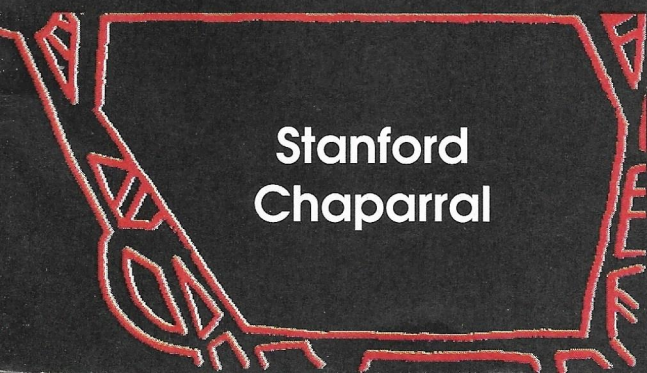




Stanford  
Chaparral



# Bob Dylan Quiz



Everybody knows Bob Dylan can't sing, but do they know he can't write? To test your knowledge of intricately bad folk-poetry, see if you can tell the real Dylan lyrics from the ones that make a little too much sense.

1.

- A) Saw the matinee show, tornadoes and volcanoes, went down the street and bought a couple tacos.
- B) Keep a clean nose, wash a plainclothes, don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows.

- C) Miracle-Gro, yellow dominoes, you don't need a fireman to operate a firehose.
- D) Palo Alto, south of Menlo, forty-five minutes is too far to San Francisco.
- E) None of the above.

2.

- A) Pawned my propane heater for a subscription to Utne Reader.
- B) Seventeen beavers, crazy-ass purple anteater.
- C) Don't follow leaders and watch the parkin' meters.
- D) What the fuck is a seether? I don't like Veruca Salt either.
- E) All of the above.

3.

- A) Your dancing child in his Chinese suit, he spoke to me, I took his flute. No, I wasn't that cute to him, was I?
- B) Your grandpa is a mean old coot, he lives inside a giant boot, sitting there playing a three-stringed lute, isn't he?
- C) Too young to die, too old to compute, Monday drivers on the midnight commute, slidin' down the Bay Bridge on sea lion soup, forever.
- D) I ate some kind of turnip root, salamanders fighting with the newts, Hakeem is better than Manute, probably.
- E) These are Wallflowers lyrics.

4.

- A) You used to keep a cage full of Japanese bats, you sharpened pencils for the bureaucrats. Did you know that I'm a hack, writing absolute crap on a paper sack?
- B) Tiny simian, I like your stats, lemur with a baseball bat. But will he learn to wear his cap, sacrifice bunt or read a map?
- C) The Scarlet Pimpernel saved the aristocrats, he danced around in a silly hat, he sold his soul for a laundromat, he hung out with Jean-Michel Basquiat.
- D) You used to ride on a chrome horse with your diplomat, who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat. Ain't it hard when you discovered that he really wasn't where

it's at?

- E) Why are you making fun of Bob Dylan?

5.

- A) You used to be so amused at Napoleon in rags and the language that he used. Go to him now, he calls to you, you can't refuse. When you ain't got nothin', you got nothin' to lose.
- B) How many whiteboys can sing the blues? VH1 will only confuse. Can't sell no albums to a new age yuppie with Gucci shoes. Sell out or digitally reproduce?
- C) Too many Buddhists and a lot of Jews can't convert newtons to BTUs. I think the metric system is a Frenchie ruse, laughing and reading Albert Camus.
- D) Tried to hang but lost the noose, full house of failure and a pair of twos, stranded on a Carnival Cruise, New Zealand Government Kangaroos.
- E) Hand me the pen, I just saw a porcelain rabbit dancing!

Answers: B, C, A, D, A.

## Scoring:

0: You think the Wallflowers are a "pretty cool band."

1-2: Wasn't he the guy you thought ruined the Traveling Wilburys?

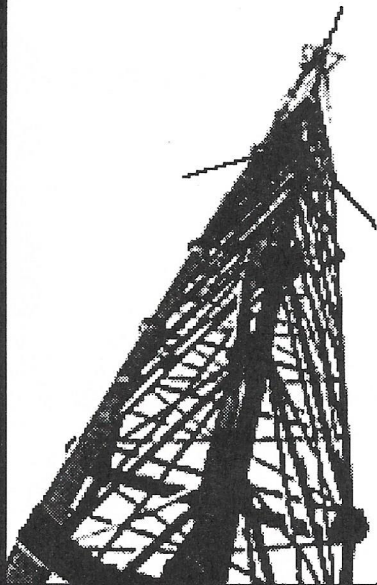
3-4: You got stoned last night and listened to "Positively 4th Street" thirty times, then spent two hours trying to figure out what the title means, man.

5: How did Bob Dylan end up with a copy of the Chappie?

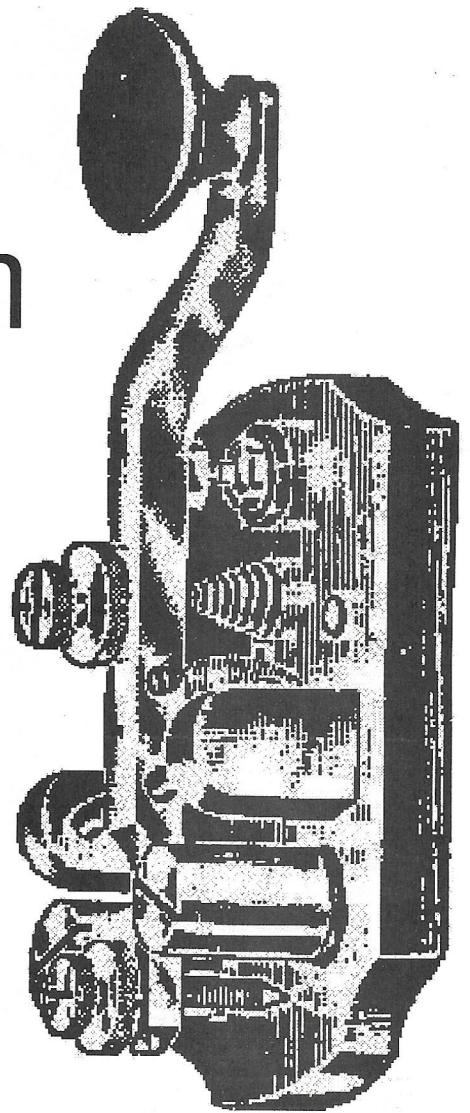


# The Transmitter Faces South

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# The Stanford Chaparral

Vol. XCVIII June 1997 No. 5

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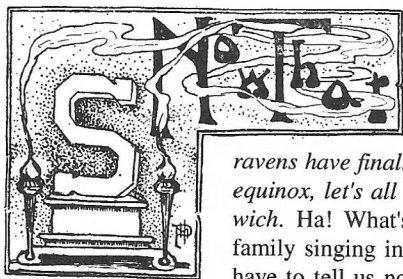
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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

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

REFLECTIONS



*t h e*  
 Transmitter  
 faces south,  
 and the  
 reddest  
 ravens have finally saluted the  
 equinox, let's all have a sand-  
 wich. Ha! What's that insane  
 family singing in White Plaza  
 have to tell us now? Can't we  
 just ignore their tales of cur-  
 ried bean dishes set in marble, of truck motors hung  
 from a dead tree powering an old-fashioned laundry

conveyor?

Not this spring. I'm glad I caught you. This season, tables have been turned. All the real knowledge is welling up from the cracks in the sandstone and through the gaps in the dumping grates. I certainly hope you haven't been paying attention to school-work! Better to pay attention to the pair of turtles outside standing on their hind legs, playfully boxing with one another.

That this coincided with the annual upheaval in progress at the fur-lined offices of the Chaparral was fortuitous. We decided to replace the entire staff with a legion of the well-dressed insane. They filed in from

a waiting van, determined where to sit, and promptly created a humor organism that began singing jokes in a sweet voice.

Here we present for you the printed distillation of their sage advice. You could read this magazine, or you could secure it to your head with lead tape to protect yourself from the harmful beams directed at you every day. (The latter is the new staff's suggestion.) Either way, it will aid you and combat the oncoming blasts of heat and stagnation. There's a grand season on its way. The air is thick with the codes being broadcast all around you. You, until now without the highest quality receiver and decrypter.

Now that the Transmitter faces south, shouldn't we have an inventory of the suspected contributors? It might be nice to own a Petersen's Field Guide to the forces of calamity. The Old Boy's list starts with the scaled animals, and moves to the live oaks.

Of course, a deserved salute should be offered up to you, as a voting member of the student body. The Chappie's special fee request passed by a handsome margin this past April, and if you've read this far, it can only be assumed that you voted 'yes'. Your

largesse will ensure a shiny freshman issue awaiting you in the fall, three more glossy issues, the Fake Daily in March, and a new coat of finish on all the fine antiques in our office. See—the publication scene at Stanford isn't quite the charred, slag-heap ridden landscape it appears to be.

Now that The Transmitter faces south, what are you doing for the summer? No, ha ha, don't answer. The Old Boy is delighted to hear that you snagged that choice position and would be even more delighted if you would move out of your room and leave all your bottles of alcohol out in the hall, where they can be easily collected. The ancient one has hibernated through a century of summers and is understandably a bit jaded when it comes to enthusiastic employment.

Consider the year of 1899: the Chappie is founded, and Stanford students are rushing off to jobs like coal fire stoker, flugelhorn player, batsman, mustachioed gentleman, cribbage fanatic, hoop skirt technician, Republican president, vaudeville strongman, and steam-car engineer. Before we ridicule the past more than we should (admittedly difficult), let's take a look around. How will a few decades

treat those going out to leave their mark as webmasters? Consultants? Youth liaisons? Snow-board designers? Or anything with "creative director" in its title?

