

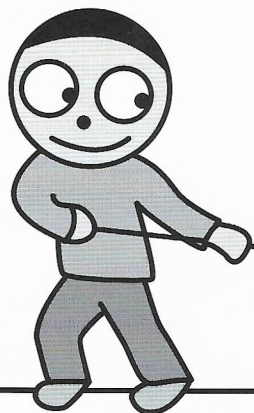
# STANFORD chaparral

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE



Volume CII No. 6 \$3.00





# DID YOU KNOW?

That the Beatles' song "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds"—with lyrics like "tangerine dreams and marmalade skies" and "where rockinghorse people eat marshmallow pies"—is actually about LSD, a powerful hallucinogen?

That the Velvet Underground song "Waiting for the Man"—with lyrics like "I'm waiting for my man [to purchase the dangerous and powerful drug heroin]"—is actually about heroin, a dangerous and powerful drug?

That the Eric Clapton song "Cocaine"—with lyrics like "COCAINE"—is actually about cocaine, a powerful version of the illegal drug cocaine?

That the Colombian National Anthem, "Oh! Gloria Inmarcesible"—with lyrics like "cesó la horrible noche! la libertad sublime / derrama las auroras de su invincible luz"—is actually about Colombia, a drug-country where they make strange and illegal drugs?

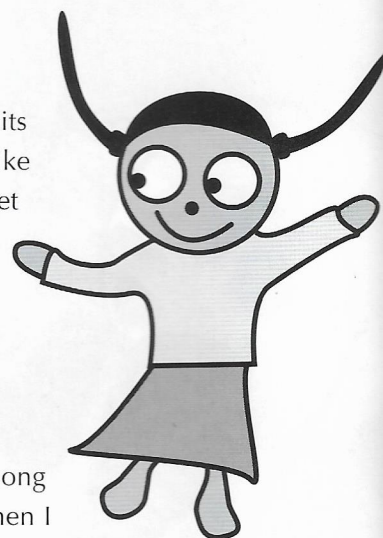
That the David Bowie song "Rebel Rebel"—with lyrics like "you've got your mother in a whirl / cause she's not sure if you're a boy or a girl"—is actually about transvestitism, a rare and powerful "designer drug"?

That the Cypress Hill song "Hits from the Bong"—with lyrics like "hits from the bong / gonna get high"—is actually about water pipes, a safe and effective method for transporting water?

That the Velvet Underground song "Heroin"—with lyrics like "when I put a spike into my vein"—is actually about insulin, a drug used to treat the dangerous street disease diabetes?

That the Blue Oyster Cult song "Don't Fear the Reaper"—including lyrics like "don't fear the reaper / we'll be able to fly"—is actually about a little drug I like to call heavy metal, baby, *yeah*.

That the Christina Aguilera song "Come On Over"—with lyrics like "come on over / and put it in my butt"—is actually about anal sex, which, for a trollop like Aguilera, is as addictive as any drug?



**Did you know?**





# L.A.S.E.R. Acronyms

Light **A**mplification by the **S**timulated **E**mission of **R**adiation

Lightweight **A**rmored **S**uit for **E**nergy **R**edirection

Lethal **A**rray of **S**uper-**E**nergy **R**ockets

Large **A**ngry **S**nake **E**lectrically **R**e-animated

Lance **A**rmstrong's **S**hack o' **E**legant **R**obots

Louis the **A**ccountant **S**eldom **E**ats or **R**ests

Liechtenstein **A**rmy **S**upply **E**-class **R**ations

Logarithmic **A**nalysis: **S**kolemization, **E**xponentiation, **R**eduction

Left **A**narchists **S**quabble with **E**xtremists from the **R**ight

Lost **A**bility **S**tems from **E**xhaustion and subsequent **R**elaxation

Lovely **A**rmenian **S**luts are **E**xicted and **R**eady for your call

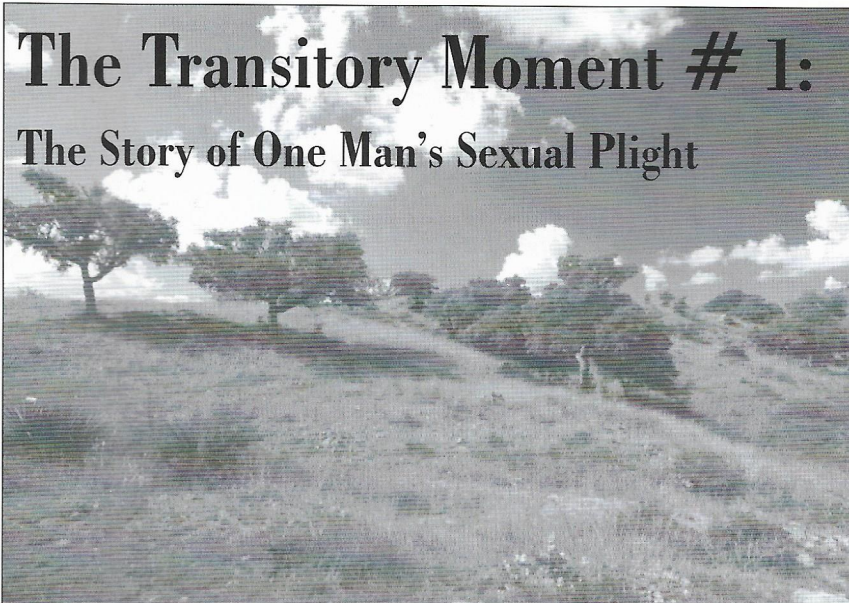
Limbs for **A** nickel **S**ale at the **E**lk **R**idge shopping center

"**LA** la la la la" **S**murfs **E**xclaim **R**epeatedly

**LAS** vegas is a fun place to go if you are a gambl**ER**

## The Transitory Moment # 1:

### The Story of One Man's Sexual Plight



*"So it fell limp...and then she walked out of my life... It's Groundhog day. And my boy saw his shadow. It happens to every man, black or white, jew or gentile, urban or rural, fickle or non-fickle. ...She was shy before the tenth beer, but then, she got that glint in her eye. Like she couldn't be satisfied. Like all she wanted in the world was to physically manipulate my flacid member... Apparently not. Apparently she didn't want that. Apparently that's not sexy. Apparently you can't have babies with a flacid member. Apparently you can't have orgasms with a flacid member. Apparently it is useless. Apparently she'd be better off putting away groceries. That is about as sexy as me right now. Apparently my flacid member could be put away like groceries. She is thinking about groceries right now, and how she wants to be with them, putting them away."*

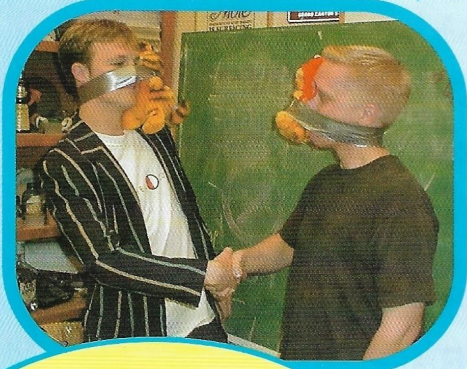


**Hello! The new craze is sweeping the globe.**

**FACE CAT!**

**FACE CAT!**

**FACE CAT!**

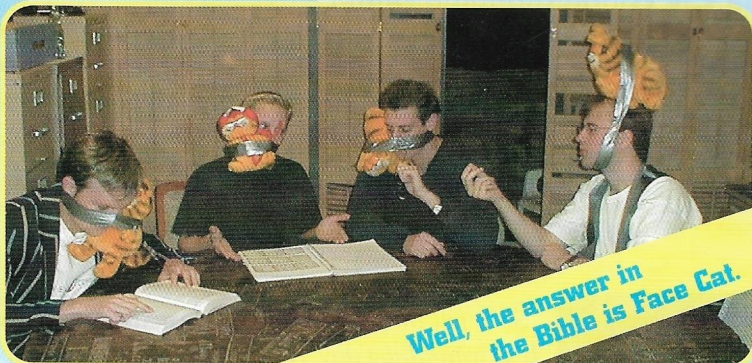


**Cat!**

**TWO FACES?  
TWO CATS!**  
The deal is done.

**SPORT FACE  
CAT IS THE WINNER!**

**Face!**



*Well, the answer in the Bible is Face Cat.*



*I cannot walk.  
But  
Face Cat  
can party!*

**PARTY!**



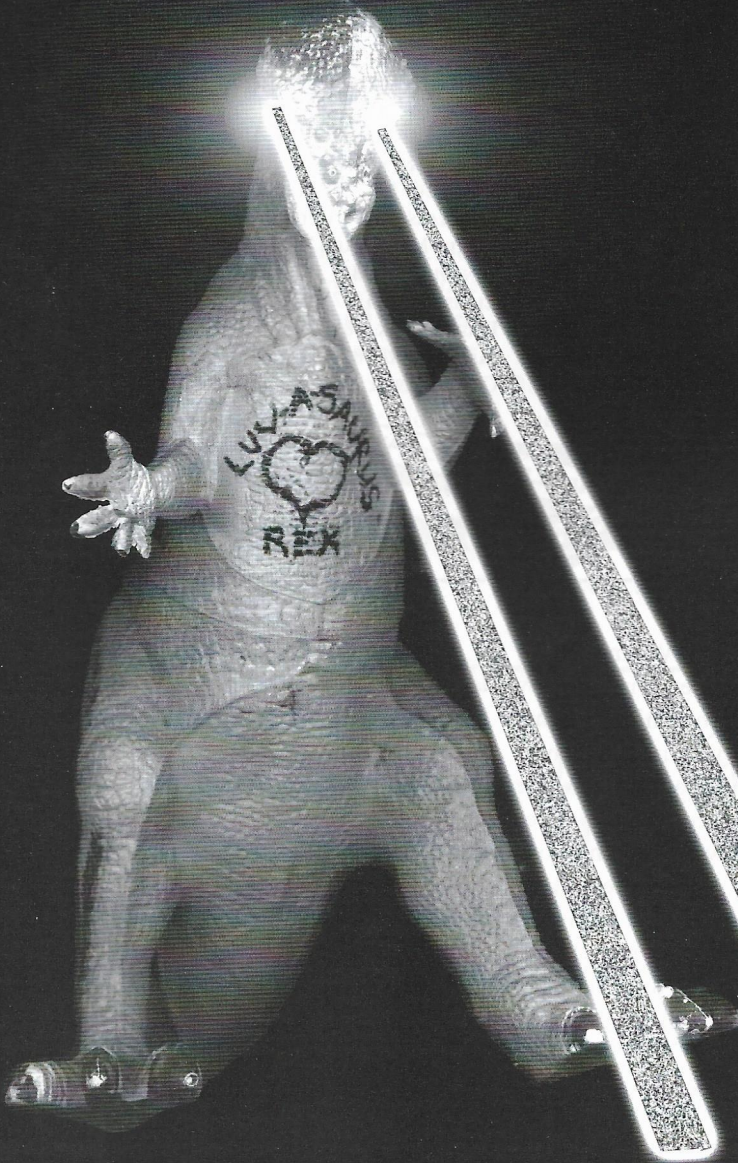
**Buy Everything!**



# The Stanford Chaparral

Volume CII, Number 6

May 28, 2001



2	Did You Know? .....	Lewis-Kraus
3	LASER Acronyms .....	Schaeffer
3	Transitory Moment #1 .....	Perry
4	Face Cat! .....	Young
6	Now That .....	Lewis-Kraus
7	Leash Cartoon .....	Perry
8	Newsman of the Future .....	Bender
9	Sensitive Young Person .....	Founds
9	Turkish Teen Wolf .....	Young
10	Interview with Richard Rorty .....	Lewis-Kraus
11	Once They Said .....	Schaeffer
11	Lasers of Love .....	Bender
12	Laser Poetry .....	Bender
13	Tesla Didn't Get No Respect .....	Schaeffer
14	The Elusive Hijink .....	Schaeffer
14	Grandfather's Advice about Lasers .....	Schaeffer
15	Wake Up, America .....	Lewis-Kraus, Young
16	Chronic Fatigue Syndrome .....	Lewis-Kraus
17	The Appointment .....	Young
17	Transitory Moment #2 .....	Perry
18	Mexican Cement Company .....	Bender
18	The Other Desert People .....	Lessac-Chenen
19	Laser Forum .....	Bender
20	Who is Smarter? .....	Young
20	BKOW Cartoon .....	Huetter
21	Modernist Classics .....	Lewis-Kraus
22	Ayn Rand Guide to Dating .....	Lewis-Kraus
23	The Palo Alto "Duck Talks" .....	Perry
23	Transitory Moment #3 .....	Perry
24	What I Learned from Nintendo .....	Huetter
24	Superhero Arguments .....	Huetter, Schaeffer
25	Cat Show, Home Show .....	Bender
26	Redshirted .....	Perry, Steinberg, Young
27	Hegel's Phenomenology .....	Lewis-Kraus
28	What Do Lasers Mean to Me? .....	Staff
29	Baby Tattoos .....	Perkins, Young
30	Reparations for Slavery .....	Lewis-Kraus
31	An American Laser Story .....	Young
32	Thanks .....	Staff of Volume 102

