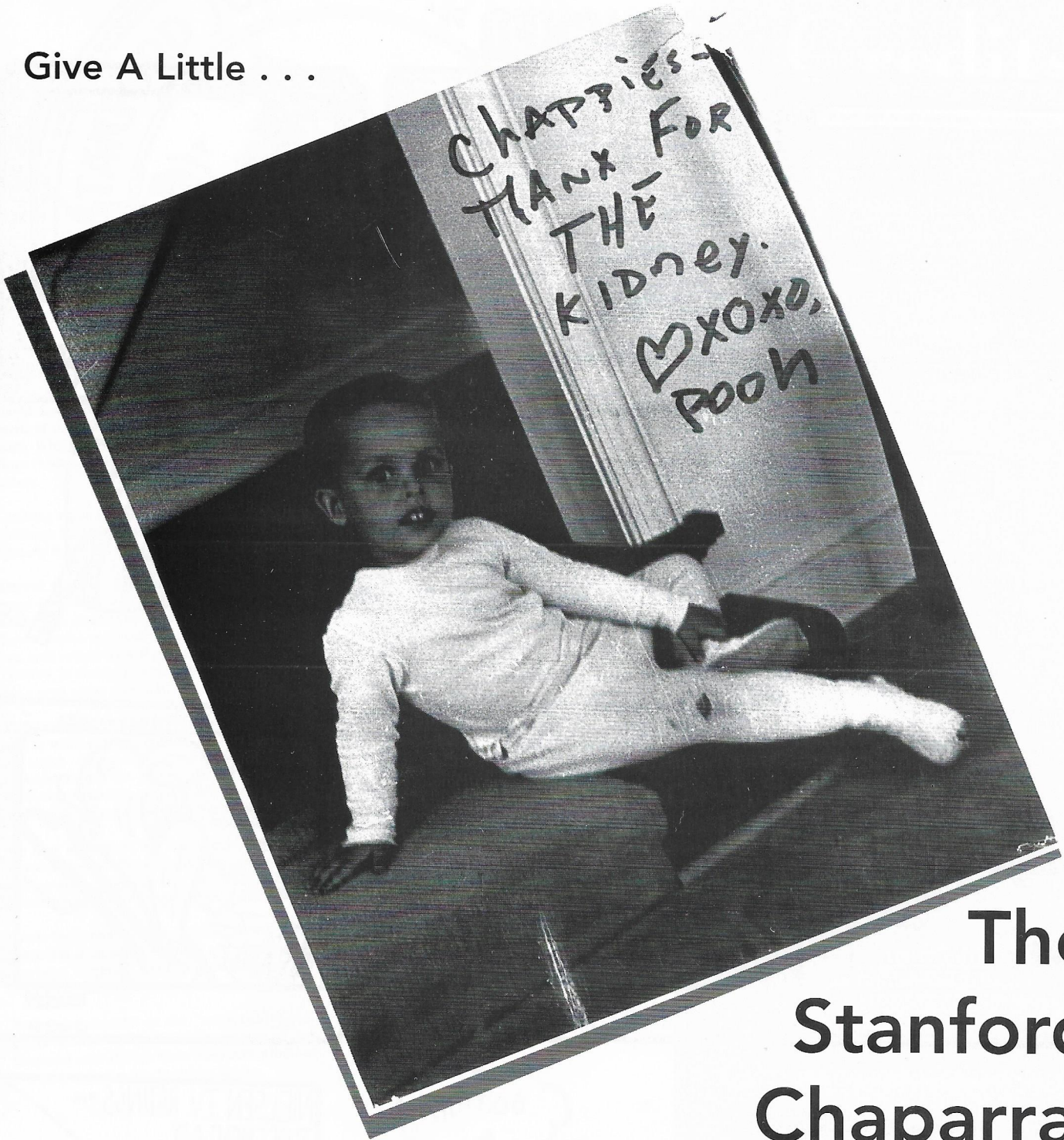
George III - 1760 - King George's insanity is well-documented, as is the successful American Revolution during his tenure. The connection of these phenomena into a working joke is left as an exercise for the reader.

Victoria - 1837 - Despite reigning for over fifty years during a period of England's largest colonial expansion, Victoria's biggest decision as queen was what to name as the "national hat." History's unanimous verdict has been that the Dog Helmet was the wrong choice.

Elizabeth II - 1952 - Although the monarchy has suffered its greatest losses of dignity under Elizabeth, such that one more blow could prove catastrophic, her wishes remain firm. She will be buried in a "No Fat Chicks" t-shirt.



Give A Little . . .