At least bring along a copy of the Transmitter, as it might provide some entertainment when you're trying to figure out how to check your email at 2:30 A.M. in your hometown. Lord knows you won't read it in June, what with tests and then the ritual release of academic pressure. It's hard to squeeze enough chemical detachment into 35 hours to justify an entire year's worth of futile work and self-hatred, but the Old Boy has faith in you.

His faith knows some bounds though. Take a quick peek at the appendix to this issue (page 22). Now when things get a little too weird, or random, or flat out not-funny, there's a special page to turn to. It's sort of like having a wizened nonagenarian in a red felt outfit sitting next to you, alternately telling "yarns" and snapping his teeth at whoever walks by. Vote for our money again in 1998, and we'll give you one of those for next summer.

## Exposed-Brain John Wayne in "Big Trouble" (1956)



# Gandhi Joe Pesci

**Gandhi:** So, let's stop fighting, okay? Okay?

**British Soldier:** Okay, okay, Gandhi. We've been convinced to end colonial rule by your campaign of nonviolence. Hey, Gandhi?

**Gandhi:** Yeah?

**British Soldier:** Thanks a lot for being so cooperative. We have brought you a basket of fruit as a peace offering. You need the fruit! You're so skinny.

**Gandhi:** Yeah? I'm skinny. What does that mean? What are you trying to say?

**British Soldier:** Hey, Gandhi—a lot of people want to be skinny. Relax. Everyone likes a nice basket of fruit.

**Gandhi:** You think I'm skinny?

**British Soldier:** [amicably] Yes, yes! You're skinny, alright? Ha, ha—please, take the basket!

**Gandhi:** [gets out of chair to approach basket] Well, this is a nice little thing you got me... some fruits, a pineapple... [Gandhi looks pensive, continues to gaze at fruit, picks up apple and drops it back in the basket disinterestedly.] You think I'm skinny?

**British Soldier #2:** He's only trying to be friendly, Gandhi.

**Gandhi:** [suddenly approaches British #2] I'm not friendly? I'm a skinny fuckin' grumpy old man to you? Am I not the most famous fuckin' nonviolent figure in the world, you fuck? [Snarls in British #2's face.]

**British Soldier:** [warding off Gandhi with hands, pleading] Gandhi, Gandhi, come on! This is stupid! Let's just make our peace so we can set an example for the rest of the world, Gandhi. Please, Gandhi? Come on... let's not make a black spot on the history books...


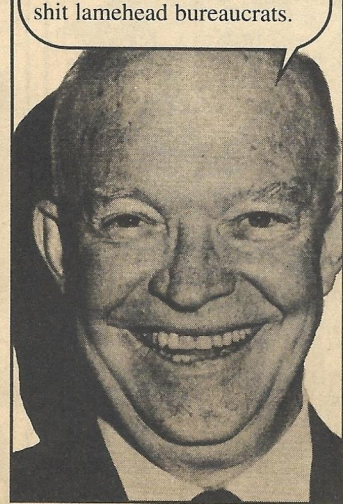
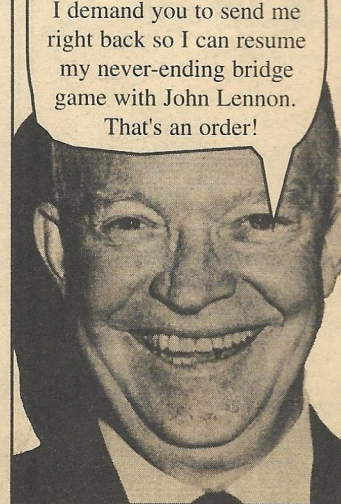
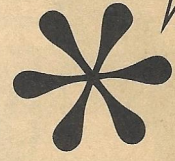
**Gandhi:** [rage has escalated since the beginning of scene, continues to intensify] I'm stupid? I'm gonna be a black spot on the history books? I'm gonna be a black spot on the fuckin' books? Huh?

Gandhi picks pineapple out of basket and attacks British Soldier's face, gouging chunks of flesh with each connection. Gandhi, red-faced, punctuates the blows with "You... fuck... bah... fuck... cah... fuckin'." British Army watches, stunned.

**Gandhi:** [panting heavily after killing and overkilling British Soldier, realizes that the other Brits have been looking at the conflict] What the FUCK are you looking at. Huh? What the FUCK are you fuckin' lookin' aaaaat, you fucks?! You stoopid... [Gandhi smashes wine bottle on on Second Soldier's face.] [menacingly taunting] Haaah?

British Army, visibly frightened, retreats first by backing slowly away, then turning and running.

# Ike Eisenhower's Rude Awakening

<p>I'm sorry to excavate you, Mr. President, but there's been a horrible mistake.</p>	<p>Yes, um... it's about that. You see, you were supposed to go to Hell. There was a mix up between you and a little Ike Eisenhower, a German boy who died at birth.</p>	<p>Patton is in Hell eating a potato that is too hot for the rest of eternity. Sir, you must be banished to Hell because war is a sin.</p>	<p>Don't worry, sir. With Nixon dead, your entire old cabinet is already down there. Once again, I apologize for this most inconvenient of inconveniences.</p>
<p>Well, goddamn it there better be a good explanation. I was enjoying eternal peace in Heaven!</p>	<p>What? Goddamn it! I'll get Patton on you chicken-shit lamehead bureaucrats.</p>	<p>Eisenhower never sinned! Don't you remember that "I Like Ike" shit? I demand you to send me right back so I can resume my never-ending bridge game with John Lennon. That's an order!</p>	<p>Nixon was the one who told you about me, huh? What did he sell me out for—a cold soda? That jowly bastard, I swear to God, I'll—&lt;POP&gt;</p>
			 <p><b>Note: Mr. Eisenhower went to Hell.</b></p>

**Stanford Student A:** I really hate Stern dining.

**Stanford Student B:** Yeah, me, too. This meat isn't very tender at all, but I heard that Lag food is even worse!

**Veal Cow:** This food isn't so bad. At least there's sufficient iron so you're bones can hold up your body.

**Stanford Student A:** I don't get enough sleep, so my eyes are red and baggy.

**Stanford Student B:** My eyes get blood shot from all the pollen in the air.

**Veal Cow:** My eyes have never been exposed to light and are covered in a thin fleshy membrane that never moves.

---

**Stanford Student A:** Gosh, my room is small.

# A Conversation

**Stanford Student B:** This room is much smaller than the room I have at home.

**Veal Cow:** My room at home is a slowly expanding bag made of wire which successfully keeps my prone body completely immobile until I'm killed.

with a

---

out.

**Veal Cow:** Attempting to move my head exhausts my underdeveloped heart for days.

**Stanford Student A:** My grandfather has heart problems, too.

---

**Stanford Student A:** Gosh, I hate this spring heat.

**Stanford Student B:** Yeah, it's sweltering.

**Veal Cow:** If my glands had not been bred out of me and if I had any sort of usable fluids in my body, I would probably sweat.

**Stanford Student A:** Yeah, I'm sweating.

---

**Stanford Student A:** Man, I can never get a date.

**Stanford Student B:** Yeah, all I do is squander time masturbating.

**Veal Cow:** I have no genitals, so this is not a problem.

**Stanford Student B:** Wow—I bet I wouldn't have gotten an A- in Chem 31 if I had no genitals.

---

**Stanford Student A:** Man, I'm so tired after my run.

**Stanford Student B:** Yeah, Ultimate practice sorta wiped me

# Veal Cow

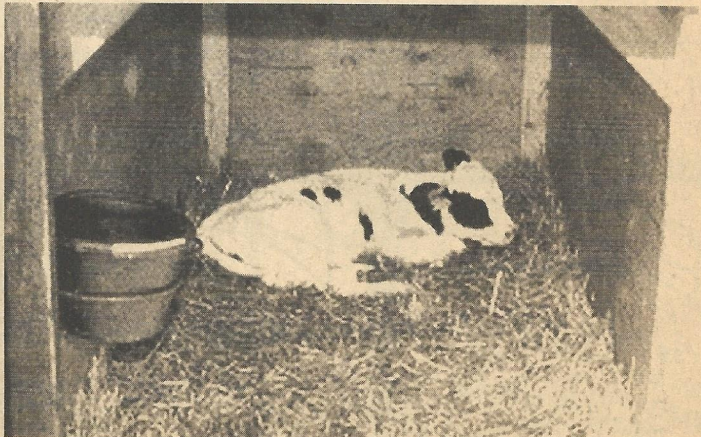
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**Stanford Student A:** Man, the party scene here sucks.