## Art Credits

Cover .....	Wong
Did You Know? .....	Fitzgerald
Face Cat! .....	Fitzgerald
Table of Contents .....	Fitzgerald, Schaeffer, Young
Leash Cartoon .....	Huetter
Laser Poetry .....	Tenney
The Appointment .....	Wilfong
BKOW Cartoon .....	Huetter
"Duck Talks" .....	Huetter
Staff Piece .....	Tenney
Back Cover Collage .....	Fitzgerald



# Staff

'01

Molly Ackerman-Brimberg  
Craig Protzel

'02

Justin Guerrieri  
Jamecca Marshall  
Christian Montegut  
Paul Tenney  
Adrian Wong

'03

Nick Bramble  
Kareem Ghanem  
Jeff McConaghy  
Anwar Ragep  
Nick Sydow

'04

Robin Burns  
Sagar Chandaria  
Jason Jenkins  
Erik Lessac-Chenen  
Jerome Murphy  
Seth Rosenbloom  
Charlie Stockman

## Graduate

Justin Jones  
Eric Jorgensen

## Special Thanks

Dustin, of course  
David Croke  
Aldo King  
Sachin Agarwal

**The Stanford Chaparral**

Vol. CII      May 28, 2001      No. 6

**GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS '02**      **JACOB YOUNG '02**  
*Old Boy*      *Old Boy*

**GEOFF SCHAEFFER '02**  
*Head Writer*

**BRENT FITZGERALD '01**  
*Judge, Jury and Executioner*

**JOHN HUETTER '03**      **BEN WILFONG '01**  
*Circulation Manager*      *Art Director*

**OWEN ELICKSON '00**      **DUSTIN PERKINS '00**  
*Old Boy Emeritus*      *Old Boy Emeritus*

**Hammer Coffin**

CHRIS ALLOCCO '03	MAX HEILBRON '00	ADRIAN PERRY '03
ANNE BENDER '02	DAVID LAMPSON '00	ERIC SAXON '97
CHRIS CRANE '00	SEAN LUCY '99	JARED SCHOTT '03
BEN D'EWART '00	JON MAAS '00	KENNY SHEI '00
AUDREY DIEHL '00	SANTOS MARROQUIN '99	MATT STEINBERG '03
KATIE FOUNDS '04	BEN OLDING '98	IAN SPIRO '04
DAVE FRUCHBOM '00	CHRIS ONSTAD '97	ANDY TAYLOR '00
ROB HANN '00	EUGENE PARK '98	STEVE YELDERMAN '04
	MATT PEARL '98	
	CHRIS PEIFFER '98	

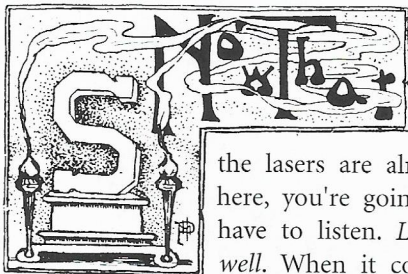
ESTABLISHED By the ADAMS '00 OCT 1899

ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

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

**REFLECTIONS**

WENZEL 1916



the lasers are almost here, you're going to have to listen. *Listen well.* When it comes to lasers, we've all gone through a lot of changes lately. We began with the thick, viscous seriousness of slavish obedience

to those sparkly fire-rays. We moved on to an airy, ethereal confidence inspired by a pulsating mastery of their hidden light-magic. And, finally, we finally arrived here, at that mythical place somewhere in-between. At the place where neither extreme reigns: we have overcome both servility to those wily lasers and dominion over them. *What the hell is this Old Boy carrying on about now?* Relax, listen for the lasers, and let us explain.

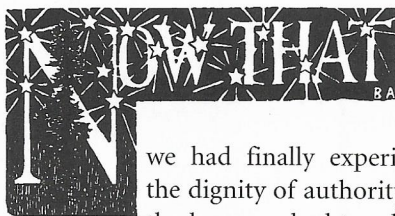
At the beginning, we were ruled by lasers. We were protected by our smug home-security systems with their laser-driven motion-detectors beaming like anti-thief lighthouses on Cape Cod's distant shores. We couldn't go to a movie without calling 777-LASER. We couldn't get a date unless we had the newest and shiniest and oddest-colored lasers—must this Old Boy remind you that only the laser-haves among us got to grope around

Published six times during the college year under the auspices of the Hammer and Coffin Society. Subscriptions are fifteen dollars a year, single copies and back issues three dollars. Make all checks payable to The Stanford Chaparral. Address all communications to: The Stanford Chaparral, P.O. Box 18916, Stanford, CA 94309 Send e-mail to: [oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu](mailto:oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu) Wit and persiflage for the electronic age: <http://chappie.stanford.edu> The Chaparral is produced with Macintosh computers, clown porn and Garfield dolls. All material ©2001 The Stanford Chaparral.



in the dark playing Seven Lasers in Heaven? We couldn't even go to the bathroom without the help of a laser. We were helpless children, naively placing all of our faith in the extraordinary power of the laser. We gladly surrendered our integrity for the safety and security that comes with laser-worship. Lasers would solve all of our problems, we thought.

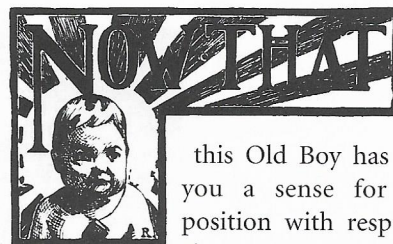
In our adolescence, we reclaimed the dignity we had given up with so much abject kowtowing to the reign of lasers. This Old Boy wasn't going to let lasers call the shots anymore; no, we were ready to step behind the magic laser curtain and take the lasers into our own hands, rather than cowering in fear of them. And thus began our lengthy flirtation with the arrogance of those who *wield* the lasers. This Old Boy is sure you remember this bellicose time: we cackled as we shined our laser-pointers in your helpless eyes despite your flimsy protests, we revolutionized organ-theft by administering laser eye surgery to defenseless indigents sleeping on park benches, we shined laser pointers in your eyes a bit more, we pretended our laser pointers were laser-sights and gave American's inner-cities quite a scare, we gave some *damn fine* Powerpoint presentations, and we used our powerful lasers to burn a backwards track saying "Paul is dead" into all of your Judas Priest CDs. And you really thought Paul was dead. As we quickly discovered, those who control the lasers run not only Hollywood, but the world. We would brandish our lasers and our problems would run away.



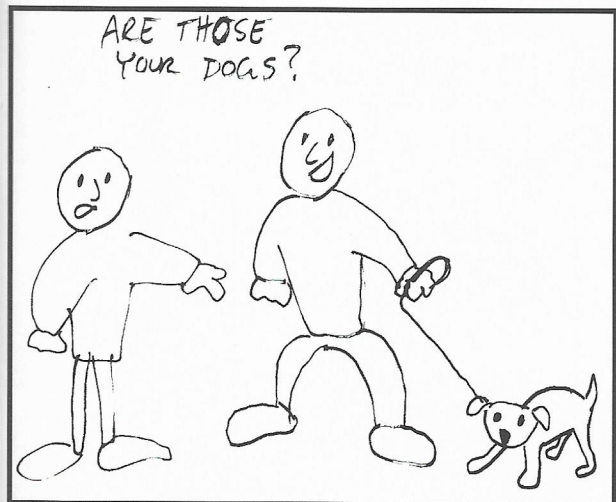
we had finally experienced the dignity of authority over the laser, we had to admit it was rather anti-climactic. As much fun as it is to be the one aiming a thrusting laser at the dregs of the laserless, total control is boring, restless, unnerving. As anyone knows, shining laser pointers in the eyes of the weak gets old after a while. A *very, very long while*, perhaps, but a finite while nonetheless. But this Old Boy could never return to the other alternative—the happy naivete of obedience, the *ancien regime* where we were subjects of the laser Monarch—and the concomitant acknowledgement of humanity's humble ranking in the Great Chain of Lasers. This Old Boy knew what it was like to be on both sides of the laser-divide, and we knew that the hubris of laser-mastery—we all know what happened to the Death Star—was just as bad as the asceticism of laser-worship, that Orwellian vision of a Laser Farm. When controlled by the lasers, we were miserable; when we controlled the lasers ourselves, we were equally miserable.

What, then could be done? The Old Boy felt like a religion-head asking whether we should submit ourselves to an all-powerful God with the hope of eternal comfort, or reclaim human dignity and turn away from the lofty authority of heavenly beings? But we reminded ourselves: this wasn't some ultimately

irrelevant and childish question of humanity's relationship to *God*, it was a life and death question of humanity's relationship to lasers—are we their thanes or their serfs? What do you think Camus was trying to say when he described King Sisyphus rolling that heavy laser up the hill every day, only to watch it roll back down again? He was telling us that the time of reckoning is here: if lasers are neither our lords nor our bondsmen, *how are we to live?*



this Old Boy has given you a sense for your position with respect to those light-dachsunds that we call lasers, we'd like to give you a bit of advice: there is a place betwixt laser-lordship and laser-bondage, a place where we live with the lasers as neighbors and friends on the sunlit uplands of the future. But that place is a subtle place, whose balance is easily tipped. Maintaining that balance is a matter of struggle, of negotiation. And the only way you're going to get this balance right is if you listen for the nuance and personality of each individual laser as it lasers by. Let the lissome lasers lazily lase alone! *Listen for the lasers*—life lingers in the lessons of their lisped largesse!



