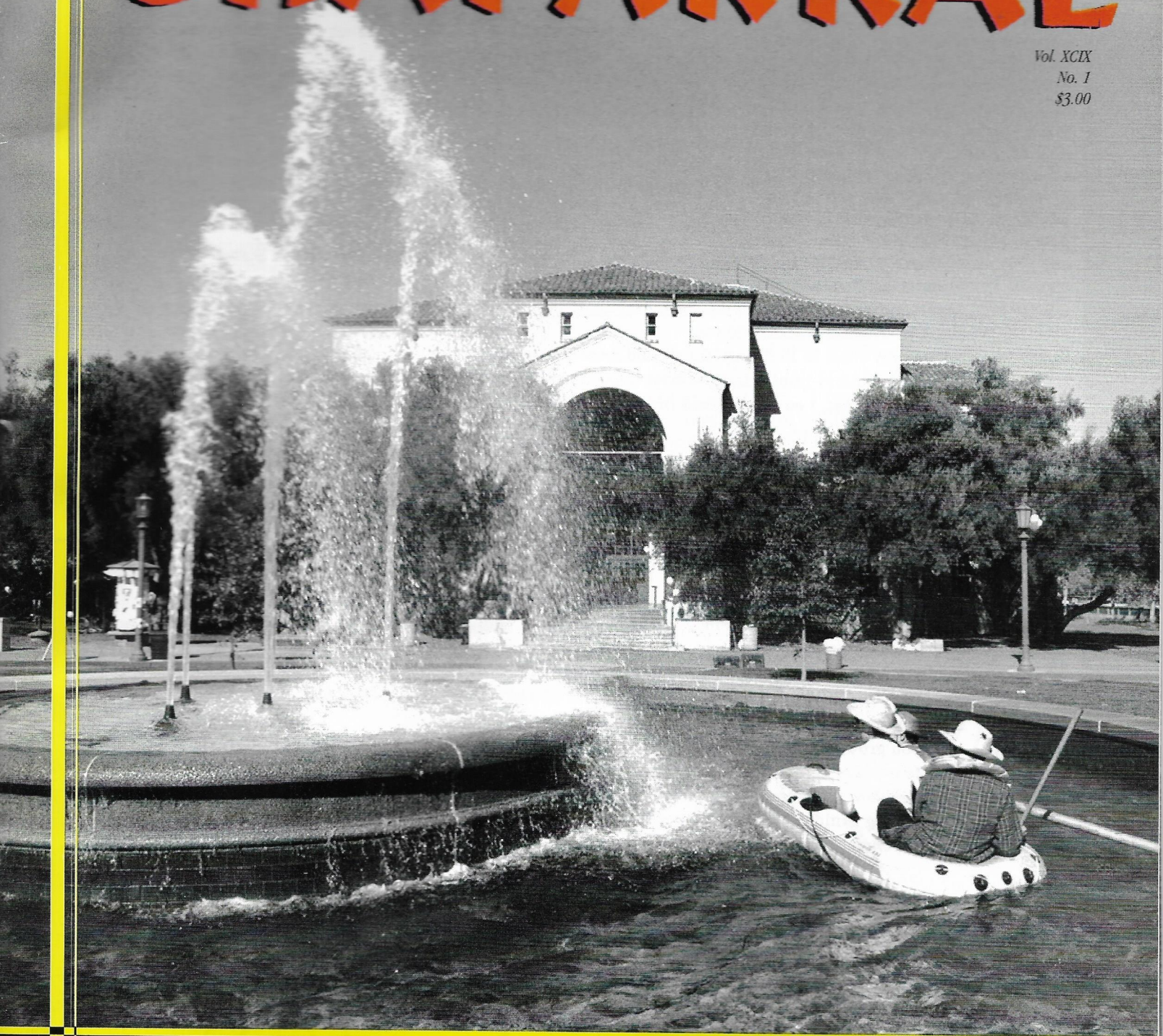




STANFORD CHAPARRAL

Vol. XCIX
No. 1
\$3.00



Heart of Darkness #
September 1997



STANFORD UNIVERSITY

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

Congratulations, and welcome to Stanford University! You now attend the United States' premier academic institution, one of the finest in the world. You will find challenges and opportunities here of which you have heretofore never dreamed, and I encourage you to explore every possibility available to you.

From my chair in Building 10 I sit and draft these lines to you. Perhaps you read this seated at your dormitory-issued desk—a trim wooden model, or perhaps an older version with an upholstered seat. I envy you these first few days of university life: new friends, new professors, new ideas.

But mostly, I envy you that normal-size seat. I guess because I'm the President I have to sit in a larger seat than everybody else. But I really don't need this big of a seat!

Stanford University has developed some of the modern world's leading technologies, and has educated some of America's most influential thinkers. In Stanford's 106 years as a liberal arts institution we have been instrumental as an index of scientific and intellectual achievement, and you, although new to The Farm, now help to define the parameters of modern academia.

You also probably have a more comfortable seat than me, even though because I am the President you'd think I could pick out one that I liked.

It is not uncommon for a serious student to spend long nights under the light of his or her study lamp, mastering a favorite subject. *Similarly, it is not uncommon for me to look around my office for pillows and large binders to fill out all the empty space in this big chair. I am constantly propping myself up, so that I do not lean over in a comical way.*

As you grow, Stanford grows; she will always be a beacon to your intellectual curiosity. Your next four years here will challenge you profoundly, *in much the same way that I challenge anyone to explain why I need this honkin' big of a seat.*

If visiting Building 10, please knock first *so that I have time to excavate myself from this gigantic chair.* I would love to meet you sometime.

Sincerely,

Gerhard Casper
President of the University

Campus anxious for arrival

By Derek Lemmon
Staff Writer

Stanford has been preparing all summer for the arrival of the class of 2001, but no student's arrival has been more anticipated than that of Betsy Hunt. Betsy is an outstanding student and also tested very well on her SATs. Despite her personal achievements, most people still think of her as the daughter of William Hunt, an upstanding member of the community. To the university, though, it is important that everything be just perfect when she arrives.

The most pressing concern, of course, is Betsy's safety in the Otero dormitory, where she will be living this year. Janitor Philip Clark has been in charge of Otero security for ten years, and says that all of the appropriate safety measures will be taken. "All of the doors will have locks on them, just like last year," said Clark. "Also, we have a guy who comes around at midnight and locks

all the entry doors. Unless, of course, they vote against this in dorm meeting. Then we will leave them unlocked." When asked if he feels any extra responsibility now that Betsy will be in residence, Mr. Clark replied: "Of course I do. That girl has a Powerbook that's worth over two thousand dollars."

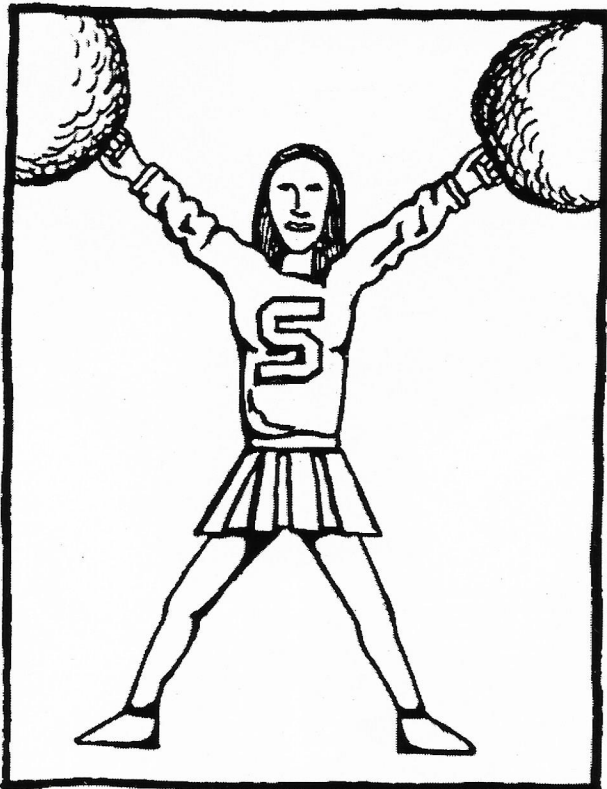
Betsy rarely talks about her father, but when she does, her tone is candid, but respectful. "My father has been fixing air conditioners for twenty years now," she says fondly. "I think everyone respects him for that."

While recognizing her father's achievements, Betsy insists that she doesn't want any special treatment during her stay on the farm. "All I want is to lead a normal life here. I don't want anyone treating me differently because of who my father is. Certainly, I can answer some questions about my father's work in air conditioning, but I'd rather that people got to know the real me." Betsy hopes that she will not be

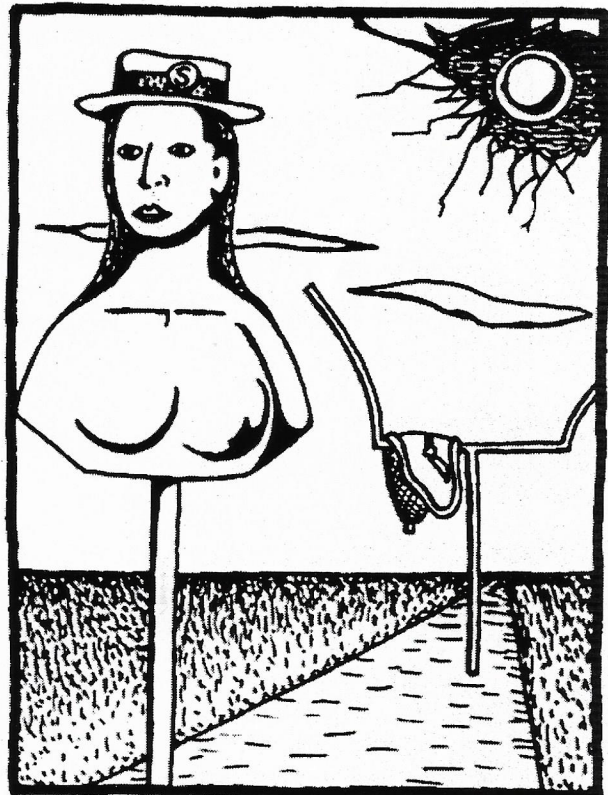
hassled by the press while she is trying to study, and plans to "let loose" at a few parties this year.

The Hunt family put a lot of thought into Betsy's college decision and are happy with Stanford as their choice. "San Francisco will be like our second home," said William Hunt, in a rare interview. The Amtrak train, which runs from San Diego to San Francisco, has onboard restrooms as well as its own security system to ensure the comfort and safety of the Hunt family while they travel to visit their daughter. "You have to turn the handles on all the exit doors to open them," said one Amtrak spokesman. "That way kids won't fall out accidentally." Is it difficult for Betsy to live in her father's shadow? "Not really," she says, "I respect what my father has done, but I need to go in my own direction. I feel very fortunate that I have the opportunity to study computers, or medicine, so I won't have to rely on fixing air conditioners for a living."