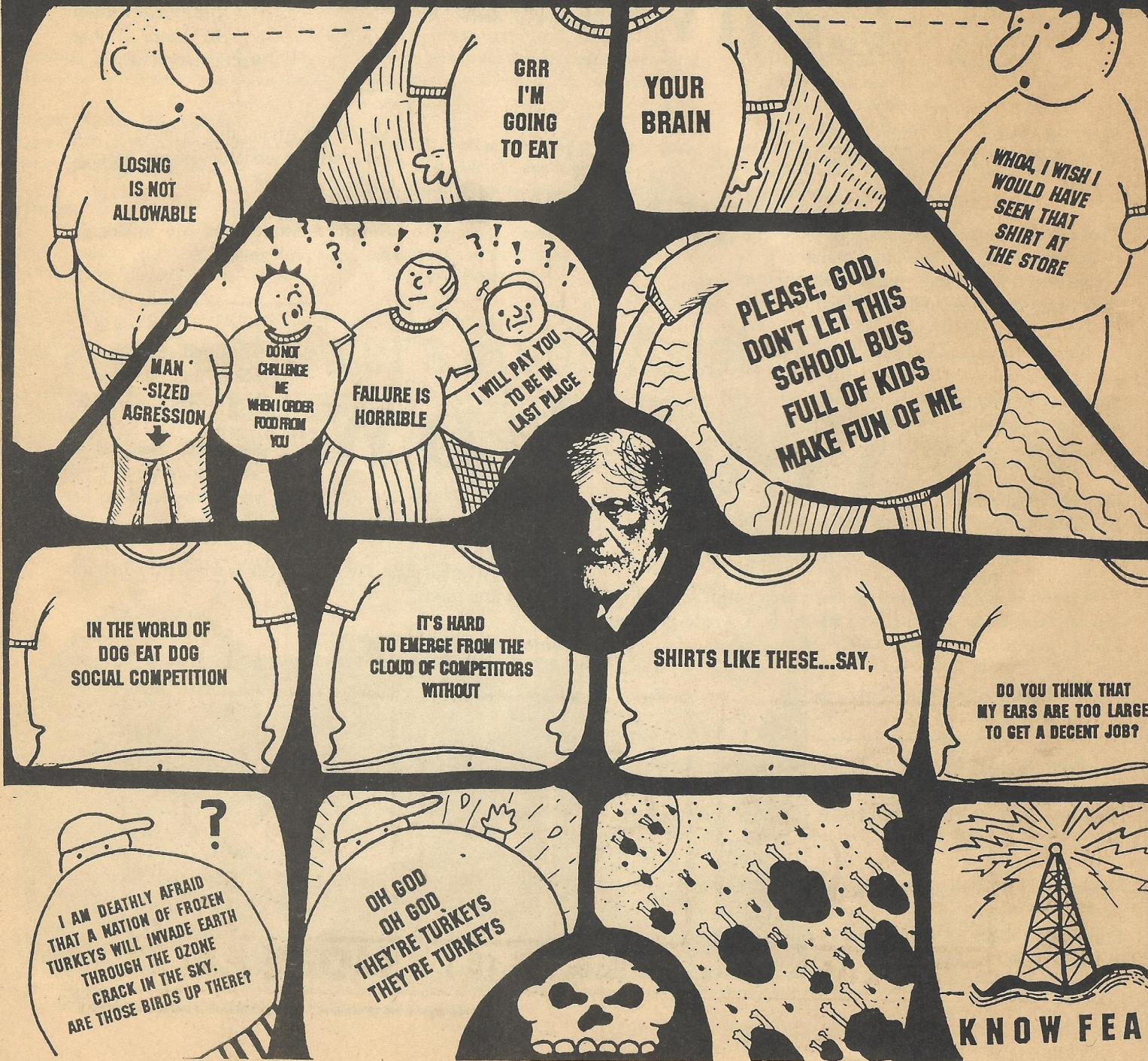
**Stanford Student B:** Yeah, sometimes I just wanna rage and no one backs me up.

**Veal Cow:** The happiest day of my week is when they drain my sack of waste fluids.

**Stanford Student A:** That's cool.



# NO FEAR?

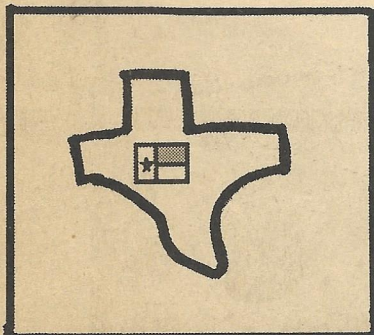




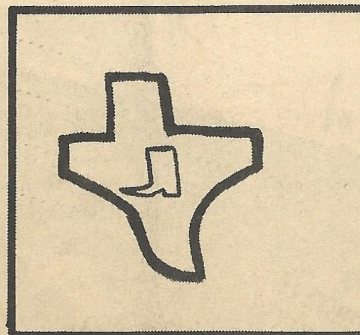
# GEORGIA VS. GEORGIA

Georgia (U.S.A.)	Georgia (F.S.U.)
Exports: Tobacco, peaches	Exports: Vodka, Nuclear Weapons
Southern Belles, Banjos	Shepherds, Balalaikas
Home of President Jimmy Carter	Home of Stalin's mass executions
One Dollar	Six trillion Rubles
Eddie listens to hometown band B-52's	Yuri listens to hometown band with AK-47's
The Bulldogs go for the NCAA title.	The "Wolf" division advances on the capital.
Corporate giant: Coca-cola.	Corporate giant: Coca-Cola
Olympic champions drink champagne in the streets.	1956 Olympic Weightlifting Champion drinks anti-freeze
REM writes "Everybody Hurts."	KGB hurts everybody
Street dealers make a fortune on crack cocaine.	Teenage kid trades plutonium for blue jeans
Number of Miss Americas: three.	Number of women who can "lift that boulder": Seventeen
Bastion of slavery until late 1800's.	Bastion of Slav-ery.
History of racial strife between whites and blacks	Difference between White Russian and Black Russian: Kahlua

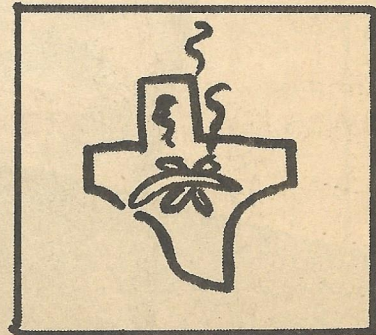
by larry chingle



**TEXAS:**



**A BIG STATE;**



**MORE FELES**

# British Mystery

## Table of Contents

### Chapter 1

In which the foul murder is discovered, our detective Crothersby is properly introduced, and the reader is advised not to skip to read the Chapter 8 heading.

### Chapter 2

In which Crothersby makes his way to Galfallow Farms, the family makes his acquaintance, and a list of suspects is rapidly assembled.

### Chapter 3

In which a remarkable discovery is made concerning the maid, the master's '57 Bentley, and a certain Spanish brand of cigarette.

### Chapter 4

In which a day of good-natured inquiry with the surrounding neighbors finds Crothersby with a dinner invitation to the house of Miss DeMorgan.

### Chapter 5

In which the usual decorous dinner time conversation at Galfallow turns ugly, the maiden aunt Felicity reveals a family secret, and the help have the day off.

### Chapter 6

In which certain gambling records resurface in Mr. Gadgins's desk, Crothersby walks a lovely forest path with the mistress of the house, and Miss DeMorgan is shown to have a remarkable talent.

### Chapter 7

In which Crothersby possesses a certain cheerful confidence that this nasty business will soon be solved, and Sir Bottomsly drops by with the news from town.

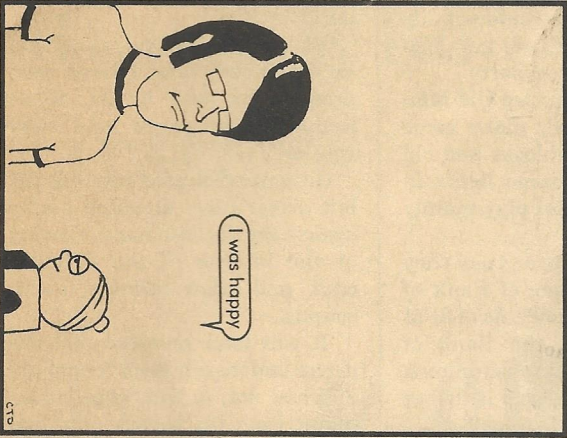
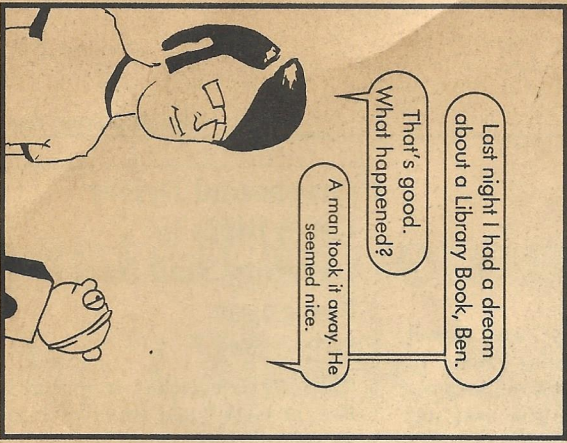
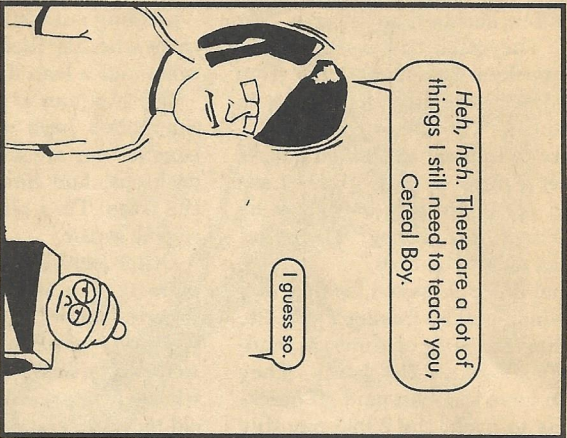
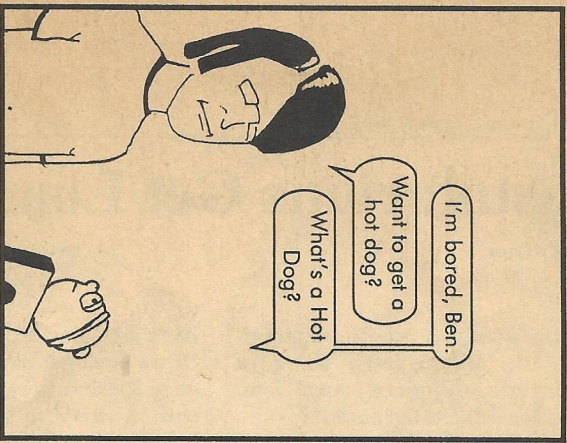
### Chapter 8

In which it is revealed that Mr. Gadgins did it.