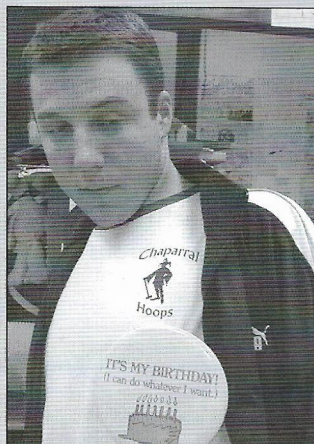


# Newsman of the Future



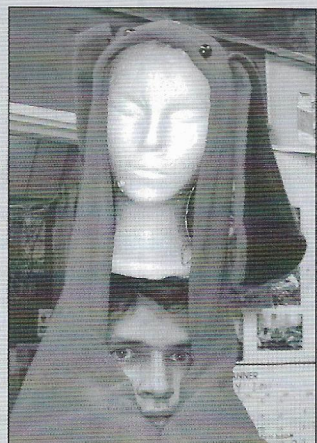
**Newsman of the Future**

**Nighttime Construction Worker**



**Birthday Boy**

**Dog Thing**



NOTF: What do you think the future will be like?

NCWorker: Lots of construction during the night since the sun will have lost its poof.

NOTF: Nighttime Construction Worker, is it even possible to get construction work done at night?

NCWorker: This will stump you. The answer to your question is, "I don't know."

Birthday Boy: Have you read my button?

Dog Thing: Newsman! Don't look at me; look at the white head.

NOTF: Oh, I'm sorry.

Birthday Boy: Hey, Walker, Texas Newsman of the Future, I'm talking to you! I said, HAVE YOU READ MY BUTTON?

NOTF: Yes, I have.

Birthday Boy: I gotta box of crayons in my car.

Dog Thing: Newsman!

NOTF: Yes?

Dog Thing: This is very important. Have you seen a terry cloth dog? A red one!

NOTF: Besides the one you're wearing?

Dog Thing: Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrred!!!!!!!

Birthday Boy: Are there sounds in the future?

NOTF: What do you mean?

Birthday Boy: You know what I mean, Book-eyes.

NCWorker: Ask not for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for thee.

NOTF: Oh, do you like John Donne's work, Nighttime Construction Worker?

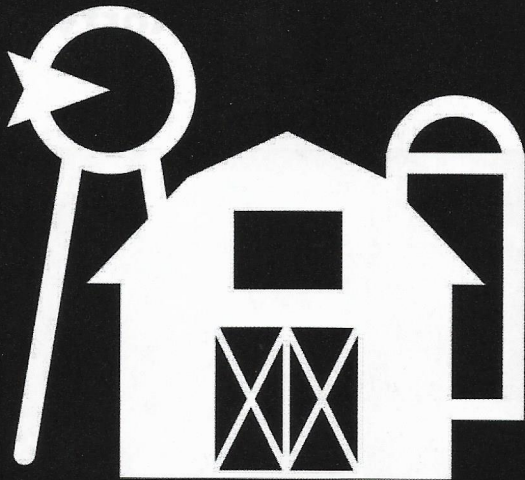
NCWorker: What now?

NOTF: Oh, I was just wondering if you're a John Donne fan since you were just quoting his work. "No Man is an Island"—it's one of his most famous pieces.

NCWorker: That sounds like witch-talk to me.



# *Sensitive Young Person*



*When the sensitive young person came to live on our farm, things began to change.*

## *IN THE CAR*

*Shirley: So is it a right or a left here at the stop?*

*Sensitive Young Person: We are always traveling.  
(silence)*

*Sensitive Young Person: Travelling In the darkness.*

*Shirley: It's one pm.*

## *STANDING IN THE RAIN*

*Shirley: Do you want to come help me milk the cows?*

*Sensitive Young Person: (elated) Cows.  
(elongated pause)*

*Shirley: Okay, I'll do it myself.*

## *GETTING THE MAIL*

*Sensitive Young Person: The Mailbox was EMPTY.*

*Shirley: Okay.*

*Sensitive Young Person: NO!*

## *AT DINNER*

*Mom: Can you pass the butter?*

*Sensitive Young Person:*

*Mom: And the salt, too, please?*

# **THE FOREIGN CINEMA SCENES WE LOVE**

*from I was a Turkish Teen Wolf*

## **Scene 13: "A father's compassion"**

Mr. Hamdi: Scott? Please open the bathhouse door.

Scott Hamdi: I am sorry, father, but I cannot. I am tormented by a terrible metamorphosis.

Mr. Hamdi: Perhaps I am more understanding of such a metamorphosis than you can imagine.

Scott Hamdi: Father! You too are a werewolf?

Mr. Hamdi: No, son. But I am wearing a new Member's Only jacket.

Scott Hamdi: You have changed, father.



## **Scene 22: "Acceptance at last"**

Alptekin: Oh my, but our peer is hairy.

Toygar: Is he truly? He is as hairy as you or I, my friend Alptekin, but is his hair any greater?

Alptekin: You are right my friend. We are all a bunch of hairy Turks.



# The Pursuit of Objective Truth:

## The Chaparral interviews Richard Rorty

Last week, the Chappie sat down with **Professor Richard Rorty**, one of America's most famous and influential philosophers, to talk about his controversial views on truth.

**The Chaparral:** Professor Rorty, we understand that you espouse a dangerous sort of relativism—is it correct that you don't believe anything is objectively true?

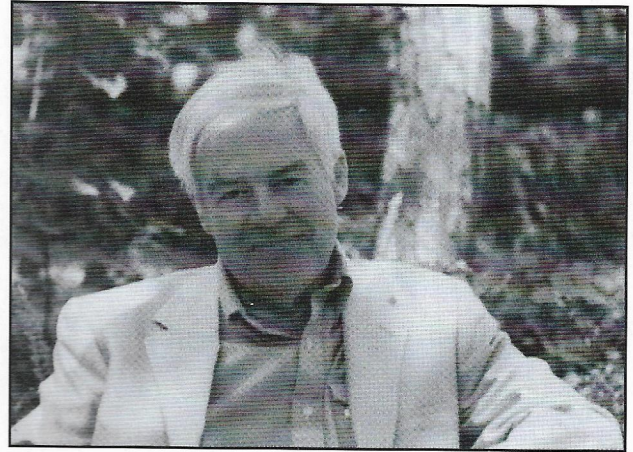
**Richard Rorty:** That's not exactly correct. Though I do not, in fact, believe that science "gets in touch with the true nature of reality," I do believe that there are some things that are objectively true.

**Chaparral:** Really? Like what? The axioms of geometry? The tautologies of symbolic logic?

**Richard Rorty:** Well, no, not exactly. The axioms of geometry are like little owl pellets: they seem like hard, impregnable, self-contained, perfectly spherical specimens found in nature. But, in the end, they're just nicely packaged owl shit. That's what the axioms of geometry are—nicely packaged owl shit. And the tautologies of symbolic logic? Sanitized globes of the most beautiful, rich, butterscotch-colored urine in the world.

**Chaparral:** I see. So what, then, are the objective truths that we can know?

**Richard Rorty:** There are only a handful, really. Well, first of all, I would have to say that one pillar of epistemological certainty is that the Talking Heads' 1980 album *Remain in Light* is, objectively speaking, the best album ever recorded. The corollary to this first truth is that Guns N Roses' 1987 album *Appetite for Destruction* is the second best album ever recorded. I still have not discovered the third best, but I have a philosophical intuition that it may be Wu Tang Clan's double LP, *Wu Tang Forever*. But I'm not positive about that one yet.



**Chaparral:** I've heard this is one of your most controversial assertions. How do you respond to your critics? NYU's Thomas Nagel claims that Journey's 1981 album *Captured*—containing, of course, the classic rock anthem "Any Way You Want It"—is indisputably the greatest album ever. What do you have to say to Nagel?

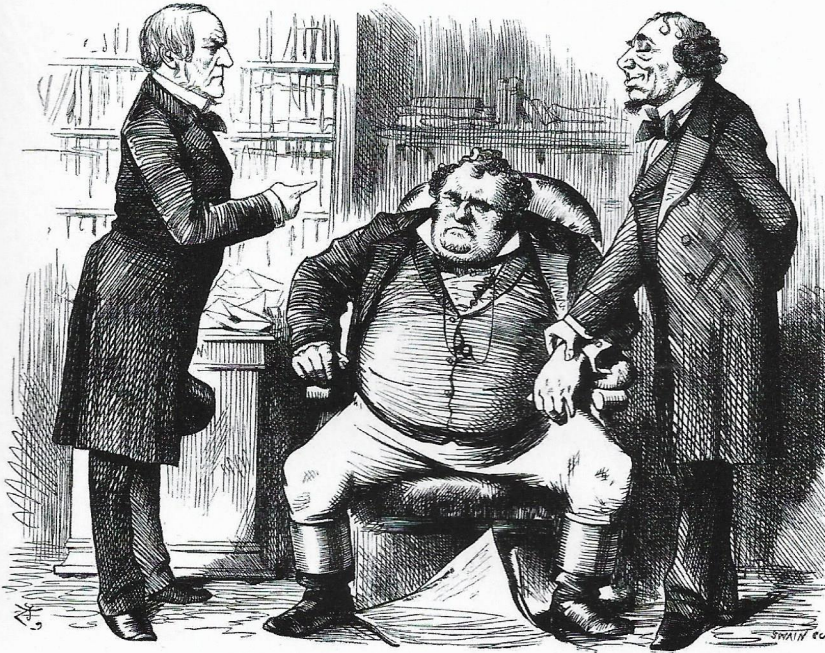
**Richard Rorty:** That's certainly a great album, and Neil Schon's guitar riff at the beginning of "Any Way You Want It" has gotten me through many a long, rainy afternoon. But no matter how many long rainy afternoons Journey's album might make just a bit more bearable, it's just doesn't approach the brilliance of the Talking Heads LP or the seminal GNR album. Those albums aren't just music, they are vehicles for getting in touch with *the way the world really is*. They represent pure, unadulterated Truth, the *Bare Essence of Things-in-Themselves*. And no matter how good Journey was, they just never came close to getting in contact with the *brute actuality of the world* the way the Talking Heads did.

We'll run the rest of the interview next week, when Rorty reveals, objectively speaking, the *best* fast food [is it Wendy's? Maybe. Well, yes.] and the *best feel-good movie ever* [*The Shawshank Redemption*? Perhaps.]



# Once They Said

Once they said the moon was made of green cheese and populated by giant rat creatures that were slowly eating it from the center outward. They said one day a bridge would be built that would stretch all the way to the moon and the rat creatures and man could visit each other. But that was pure foolishness



Once they said that it was impossible to build an analytical operating device powered on steam, but Sir Charles Babbage certainly showed them.

Once they said that the terrifying race of subhuman monstrosities that lived in elaborate cave systems deep within the earth would rise up against us surface dwellers. Turned out they were all swell chaps. Every last mishapen one of them.

Once they said that the sun never set on the British empire. Poppycock! With recent Cavorite flight-vessel expeditions, the Empire owns part of the Sun.

## L a s e r   o f   L o v e

### Why Lasers?

Lasers are wonderful.

Yes, they are not "indoor machines," and yes, they can kill! But, they are not rats and they are not carriers of rabies.

Over the years, I have learned to love and respect them. They help keep our planet clean and free from being over run by people and aliens and other dead animals. They are God's natural garbage men. (People garbage men are Satan's unnatural animals.)

Lasers can catch rabies, as can anything, but their chances are slim to none.

Thank you.



# l a s e r p o e t r y

Burning burning burning burning

○ Lord Thou pluckest me out

○ Lord Thou pluckest

burning

What shall I do today

Perhaps I'll burn

surfaces

perhaps I'll burn

If there were incoherent light

And no laser

If there were photons

And also radiation

And emissions

A cavity

A ruby among the atoms

If there were the sound of crystals only

Not the silence

And empty caverns singing

But the sound of rubies waiting

Where the surfaces reflect the energy

Back forth back forth back forth back forth forth

But there is no ruby

Who are those two who walk always beside you?