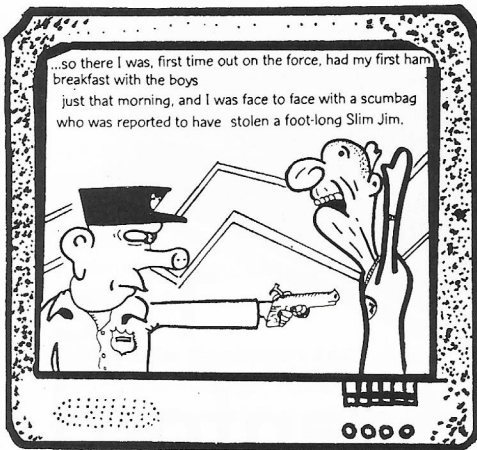
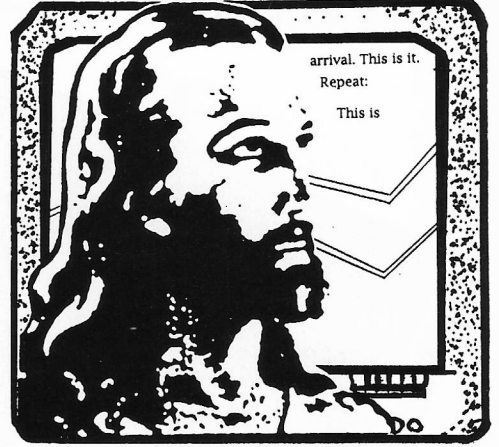
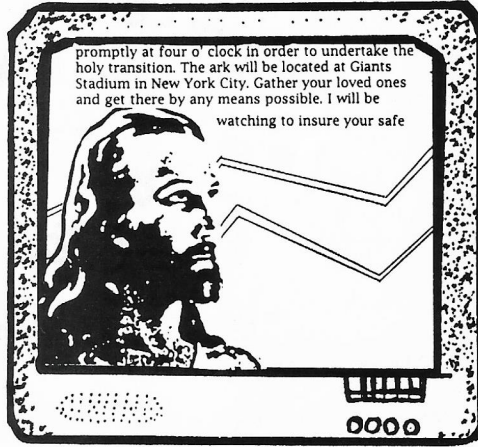
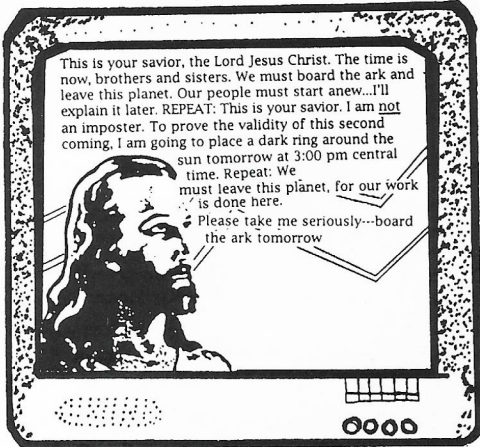


The Stanford Chaparral

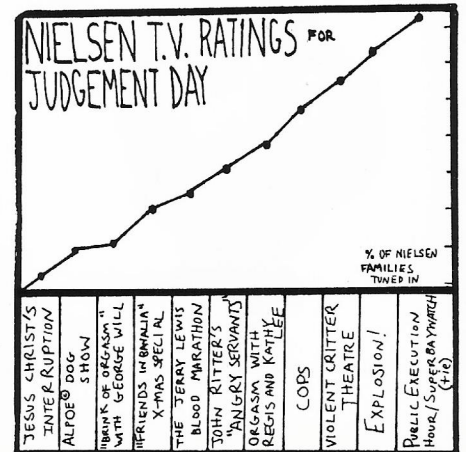
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damn.





Registry of Staff Powers

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David Lampson '00 has a special place in the hearts of the 1994 Boston Raceways Valvoline pit team. What this Chappie did for the immolated Hugo Frattelli made speedway, as well as First Aid, history.

Counting a pile of toothpicks at a glance is not a challenge for Margot Quandt '98. That's not particularly funny, but then again, neither is she.

Darrell Tibbles '98 has an immense beard—a beard that would make an Assyrian King envious. One day he trimmed it and found himself unable to form complex sentences. He lay on his bed, drooling, until several days of growth had recovered his faculties. In that sense, we suppose, Darrell's beard has a great power over him.

Tushar Ranchod '98 once went to a restaurant clad in nothing but a cummerbund and proceeded to polish off several warm turkey dinners. Considering that the evening did not end in his death or arrest, he has a considerable power, though unfortunately a rather indescribable one.

We have all enjoyed the free samples that many factories give out after their guided tours. However, due to what this man did, the Anchor Steam Brewery now has a rule against Jon Smith '95.

Annie McConnaha '98 once did a trick with a cigarette that is either remembered as "a miracle" or "invasive surgery," depending on whether you believe the plaintiff or not.

While not powerful in the "traditional" sense, Chris Crane '00 is the only member of the Chaparral staff who can name every athlete that has ever played for the San Francisco Spiders.