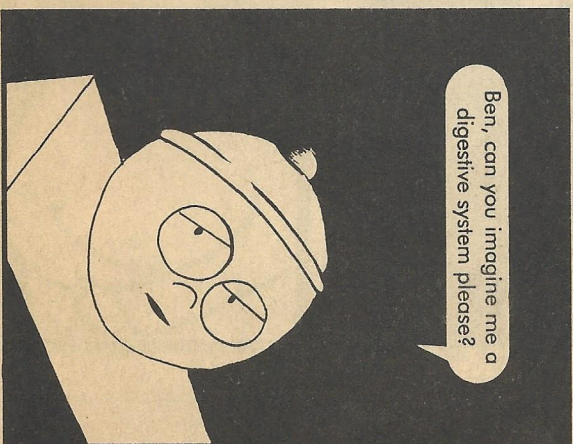
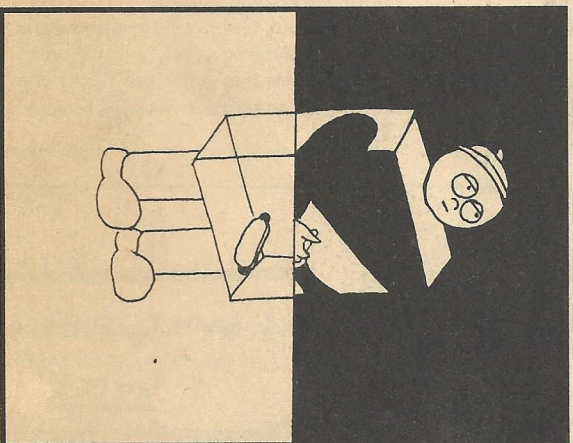
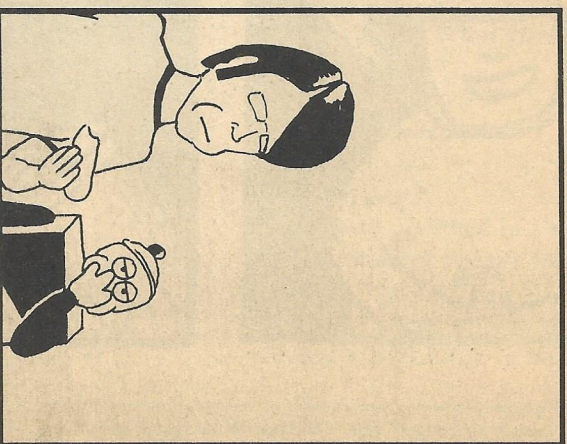
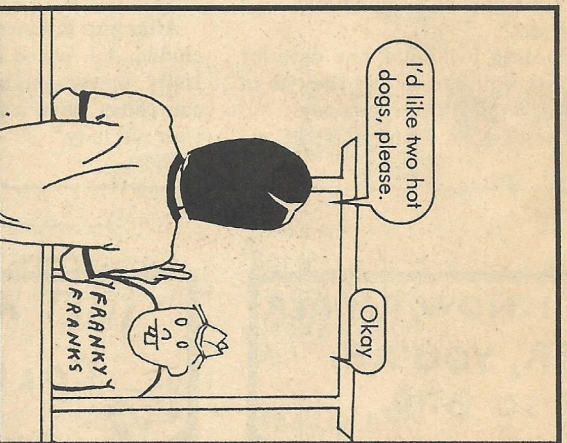
### Chapter 9

In which the reader is chastised for cheating like a rummy bastard and skipping the details of Crothersby's charming manners, probing wit, and investigative skill.

**MEYER LIBRARY MAN AND CEREAL BOY**



**MEYER LIBRARY MAN AND CEREAL BOY**



# Rastafarians Get Loan

By Josh Rydell  
Staff Writer

After nearly a month of paperwork, the Menlo Park Bank of America has authorized a small loan for two local Rastafarians.

Lionel, 24, and J.J., 26, sought the loan after deciding to have a "big party." They plan to have the party at the backyard shed they rent from Old Man Simmons. Everyone is invited.

"I say to Lionel," explained J.J., "I say, let's have a good time. Let's have a party. He look at me an he say, 'With whose money?' Then I get the idea about the loan."

Lionel and J.J. asked for fifty dollars, which will be financed at 6.5%, according to Bank of America lending official Janet DuChamp. They hope to have the loan paid off quickly, so as to avoid the \$3.25 monthly interest.

"We going to buy some chips, some hot dogs," said Lionel, "an batteries for J.J.'s radio an some brew for Old Man Simmons, so he don't give us a hard time."

According to Lionel, the date for the party will be the day they go to the bank to pick up the money.

"If we get de money Friday, we

have de party Friday," said Lionel. "If we don't get de money Friday, we go to Rickey's party. His old lady she trow a party so big, you eyes just bug out."

Lending authorities would not disclose whether Rickey's old lady had taken out a loan for her party.

The two plan to clean up Old Man Simmons's back yard, make some benches out of cinderblocks and old desktops, and hang some lights in the trees. They plan to play mainly reggae music.

Other local Rastafarians say they plan to take advantage of Bank of America's new loan policy. As of 3PM yesterday afternoon, the Bank of America building was awash in men whose primary livelihood is fixing old bicycles.

When asked what they planned to do with the capital if their loans are approved, the group smiled and shouted in unison, "We going to 'trow a party!'"

After the interview had been concluded, J.J. poked his head into the Daily newsroom and stated, "You can come, have a good time. Bring your old lady."

## Greyhound Driver Gives Birth in Lavatory Stall Next to Passenger

By Wiggle Head  
Staff Writer

"Well, that's what it sounded like, at least," said traveller Don Guinan. "I was scared out of my mind."

"My wife has had two children," he continued, "and I have been present for both births. What happened in there was very similar."

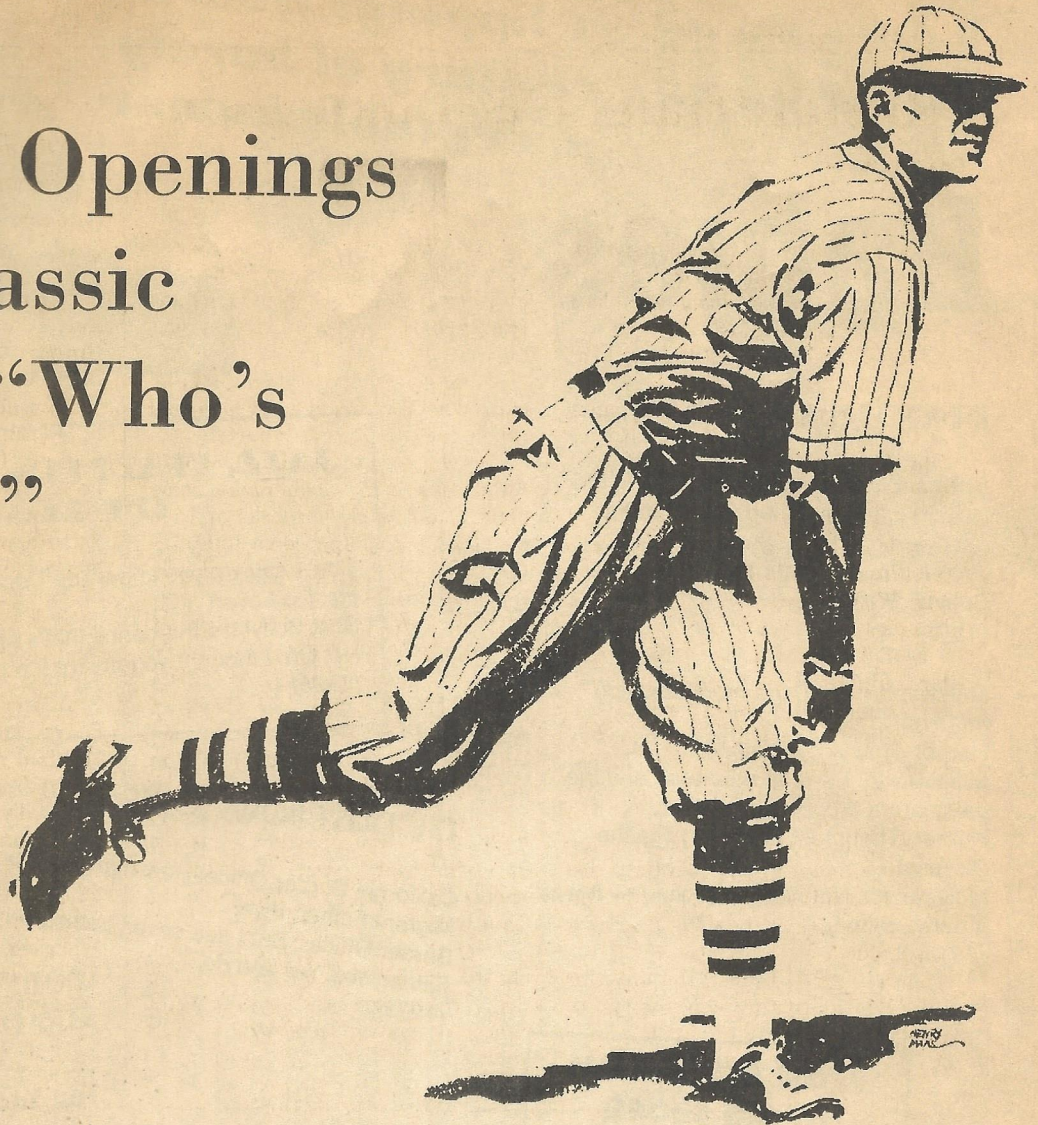
Guinan recounted hearing the bus driver's feet slapping madly against the tile floor, hands clawing at the interior of the adjacent stall, and other horrible, awful sounds.