What is that sound high in the air?

Then spoke Bell

Reboare.

RE

Reflect

What can mirrors reflect in a cavity?

Zap

Lasers do not make this sound

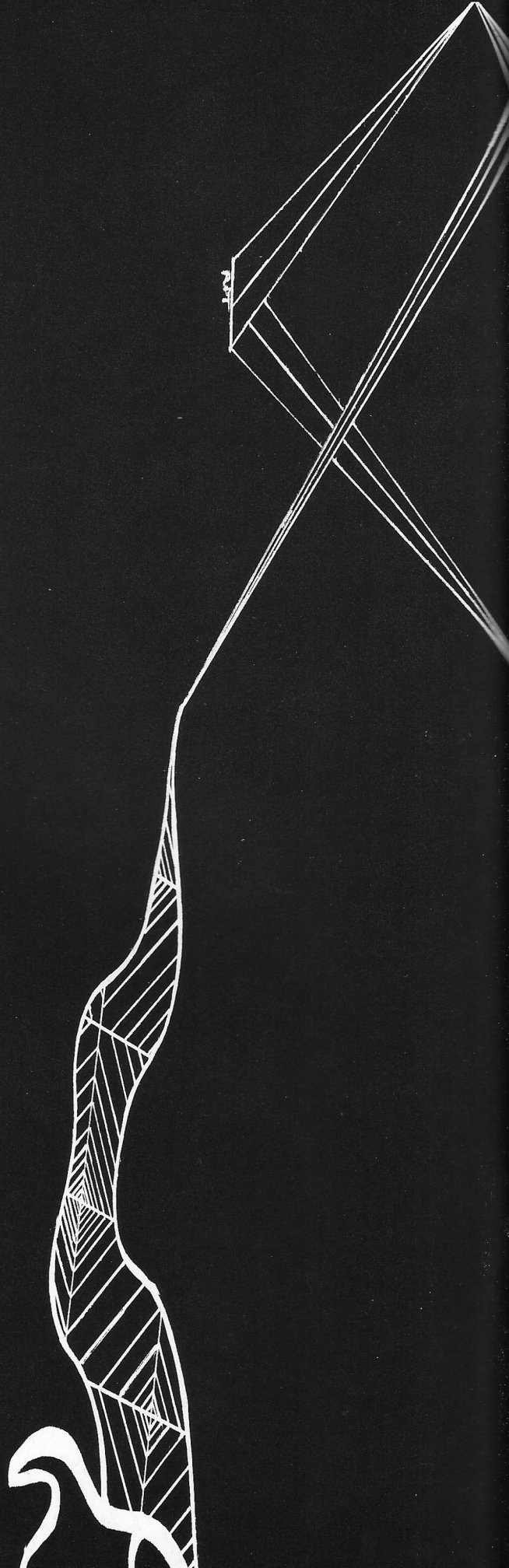
Zoom!

I hate you all

Schawlow and Townes are mad again.

Well, you have your prize

Shantih shantih shantih



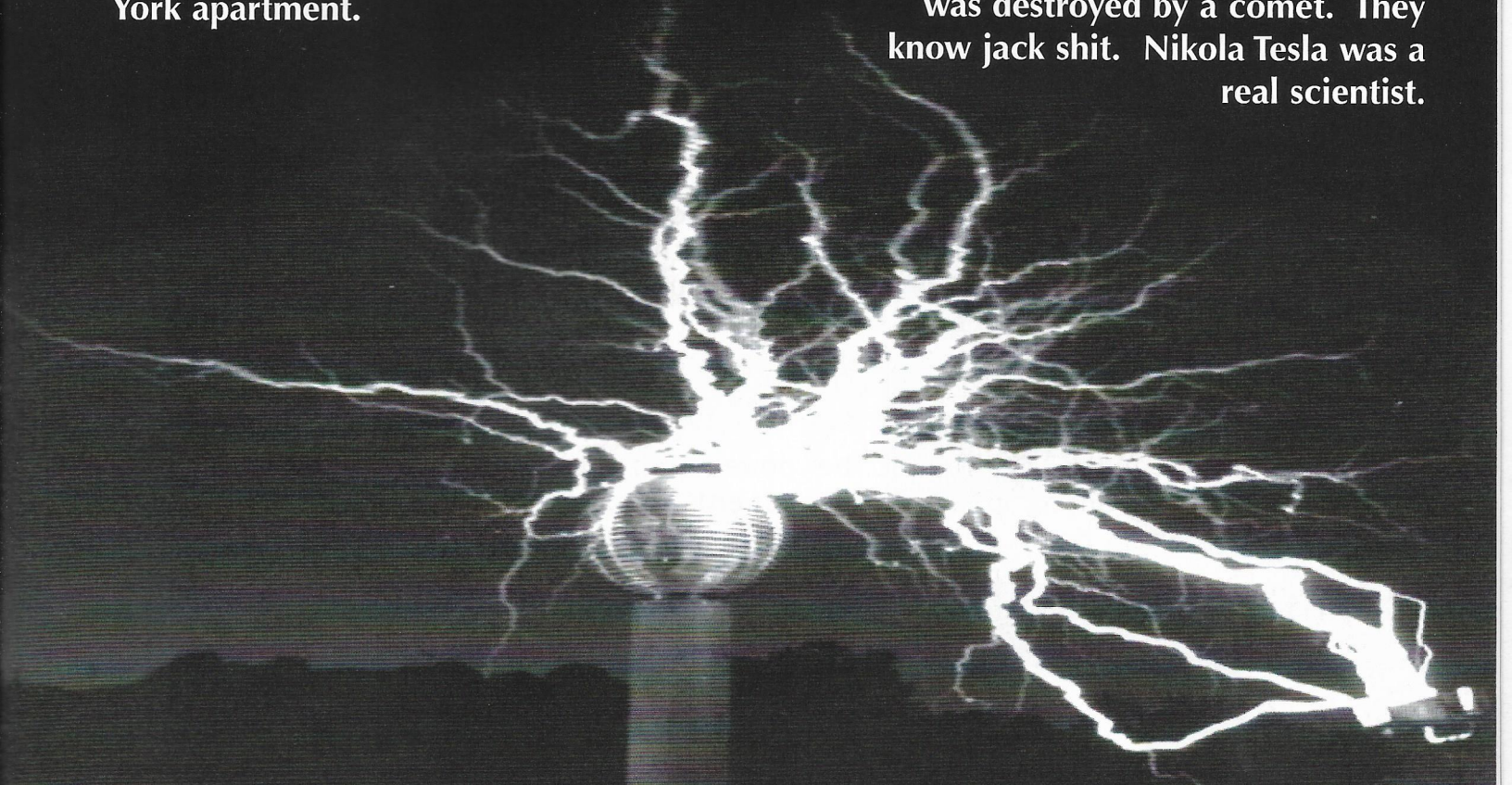


Nikola Tesla don't get no respect. He invented Alternating Current electricity all by himself. Who is on the thousand dollar bill? Thomas Edison. Christ. What the hell did Edison ever do? Once, when Nikola Tesla worked for Edison he improved the DC by 25% in two months time because Edison said he'd pay Tesla fifty thousand dollars? Then he didn't. Shit like that was always happening to Tesla.

# Nikola Tesla Don't Get No Respect

Tesla was a crazy man. He would always do things in multiples of threes, like walking or chewing. He measured the volume of his food before he ate it. His employers always got bored of his crazy, brilliant ways and shut down his laboratory. Tycho Brahe was crazy too, he had a silver nose! That didn't stop the King of Denmark from giving him an island called Science Island and dwarves to toss around. Tesla got none of that. He died surrounded by pigeons in a New York apartment.

Tesla was a nice guy generally, but that didn't stop him from inventing a death ray. Do you how lucky we are that Tesla used his powers for good and not evil? We are fucking lucky. When Tesla was testing his death ray in 1908 he disintegrated an owl and most of the Tunguska wilderness. "Scientists" today say that Tunguska was destroyed by a comet. They know jack shit. Nikola Tesla was a real scientist.





# Searching for the Elusive Hijink

Robots vs. Heroin

One of the greatest mysteries in modern comedy theory is whether or not it is possible for a singular 'hijink' to exist. Up until now, 'hijinks' have only been observed in pairs. They have been likened to the 'magnetic dipoles' of magnetism, which is closely related to comedy. Just as a 'magnetic monopole' has never been observed, the 'hijink' remains elusive and unobserved.

Time Travel Plot

Consider a singular 'hijink' such as bringing a monkey to school. The monkey will immediately fling feces at an important school official, thus causing another 'hijink.' The entire incident now is termed 'hijinks' or 'wacky hijinks.'

Crackwhore Diagram

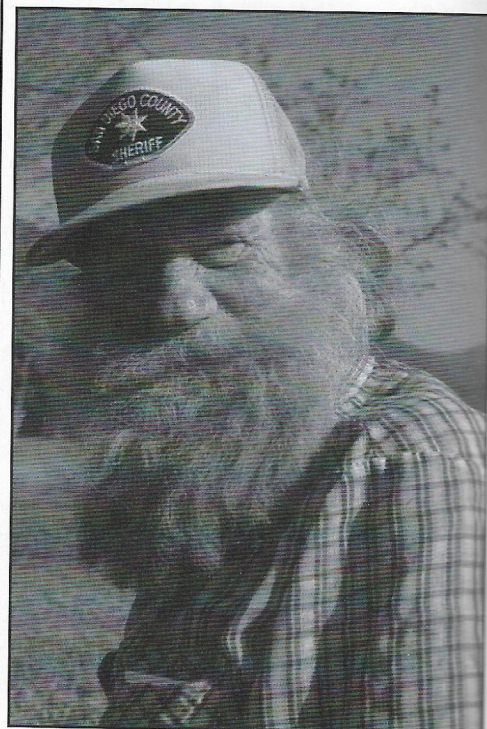
Ever since World War 2, those in more applied comedic fields such as sitcom engineering have been using 'hilarious hijinks' to great effect and improving the life of people all over the world. A single 'hijink' might not have the 'zany wallop' that a cluster of hijinks do, but top comedic researchers all believe that the potential for a more subtle and refined humor source would exist within one.

In the future, laughs might not be powered by two identical twins trading places or ancient curses that turn men into dogs. Until a substantial discovery is made however, the hunt for the elusive 'hijink' will continue.

## Grandfather's Advice on Lasers

*You gotta watch out for them lasers, the crafty little bastards. Back in '27 we didn't have a lot of money for toys and such, but the town would pay us two cents for every one we brought in. Me and Johnny, that is. Now you might not want to listen to Grampa go on about his youth. Grampa don't know what fun is, you might say. Listen here young'un, just cause I didn't have any Nan-ten-do when I was your age doesn't mean you can disrespect what I say. They would hole up under rocks and such and they would bite. The buggers would bite and scratch when we got 'em, but Johnny and I would get 'em by God! You'd do well to listen to me boy! I learned more about being a man hunting lizards when I was your age than any TV machine could ever teach you.*

*What? Lasers? No, reckon I don't know much of anything about lasers.*







# WAKE UP AMERICA

**Every day in the United States**, someone wakes up in poverty. Those people didn't choose to live in poverty, and we didn't choose to let them live in the United States—God made that choice for them when he made them filthy and unwashed and let them live in these goddamn United States. It's time to wake up, America, and stop letting the vermin-ridden, unpleasant smelling poor live in our country.