Everyone knows how powerful the handsome are. That's why we were delighted when our own Sean Kennedy '96 was elected president of the Handsome Guy Club.

The power of financial acumen: Santos Marroquin '98 once smuggled two bottles of cheap vodka into a dry Alaskan town, the proceeds of which were soon spent on a variety of brightly colored "Hostess" products.

Caid Peck '98 can't be trusted with any vehicle. Would you trust a man who once melted a Janitorial Services van simply by touching the hood?

Rare is the college student who can master the complex knowledge needed to work in a top-notch artificial life lab. Rarer still is one who can raise an army of dogs that bear his human likeness. Eric Jorgensen MS '98, we salute you.

Sean Lucy '98 once summoned a rainstorm that forced the cancellation of an outdoor Foreigner reunion concert.

Despite the uproar surrounding the bus of Taiwanese exchange students, Ryan Whitehead '98 remains only dimly aware of his own powers of mass impregnation. Thank God for small blessings.

At midnight on the vernal equinox, a Chappie sat down at a grand piano which he had placed on the shore of the Pacific Ocean. Although he had never played a note in his life, such beautiful music poured forth from the instrument that the heavens opened wide and drew him in. Eric Saxon '97, we miss you.

31



Credits.

Power of Suggestion • Kennedy

Now That • Park

Baby in the Woods • Park

Power Dreams • Lampson

Power Babies • Onstad, Peiffer

Staff Powers • Staff

Thoreau Comic • Saxon

In the Library • Onstad

Stoner • Linden, Weisburst

Gravy Boy • Gohlke, Peiffer

Maladjusted Mike • Saxon

Nietzsche • P. Smith

Lord of the Flies II • Staff

Story of Electric Power • Peiffer

Homeless Hijinx • P. Smith

Flo Mo Senior • Saxon

Bum Interview • Onstad

Cops • S. Smith

Stanford Power • Peiffer, Lucy

South America • Peiffer

French Circus • Onstad

Edison • Peiffer

Waiting for Jesus • Saxon

Kings and Queens of England • Peiffer

Art Credits

Cover • Kinne

Table of Contents • P. Smith

Power of Suggestion • Kinne

Power of Music Cartoon • Peiffer

Power Babies • Whitehead

Lord of the Flies II • Ellis

In the Library • Lucy

Gravy Boy • McGarry

Story of Electric Power • Kinne

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COMING MAR. 2

LONE STAR



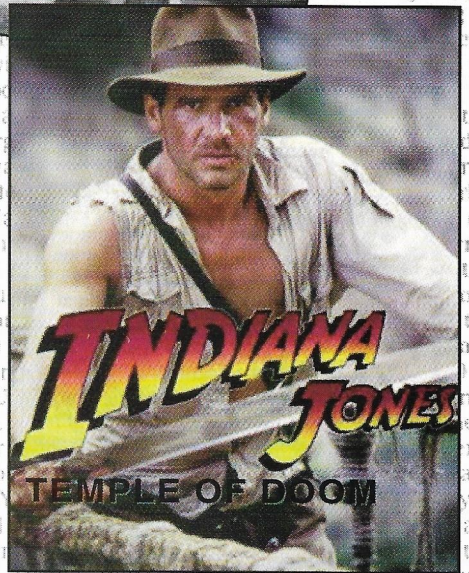
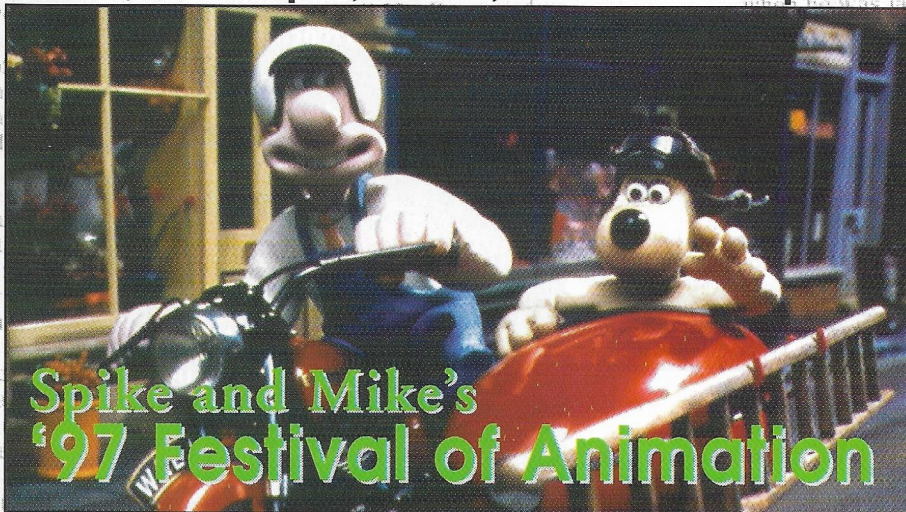
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