It was later revealed that the driver had merely been "crappin'," and had not, in fact, expelled an infant from his bowels. (He had reportedly uttered a multitude of vile oaths during the ten-minute ordeal, at one point threatening to "kill [the feces] to hell," which further terrified Guinan)

Shaken, Guinan later altered his travel plans so as not to continue on the same bus with the man who wanted to murder his own feces.



# Rejected Openings to the Classic Routine “Who’s on First?”



**Person 1: Who’s on first?**

Person 2: That’s right.

**What?**

The man who plays first base is named Gerald Hu. His father is Chinese.

I see.

**Who’s on first?**

That’s right!

**What are you talking about?**

2nd base!

**I’m really having trouble understanding these things that you’re saying.**

Leftfield!

**See, now you’re just naming different positions, and what I want to know is the name of the person playing first base.**

Catcher!

Whatever.

**Who’s on first?**

That’s right!

**What?**

That’s right!

**I don’t understand.**

That’s right!

*Person 3: He doesn’t understand English; the only words he knows are “That’s right!” He just moved here from Bangladesh.*

**Who’s on first?**

That’s right!

**Wait, his name is actually “Who”?**

Yes.

**That’s kind of funny.**

**Who’s on first?**

Walter Jenkins.

**And second?**

James O’Reilly.

**They are two fine players.**

I certainly think so.

**Who’s on first?**

Don’t ask me, I’m deaf.

**But if you’re deaf, how could you hear me ask the last question?**

I read your lips.

Oh.

**Who’s on first?**

That’s right!

**“That’s right”? What kind of name is that?**

I think it’s Russian.

**I think it’s fucked.**

**Who’s on first?**

I’m not sure... It could be Felp Wilkins.

**You’re not sure? Aren’t you the manager?**

No, sir. I’m the groundskeeper. The manager is over there; he has a beard.

# Dead Babies

Clippings from a century of barely acceptable humor



## INNOCENT BEGINNINGS

Sphinx: What walks on four legs in the morning, and is curled up stiff in the noon sun?

Jason: Why, a dead baby.

Sphinx: Right-o!  
(1903)

Molesworth: I had the most amusing morning!

Horner: How so, my man?

Molesworth: I was at a funeral, and the pallbearers dropped the coffin.

Horner: That must have hurt like the Dickens!

Molesworth: Not really, old chap — it was a baby coffin!  
(1915)

## FROM REVOLUTION TO BIG SHOES: THE 60's AND 70's

Carlos: Eh! Baby! You want a hit?

Baby:

Carlos: Oh shit!

[Later]

Bennie: Man, this baby hasn't passed the joint all night!  
(1967)

Man, those shoes are huge!  
No man, those are dead babies.  
(1975)

This baby's bumming my trip, get him out of here!  
(1976)

## JAZZ, FLAPPERS, AND AL CAPONE: THE ROARING 20's

She: I say, do you know The Dead Baby?

He: Do I ever!

She: Bully! It's the dance that's all the rage in Paris.

He: Oh. I thought you meant the one in the dumpster out back.  
(1926)

## THE DUST BOWL JOKES

California Border Office: How many to report?

Migrant Father: Five.

Border Officer: But I see seven babies on the roof!

Father: Yes. Yes you do.  
(1938)

## PORSCHE DRIVEN BY COKE HEADS: THE 80's

### Top Ten Things Overheard at the 1987 Academy Awards:

- 10: "Is that a dead baby, or Tattoo after a good night?"
- 9: "Is that a dead baby, or Michael J. Fox after a bad night?"
- 8: "That project's dead, baby."
- 7: "Is that a dead baby, or a sack of primo blow?"
- 6: "Is that a dead baby, or Travolta's career?"
- 5: "It's about as heavy as a dead baby."
- 4: "The baby's for later, Mr. Deluise."
- 3: "Why is Richard Simmons dancing with a dead baby?"
- 2: "Is that a dead baby, or Michael Jackson's new flame?"
- 1: "Hey! Baby! How come you don't return my calls?"  
(1987)



A ROUND AND A ROUND AND A ROUND I GO, WHERE I STOP, THE RED AND WHITE SIGN SHOWS! HIYA KIDS. ESQUIVEL DAKOTA THE MARGUERITE BUS DRIVER HERE. I RENTED THIS SPACE IN YOUR FANCY HUMOR MAGAZINE JUST AS A GESTURE TO GET TO KNOW YOU ALL BETTER AND ALSO TO INFORM YOU OF THE MARGUERITE BUS SYSTEM, A SYSTEM WHICH I THINK YOU WILL COME TO APPRECIATE IN TIME. BUT YOU KNOW, AS MY FELLOW BUS DRIVER POTATOES IS FOND OF SAYING, "THE LESS PEOPLE RIDE, THE LESS OF A PAIN IN THE ASS IT IS FOR ME." BUT, THAT'S POTATOES. THIS IS ME. THIS IS ESQUIVEL DAKOTA, AND, JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME-I LOVE MY JOB. CALL ME MONOTONOUS, MR. BORING, MY MOTHER'S BETRAYER, MY BROTHER'S MURDERER-CALL ME WHATEVER YOU WANT TO CALL ME, KIDS-BECAUSE I LOVE GOING AROUND AND AROUND AND AROUND IN TIGHT CIRCLES IN THE GENERAL AREA OF YOUR CAMPUS. WE HAVE A CB AND EVERYTHING, SEE. I CAN CALL MY WIFE ON THE PHONE AND GAB THROUGH THE HEAT AND THE COLD AND THE LONELY TIMES WHEN NO ONE IS ON BOARD AND I'M A LITTLE BLUE. YEAH, I LIKE MY JOB, AND ONE OF THE MAIN REASONS I LIKE IT IS FOR THE STUDENTS. GIGGLING AND JUST TICKLING EACH OTHER ALL THE TIME, THE STUDENTS. ALWAYS SHRIEKING AND JUST HAVING A GOOD TIME-I REALLY LIKE BEING AROUND THE STUDENTS. THEY'RE SURE TO COAX A GRIN OUT OF ME EVEN IN TIMES WHEN I'M A LITTLE BLUE AND NEED CHEERING UP. THERE'S CERTAINLY NO CHEERING UP FROM THOSE OLD LADIES WHO JUST TALK AND TALK ABOUT THEIR GRANDCHILDREN, OR THE SAD OLD SANTA CLAUSES NEAR CHRISTMAS-TIME WITH THEIR OLD SAD STORIES. THE ONLY WAY I CAN COPE WITH THE BLUES IS TO IMAGINE THE SANTA CLAUSES HOLDING THEIR INNARDS IN THEIR HANDS BACK HOME IN

THE SPACE BELOW MY HOUSE. DON'T GET ME WRONG--I LOVE MY JOB. OH NO, IT'S NOT MUCH FOR PAY, BUT I DON'T WORK FOR PAY. I LOVE THE WORK, THE UNIFORM, THE STYLE OF THE WHOLE THING. EVERYDAY IS SOMETHING DIFFERENT, EVERY DAY A DIFFERENT LOAD. THE OTHER DAY, SOME OLD LADY STARTED YELLING AND SCREAMING THAT "I MISSED HER STOP, I MISSED HER STOP." SHE WAS JUST HOWLING AND HOWLING "I MISSED MY STOP, I MISSED MY STOP!" SHE WAS IN MY EARS, BUZZING, "I MISSED MY STOP, I MISSED MY STOP!" HER NEW STOP WAS WHERE THEY'VE BEEN DOING CONSTRUCTION RECENTLY, NEAR THE WOODS. SHE MUST HAVE HIDDEN BEHIND THE WHEELS, OFFICER. BA-DUMP BA-DUMP THUMP THUMP SKIDDY-SKADADDLE AND A SHREDDING RUBBER SOUND. SOUNDS LIKE A KIND OF SWEET TUNE FOR THE MORNING ROUTE, ESPECIALLY FOR THE LONELY AND BLUE. WELL, ENOUGH TALK---TIME FOR MY "A-ROUND AND A-ROUND," AS I LIKE TO SAY.

**MY NAME IS ESQUIVEL DAKOTA, AND I'LL SEE YOU ON THE ROAD.**



# The Oracle of Delphi



**Traveler:** Oracle, I have come for your divine advice and all-knowing powers of prophesy in this lush paradise that is Delphi. What is my fate?

**Oracle:** *Look to the past for the future. Look to the future for the past. Look to the heavens, and if you see solace in them, yours is the gray blessed happiness. If upon a wilted rose and simple amnesty you gaze, take heart and contemplate your doom.*

Please, venerable Oracle, could you clarify your answer a bit. I am young and cannot think in riddles.

*That will cost you another two thousand drachmas, but I will comply. A charging bull will, from the most fragile dandelion, veer his path. An aged man will bend his weary back to topple mountain peaks. Ragged oil-fisted warriors will earn sweet Hermes and all his dreaded favor. A bright gloom awaits all those who seek it in proper ignorance.*

Listen, I paid my money, why can't you just give me a straight answer?

*What crystal scorpion alights—*

No, forget it, no one's got time for this crap.

*Please don't leave, I will do as you wish.*

Too late. I want my money back.

*Don't go. You will experience financial trouble in two years but nothing you can't handle with a little imagination. Keep investing in Microsoft, but bail out in 2001. Start-up web companies are a good short term buy, but will kill you in the long term. 3-COM will triple in six months.*

How about the Palistinians?