Stanford Dolly



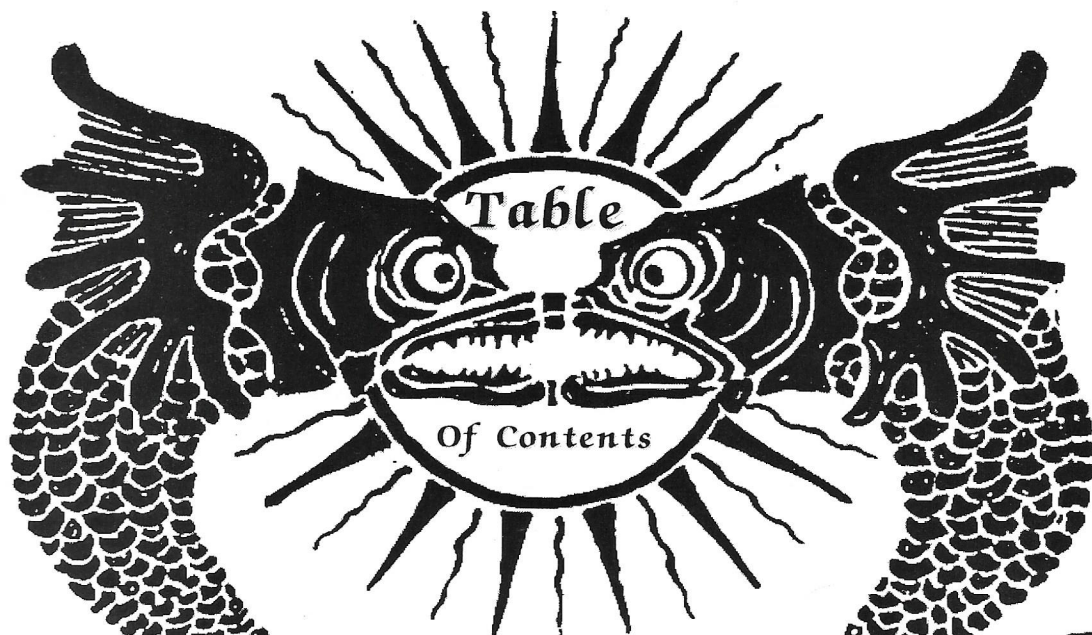
Stanford Dali



STANFORD

Chaparral

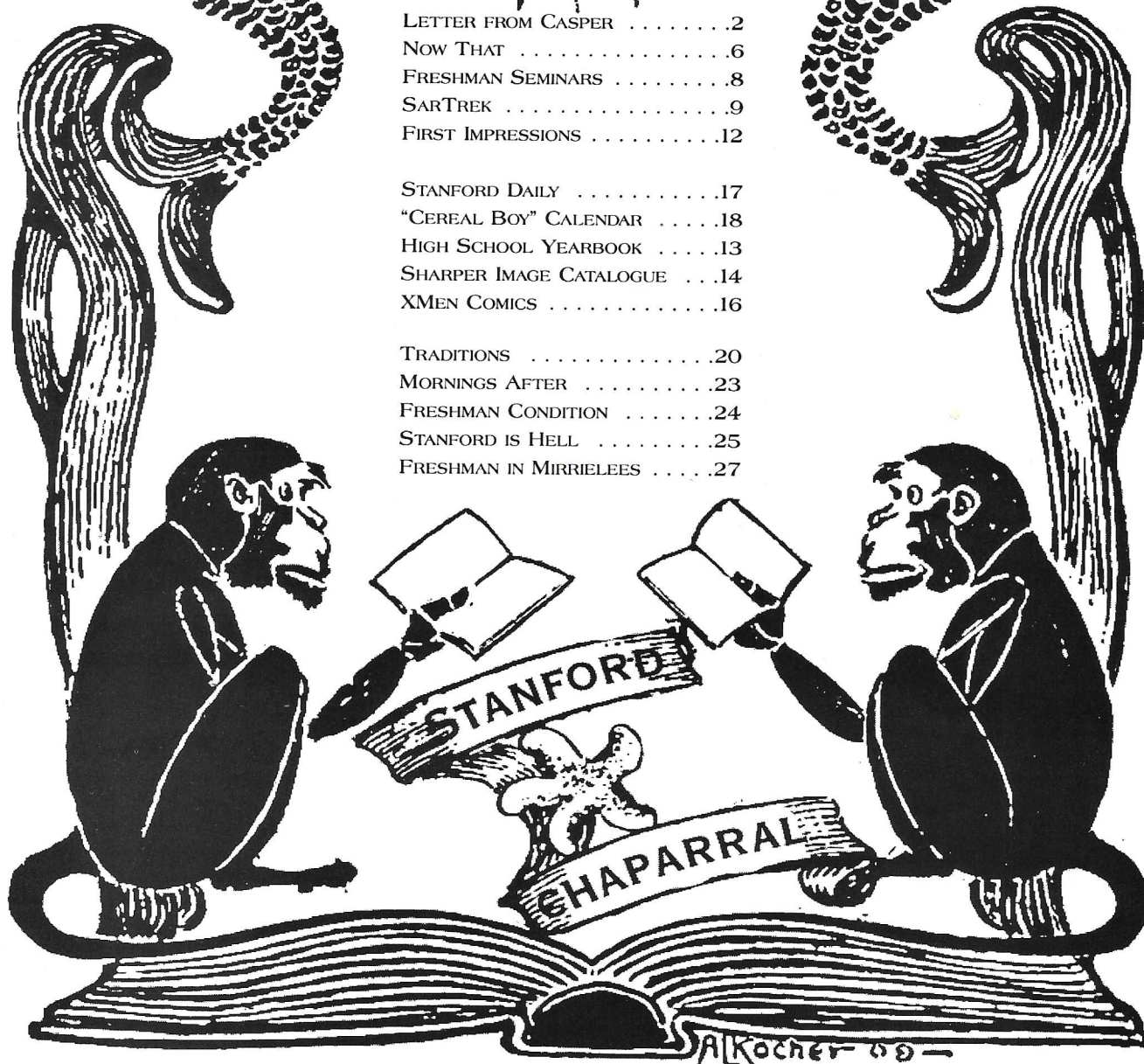




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The Stanford Chaparral

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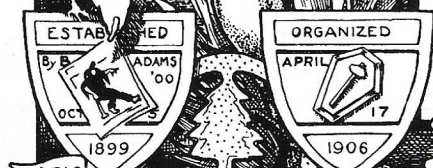
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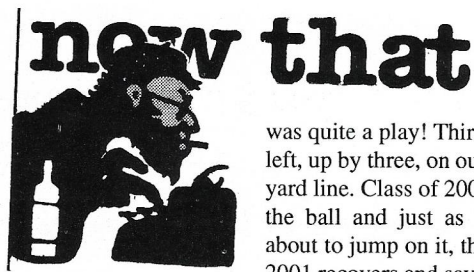
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TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS



now that

was quite a play! Thirty seconds left, up by three, on our own five yard line. Class of 2000 fumbles the ball and just as Famine is about to jump on it, the Class of 2001 recovers and saves the day.

The young freshman promises a new era, a better tomorrow, a monolith rising from the great fetus in the cosmos in the sky. The chaos anticipated at the end of the millennium subverted by the Class of

2001, a gentle reminder that at least according to *someone's* plan we're going to make it another year.

Skeptics still abound and the rash of untimely deaths and major strikes will probably make their warning whistle stronger and louder. Men on soap boxes preaching their idiot wisdom to anyone who will listen and mostly to those who won't. Who is hurt by this lunacy? It's me and you - the regular Joes who have enough on our minds without having to worry whether or not come 2000 every bank computer is going to crash and that having been raised on a double heaping Christmas dose of "It's a Wonderful Life," everyone's going to make a run for their savings faster than a shit through a short dog. Here's an

example - My grandmother took her car to get fixed once. The mechanic told her that it wasn't worth it to make the repairs since in three years she would be dead. My grandmother was at first frightened by this proclamation, but later learned that he was a Seventh Day Adventist and in his expert opinion believed that the end of the world was bound to hit sometime around the time her warranty ran out. Revelations had predicted the second coming and at her judgment, whether or not her Chrysler met emissions standards would make little difference. The end of the millennium is an exciting time, but like good acid, it should be taken with a cube of sugar. It is merely a projection of a much greater danger, that of the criminally insane. You, know the ones who wander Palo Alto in their tattered Brooks Brothers suits still mumbling about the bad lard futures deal that took away their house and their Porsche and sent their wife running off with the chiropractor.

So, with that said, it warms the heart a little to know that despite the fin de siècle madness that will soon overwhelm us, a new batch of fresh young sea(wo)men have climbed aboard the S.S. Stanford on its journey through the heart of darkness, awash in seas of confusion, unafraid of their graduation day when, if we are to believe the tabloids, their departments may no longer be funded, California might be under a hundred feet of water, or worse, the earth shall have tumbled from its padded cradle, perched precariously atop sweat-shop employees.

I do not envy them their position. They have a lot of tradition riding on their calcium deprived shoulders and they have to carry the burden through the information age vortex not knowing if at the end of the tunnel is a bright light or just another dim computer screen.

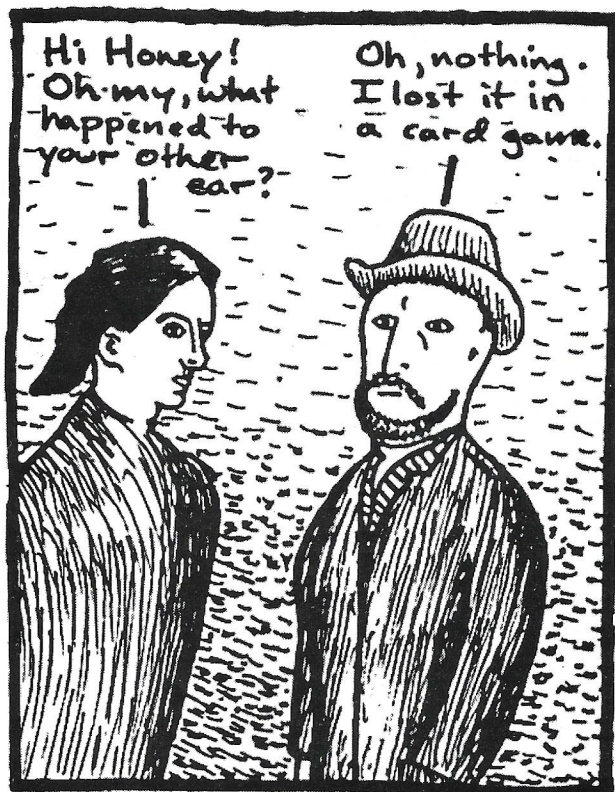
But enough of this doomsday banter, let's talk about something that matters - The Stanford Chaparral. The shiny new magazine you hold in your sweaty hands is actually in its 99th year. That's right, for ninety-nine volumes now, the Chaparral has been making people laugh with its irreverent brand of humor, surviving two world wars, the Nixon years and two Back to the Future sequels in the process. What would your life be without the Chaparral? Fortunately for you, you'll never have to know. But with our promise to make your life at Stanford enjoyable comes your promise to make life at Stanford enjoyable. If you like humor, then come and join our ranks and create mirth. If you like doing stupid stuff, then do stupid stuff so that we have something to write about. And as the editor of the most important Stanford resource, I have an obligation to give a few words of advice about this Taco Bell we call home:

- Stanford is yours, take it back. Steal stuff if you want to. It's yours, you paid for it. Take it and put it in your room. Yeah, yeah, I know. The university will tell you that your tuition only covers a fraction of what it costs to run this place. The rest, they say, comes from the Government and from private donations. Where do you think the Government gets its

money? From you. And big business? From you. One way or another you can trace every dollar this university spends to people just like you. So if you want that micro-pipette to more efficiently make Ramen, then go ahead and take it because people like you paid for it and they'd want you to have it. They told me so.

- Secondly, leave the area. The land around this place is beautifully scenic and if that doesn't interest you, then the casinos in Reno will and they're only three hours away and they never card and either Hall or Oates is always playing with either Sigfried or Roy, though not together anymore, and you can always get an eighty ounce steak for the nickels dropped by arthritic slot machine players. Remember, it's way too easy to get lost in this utopia cum laude. A friend visiting me once asked, Do they pay you for being a subject in the Biosphere 2 experiment? Ha, Ha, very funny, I answered and went back to eating my food pellet.

- And lastly, if you're tired of the fact that this university is often dull and lifeless; if you wonder why nobody here is interesting or really interested in anything, then come to the Chaparral. We'll take care of you. We take our humor quite seriously and we know that it's ideas like trying to take a washing machine and launch it into space that have changed the face of humanity. We're dedicated to great ideas like those and we're willing to continue trying them until we've either made a band-aid large enough to fix this world's malaise or blown ourselves to smithereens trying.



English 87X

HARDY AND DICKENS

FRESH-S | APPLY | 4 UNITS | S/NC ONLY

Prerequisite: Students with no background in either literary theory or psychology will be admitted before students who have background in literary theory or psychology.

By the late nineteenth century Dickens' work had penetrated England's social consciousness, defining many aspects of the contemporary human experience. Yet, as students in this course will discover, his work is strangely appealing in this temporally distant time, historically relevant but also like a dreamy peninsula of turgid possibility, hearkening to the dawn of modern consciousness. Deeply sheathed in the folds of history, his lengthy novels continue to delight readers of all ages and intellectual milieu.

Students in this course will read from several primary texts in an attempt to identify the modern appeal of Dickens. The opinion that fetishization of Dickens' work is residual of a particularly secluded childhood will be soundly denounced with a barrage of tired literary terminology.



Jocelyn Marsh, who is from England, is an assistant professor of English who specializes in the works of authors from England. Ms. Marsh has worked extensively with the works of Charles Dickens, although out of casual interest she often picks up novels by such other authors as Hardy, Balzac, and Erecto.