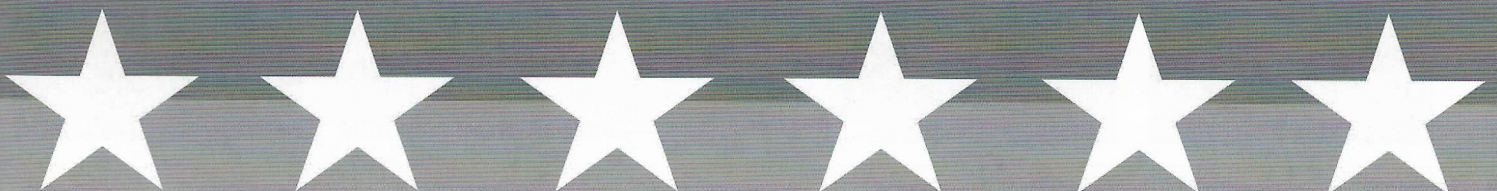
**Every day in the United States**, someone wakes with asthma. Those people didn't choose to wake up with asthma—God made that choice for them when he made them little wimpy girls who have half the lung capacity of a real man. It's time to wake up, America, and turn to them and say: hey, you little pussies, why don't you take some deep breaths for once, like real Americans?

**Every day in the United States**, someone wakes up next to a loved one with a goiter. They don't get to choose whether or not they wake up next to the goiter girl—God already made that choice for them, when she got pregnant and I had to marry her, goiter and all. It's time to wake up America, and realize what I wake up to every morning.

**Every day in the United States**, someone wakes up to a loved one with Down Syndrome. Or Cerebral Palsy. Or some other kind of Retarded. Every day in the United States, I don't get to choose whether I wake up to someone who is retarded, and I don't get to choose whether I can remember which kind of retarded, exactly, she is—God already made that choice for me, when she was retarded and I was also retarded and we happened to live in one of the two states where marriage between two consenting retards is legal. It's time to wake up, America, and realize that someone you know wakes up to Retard Marriage.

**Every day in the United States**, someone wakes up to the cries of the little puppy nobody wanted. Day after day, the little puppy wakes up and asks in his little puppy voice, "Who will be my boy?" What that puppy doesn't know, and America tries to ignore, is that he already has a boy, but that the boy doesn't really feel like playing with a stupid puppy. God already mad that choice for them, when the boy was given a Playstation 2 for Christmas. Wake up you stupid puppy. Nobody wants you.

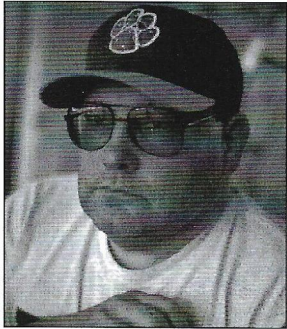
**Every day in the United States**, someone is woken up as ice-cold gold boullion is slid against his neck, breast-warm perfect breasts are slid against his thighs, and spicy-hot beef jerky is fed into his mouth. Make that Teriyaki. And instead of the breast-warm breasts, a pleasantly tepid vagina. No, no. All of it. Someone wakes up to gold and many varieties of beef jerky and various sex parts of a woman—God made that choice for that man, when he blessed me with the riches of India and the women of somewhere other than India. It's time to wake up, America, and realize that all of you, even the chicks, wish you were me.





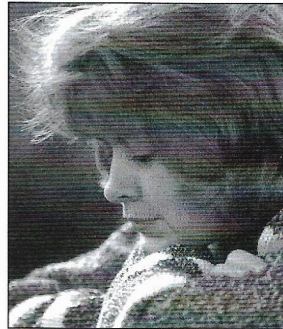
# Chronic Fatigue Syndrome: There is a Cure—With Lasers!

*Many people are unaware that several thousand Americans suffer from a disease called Chronic Fatigue Syndrome. What is Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, exactly? Let's ask some sufferers about this misunderstood disease.*



"My affliction, Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, has several symptoms. Often, I become sleepy. Other times, I feel drowsy. And worst of all are those times when it's really hard to keep my eyes open, because I'm so tired. I don't have these symptoms all the time, just some of the time."

—**Jamie Carrington, Ohio**



"I find that my Chronic Fatigue Syndrome makes it very difficult to lead a healthy and fulfilling life. I just can't stay up until 6 am every night finishing up those spreadsheets from work or playing with my kids. Because I have a disease. And that disease forces me to lie down at night—sometimes even during the day, around mid-afternoon when it's hottest—and try to recover from this terrible *chronic fatigue*. If only I could just lead a normal life."

—**Mariko Gilbert, California**

"My Chronic Fatigue Syndrome means that I get fatigued chronically, which means that I get tired at certain times of the day. Sometimes, it's easy to guess when the Syndrome is going to kick in—like, it hits me a lot around midnight on weeknights, 2 am on weekends. But sometimes, I just can't tell what's going to trigger it. It might be a long hike, an intense run, or a passionate love-making session. I never know in advance. But right afterward, I feel that fatigue coming on, and I think: there's that Chronic Fatigue Syndrome again. Damn."

—**Mike Fasano, Connecticut**

"Chronic Fatigue Syndrome is the disease I have. It means that I am tired. *Chronically*. Which means that sometimes, I am tired."

—**Jonathan Ames, New York**

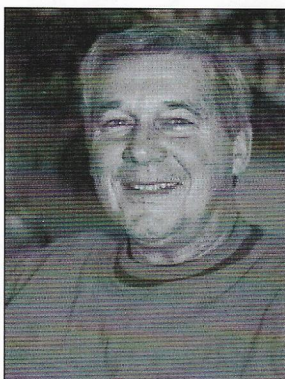
"Please, God, all I want is not to be so fatigued so chronically."

—**Anonymous**

***But now, we have a cure, thanks to lasers. Just listen to these results.***

"I used to have Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, and I would have to nap for hours every afternoon. But now, whenever I lie down, a man in a metal suit comes out of my closet and shines a laser pointer in my eyes. 'Stop! Please!' I yell, but the man just keeps on doing it, telling me to get out of bed and go back to work until it becomes too much to bear and I have to get up. Thanks, lasers, for curing my Chronic Fatigue Syndrome!"

—**Susan Mamis, New Jersey**



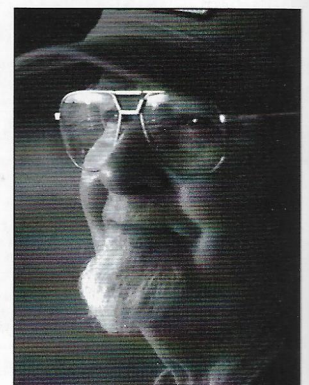
"I used to sleep for hours on end, day after day, but since I was introduced to lasers, I haven't slept a wink. Who's sleeping now? Not me. Not anymore."

—**Dave Streicher, Indiana**



"When my Chronic Fatigue Syndrome forces me to lie down and when I just can't be so damn fatigued, a boiling-hot laser shoots out of my wall, frying and searing my flesh until I can't stand it anymore and have to just get out of bed and go back to work. Lasers, you've given me back my life again."

—**James Herman, New York**





# The Appointment

**Mr. Johnston:** I made the appointment months ago.

**Receptionist:** Hmm. Well, it's not in with the microwave advertisements, and I don't see you in my folder filled with pictures of Nancy Kerrigan.

**Mr. Johnston:** That's "Johnston" with a "t".

**Receptionist:** Yes, I know...but you're not in my rubber banded wad of Arby's napkins.



[the searching continues]

**Receptionist:** Tell you what. Let me check the older records.

**Mr. Johnston:** Thanks, I've been coming here for years.

[further searching]

**Receptionist:** No...I have a magic bottlecap, three packets of dessicant...and—hold on—no, those are the plans for my girlfriend's dreamhouse. She's a model. But no "Johnston." So it looks like you're not in my Treasure Box either.

... YOU'RE NOT IN MY TREASURE BOX EITHER.

[so much searching]

**Receptionist:** This is what I can do. We can fudge a little—our secret.

**Mr. Johnston:** Really? Wow, thanks, you're so understanding.

**Receptionist:** Oh, no problem. I'll just need that hard candy you've been sucking on and we'll be all set.

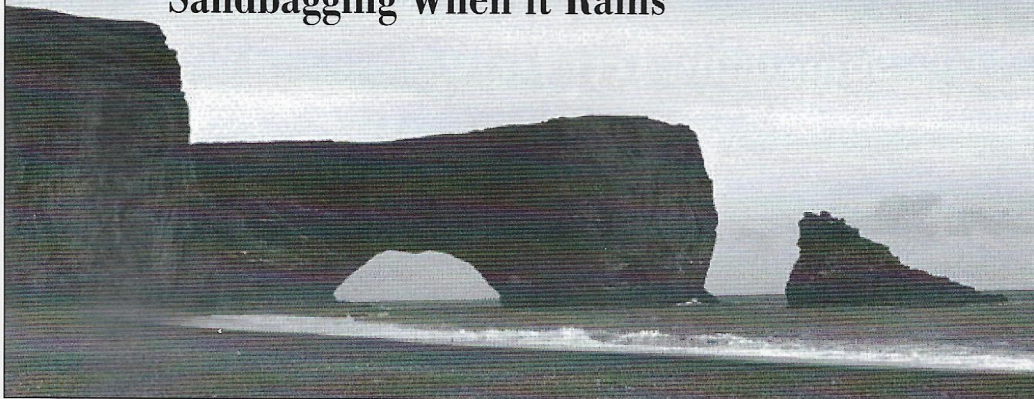
**Mr. Johnston:** You've got quite a filing system there.

**Receptionist:** Computers and I just don't seem to get along!

**Mr. Johnston:** I hear that!

## The Transitory Moment # 2:

### Sandbagging When it Rains



*"It's wet out there, Johnny. I said it's wet out there! Johnny! pay attention. The sandbags will help. They will help, trust me. They'll keep the rain away. Sandbags hold rain in a secret cup inside themselves. The cup is bottomless. the cup is full of all-absorbing sand. The cup is shaped like a bag. A bag that will save us all against the rain...and ourselves. Johnny, get your slicker. We don't sandbag sandbagging in this town."*



# ¡MEXICAN CEMENT FACTORY!

Have you gone mad, Robert?

Que es the problem?

Uh, the problem is that you told a customer we will deliver 300 tons of cement on Tuesday and we can't do that.

Roberto.

You're name is Robert, not Roberto.

Mi name es Roberto.

Whatever. In any case, what were you thinking? You know we don't have that production capacity!

Hey, did you see the last episode of La Usurpadora?

Oh, dios mio! Carlos Daniel is such a tool. I can't believe he's so blind to Paola's schemes.

Well, he's a trusting hombre.

I guess. Ah, damnit, Robert! Stop trying to distract me when I'm yelling at you by bringing up the greatest piece of art ever!

So sorry, señor.

Now what are you going to do about this customer you promised 300 tons of cement to?

Okay, fine. You're right. I know I gotta fix this. Okay, I'll just call them up and ask them what they think of Veronica Seriona's latest outfit.

Uf! Veronica is so hot! So caliente I'm en fuego!



Are you tired of that same old victim culture?

Do your kids find Judaism tough and chewy?

Can you barely swallow Talmudic law?

Do you need a chaser after Manischewitz?

If so, maybe you need a change.

Something lighter,

Something tastier,

Something . . .

Gypsies.

The other desert people.



Posted by Charles on April 13, 2001 at 11:45:02:

I have noticed a fair amount of complaints about the 80 hour work-week. Personally, I try to limit my week to 10 hours per day six days per week, although it can hit 12 hours per day.