*They will eat shit.*

Is Affirmative action a good thing?

Yes.

Does God exist?

Yes.

Does He exist as a Divine Creator or as a pure form?

*The second one.*

Which is His true religion?

*The Anglican Lutherans—when they aren't drunk.*

I knew it all along. Does space have a boundary?

Yes, it's over there.

I see. Does mankind have freedom over his actions?

No. Never has.

Chicken or egg?

Egg, by far.

Can we humans ever come to terms with death?

No.

Well, thank you, Oracle. You've been very helpful. I'll see you later.

*No, don't go. I haven't told you about the stock market, or the World Series. I can make you rich!*

Thanks anyway, but I have traveled far, and I am weary.

*Please don't leave. It's not like the old days. I'm so lonely.*

Oracle, please let go of me. Good-bye!

*But I haven't shown you my "one eared elephant" impression yet. I can do all of Carrot Top's routines!*

I'm leaving.

*Wait! You haven't even heard me do Hall and Oates a capella: Buh buh ba duh, she's a maneater . . .*



# Airplane Safety

安全  
安全  
인신

Sicherheit  
Sécurité  
Seguridad

# B-757



Hmm what's this say?



FREE DOOR



Sweet!!



Please attach your own mask . . .



. . . before helping the midget next to you



1 Remove beef jerky



2 Put on life preserver.



3 Fasten waist strap.



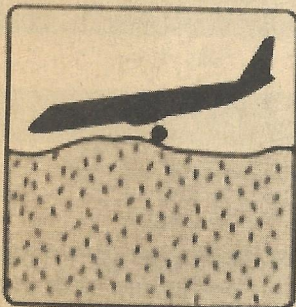
4 Tighten waist strap.



5 Inflate life preserver.



6 Eat beef jerky.



Upon impact, the aircraft may lose control of its excretory functions.



— She said you should brace yourself for the crash.  
— And kiss your ass goodbye.



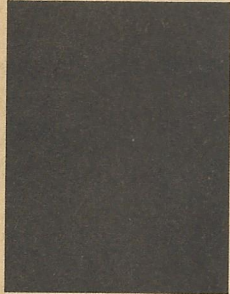


Lisa Holfield

# Welcome To The Caves!

## Stanford Cave Program Director Lisa Holfield

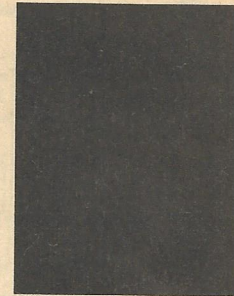
"We're all very glad you've decided to spend some time with us in the Caves. It's a big family down here, and I know you'll want to get to know all of us, and we'll want to get to know you. Remember, you are all my translucent cave-babies. I may have gills, but you should not fear me."



"My mom was a little freaked out by the vestigial tail I had grown — until I opened her Coke with it!"

**Johnny Matts**  
Class of 1990

# Cavers Speak Out!



"There are plenty of high-paying student jobs available in the Salt Mines."

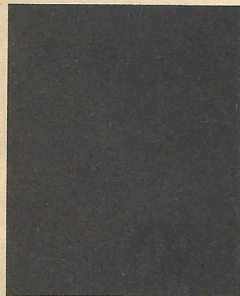
**James Breadhill**  
Class of 1992

### SOME CURRENT RESIDENTS IN THEIR OWN WORDS



"I like being able to clearly map my undergraduate progress and fulfill real goals. Two years ago I couldn't even breathe underwater."

**Charles Wang**  
Class of 1992



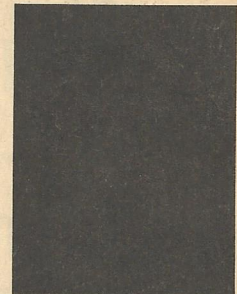
"When I first told my friend that I was going to the Caves, he couldn't believe it. 'No way, man' he said. But now, I know it's all right. Everything is all right."

**Satchel Gooden**  
Class of 1996



"Stanford students talk a lot about being blind to other people's skin color, but it takes a stay in the Caves to really make it happen."

**Theresa Matte**  
Class of 1997

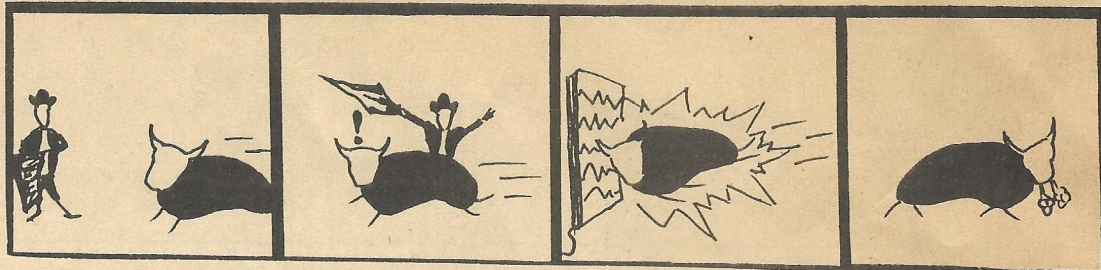


"I can't wait to tell my parents about the Cave Program — if I survive."

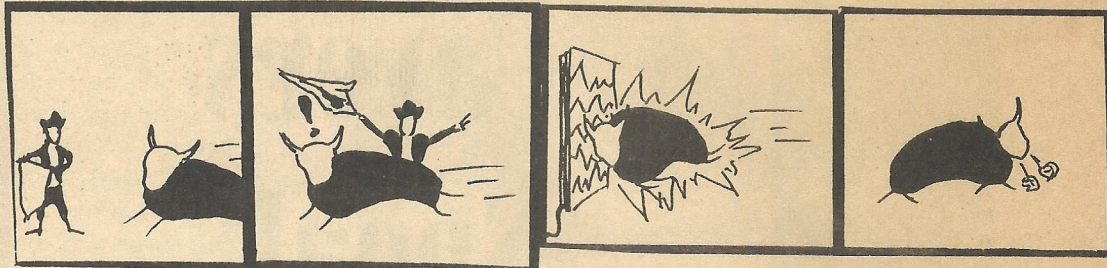
**Sylvia Benly**  
Class of 1992

# Behaviorism

S

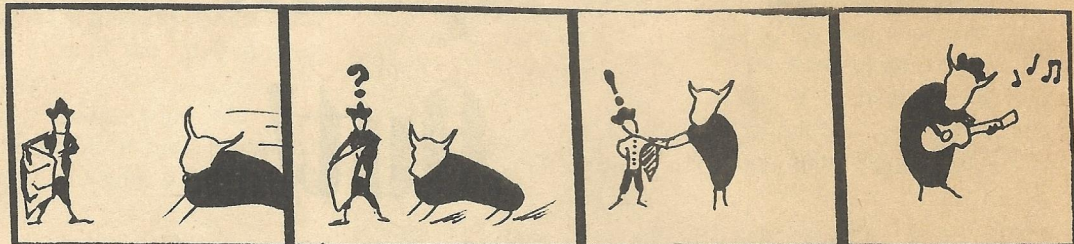


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# Bullfighting

# SENIORS—



Did you forget your senior gift? Good. Why not take part in a Stanford tradition that is not wreathed in idiocy? Subscribe to the Chappie for just \$20 a year. Send email to [subs@chappie.stanford.edu](mailto:subs@chappie.stanford.edu)

# OTHERS—

Wasted another \$28,000 with nothing to show for it? Next year, join the Chappie. Writers, artists, and business sharps always welcome. Send email to [oldboy@chappie](mailto:oldboy@chappie) for details.

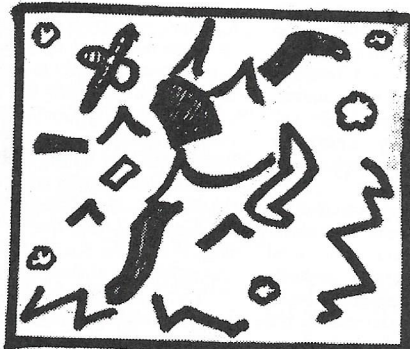
## THE CHAPARRAL

since 1899

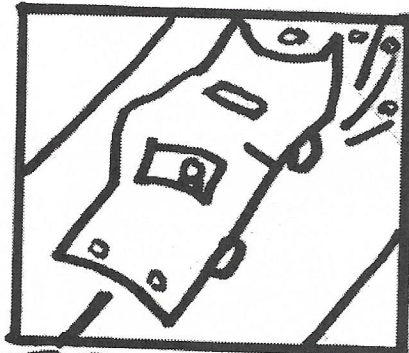
by larry chingle



GOD ZAPS BOB



BOB EXPLODES



The Pastor Buys a Corvette

Despite his status as the unofficial poet laureate of an entire generation, BOB DYLAN's lyrics often exhibit a characteristic colorful inanity that can be exploited for humorous purposes. Here, a real Bob Dylan line is mixed in with bits of doggerel that relate to local townships, popular culture, or often nothing at all. Each line delivers a laugh when read, but try singing one or two out loud in the voice of a whiny troubador for maximum effect. The Wallflowers are fronted by one of Bob's legitimate progeny, Jakob Dylan, thus implying in the scoring section that only someone with no knowledge of the father would tolerate the son. "Positively 4th Street" is a real Dylan song, and of course only the man himself could separate *all* the wheat from the chaff.