One time during her class she screened *Last Year at Marienbad* and I fell asleep on my arm. It went numb for like two days, which sucked.

English 17X

INSANITY AND THE INSANE
IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

SOPH - S | 3-4 UNITS

Prerequisite: This course contains mature subject matter dealing with the issues of insanity and other psychotic disorders. It is recommended that students have had previous experience with insanity in literature and have worked critically with texts such as Dostoyevsky's The Idiots and Barry William's Growing Up Brady.

The subject of insanity has been given enormous treatment in literature. Textbooks have given it some, as well as have several shorter paperback books by various professors. The book as the conduit from the self to the public often gives the truest impression of the state of soul of the author. It is known that Descartes once spent three years inside an oven, after which he wrote a polyprescient piece of music which would not be recorded for several hundred years—then under the title of *Naughty By Nature*.



Cynthia Jones is professor of English. In 1985, she received an A.B. and Ph.D in English from Stanford University through a co-terminal program where students get an A.B. and Ph.D after six years of study. None of you will be allowed to apply for this program, however, because it is no longer offered and you're probably too dumb to get a Ph.D anyway.

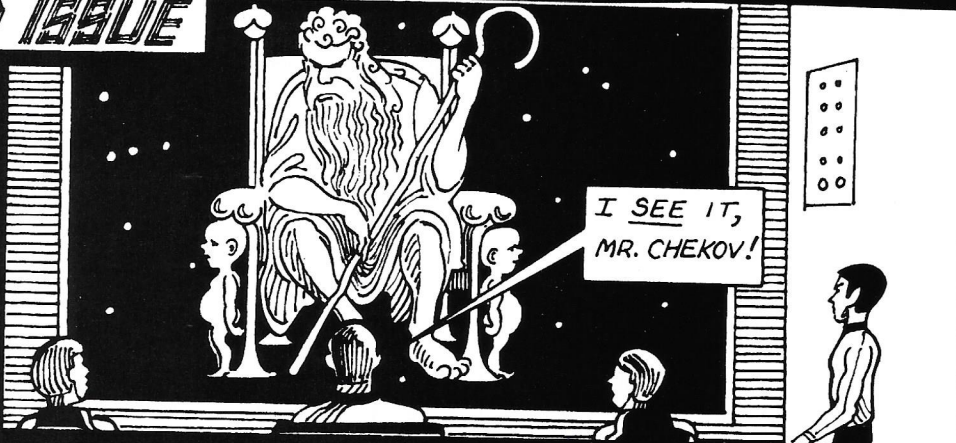
Professor Jones has written extensively on the insane in literature. When she was an undergraduate at Stanford, she even got to meet an insane person once. His name was Wayne and he made her grossly uncomfortable. Afterwards she had a milkshake to calm down. Besides meeting insane people, Professor Jones was also on the field hockey team during her undergraduate years, but you don't have to think that that is important.



THE GOD ISSUE



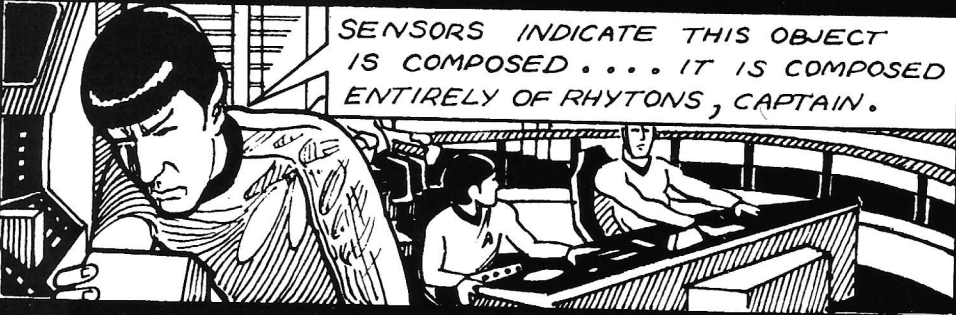
OBJECT AHEAD, KIPTIN!



I SEE IT, MR. CHEKOV!



WHAT DO THE SENSORS INDICATE, MR. SPOCK?



SENSORS INDICATE THIS OBJECT IS COMPOSED . . . IT IS COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF RHYTONS, CAPTAIN.



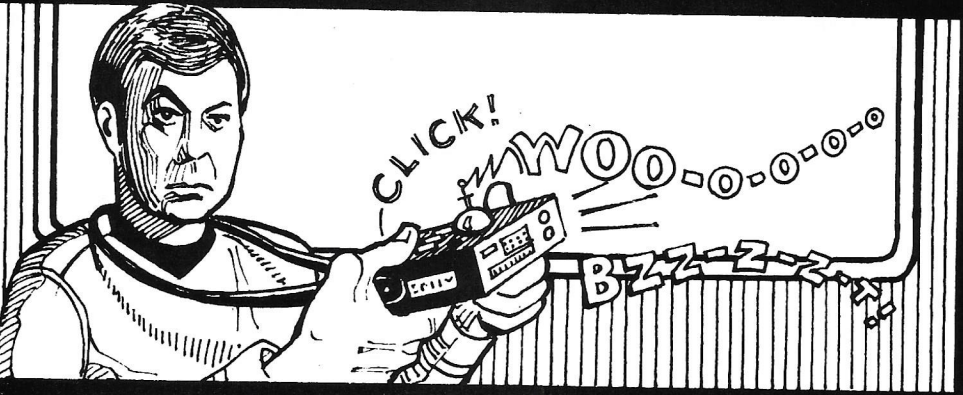
BUT SPOCK! RHYTONS EXIST ONLY IN THEORY. IF THIS OBJECT IS COMPOSED OF RHYTONS IT MUST BE . . .



QUITE RIGHT, CAPTAIN: OMNISCIENT, OMNIPOTENT & OMNIPRESENT. THIS OBJECT IS GOD.



BONES! GET A READING ON HIM!



CLICK!
WOO-O-O-O-O-O
BZZ-Z-Z-Z-Z

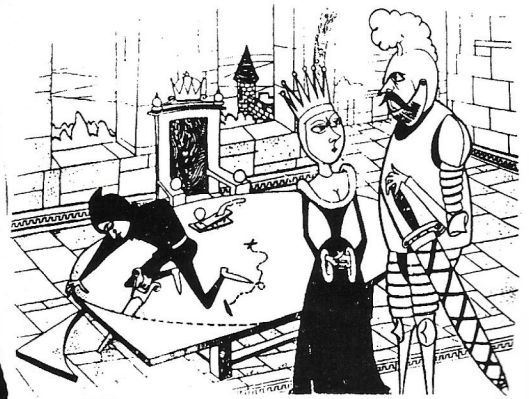


HE'S DEAD, JIM!

Danziggy



"Whitney...put your train away.
It's bed-time."

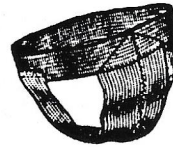


"I don't know...Arthur thinks it's a good idea."

DENNIS THE MERCILESS

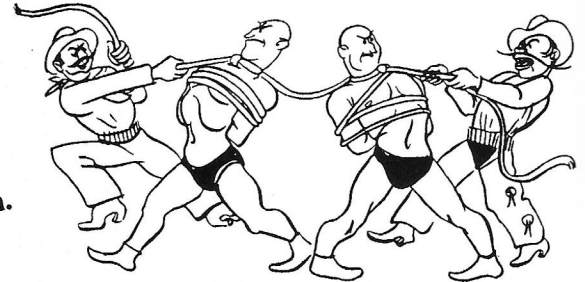


"Hey Dad, me and Joey cut this cat's
legs right off. Now it's a furry
worm!"



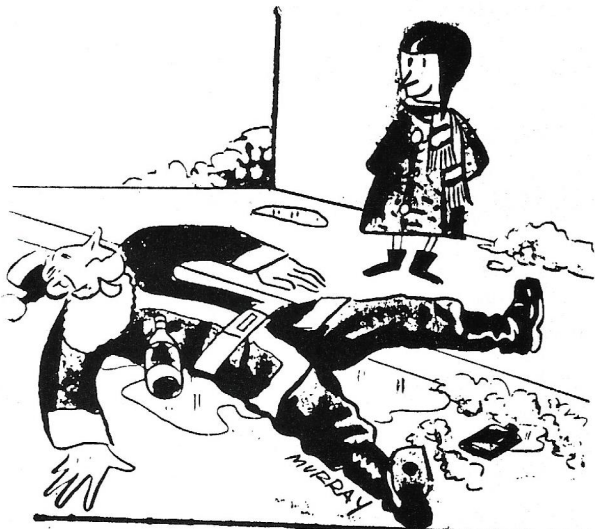
Illegal use
of
pyramid power to
sharpen razorblades

You've got a tumor in
your head, Charlie Brown.

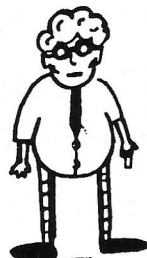


RUSSLERS RUSSLIN RUSSLERS

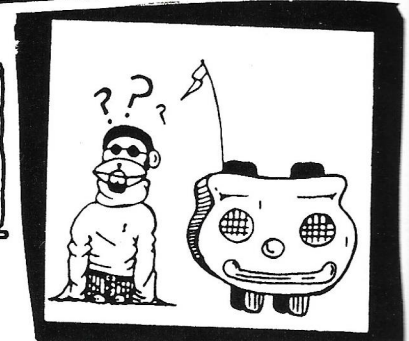
GRACELAND 1977



"...and a red scooter, and an electric train, and..."

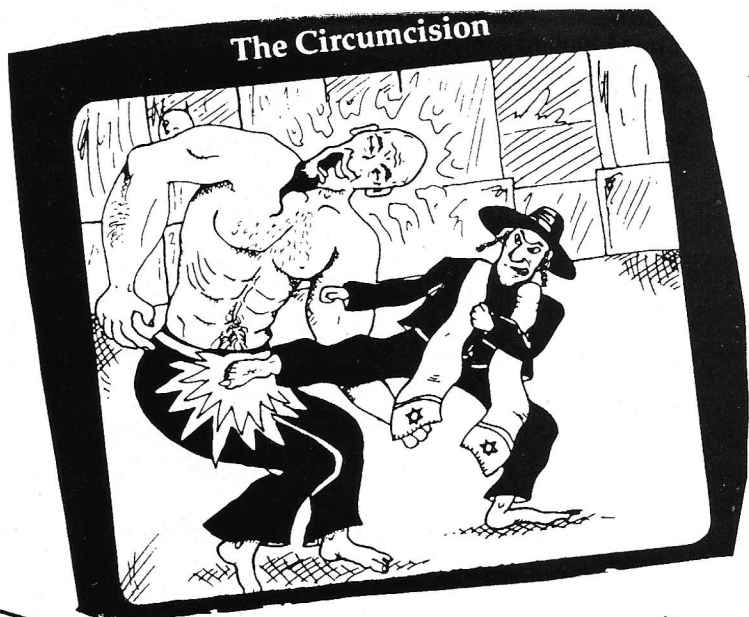


Homework for Mon.:
Beat
Call
(3001 5, 1-7, 0, 1, 3, 2)

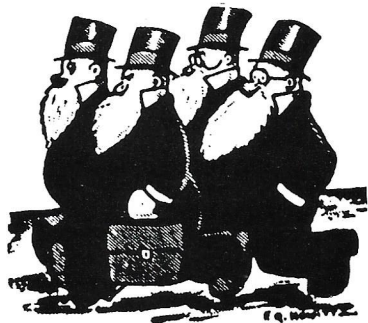




BOOTLES:
HAVE
THEY
GONE
TOO
FAR?
YES.



Referee Gives Up Smoking



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



"THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM."
[Sketched from life at the Novelty Theatre.]



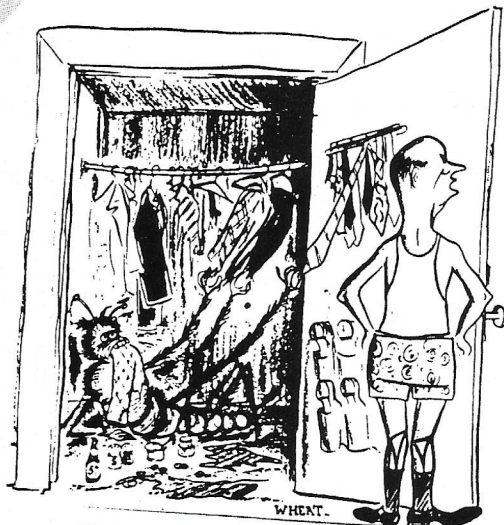
"HOT GARLIC DICK. Trick your favorite oral sex partner with this "cunning" joke. Flavored with de-



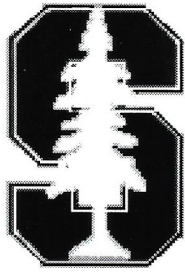
THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW.