I am not suggesting that no one works 80 hours; I know they do.

My question is.....What are our options? How can we reduce our hours per week in the workplace?

A qualified high-energy regenerative amplifier sure helps, although it does not reduce the expectation level of the customer. Many people have it in their head that the laser can do everything without any assistance at all!

I can not be the only laser that has noticed this scenario.

All comments and debate are welcome.

Respectfully,  
Charles Nelson, mode-locked Ti:sapphire laser

Posted by Jeff on April 14, 2001 at 23:03:16:

Depending on the area of laser service, complaints and gripes run the gamut. I feel my job and a half, (the first 40 hours, and then the inevitable 20 plus) is what is expected and often required. This is the "industry standard" for this type of work. When whoever set the "industry standard" I wish they weren't penny pinching workaholics, but family oriented fishing addicts like myself.

But everything has its pluses and minuses—garbage men: the stink; surgeons: the blood; etc.

I really like the burning things, and the hours aren't so bad.

Jeff, Quanta-Ray laser, MOPO Series

Posted by Kim on April 15, 2001 at 02:53:20:

I am a industrial manufacturing laser student at Johnson & Wales. I have some industry experience. I have several friends here—I have dozens and dozens of friends, in fact—and they are looking into executive corporate lasering jobs.

Let's see if IBM is hiring for that 7 to 2 executive lasering job full bennies and all holidays off (think of the profit sharing). Or how about peddling food for cash instead?

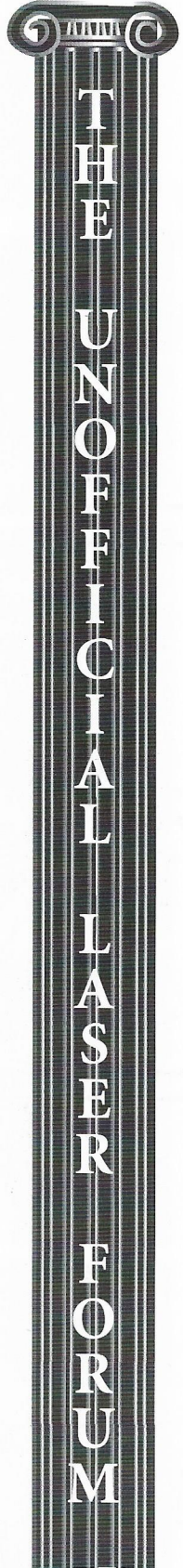
Kim Hoffman  
Industrial Manufacturing Laser Student May '01  
Johnson & Wales School of Lasering, Providence, RI

Posted by David on April 15, 2001 at 07:33:04:

:: Depending on the area of laser service, complaints and gripes run the gamut. I feel my  
:: job and a half, (the first 40 hours, and then the inevitable 20 plus ) is what is expected  
:: expected and often required. This is the "industry standard" for this type of work.  
:: When whoever set the "industry standard" I wish they weren't penny pinching  
:: workaholics, but family oriented fishing addicts like myself.

HEY WHEN IT COMES TO THE MONEY IN OUR INDUSTRY YOU MAKE THE CHOICE. REAL LASERS WORK FOR THEIR MONEY BECAUSE THE PEOPLE THAT PAY YOU DEMAND 60-80 HOUR WEEKS. YOU ARE THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP. YOU MUST BE AT THE HELM WHEN THINGS ARE HAPPENING. IT'S THE BUSINESS.

PHOTOLUMINESCENCELY YOURS, LASER DAVID



Favorites History Search Scrapbook Page Holder



# Who is smarter?

Doctor or lawyer?

Nurse or paralegal?

Nurse, with glasses, or nurse, without glasses?

Real nurse or stripper nurse, with glasses?

Stripper nurse or pornography nurse?

Stripper nurse or pornography nurse, with glasses?

British accent pornography nurse or American pornography nurse, with glasses?

Blonde British accent pornography nurse or brunette American pornography nurse, with glasses?

Blonde British accent pornography nurse, with glasses, or brunette American real nurse named Candi?





# Modernist Classics

In Kafka's modernist classic *The Trial*—a haunting tale of modern paranoia and bureaucracy—the persecuted Josef K. is arrested, tried and then executed by a draconian legal system, *though he never discovers the crime of which he has been accused.*

In Kafka's modernist classic *The Metamorphosis*—a compelling tale of modern alienation and isolation—the protean Gregor Samsa wakes up one morning to find that he has turned into a giant cockroach, and *he can never comprehend the draconian complexity of their modernist insect morality.*

In Kafka's modernist classic *Up and Cummers XI*—a fantastic tale of modern superficiality and exploitation—the penetrated Jenna Jameson finds herself in a series of emotionally and even sexually intimate encounters with men and women *that she barely even knows.*

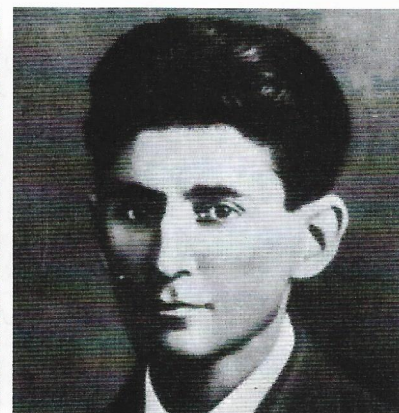
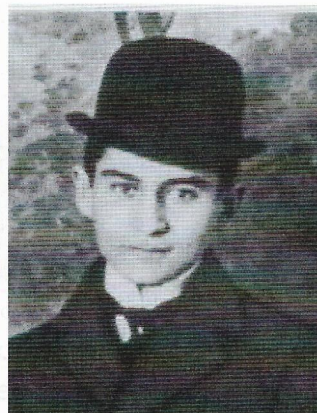
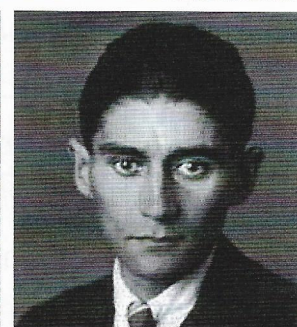
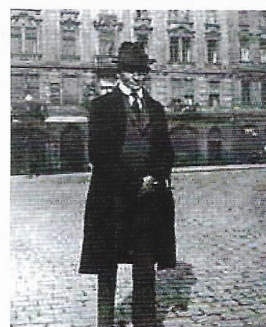
In Kafka's modernist classic *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*—a painful tale of modern exclusion and solitude—the crude and animalistic Rudolph finds himself a pariah, for, though he knows the draconian rules, *he is unable to participate in his community's reindeer games.*

In Kafka's modernist classic *Rocky IV*—a paralyzing tale of vicious aggression and desublimation—the brain-damaged Rocky Balboa finds himself repeatedly attacked by countless opponents, including a Dragonian Russian, who wears mysterious boxing gloves and boxing shorts, and *he cannot figure out why.*

In Kafka's modernist classic *The Waste Land*—a hypnotic tale of modern barrenness and sterility—the modern main character feels helpless and impotent in the face of some modernist things. But I cannot be more specific than that, because, despite my best efforts, *it was a long poem that I could never understand.*

In Kafka's modernist classic *Gilligan's Island*—a tragicomic tale of modern abandonment and exile—the castaway Crew finds themselves marooned once again on their deserted isle even after they have escaped to the mainland, and *they can never comprehend the judgments of the whimsical TV audience that perpetuates their cruel imprisonment.*

In James Joyce's modernist classic *Ulysses*—a sprawling tale of modern alienation and alienated modernity—the alienated reader finds that the book does not exist at all, because *Kafka wrote every modernist classic.*





# AYN RAND

---

# GUIDE TO DATING

---



*As you, the strong Objectivist, strive to make yourself into a monument to yourself and your*

*unbridled courage and your defiant, unremitting Will, you might find yourself desiring the company of the opposite sex. Your first inclination might be to try to stifle these urges. This response is only natural, for a romantic companion does draw some time and energy away from your calling—that epic struggle to catapult yourself high over the bungling throngs of undifferentiated humanity, the masses drowning in the stench of their own feces, cowardice, and "fecal cowardice." But, if you're careful, you can find ways to become romantically involved while wasting little to none of the precious energy and Will that we would all prefer to use for unflagging self-glorification.*

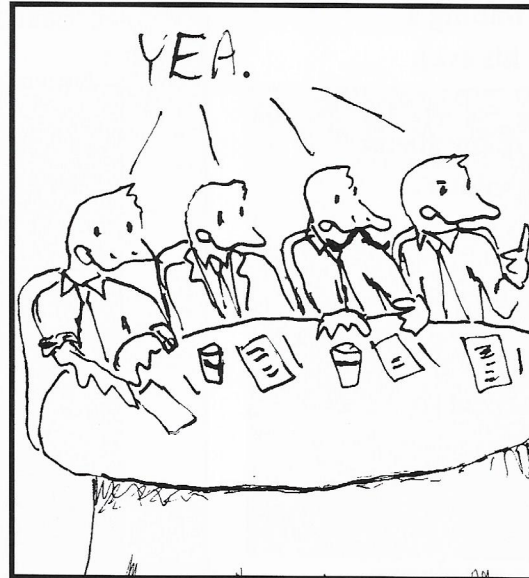
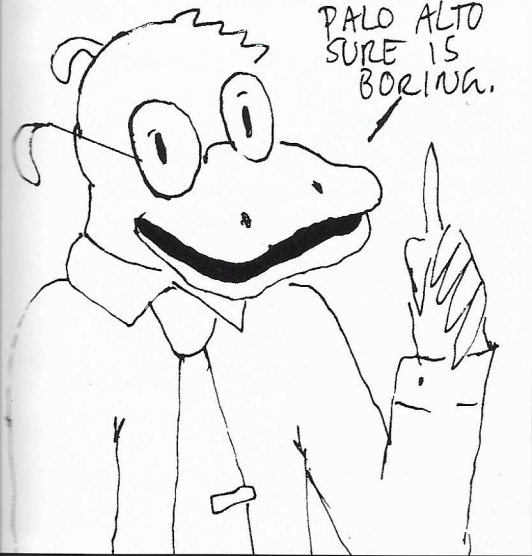
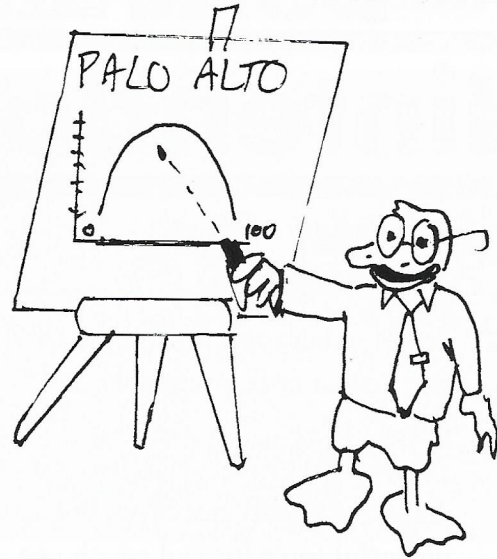
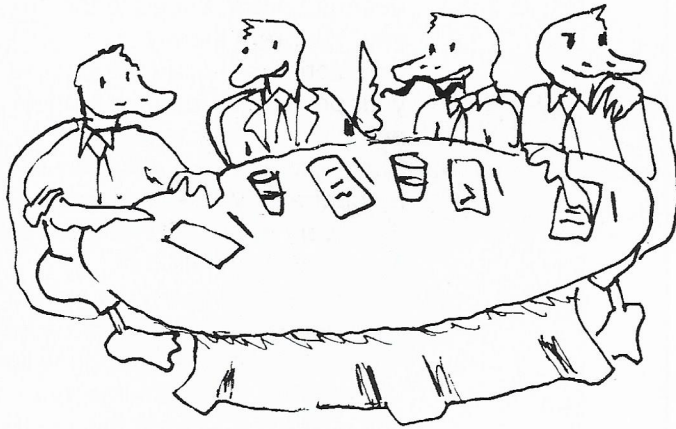
**Do Not** open doors for your date, and do not hold the door as they proceed ahead of you. To those filthy lily-livers that do so, we must ask you this question: what do you fear lies on the other side of that door, you tiny-willed poltroon, that you send your date ahead of you to scout for danger? You alarmist pig, do you fear that some great Dragon, some bland Society, lies in wait, ready to pounce upon those that enter and feed off of the blood of their dissent? Cast off the shackles of your effeminacy; open the door yourself and thrust yourself through, proudly preparing to countenance and destroy the villain lying inside, that insidious vampire lusting to conquer your proud disavowal of the unthinking Herd.