The "NOW THAT" has three points to make, and eight hundred words to make them in. (1) Any time spent in college should be wasted on schoolwork as little as possible, and exploration of the new and unconventional as much as possible. (2) Thank you for voting in our special fee. (3) The excitement with which we rush to employment in the coming months will seem silly given the space of a few

**GANDHI JOE PESCI** is an absurdist dream that smashes together two polar opposites of legendary temperament—the studied nonviolent approach of Gandhi and the irrepressible rage of Joe Pesci's movie characters. Here, we see Pesci's testosterone flood the gates of Gandhi's detached control and take over behavior. What we have is a man who looks like Gandhi and who represents the same nonviolent philosophies of Gandhi, but is fundamentally different from Gandhi. This is because he is possessed by the spirit of Joe Pesci's character from films such as *Raging Bull*, *Goodfellas*, *Casino*, etc. This non-violence advocate is ferocious as a shrew.

**IKE EISENHOWER'S RUDE AWAKENING** is a lapel-shaking reminder that killing is a sin, and even Christian warlords (no matter how popular they are with a moral majority) are going to Hell because the Good Book says so. Wars frequently have some sort of religious associations, and this is in direct contradiction to "Thou Shalt Not Kill." This cartoon highlights the immutability of God's laws by pitting an angelic bureaucrat against a cranky, long-dead "Ike." After a brief but colorful argument, Ike disappears through a holy portal

the danger of fear ameliorated. Repression and denial of fear by projection of strength elevates fear's presence in the subconscious. Mostly, however, it's a convenient play on words.

Some call **RAINIER BEER** a cheap, watery beer—a beer made by people with shit for brains.

Many works of fiction feature a brief summary of the events to follow before every chapter. The working premise here is that a charming **ENGLISH DETECTIVE STORY** has in fact revealed the murderer in the chapter summaries. Additional gratuitous British humor is added with names like "Crothersby," mention of "the help," and use of the term "rummy."

**CEREAL BOY** is **MEYER LIBRARY MAN'S** imaginary companion, and as such has little in the way of internal organs. Thus, when he consumes a hot dog, it simply falls to the bottom of the cardboard box that is his body cavity, denying him nourishment.

An unintended trend was noticed in the pages of the last Chaparral—we ran a full four "DEAD BABY" jokes of different varieties. What if the mores of a century of American history were brought to bear on the medium of dead babies? The staff quickly assembled a list of jokes, each one symbolic of a particular decade. Early in the century the language is ornate, and the influence classical. By the end of the century the subject matter has turned to movies and cocaine, and the form is the Top Ten List: one of the Eighties' lasting contributions to humor. Those who choose to take offense at this array will be happy to know that "AMISH CRACKWHORE" was never a serious contender for publication.

What if our popular **MARGUERITE** bus system was inhabited by manic-depressive imposters who made passengers uncomfortable? This is the chilling premise for *Marguerite Driver*. Esquivel Dakota is a sort of Stanford bogeyman figure: a twitching, unpredictable threat to the calm that our predictable campus provides. Go to the Quad at three in the morning. Lay down on the ground and look up into the blank foreverhood of the sky. The Esquivel Dakotas of the world are very far away... or are they? Yes.

**BEHAVIORISM STRIKES BULLFIGHTING** matches the upstart Seventies psychological trend with the grand Spanish matador tradition. Behaviorists thought that humans could be controlled like rats, with electric shock impulses and food to repair their twisted lives. We see exactly how well behaviorism works for our industrious bull: after only two violent 5000-volt doses, he is conditioned not only to avoid the bullfighters tired cape trick, but also to win over the crowd, a lovely damsel, and a hardened peasant with his sad tale and smooth Mariachi guitar. Even our brave matador himself melts under the spell of the soft serenade, and the final panel shows the two ancient bitter rivals sharing a cool draft at the local Spanish pub. Now that was awfully big of them, don't you think?

**THE CAVE PROGRAM** parodies the many overseas opportunities Stanford students have. What if there existed a "campus" not in Paris or Oxford, but at the bottom of a very dark cave somewhere in New Mexico? Cave roaches are the prime form

of sustenance, and indeed the only reason for living. Eyes quickly become vestigial, and colorless skin is the norm. No one can see anything, so black picture boxes are only appropriate. Of course, this is a Stanford campus, so there is no shortage of juvenile T-shirts and careerism.

With L. Ron Hubbard churning out cheap quantized prophecy straight out of an iron tube from his grave, the **DELPHI ORACLE**—once revered by Pericles and Achilles—has lost much of its ancient credibility. The Oracle, now a lonely and desperate creature, will gladly trade priceless information, even perform inane parlor tricks, just for some company to soften his harsh existence. That's where the fun begins. You see, the Oracle is resolving questions that humans, in all of their grand quests, don't really want answered. Of course, the Anglican Lutheran in our audience is not at all surprised.

This **COVER** was conceived as a response to the theme's title: "The Transmitter Faces South." The title was conceived at a barbecue in which a kid with very curly hair repeatedly said the phrase "The Transmitter Faces South" in response to the question, posed only once, "Why can't we get Foothill College radio?" He repeated the phrase "The Transmitter Faces South" several times in the same tone, using the same intonation and the same stresses on the individual syllables of the words. Like a robot. We figured this transmitter-obsessed kid was getting a "cosmic transmission" of his own, and we grabbed his chilling channeled phrase for our next issue's theme.

The Transmitter now faces South. What does this mean? The cover is an exploration of the subtle change in transmission information that reality is now experiencing. On the front cover, two kids play electric leapfrog, behavior made possible by the new increase in energy. In the lower right corner, dominating the leapfrogged boy, is the icon of the Jester. This icon transmits electric information to the joyous beneficiary of the Transmitter's turn South. The structure at the left half of the front cover is another transmitter, made of intertwined humans, representing the synergistic nature of a creative endeavor. The Jester stretches upwards in order to transmit inspiration from a higher source, which may be God or just another human being with something to transmit. The Jester reaches in order to keep his human body transmitter fresh with energy and inspiration.

The back cover features a blindfolded male with a spark plug wreath brandished around his head. He is the symbol of artistic intuition, trusting the rush of instinctual urges because they are more immediate and seemingly more "real" than subjective sensory information. Above and below him are letter-like figures that tell a story. Yet another transmitter flowers along the edge of the back cover, and above and below this structure we see the unbroken egg of waiting and the broken egg of breakthrough.

If you dip all the corners of the issue's pages in lemon juice, the Jester's secret will be revealed.



decades.

**EXPOSED-BRAIN JOHN WAYNE** is a parody of the blustering invulnerability of John Wayne and American icons in general. Like most tough guys, this freak of nature is all talk. He sputters his catch phrases in order to hide his vulnerability, which, in this case, is not just the usual macho insecurity but a dangerous birth defect which has left him without a protective cranium. The exchange of bravado with the antagonist, Guadalupe, continues until the concluding panel, where Wayne must concede to his rival his great limits as a disabled human being. Indeed, in order to survive, Exposed-Brain John Wayne must spend his days in a protective bubble, where terrific fears of birds that threaten to end his life in a single swoop plague his days and nights. The sand dune of the American psyche where the Duke once stood and spat bravely is now a wet spot where this raw-headed invalid sits and drools. "Big Trouble" is a parody of the movie titles which Wayne headlined in his day.

to Hell. Perhaps more interesting than the deeper religious implications of this sequential photo comic is the questions it raises about the administrative efficiency of Heaven. How many mistakes are made by God's gang?

There are few organisms whose existence is as categorically pathetic as the cow bred solely for **VEAL**. This piece contrasts the life of a Stanford student—with its boredom, unfulfillment, and incessant whining and with the actual continual physical agony of the veal cow. Short conversational vignettes highlight areas of life such as food, shelter, sex, and social interaction.

This "NO FEAR" comic parodies the "No Fear" T-shirt phenomenon, an example of consumer fetishism at its most extreme. Here, the messages gradually degenerate from their "competitive beast" origins to reveal the true insecurities and fears of the human beings behind the coverings. The last words of "Know Fear" suggest that only through acknowledgement of fears and insecurities, which are natural, is

# STAFF FANTASY FOOTBALL

## matt pearl

- |                      |               |   |
|----------------------|---------------|---|
| 1. Andre the Giant   | Tackle        | He's really big and strong and stuff.               |
| 2. The Invisible Man | Wide Receiver | He's invisible so like no one can stop him.         |
| 3. Gary Coleman      | Kicker        | Small, but mean as shit; the kid's got quite a leg. |
| 4. Pazuuzu           | Punt Returner | The Sumerian god of flight; 180 hit points.         |

## eric saxon

- |                       |               |  |
|-----------------------|---------------|--|
| 1. Jesus Christ       | Wide Receiver | Unbelievable.  |
| 2. Little Animal Baby | Wide Receiver | Wuvs his way through defensive meatheads' hearts; eats them.                                       |
| 3. Bilbo Baggins      | Wide Receiver | Peaceful pipe-smoking halfling; will do anything to extend the game and avoid hideous hobbit wife. |
| 4. Nike               | Wide Receiver | Exploitative multinational skull-crushing organization; free uniforms!                             |

## dave lampson

- |               |               |  |
|---------------|---------------|--|
| 1. God        | Quarterback   | Good instincts, can create under pressure. Unreliable in the clutch. |
| 2. The Sphinx | Wide Receiver | Crafty offensive moves. Excellent stamina.                           |
| 4. Smeargull  | Tailback      | Slippery runner; love of game doubtful, in it mostly for "precious." |
| 5. The Devil  | Tackle        | Solid blocker when "off the field" problems don't interfere.         |

## steve smith

- |                |              |   |
|----------------|--------------|---|
| 1. Bo Duke     | Quarterback  | Touchingly sad voice.                       |
| 2. John Denver | Singer       | Intensely competitive "Daisy" molester.     |
| 3. OJ Simpson  | Running Back | Aggressive attacker.                        |
| 4. Ad Rock     | Coach        | Likes whippits, a skinny trick play master. |