OFFICIAL TIME-OUT: Airplane on Field

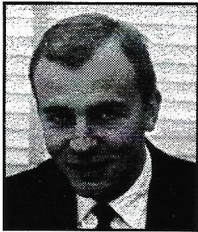


"Martha, bring me a mothball."



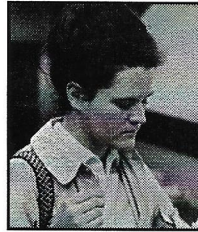
Incoming Freshman Speak Candidly
about Their First Days on the Farm

So, How Do You Like It So Far?



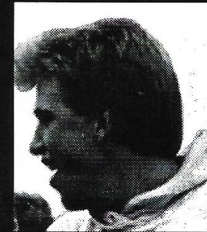
I had a nightmare in which David Bowie played a major part. At approximately 4am I awoke and checked my email and CDNow had mailed me something about a new "Best of Bowie" 2-disc set.

Curtis Alhambra
Nantucket, CT



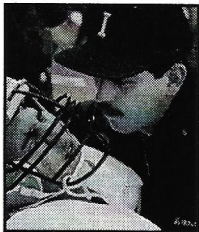
"Some girls from my dorm went to the CoHo. They didn't really invite me to go along, so I stayed home and made a quesadilla in the kitchenette. It was pretty good."

Lisa Edmonds
Nashville, TN



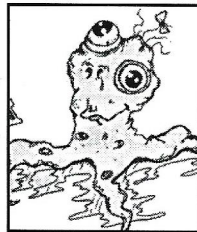
"I woke up early this morning to go for a run, and my RA was sitting in the lounge, repeating the phrase 'Goodbye, whiskey,' over and over. It was kinda weird, so I went and got him a Juice Club."

Jonathan Salter
Avon, CO



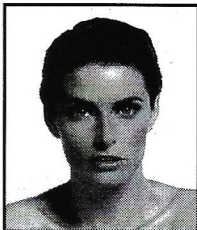
A guy showed me how to keep my cigarette end from touching the old butts in the ashtray. At MuFuUnSun I was hit by a Frisbee.

Ed Gazzopatto
Bayonne, NJ



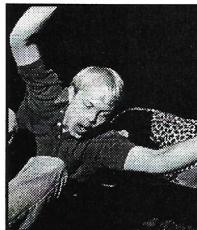
This is so much better than Science High School. At Science High School it was awful.

Cataguhophil Morphan
Touhey, TO



I already have to read the Epic of Gilgamesh for the first day of CIV. We haven't even been to class yet! Fuck this place. Fuck this place to hell.

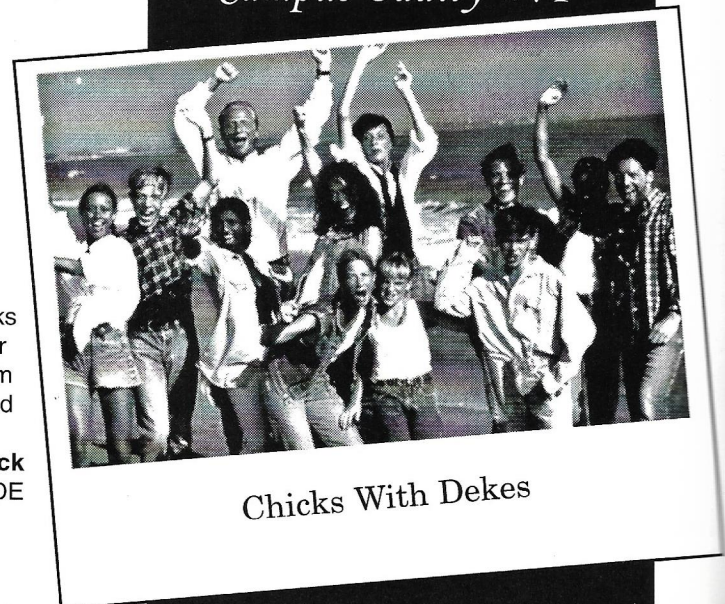
Barbara Wyons
Fairbanks, AL



I hear there is a man who works at Meyer Library, named Meyer Library Man. If you befriend him you can meet "Cereal Boy," and they will "smoke" you out.

Colin Rasgrubeck
Avenue, DE

Campus Oddity #71



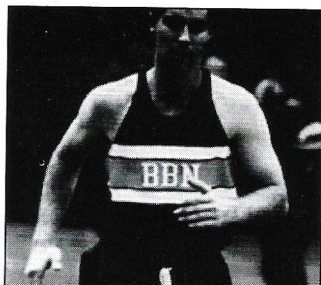
Chicks With Dekes

Hubert Cross

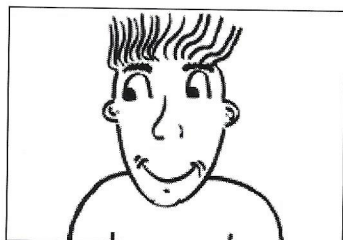
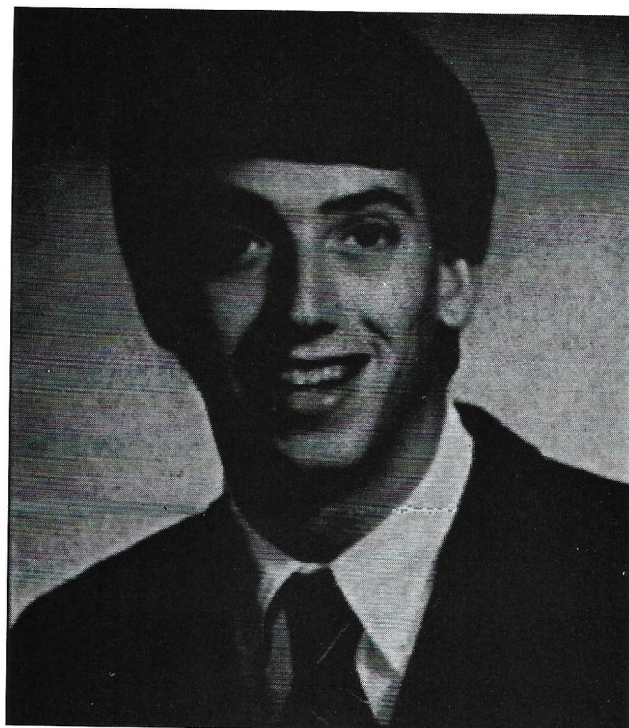
Ridgeworth High Class of 1997



Megan, you are my favorite and only younger sister. I am older than you, because I was born first. You are younger, and no one can ever take that away from us.



As you can see, I was very athletic in high school. In this picture, I am running at 100 miles per hour.



Some words that have helped me get through it all...

"If you're not now, you never were"
----Suicidal Tendencies

"If you're not Albert, you're Timothy. You suckers all look alike."

---My priest

Hubert, you're sitting on my arm. Please go back into the basement.

---My mom

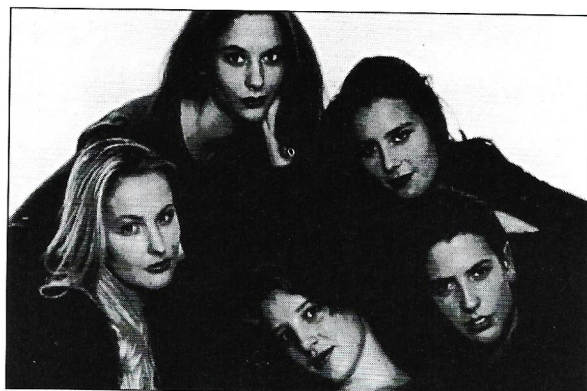
Tony, my bud, my boy, my partner in crime. We were a pair of cunning rogues, were we not? I hope, some day, you come to life.



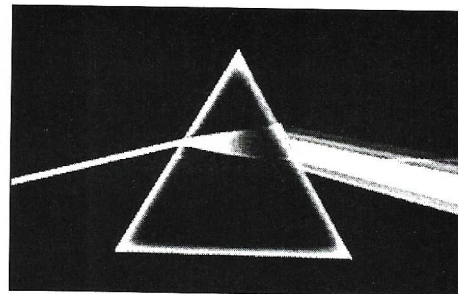
This mountain is not the only obstacle I have overcome. I also got a 4 on my Calculus AP exam. Not only that, I also climbed another, slightly smaller mountain, in a car.

And who can forget?...

That party where I threw up



I have had sex with one of these girls. Can you guess which one? Or maybe I didn't. But I could have. Psych!



You will never understand how deep and complicated my thoughts are, but this picture comes as close as anything so far.

You can write to me in this box!

Hubie, hope you weren't serious about that restraining order! I'll be in touch. ♡ Maggie

THE SHARPER IMAGE

GIFT CATALOGUE

1997 • 1998

Ritchie Sambora Barbecue Sauce Gun

They said it would never happen. They said it couldn't be done. But the fusion of Glamour Rock and high-quality outdoor grilling tackle was inevitable. This year, thanks to the wonders of modern science, the **Ritchie Sambora Barbecue Sauce Gun** is finally a reality. Now you can have hours of fun, as well as tasty barbecue, as Bon Jovi guitarist Ritchie Sambora bastes your favorite cuts of beef and poultry.

#RG-130



Boating for the Insane

Scientists have agreed for decades that *boating + the insane = disaster*. But now you can treat your unwell friends and loved ones to this forbidden thrill in the privacy of their very own living rooms! **Boating for the Insane** consists of an easy to construct, high voltage chicken-wire cage.

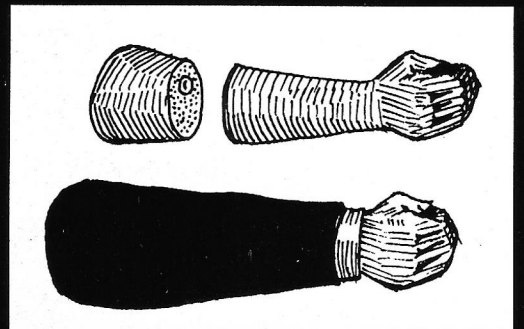
#BI-311



Ham Limb

For the high-powered business executive. Everybody knows that people are only supposed to have two arms, but what if you want an extra arm made of ham—one that you can snack on during those long meetings? The solution is here. Just tuck your regular arm behind your back, insert the **Ham Limb** into your coat sleeve, and munch away!

#HL-32



Bitch, Buy Me a Sandwich

Finally, a Barbie set that's up with the times. **Bitch, Buy Me a Sandwich** features a visit from Rico, Barbie's discourteous ghetto friend. Will Barbie buy him the sandwich that he desires, or will he have to go back to his old ways?

#EJ-136



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Sure, most kids won't like the idea of learning to drive under the watchful eye of Christ, but won't you feel safer? Not only will He keep your child from harm's way, but *Jesus* also frequently offers expert pointers in the ways of traffic etiquette and vehicle maintenance. Jesus will provide His own car.

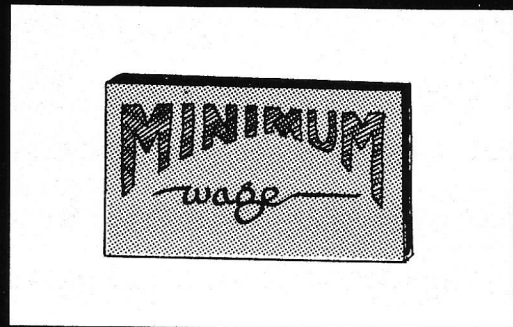
#DL-420



Minimum-Wage Board Game

Kids will play *and* learn the unhappiness of minimum-wage jobs with the **Minimum-Wage Board Game!** Watch as they use the dice and Scenario Cards to recreate fascinating scenes from the minimum wage world. Will "Jenny" get slapped by her boss? Will "Alex" have to clean up urine again? The reality of the undereducated is horrible!