**Never** allow your date to have sexual intercourse with you. Only the most womanly milksop allows a vagina to surround and then disarm his thrusting symbol of indomitable prowess, that pulsating sword he inherited from the great Hectors of his patrilineage. That vagina represents the seething banality of Society as it tries to consume your heroic member, your Obelisk of manly Noncompliance. That vagina represents those Procrustean demons who tried to tamper with the genius of that high-plumed architect in that heroic book I penned. *The Fountainhead*. Do you want some filthy strumpet to contain your individuality the way they contained Howard Roark's buildings? No, you vibrating dynamo of an Overman, you do not—as Roark blew up his buildings rather than see them built as tainted monuments to the feeble and urine-soaked Masses, so should you explode your powerful rod before you let it sink into that quagmire of feminine venom.

**Under No Circumstances** should you "go steady" with anyone. "Go steady" is one more euphemism designed to mask that gruesome Medusa of commitment and responsibility to others. How, you skulking dunghill cock, you spiritless and weak-hearted feather-man, will you be able to summon all of your strength into one powerful surge of protest against the pabulum of the rabble when your parasite of a companion is sucking you dry, stealing the very marrow of your bones? Defend yourself against those felons and miscreants who seek attachment, for they want nothing more than your total and complete submission to a society that loathes your independent mind. This all happens in my other brilliant and heroic monument to my Self, *Atlas Shrugged*.



# The Palo Alto "Duck Talks"



**PALO  
ALTO  
FOUND  
BORING  
BY  
DUCKS.**

## The Transitory Moment # 3:

### Blister or Beauty Mark



*"Baby it's so sexy. I love it. No? What? Oh baby, it's what makes you you. It's something I can love about you that no one else can...at least until it heals."*



# 10 Things

# Nintendo®

## Has Taught Me

1. To get a date, you must rescue her from a boss, preferably a dragon.
2. A boss is not an employer, but a powerful force for evil which can only be defeated by finding a weak point (usually his eye).
3. The US army fights many aliens; luckily, each of their soldiers possesses 30 lives.
4. Hand-eye coordination.
5. In basketball, one may set the net on fire if one goes three-for-three.
6. Boxers' achilles heels are always distinguishable by watching their mustache twitch.
7. You can kill vampires with a whip.
8. To reward someone for a job well done, read them credits.
9. Guns never need to be reloaded, and bullets cannot kill someone outright even if they take a direct hit.
10. Japan, and indeed much of America, is populated by Ninjas.

# Superhero Arguments

Batman: Green Lantern, I need to talk to you. Your rent money dematerialized again. Stop using your power ring to make money and give me your rent.

Green Lantern: Sorry, Batman. Not all of us are billionaire playboys who can pay rent every month. Some of us are honest working folk with weaknesses to yellow. Do you know how much yellow is in a job? I better stay here, where no yellow can hurt me, and drink this non-golden beer, and wear this pristine white wife-beater.

Batman: Give me the damn rent.

Aquaman: Hulk! Could you PLEASE not eat live fish around me.

Hulk: Hulk like fish.

Aquaman: Yes, I know. Its just that everytime you take a bite, I hear the deathcry of the poor fish through my telepathic link with aquatic life.

Hulk: Fishman starting to anger Hulk.

Aquaman: They lead such sad little lives beneath the waves...

Hulk: Hulk smash! (the Hulk smashes Aquaman through a wall, face first)

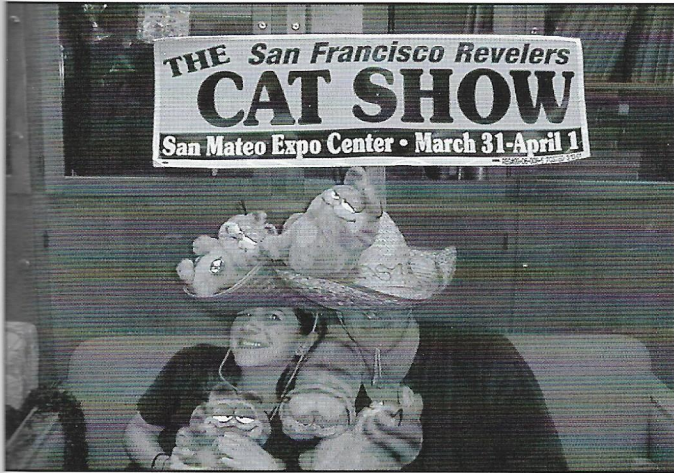
Batman: Agony. My shoulder gives out with a snap. I switch arms, even though my humerus is poised to break. I move the machine an inch. Success. I grit my teeth and smile for an instant. My left leg goes. Stupid, stupid old man. Must complete task or innocents will be harmed. Think of the innocents, think through the pain of my lung collapsing through my knee. Must go on. The war goes on.

Spiderman: Quit whining and finish vacumming the living room.





# CAT SHOW, HOME SHOW



Ah, another fabulous cat show. Mark and I had a great time.



What's that, Garfield?



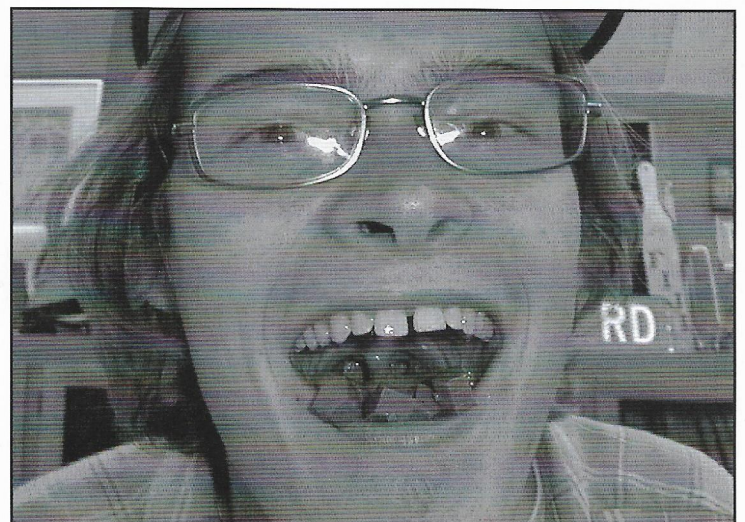
Yeah, I know. Mark's a fag.



Hey, what's this? A HOME show? Hmmmm...not so sure 'bout that.



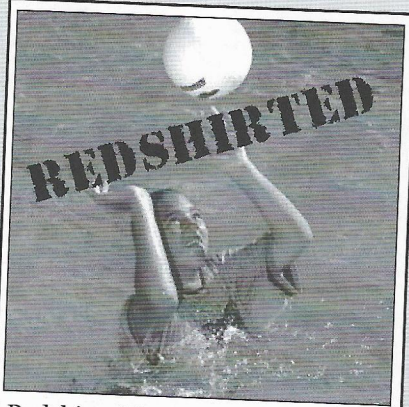
I dunno, fellas—used to be a house was bigger than a person.



Garfield, get Mama's .44

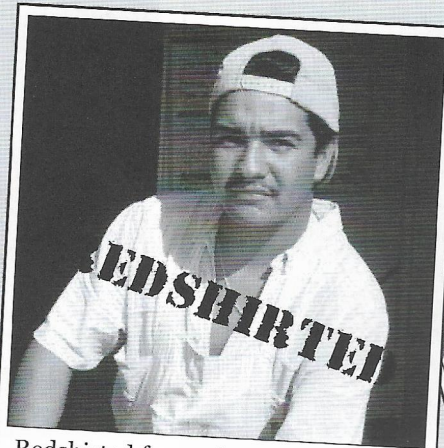


# REDSHIRTED



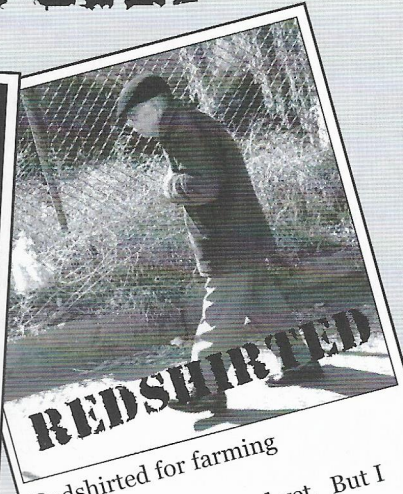
Redshirted for water polo

I'm a solid player, good even, but this is a new level. I think a year to work on my conditioning and speed will benefit my whole career, so I don't really mind the wait.



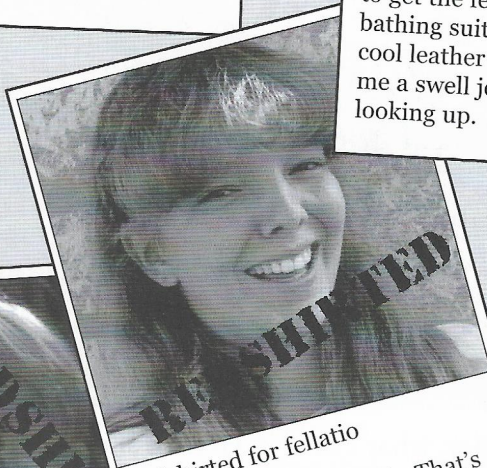
Redshirted for cool

I'm really trying to make the most of my redshirt year. Saving the decision of wearing boxers or briefs has been a real godsend, allowing me to get the feel for sweatpants and bathing suits. In anticipation of a cool leather jacket, my mom bought me a swell jean one. Things are looking up.



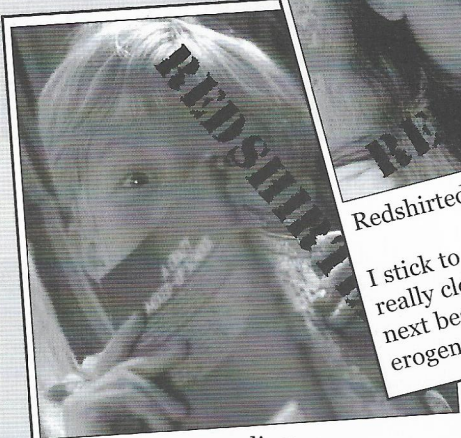
Redshirted for farming

Got to buy some seed yet. But I reckon the talkin' seems to be takin' jes' fine. Yessir, jes' fine.