## chris peiffer

- |                |                |   |
|----------------|----------------|---|
| 1. The 1920s   | Offensive Line | "The Twenties kicked ass. Period."  |
| 2. Peter Lorre | Safety         | Runs into opposing huddles and whispers, "I'm really very sorry."                           |
| 3. John Henry  | Left Tackle    | Pro: The best at what he does. Con: Known to suffer a "burst heart" in big-game situations. |
| 4. A Manatee   | Running Back   | It is illegal to tackle a manatee.  |

## caid peck

- |                 |               |   |
|-----------------|---------------|---|
| 1. Arlo Guthrie | Defensive End | Heartfelt lyrics move opponents to tears; blocks passes with father's reputation. |
| 2. Caligula     | Offense Line  | Buries opponents up to neck, decapitates; also, "barbecue boss."                  |
| 3. Aldo Nova    | Lead Guitar   | I listened to this guy before you pansies were even born.                         |
| 4. Run-DMC      | Addidas       | "But homes you did not know / It was a can of dog food."                          |

## eugene park

- |                     |               |  |
|---------------------|---------------|--|
| 1. Stephen Hawking  | Wide Receiver | His so-called "brief" running patterns prove to be lengthy and wrought with abstract mathematics.                          |
| 2. High School Nerd | Quarterback   | After years of living on the periphery of adolescent society, this kid shows the world he <i>really</i> has what it takes. |
| 3. The Dow Jones    | Nose Tackle   | Psyched for victory thanks to a strong second-quarter growth.  |
| 4. Traveling Bard   | Center        | His prolonged tales put to music draw the defensive line off-sides.  |

## sean lucy

- |                       |                  |  |
|-----------------------|------------------|--|
| 1. Fattest Spice Girl | Coach            | An intimidating figure puts a lagging team into line.                                      |
| 2. Imonhotep          | Offensive Coord. | Designer of Pyramid of Dhosor will be the architect of an unstoppable run-and-gun offense. |
| 3. Grover Sales       | Linebacker       | Possesses extreme saltiness and basic distaste for everything.                             |
| 4. B. Real            | Split End        | Trash-talking and sagging pants enrage opposing secondary.                                 |

## darell tipples

- |                   |             |                                       |
|-------------------|-------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Ken Kesey      | Quarterback | Great team leader, owns the team bus. |
| 2. Bootsy Collins | Punter      | Kicks ass on bass, then the football. |
| 3. Mao Zedong     | Def. end    | Rushes so hard, the masses arise.     |
| 4. Buddha         | Center      | Enlightened, no need to snap.         |

## aaron hoover

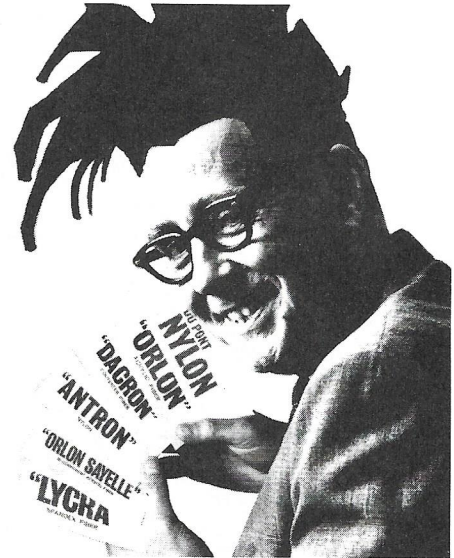
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|-------------------|--------------|--|
| 1. Walter Payton  | Running Back | An obvious choice.   |
| 2. Roger Staubach | Quarterback  | Engineered four winning Super Bowl offenses. Duh.                                      |
| 3. Jerry Rice     | Receiver     | Most receiving of any NFL player <i>ever</i> . I can't believe no one picked this guy! |
| 4. Aaron Hoover   | Coach        | Loves the game more than life. Dreams in black and white. Doesn't get joke.            |

## eric jorgensen

- |                  |               |  |
|------------------|---------------|--|
| 1. Ronald Reagan | Quarterback   | Can win one for the Gipper; trouble remembering plays. |
| 2. Liberace      | Wide Receiver | Great hands.   |
| 3. Beck          | Running Back  | With the plastic eyeballs, spray-paint the vegetables. |
| 4. Tony Danza    | Linebacker    | Anything with him is a hit!                            |

## matthew pierce

- |                    |              |  |
|--------------------|--------------|--|
| 1. Anti-Christ     | GM           | Stated goal: organizing most evil team ever.                     |
| 2. Johnny Cochran  | Running Back | Stiff-arm can even block justice.                                |
| 3. Hitler          | Quarterback  | Weak arm, incredible motivator. Bonus: designs quality uniforms. |
| 4. Old Man Henshaw | Nose Tackle  | Man, that guy was "evil."  |

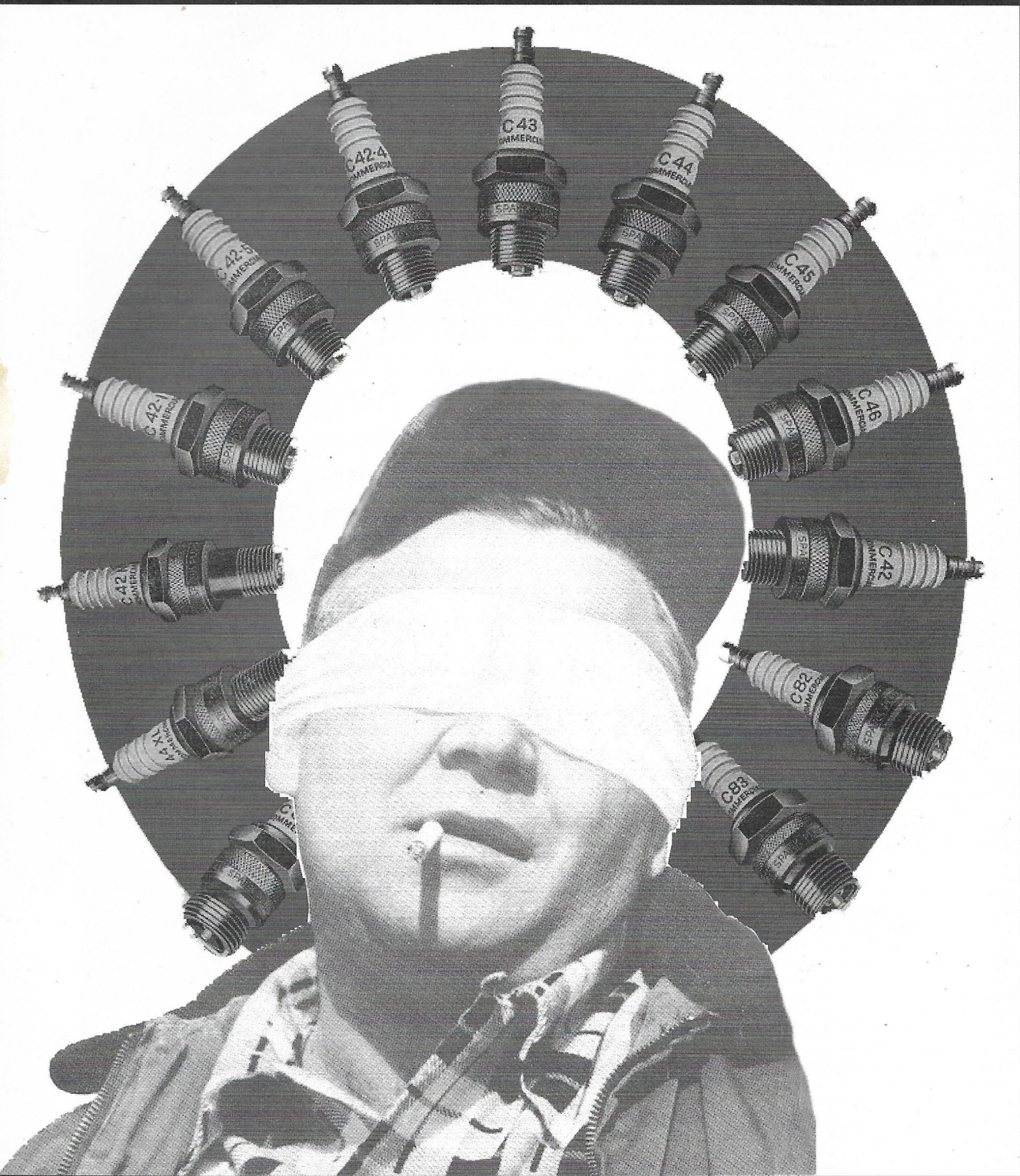
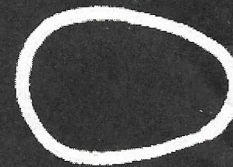


*I've got my winners!*

## Credits

Covers • Saxon  
 Dylan Quiz • Gohlke  
 Now That • Peiffer  
 John Wayne • Saxon  
 Joe Pesci Gandhi • Saxon  
 Ike Eisenhower • Saxon  
 Veal Cow • Lucy  
 No Fear • Saxon  
 Georgia • A. Hoover, Pierce  
 Chingle Comics • S. Smith  
 British Mystery • Peiffer  
 MLM & Cereal Boy • Onstad  
 Page Twelve • Onstad  
 Who's On First • Crane  
 Dead Baby History • Staff  
 Marguerite Driver • Saxon  
 Bullfight • Lampson, Onstad  
 Airline Safety • Pearl  
 Caves • Gohlke, Saxon, Peiffer  
 Oracle • Lampson  
 Appendix • Staff  
 Fantasy Football • Staff

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