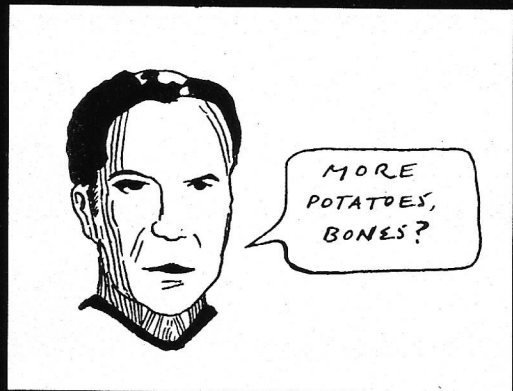
#MWB-54



Talking Lazy Susan

At last, a talking Lazy Susan! Your dinner table will be dull no longer, thanks to this wonderful gift. Does Dad want more mashed potatoes? Does Mom want another ear of delicious corn? The Talking Lazy Susan will find out! The **TLS-3000** monitors dinner table conversation until it senses a silence of greater than 1.5 seconds, at which time it will instantly offer suggestions in the pre-programmed voice of William Shatner.

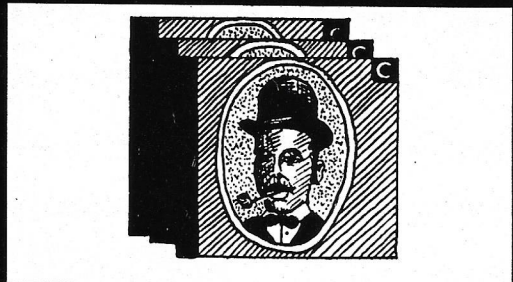
#TLS-3000



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#EJ-136



XMEN COMICS

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Look, Pa,
I'm doing it!

You'll
be done with
those floatees in
no time

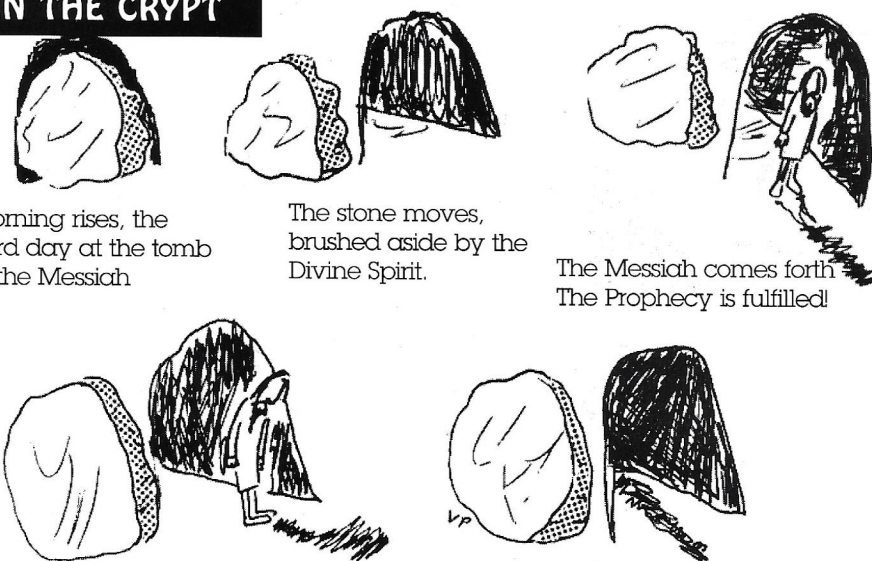


IN THE CRYPT

Morning rises, the
third day at the tomb
of the Messiah

The stone moves,
brushed aside by the
Divine Spirit.

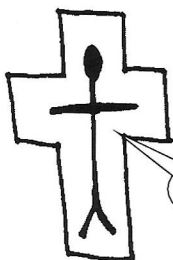
The Messiah comes forth
The Prophecy is fulfilled!



He spies his shadow.

And lo, there will be six
more weeks of winter.

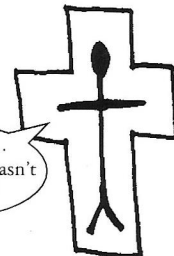
ON THE CROSS



That
Mary Magdalene
shore is hot.



Best
10 Shekels I ever
spent.

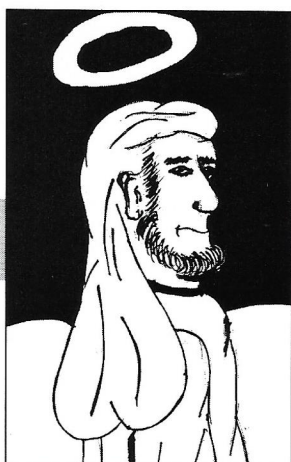


Heh, heh...
shore glad I wasn't
abst'nent!

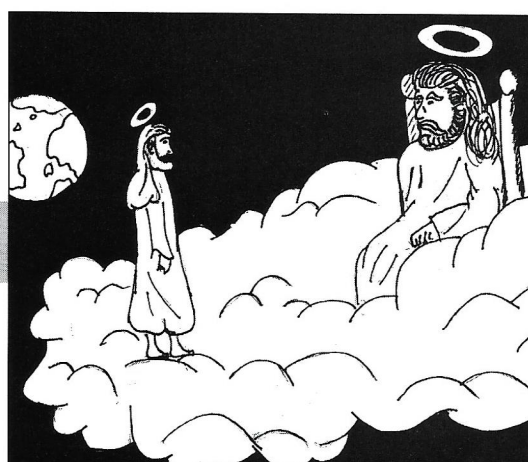
HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS



Jesus: Am I really the chosen one?
God: Of course you are.



J - Then why don't I get any
presents on my birthday?



G - Because you're Jewish.

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The Stanford Chaparral



The Stanford Chaparral



The Stanford Chaparral



The Stanford Chaparral



The Stanford Chaparral

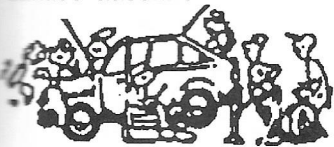


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THE STANFORD DAILY

An Incontinent Newspaper

VOLUME 212, NUMBER 25

106th YEAR

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER, 19 1997

Actor Todd Bridges to deliver graduation address

By James Winthrop
Staff Writer

The Stanford community was rocked yesterday by a report that commencement speaker William Perry is, in fact, not the Secretary of Defense of the United States.

The Perry who was actually chosen is a defensive lineman for the Philadelphia Eagles who is commonly referred to as "The Fridge." One university spokesman was quoted as saying, "Obviously, this is extremely embarrassing. However, we are looking into replacements right now."

Apparently the confusion arose from a Sports Illustrated article on Perry in which he was referred to as the "Secretary of Defense" of the famed 1985 Chicago Bears Super Bowl championship football team. As of press time, the individual or individuals responsible for this administrative gaffe have not been named.

President Casper offered one explanation as to the confusion. "I think some mischievous students tapped into my e-mail account. It's amazing what one or two well placed false memos can do."

When actual Secretary of Defense Michael Dean Perry learned of the mix up, he was reportedly amused and relieved that he would not actually have to give a speech, as he's been "afraid of [words] since an incident involving a Speak 'n Spell and several dead family members."

Sources from within the president's office have indicated that the as yet unnamed replacement speaker will most likely be actor Todd Bridges. Bridges is best known from his role as Willis on the popular 1980's sitcom *Diff'rent Strokes*.



Todd Bridges, seated on the right, will speak at Stanford's 104th commencement on Sunday, June 18th. His speech will cover a variety of topics, including outer space and Mexican food.

When asked about the likelihood that the class of '95 will be addressed by Bridges at their commencement, Dean of Student Affairs Michael Jackson said "...as I see it, he's a lock."

Bridges is currently serving three concurrent life sentences for convictions on two counts of attempted murder and three counts of car bombing. Apparently, one of the cars was parked.

Bridges recently completed the new Stanford by Mail degree in prison. The warden claimed that Bridges has been a model prisoner

and that there should be no problem arranging for him to speak at Stanford, "provided, of course, that he is cuffed for the entirety of the speech."

The president's office was not available for comment on the potential selection of Bridges as commencement speaker. One completely unqualified non-expert was asked (in the absence of qualified experts) to speculate on possible motives for choosing a convicted felon to speak to some of the best and brightest graduates in the nation.

"Last year's speech by Mother
Please See BRIDGES, page 2

Canada calls it quits

OTTAWA, Canada (AP) — Early this morning, Canadian officials announced that Canada has decided to discontinue its pursuit to maintain its status as a nation.

According to Press Secretary Jacque Voltreaux, Canadian policy makers had decided that "they have given the whole country thing their best try, but it just isn't working out."

The Canadian government will commence the notification of its constituents tomorrow, when a small army of Mounties will depart from the capital on horseback bearing the sad news.

Residents of the former nation will have various options as to how to carry on the remainder of their post-Canada lives. The original plan was for Canada to go back to being a French territory, but, according to French Foreign Affairs Chaplain Rupert Canard, France has vehemently refused responsibility for the huge land mass.

"We have no use for the former Canada at this point,"

said Canard. "It's really more trouble than it's worth. It's also very, very cold."

Numerous other options are set forth in a helpful pamphlet, "So Your Country's Gone Under," which will be the swan song of the nation's literary staple, the Canadian National Press. Inside are sections headed by such phrases as "How To Start Your Own Nation For Under \$25," "Load Up Your Moose And Leave," and "In Cuba You Don't Need a Parka."

Canadian Prime Minister Jean-Pierre Lousseau offered behind-the-scenes information revealing how the decision was finally reached. "Presiding over an entire nation of people was simply taking up too much of my time," said Canadian Prime Minister Lousseau. "Marla just had the new greenhouse built, and the kids really need a lot of love right now. There comes a point in every man's life when he has to put family first and forget about more frivolous pursuits."

Reactions from the nation

have been mixed. While some expressed surprise, many have seen this coming for a long time. "It was only a matter of time really. I mean, come on, you can only drink so much bad beer. I don't know what we were thinking to begin with," said one particularly salty individual from the city formerly known as Toronto (now Peteville).

Others were more skeptical of the move. "We were a country? I thought we were part of Greenland," said Torontan Pete McKinney. "Anyway, I got my own city now because everybody moved to Cuba or something."

Experts had predicted the announcement after a recent press conference during which the prime minister ended his speech with the statement, "Ah, piss on it. Nobody cares anyway" before leaving the podium frustrated.

"You could tell something was wrong by the sound of his voice. Also, he was in his pajamas," said the lone reporter on the scene.

New fast food restaurant arrives in Tresidder

By Jesse Anderson
Editorial Staff

After years of waiting for a respectable franchise to fill its fast food void, Stanford's prayers will finally be answered with the arrival of a new Sausage Gravy Biscuit Land restaurant. The new restaurant is proposed for a Spring Quarter move into Tresidder.

Recent efforts by SEAS to block the proposed Taco Bell led to Sausage Gravy Biscuit Land's opportunity, Tresidder officials said.

"Sausage Gravy Biscuit Land is infinitely better than a Taco Bell," SEAS representative Watercress Simpson said. "It doesn't support some...stupid dictatorship somewhere in the world. I mean, just look at my buttons."

The restaurant serves up hot biscuits smothered with sausage gravy. There are only two items on the menu: the Sausage Gravy Biscuit and the Super Sausage Gravy Biscuit. Representative of its "devil may care" attitude towards calories, the franchise's slogan is "Our Food is Relatively Easy and Cheap to Make: People Seem to Love It."

Stanford students certainly agree. Since the announcement yesterday, the ASSU has set up a committee of twelve committed, shameless resume-packers to form the "Sausage Gravy Subcommittee."

"We will be in charge of any changes that the students want to make regarding the Sausage Gravy Biscuit format. We believe that Sausage Gravy is a true medium of communication between the students and the administration, and we're here to facilitate that communication. We plan to be a pro-active organization that emphasizes..."

Tresidder officials share ASSU's enthusiasm. "The kids are tired of wimpy salads. This will give the students something to look forward to after jogging around all day like obsessed overachievers. The hot gravy will warm their cold souls," alcoholic Joe Mendoza said.

Asked about his company's future relationship with Stanford, the franchise's CEO, Jay Fernoulli, told the Daily yesterday that "the Super Sausage Gravy Biscuit—man, that's for the really sick rednecks who just love the taste of fat. I'm sorry, but it's true. The Sausage Gravy Biscuit is, to me, pretty gross too. At any rate, we're gonna make Stanford the most bloated and uncomfortable campus in the world."

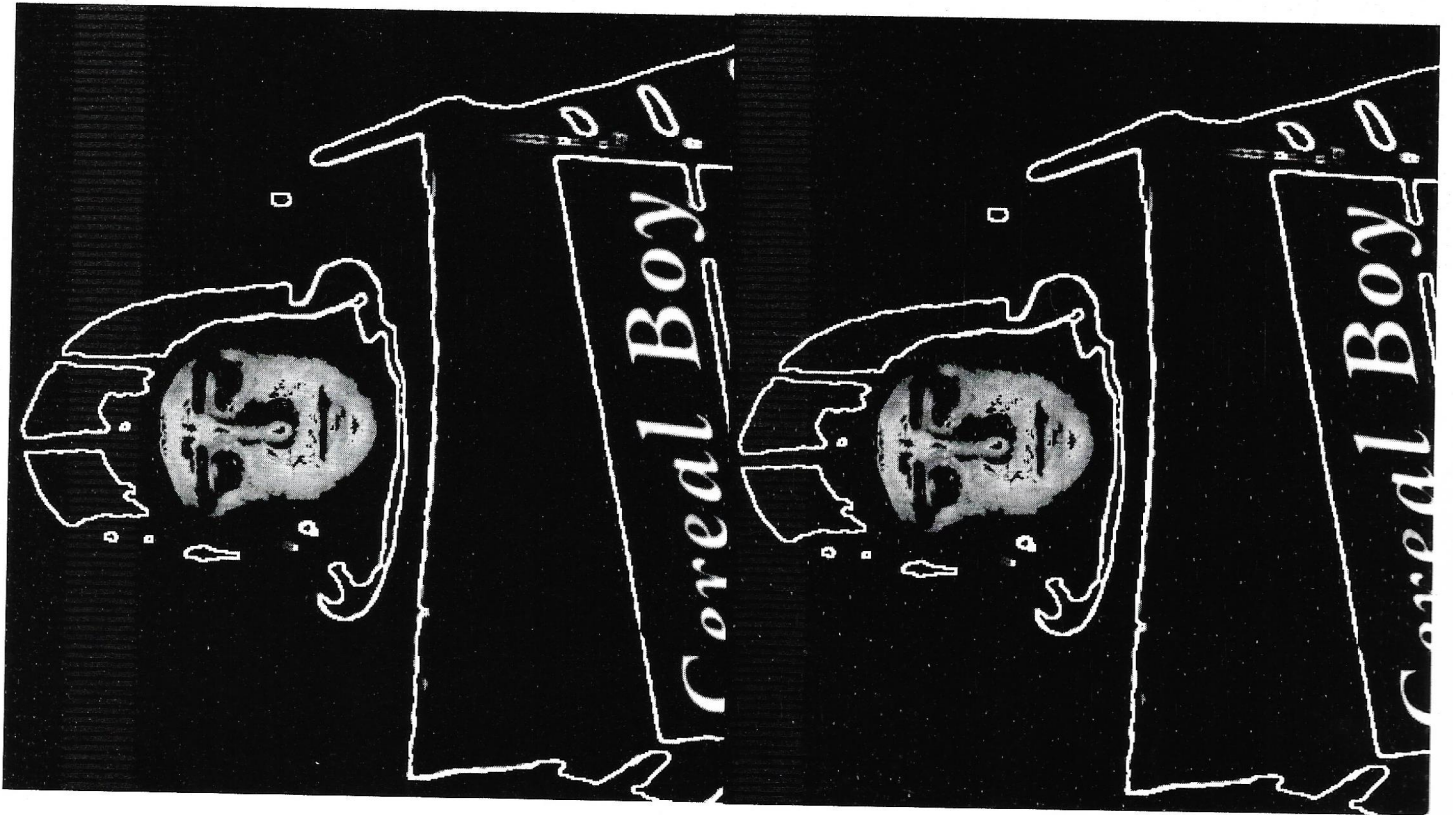
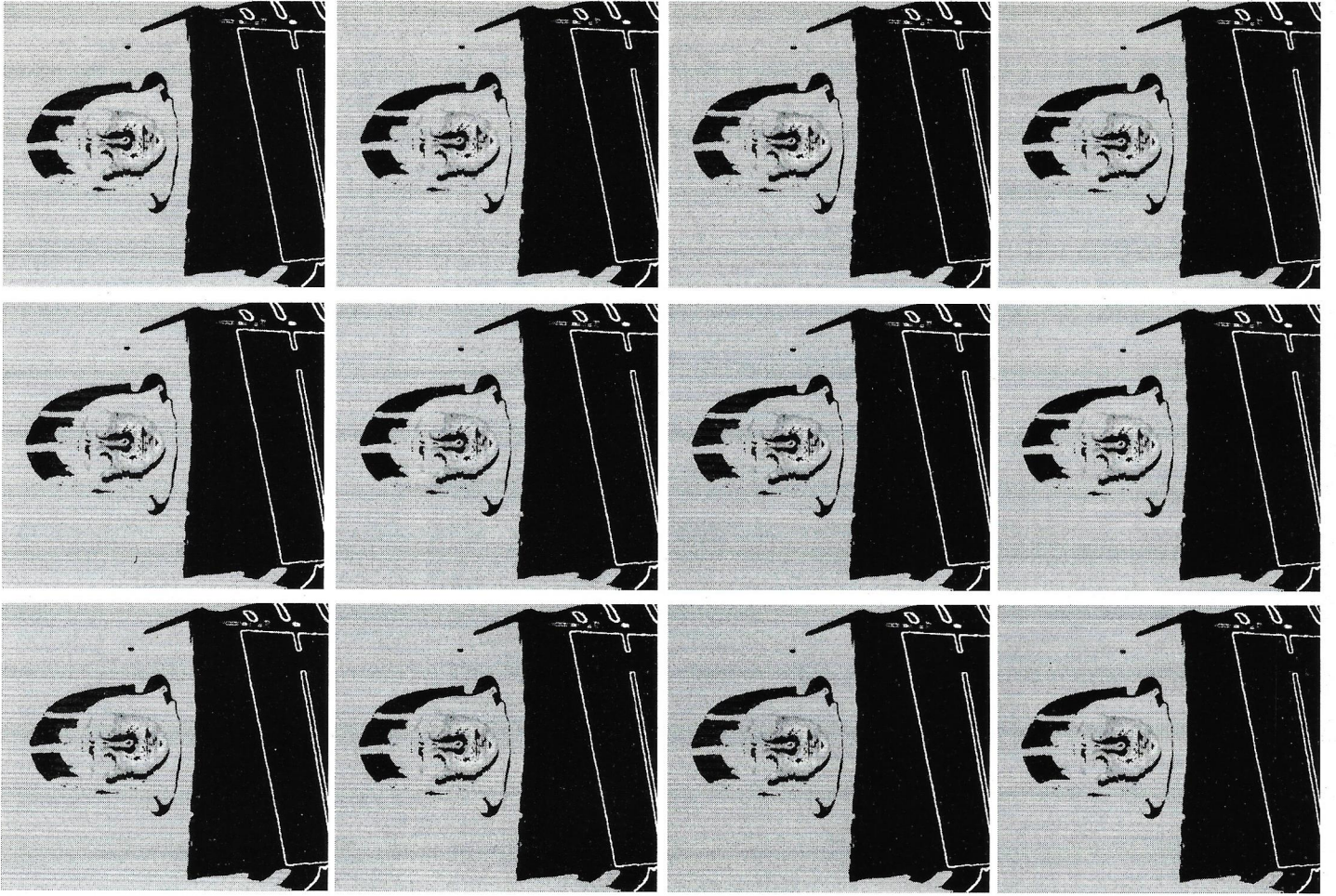
Read
the
Daily.
Eat the
Daily.
Shit the
Daily.

The President needs his keys back

By Gerhard Casper
Contributing Writer

As President of the University, I am asking that whoever stole my keys please return them. I have been locked out of my office for over two weeks now and during that time, I have had no access to any of my papers or files. Also, my pet goldfish are most likely starving. In the name of God, please give me

back my keys! What did I ever do to you? I can't drive my car anymore. I have to walk home. I do not even have a bicycle like most of you students. The cruelty must end. If I do not get my keys back within the next week, I will have no choice but to expel the entire student body.



Mr. October

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	"Cereal Boy" by Andy Warhol	1977	1 You meet Bethany - your first good friend. She seems pretty cool.	2	3	4 October 4th Day
5	6 October 4th Day (Observed)	7	8	9	10	11
12 Time to throw away your velcro wallet!	13	14	15 Bethany sits next to you at lunch. You relive the great times you had following the Band.	16	17 After a tearful phone call, your long-distance girlfriend dumps you because she "needs her space."	18 In order to make her jealous, you sleep with a girl you meet at Alpha Sig.
19	20	21	22 October 21st passes unnoticed	23	24	25 Painful Urination (Ends)
26	27 Painful Urination (Observed)	28 You Cross the Line	29 You Cross Back	30 Painful Urination (Persists)	31 Your <i>Bea Arthur</i> costume makes you many new friends at the Mausoleum party.	

FRESHMAN TRADITIONS

A Guide to Existing Stanford Traditions

- Big Game.** This is always the biggest football game of the year, played against arch-rival "Cal" (Oregon Polytechnic). At issue is possession of the Axe, a medieval implement used to incite school loyalty and execute Fundamental Standard violators.
- Classes.** In this bizarre tradition left over from the free-wheeling days of the 1970s, students assemble in "classrooms" and hear a series of informal lectures on various subjects such as math, chemistry and psychology. The ritual, although little more than a cultish joke at its conception, has showed remarkable durability, surviving repeated attempts by the Casper administration to "crack down" on it.
- Contemporary Jazz Nite at the CoHo.** This new tradition at Stanford shares Tuesday evenings with Twelve-Dollar Pitcher Nite, Obnoxious Counterperson Nite, and Wishing-Death-Upon-a-Room-of-Strangers Nite.
- Full Moon on the Quad.** While the past 100 years have seen the breakdown of much of the ritualized sexual interaction that once defined Western adolescence, charming pockets still persist here and there. Witness the cattle drive of confused freshmen to this event, all waiting to kiss the seven seniors who have lost bets the previous week.
- DKE Jell-O Party.** It is traditional for freshmen to become disgusted with the fraternity system within seven days of their arrival on campus. Now that the DKEs have lost their house, all will have to wait for the Phi Deltas to throw their "Chutney 'n' Speed" party.
- Orientation Night Running of the Band.** This spirited yearly event was documented most vividly by Hemingway in the 1920s. Members of the Stanford marching band bear down the narrow streets of Pamplona, while hordes of delighted freshman scamper to safety in front of them. It is a rare *Running of the Band* that is not tinged with sadness, since the band members have sharp horns and are not aware that they are participating in a playful custom.
- Paly High Seniors.** By far our oldest tradition. Seventeen year old girls were here at fraternity parties when Stanford was founded in 1891 and they have been here ever since. Since there is no precedent for this incredible stamina of life, speculation abounds that the seventeen year old girls are, indeed, immortal.
- Plug-Ugly Day.** Every male student sports a squat, full-brimmed hat known as a "plug." Freshmen are beaten soundly by good-natured upper-classmen, and various prizes are awarded at the Jolly-Ball held that evening.



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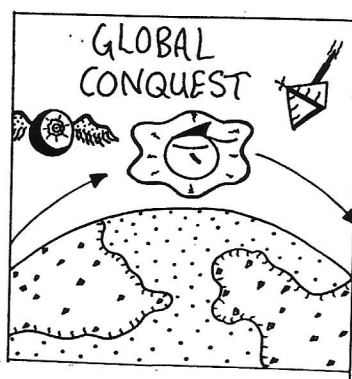
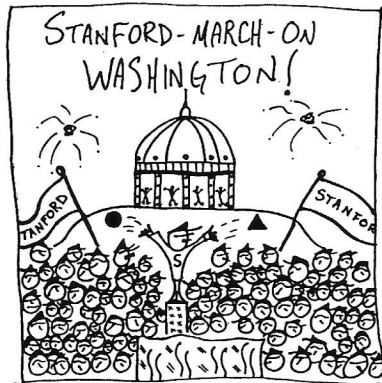
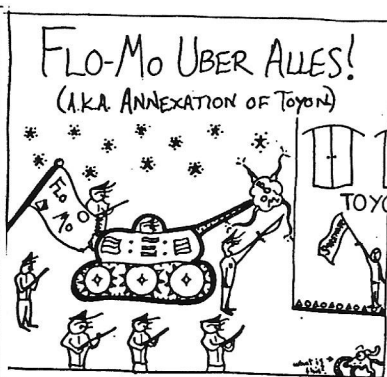
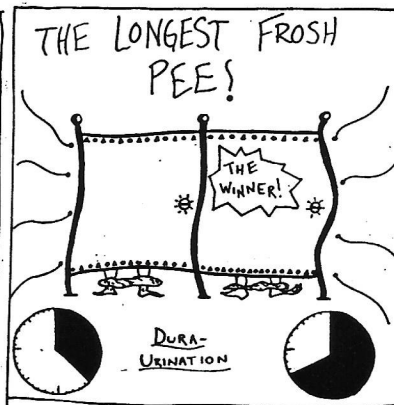
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A Guide to New Stanford Traditions

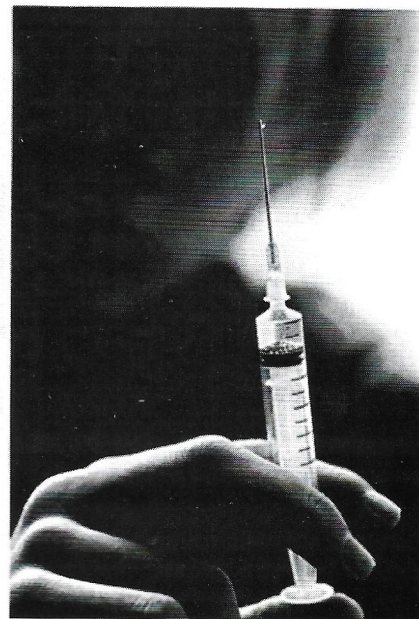
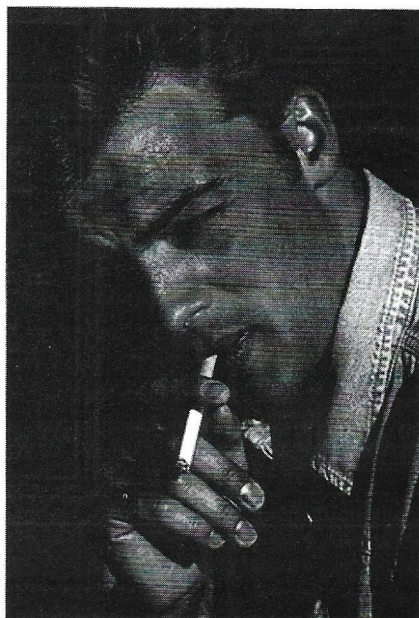
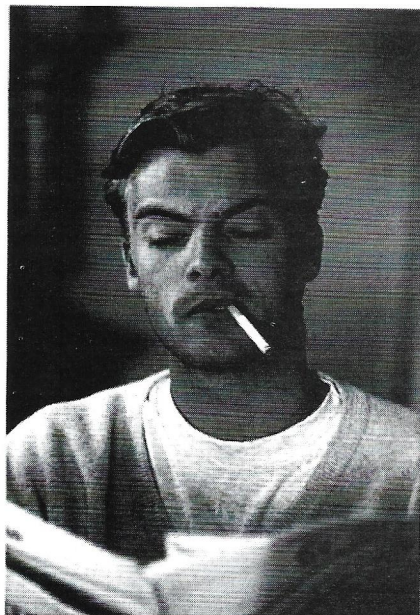
FRESHMAN TRADITIONS



Mediocre Drinking Stories #37

Duane

"Ha, once I was just sitting in my room with a refrigerator full of Red Dog, and, man, I was drinking a few of them. It was, like, Tuesday night or something. I was just sitting in my room and drinking my Red Dogs. RED DOGS, ya know? I was just drinking them, I think I had, like, four. I must of been pretty bored or something, I don't really remember, it was couple of years ago, and it was Tuesday. Yeah, so I was pretty bored or didn't have homework or something and I was just at my desk and drinking brews, and I kept playing with this pencil to try to make it jiggle like rubber, you know, but I couldn't do it. I don't know why, I just couldn't make it work, and usually I can. It was weird."



I read in the paper that smoking is bad for you. I've been doing it for years and now they say it causes cancer. They say it also causes things like heart disease and emphysema and may even complicate my wife's pregnancy.

After all these years they tell me that nicotine, the seemingly harmless additive the tobacco companies use in cigarettes, is a **drug**. Can you believe that?

So I'm saying goodbye to smoking and hello to needle drugs. They're clean and they're relatively painless and I can sleep easy at night knowing that my baby girl hasn't been exposed to dangerous second hand smoke. Stop smoking. Your kids will thank you.

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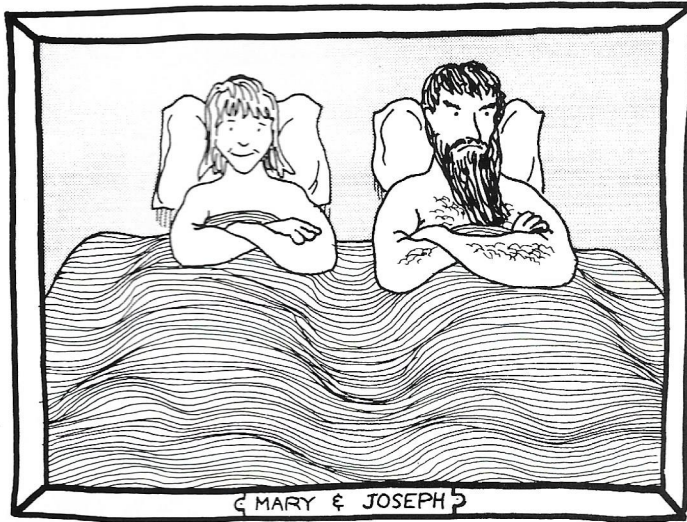
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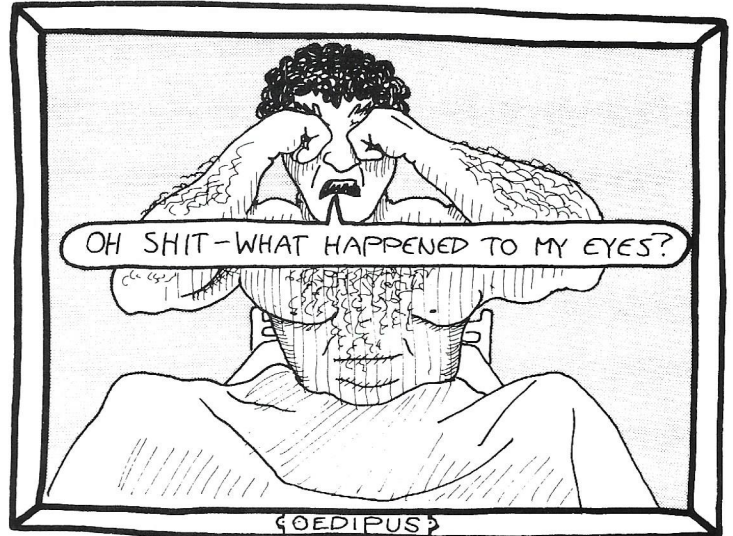
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<http://bookstore.stanford.org>

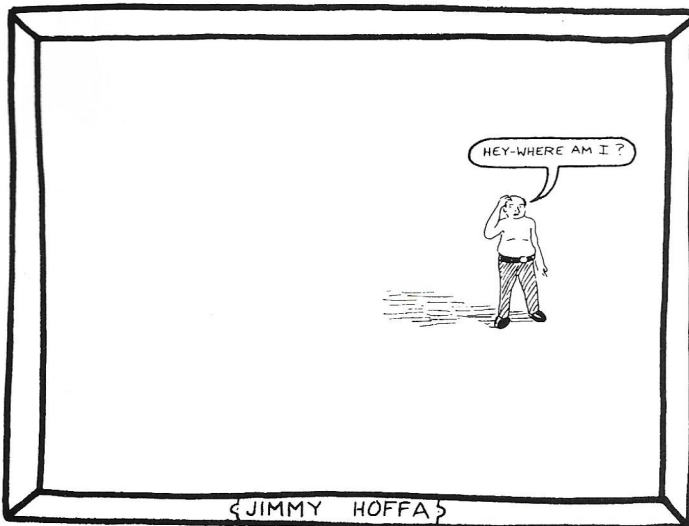
Mornings After



{MARY & JOSEPH}



{OEDIPUS}



{JIMMY HOFFA}



{THOSE GUYS WHO BUILT ROME}

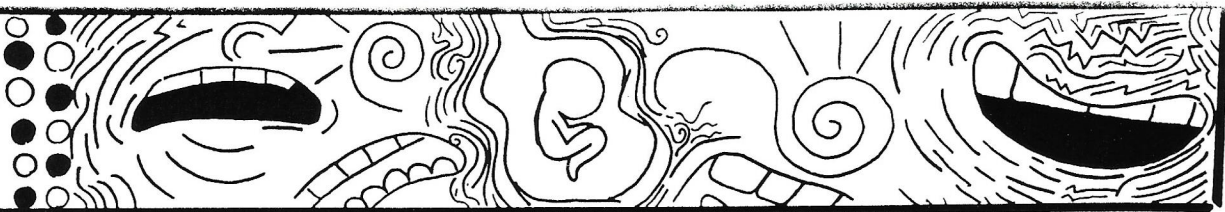


Mediocre Drinking Stories #52

Duane

"I was at DKE one night, they were having a party, and I had been drinking before I went, and then I went and had like three or four more, and I was just out on the porch. Wait, maybe I had six. Yeah, I think I had like six. Six beers at that party. Hey, I like to drink, so I had six beers—what're ya gonna do?"

THE
FRESHMAN
CONDITION



...THUS, WORLD COMPASSION REMAINS AN IMPOSSIBILITY, A PIPE DREAM FOR THE DOOMED.

QUESTIONS?

AUTHORITY

IS THERE A QUESTION IN VIEWING (CORRIDOR D7)?

GOOD

IRREPRESSIBLE ENLIGHT FELLOW

FRESHMAN

FRESH

Yeah... is any of this going to be on the midterm?

SHMAN

FRESH

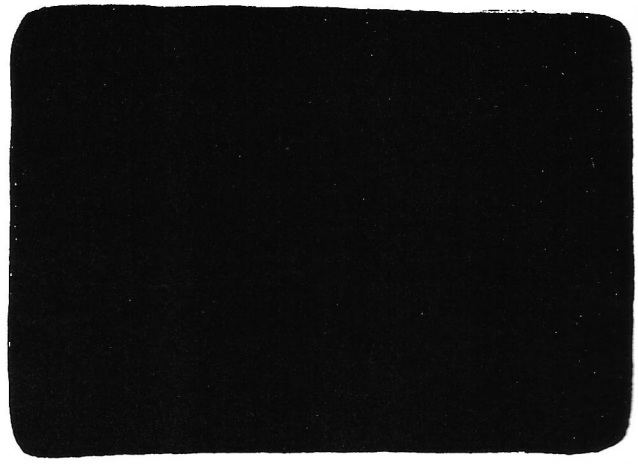
ANY OTHER QUESTIONS?

FRESHMA

YES?

SIR

So can we safely assume that the midterm will concentrate mainly on the readings?



THE
FRESHMAN
CONDITION



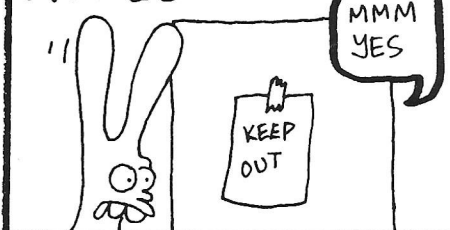
STANFORD IS HELL

LESSON 28: THE 9 TYPES OF ROOMMATES

©1989 by
MATT
GROANING



ROMEO



ADVANTAGES: MAY INTRODUCE YOU TO WOMEN
DRAWBACKS: MAY INTRODUCE YOU TO MEN

THE SNEAK



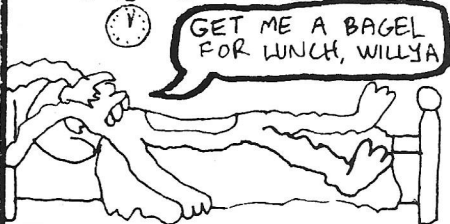
ADVANTAGES: MAY HELP YOU WIN DORM "ASSASSIN"
DRAWBACKS: MAY KILL YOU IN DORM "ASSASSIN"

MS. ASSU



ADVANTAGES: WILL KEEP YOU INFORMED OF ALL CAMPUS EVENTS
DRAWBACKS: WILL DRAG YOU TO THEM

LAZY-BONES



ADVANTAGES: UNOBTUSIVE
DRAWBACKS: HARD TO VACUUM UNDER

JACK DANIELS



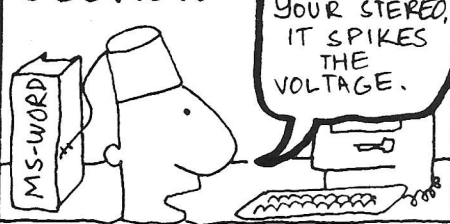
ADVANTAGES: DON'T NEED TO VISIT SAFEWAY
DRAWBACKS: VOMIT STINKS

LUCKY STRIKE



ADVANTAGES: SHE COULD DIE, YOU GET A SINGLE
DRAWBACKS: YOU COULD DIE

GEEKOID



ADVANTAGES: MAY KNOW HOW TO CHANGE YOUR GRADES
DRAWBACKS: MAY KNOW HOW TO CHANGE YOUR GRADES

GLEN MILLER (AND L&JUMB)



ADVANTAGES: YOU'LL MEET DOLLIES
DRAWBACKS: ENJOYS PRACTICING SOUSA WITH BUDDIES

BUDDY



ADVANTAGES: NEED WE LIST?
DRAWBACKS: MIGHT NOT DRAW WITH YOU NEXT YEAR

Mediocre Drinking Stories #15

Duane



"One night we were at the Goose, and we were all playing pool. We'd been drinking for quite a while and it was pretty clear that none of us would be driving home. So we were just playing pool and we weren't even hitting the balls with the cue after a while, we were so drunk. I kept asking where the eight-ball was. I'm like, 'Where's the eight-ball, yo? Where is that mother fucker?' I don't know if I could see it or not, but I sure wanted to know where it was. Just another drunken inquiry from Duane. My friends were like, 'It's right there, Duane. Shit, you're drunk.' I was, too. I was drunk."



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TO ALL RESIDENTIAL ASSISTANTS:

PURSUANT TO AN AUGUST 15TH MEETING WITH THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES,
THE FOLLOWING ITEMS ARE BANNED FROM CAMPUS RESIDENCES FOR THE
1997-1998 SCHOOL YEAR:

- 1) HALOGEN LAMPS
- 2) HOT PLATES
- 3) COUNTING CROWS ALBUMS

-RR

C: RESIDENTIAL EDUCATION

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Organizational Meeting

Wed. September 24th at 7:30 pm in
Building 200, room 34.

The **Disability Resource Center (DRC)** is immediately hiring students to provide academic accommodations for fellow students with disabilities.

READERS – Read books, syllabi, readers, and other course materials onto recorded tape. Plenty of positions available!

NOTETAKERS – If you already take good, organized notes, all you have to do is photocopy them and collect your paycheck!

SCRIBES – Work one on one with students and assist in test-taking, paper writing (not composition), and computer usage!

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LIBRARY and LAB Assistants – Assist with pulling books from shelves, photocopying, lab work, other duties as needed!

If you are interested or know anyone who is, please contact the DRC right away!!

(650) 723-1066
123 Meyer Library
attn: Donna Davies,
Academic
Accommodations
Coordinator or e-mail:
ddavies@leland

Frosh

in Mirrielees

The First Day

Jerry: Wow! Larkin here I am! It looks just like it did when I was prospecting.

RA: You must be Jerry Freshman! I'm Grady Rashers.

Jerry: Are you my RA?

RA: Well, I was. Here's the thing, Jerry: there are more freshmen than ever this year, and it would be against fire code to put a third person in the first floor bathroom, so at the last minute you had to be moved to Mirrielees. Sorry we couldn't tell you before you came.

Jerry: Will there be other freshmen there?

RA: You're the only one actually, but don't worry. You'll make plenty of friends. Here's your room key, and your residence contract, and your rainbow flag sticker.

Jerry: What's that for?

RA: You put it on the door after the first hate-crime of the year.

Meeting The Roommate

Jerry: Hey, my name's Jerry. I'm really excited to be at Stanford. I guess we're going to be roommates. Don't worry, I don't snore.

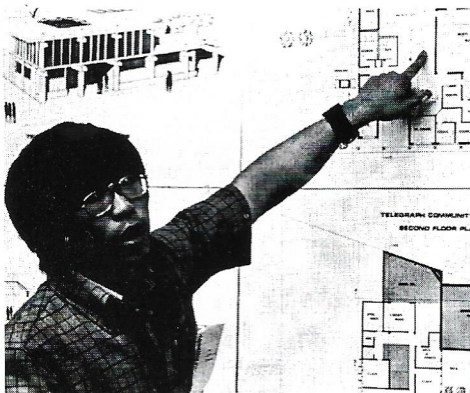
Roommate: (stares blankly)

Jerry: Uhhh, I hope you don't mind that I took the inner room.

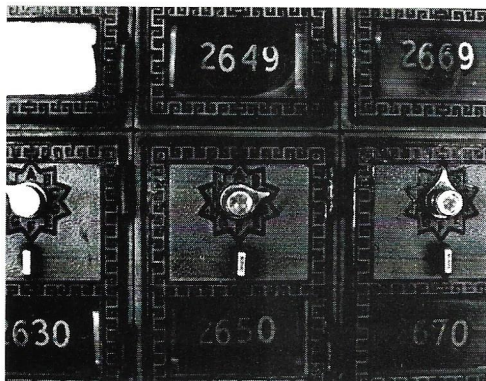
Roommate: (picks up marker and scrawls on white board he is carrying) Name Harmon Grazd. EE co-term. Thesis.

Jerry: (pauses) Hey, I'm getting pretty hungry. Where's our dining hall?

Roommate: (throws packet of Top Ramen from box of 900 he has dragged into room)



Harmon loves his thesis



2649- Home Sweet Home

At the Party

Jerry: Wow, this is great, let's go get another beer, Danny.

Danny: Actually, I'm gonna go back to Branner and hang with this girl from the first floor.

Jerry: From the first floor? How did you meet her?

Danny: I was just sitting in my room with the door open and she walked by.

Jerry: You leave your door open?

Danny: Don't you?

Jerry: The last time I did that, someone stole my Powerbook.

Room Trouble

Jerry: Hi Mom.

Jerry: Well, I kind of got your package

Jerry: See, they don't open the doors here at Mirrielees, so UPS can never get in. The package got left outside, and when I found it the next day, raccoons had eaten all the cookies and taken horrible shits on the Rice Krispie treats.

Large With Pepperoni

Jerry: Oh, hi! How are you?

Domino's Delivery Man: Um....Fine. Large Pepperoni?

Jerry: Yeah, that's me!! So, how was the drive?

DDM: Fine. Twelve dollars, please.

Jerry: Hey, Seinfeld's on. You can stay and watch it with me if you want.

DDM: Uh....That's OK. Twelve bucks please.

Jerry: Oh, right. (makes no effort to get money)

DDM: (Stares blankly)

Jerry: Want a beer?

DDM: No. I want twelve dollars.

Jerry: Are you sure you don't want to come in?

DDM: (becoming agitated) I JUST WANT TWELVE DOLLARS!!

Roommate: (comes out of inner room and tazers Domino's Delivery Man) Sorry...you were being really loud.

Jerry: (sniffle) You're a real asshole.

Roommate: Be quiet.

No Pets!

Jerry: Oh, Rover, you're the best. You're my best friend in Mirrielees

Rover: (licks face of Jerry Freshman)

Jerry: Oh, ha, ha. Oh, Rover.

Rover: (itches self)

Jerry: Hey, Rover, get your bone!

Rover: (roots through trash)

Jerry: C'mere, Rover, c'mere.

Rover: (urinates in corner)

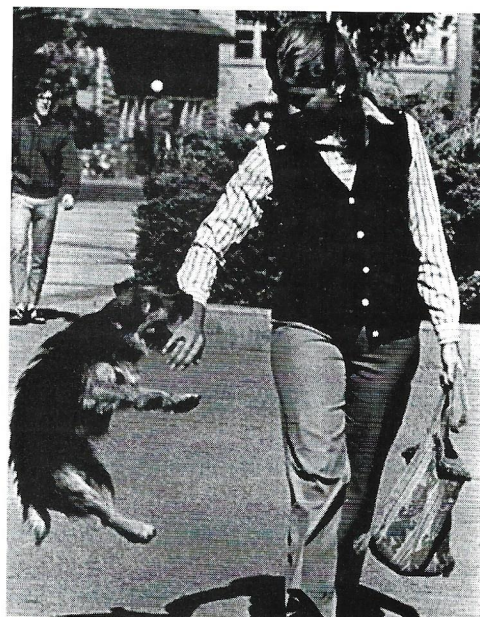
Jerry: No, Rover, in the hall, in the hall!

Rover: (jumps on roommate as he enters)

Roommate: (tazers dog) Um....sorry. There's no pets in Mirrielees.

Jerry: (sniffle) There's no joy in Mirrielees.

Roommate: Shut up.



Rover was my best friend

THE SUPPLY SIDE



"Fuck the Poor."



"There's some rich broad with a lot of money in there. Let's steal — NOOO! Hey! Let's wait for it to trickle down."

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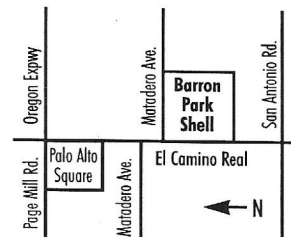
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The Stanford Chaparral

Meet the Staff

CHAPPIE PARTY

Friday
September 26
8:30pm

Join the Staff

MEETINGS

Wednesdays
8:30pm
Starting October 1

More Info?

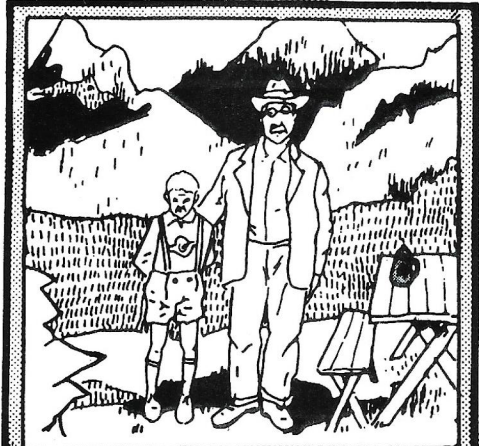
THE WEBSITE

chappie.stanford.edu



LIVE AND LAUGH.

JOB INTERVIEW IN THE 5TH DIMENSION



1. **You:** Is this the 5th dimension?
Secretary: Yes, it is.
You: Is this Mr. Davenport's office?
Secretary: Yes. Please have a seat.
2. **You:** Where shall I sit?
Secretary: On the couch will be fine.
You: (betrayed) What couch?
3. **Shape of Mr. Davenport:** I have been replaced by glyphs from 500-Xenlon. Your eyes are deceived, human.
You: Ha, ha. That's quite funny, sir.
Shape of Mr. Davenport: I'm fucking serious! (easily walks through wall)
4. **Mr. Davenport:** We need you to program a game where a gay sausage delivers newspapers to a Norwegian village.
You: I'd be happy to, sir.
Mr. Davenport: The kids will love it.
5. **You:** Sir, what health benefits does your company offer?
Mr. Davenport: Ohna mankalq, hrul. mai-mEk; plus full dental.
You: That's wonderful (*I think*).

Alpine Inn Beer Garden

Formerly Rosotti's
3915 Alpine Road • 854-4004
Portola Valley

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



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

3:12pm

“Hi, is Doug there?”

“I’m sorry, you must have the wrong number.”

5:53pm

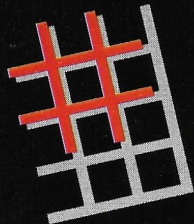
“Hey, is my boy Doug around?”

“I’m sorry, you must have the wrong number.”

6:58pm

“Please let me speak to Doug. I only have one phone call.”

UPDATE YOUR STUDENT INFORMATION VIA AXESS BY
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5 IN ORDER TO BE CORRECTLY
LISTED IN THE 1997-98 STANFORD DIRECTORY.



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