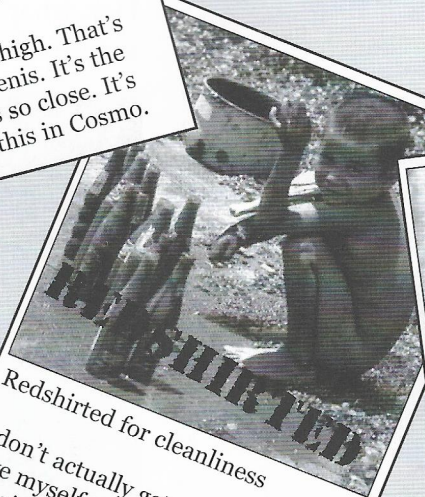
Redshirted for fellatio

I stick to the upper thigh. That's really close to the penis. It's the next best thing. It's so close. It's erogenous. I read this in Cosmo.



Redshirted for reading

My reading coach thought that I should wait a year before I really jump into the whole reading thing. I mean, there are already a lot of people out there who are reading, and the competition could prove pretty discouraging. And I have this nagging dyslexia, so having time for that to heal up will be nice.



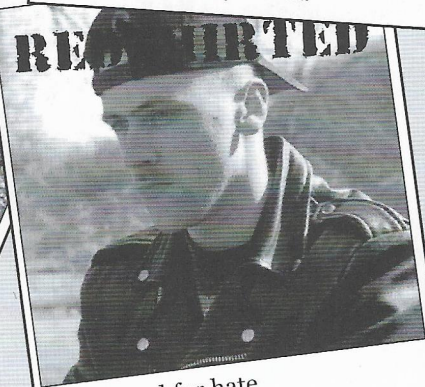
Redshirted for cleanliness

I don't actually get to bathe, but I give myself a good wipe down with a moist towlette once a week, and spray myself with Citronella pretty regularly.



Redshirted for awkward girlhood

My self-esteem is a little high for full awkward girlhood status. I'm hoping a boy will comment on my slow to develop breasts and pudgy face. Then I can start throwing away the special cookies that my mom packs in my lunch.



Redshirted for hate

I see you, but all I can do is sort of look away and cough. But I cough rudely, so that's pretty good.



# HEGEL'S PHENOMENOLOGY: THE INCREASING SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE WORLD SPIRIT

- AGE 3: Blissfully unaware of its all-encompassing role as the social and cultural history of the West, the World Spirit runs around in its Underoos. Occasionally tells other children that they are "doody" that it wants to flush down the "potty." Philosophically sophisticated parents remark that this behavior is "just a phase" which will soon be "sublated" as the World Spirit "negates itself." Other parents baffled.
- AGE 8: World Spirit wears Skidz to school, becomes self-conscious for the first time as schoolmates and cultural historians alike laugh at the World Spirit's outdated attire. "Who knew that the necessary supersession of world-historical epochs culminated with a short-lived MC Hammer-inspired fad in the Winter of 1991? I sure didn't," quips neo-Hegelian philosopher Charles Taylor. "Yeah, the World Spirit is such a geek," replies classmate David Croke. "Sometimes, the World Spirit even wears its backpack *on both shoulders.*"
- AGE 12: The self-consciousness of the World Spirit increases dramatically with Emily Lodish's 7th grade pool party, where the World Spirit must confront itself in a bathing suit in public for the first time. Parents console the World Spirit, saying "Mary Robb might have a 'C' cup, but she doesn't represent the inevitable streaming of humanity's self-transforming cultural milieu, now does she? *Does she?*" World Spirit pouts, replying that the historical progression of our shapes of consciousness is "SO gay."
- AGE 13: World Spirit comes to full self-consciousness and knows itself absolutely for the first time. World Spirit continues to know itself again and again inside its room with the door locked. Concerned parents knock and call out, "Are you in there knowing yourself again? Absolute self-knowledge is going to make you go blind."
- AGE 15: Utterly self-conscious World Spirit wails that it is "the fattest narrative of human progress *ever.*" World Spirit begins throwing up after meals, purging itself of major moments of proud cultural achievement. Collective memory of the Roman Empire burns World Spirit's esophagus. Friends hear the World Spirit vomiting up "the bloated pomposity of the Enlightenment," begin to worry.
- AGE 18: World Spirit achieves the identity of itself with itself, actualizing the indivisible unity of its self-consciousness. World Spirit learns Transcendental Meditation, becomes a lesbian, moves to a commune in Berkeley, sells psychedelic mushrooms and runs Buddhist web site. Writes best selling book "Chicken Soup for the German Idealist Soul."



A PENGUIN CLASSIC



# We asked the staff: "What do lasers mean to me?"

To me, lasers mean windy nights on the beach roasting marshmallows next to a bonfire, catching fireflies at dusk and watching them flirt with the air as we let them go. Lasers mean that last extra hug before you go to sleep, the one you weren't expecting. So in a word, lasers mean home.

**Erik Lessac-Chenen,**  
Writer of inspirational  
religious propaganda

Let's imagine that you're me and I'm you. Now the table's turned just by a simple hypothetical situation, isn't it? Well, I don't care what you think about lasers. Just put another taco in your mouth and let me do the talking and thinking from now on, okay fatty?

**Anne Bender,**  
In charge

I've generally been pretty fortunate with the laser-folk. Back in my day you couldn't find a laser that wouldn't love to take a spin in the old washer, if you know what I mean. Don't tell your mother I said that.

**Steve Yelderman,**  
Poor father

There are a lot of lasers out there in the world, and you'll probably go through more than a few of them in your lifetime. But if you get a good one—a laser that's cost-efficient, powerful, and diamond cut; kind, soulful, and has an enchanted laugh—hold onto that laser with all the strength your heart can muster, and never, ever let go.

**Jacob Young,**  
Learned

To me, lasers are a powerful metaphor for our future. Will we use these futuristic machines for the good of all of humanity, like we've used the automobile? Or will we use them for to harm and damage others, like we've used the automobile? As we march proudly into our technological future, we must ask ourselves this question: lasers—the next automobiles, or the next automobiles?

**Gideon Lewis-Kraus,**  
Racecar driver

The verdict is in from Paris! Lasers are H-O-T for the 2004-2005 season. Lasers are triple X sassy dangerous, so say Parisian Pundits.

**Adrian Perry,**  
Positively FABULOUS

One time I ordered the laser at the restaurant. They brought me a proton flux mechanism. Can you BELIEVE that Shit!?!?

**Charlie Stockman,**  
Flabbergasted

What you say mean lasers. Lasers always nice and friendly to me.

**Craig Protzel,**  
Easygoer

A laser makes me think of a ray of light. A ray of light peeking over the ocean waves, which crash upon the jagged rocks. I am standing on the beach, my bare feet in the wet sand. There is dew in my hair. I have fashioned several tiny boats out of pink and blue taffy, but when I place them in the water, they sink slowly to the bottom of the shallow, sandy, sea. A myserious stranger ambles up beside me. In a crusty local accent, he mutters, "Them boats have sunk."

"Yes." I reply. "I know. I made them out of taffy."

**Katie Founds,**  
Siren

I'm not sure why, but I've always had this strange fear of lasers. Whenever I hear the word "laser", my stomach curls up in a little ball and I want to vomit. Perhaps it has something to do with the time I was sleeping at a friend's house and a laser broke into my house and killed my family. I got there in the morning and the laser was sitting in the kitchen, eating a bowl of Frosted Flakes and watching cartoons. Crying, I fell to my knees and pleaded for it to take my life too, but it only laughed and stared at me with those horrible, evil laser eyes.

**Seth Rosenbloom,**  
Apparently not a real big laser guy

I'll never forget those Christmas mornings. The smell of lasers pervaded every inch of the house. Mom would be roasting her succulent ham on a bed of lasers. Dad would be stirring the eggnog, careful to add a dash of lasers at just the right moment. And my little brother would be shaking with the anticipation of what type of laser he would get that year.

**Matt Steinberg,**  
Innocent

Sheriff Laser always got a lot of flack. Kids used to taunt him and say: "Hey officer Laser, gonna laser us today laser face!" He cried on the inside as he brutally beat them with his billy club.

**Chris Allocco,**  
Astute observer of laser nature

I think lasers mean a brighter tomorrow.  
**Jamecca Marshall,**  
Pageant winner

Take my laser, please!

**Justin Guerrieri,**  
Classi

What would the world be like without lasers? It would be a sadder place. If they only ever invented the maser, things would be very different indeed. Could we concentrate with maser-like precision? Would the computer industry be powered on masers of might and not lasers of light? Could masers be used to enthrall children with drawings in the sky? The answer is no. Masers simply aren't good enough.

**Geoff Schaeffer,**  
Apparently not a real big maser guy

Sometimes I get coked up out of my mind and pretend I am a laser.

**Jason Jenkins,**  
Fucking rock star, man

Did you get a Klobb? Dude! I love Bond. Lasers.

**Jeff McConaghy,**  
Enormous and confused child

Lasers are putting the working man out of business.

**John Huetter,**  
Bullet

Crouching Laser, Hidden Laser is my favorite joke that I made for this magazine.

**Brent Fitzgerald,**  
Jokesmith

When I think of lasers...I think of flying down into a sea of pens and feather, and all the other instruments of faith and sex and God.

**Eric Jorgensen,**  
Soul pilot

Lasers and nerds go hand in hand. Down nerdy lane to the magical village of geeks. Laser and nerds are the same thing. Lasers and nerds should be combined into today's industrial workhorse. Good for both laser intensive operations, and projects with a high nerd to output ratio.

**Ben Wilfong,**  
Not a nerd

What do lasers mean to me?  
Goodbye cateracts!

**Anwar Ragep,**  
So blind



Life after college is tough. Hard work, frowns, poison...

## The Stanford Chaparral

...and no one delivers the Chappie under your door for free. If you're not ready to quit laughing just yet, buy a subscription to the Chappie. We'll mail you the issues and you can slide them under your door and laugh like you were still in college. Honest.

Please sign \_\_\_\_\_  
up for a one year (7 issue) subscription.  
Enclosed is my \$15.00 check made  
payable to The Stanford Chaparral.

Mail the issues to the address below



**The Stanford Chaparral**  
P.O. Box 18916  
Stanford, CA 94309

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_



# HUGGIES

DIAPERS FOR BABIES

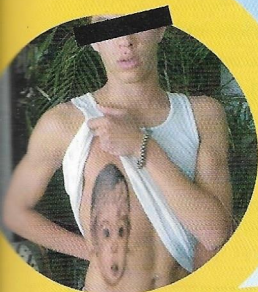
## ACTIVITY FUN PAGE

### WHAT'S UP, AMERICA?

5 out of 10 children under age 6 do not have a tattoo. 7 out of 10 do not have two tattoos. Bill Gates has 40 billion dollars. What's up, America?

### TATTOO TIP #351

The "It" tattoo for babies to have is a baby. Sure, this is adorable now, to have a baby tattooed on your baby's stomach, but what about in 30 years? Will your child want a baby tattooed on his stomach? No, he will want a man, a viking, to show the world his manhood. So stop and think before you have a baby tattooed on your baby.



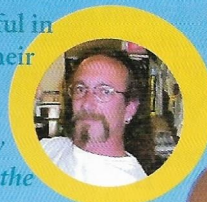
### TAT TALK™ WITH TATTOO ARTIST TANK MERCHANT

Why do you tattoo babies?

"To make them beautiful in a way that God and their parents could not."

Should we let the baby choose the location of the tattoo? What about the stretching potential of certain locations?

"Newborns always want me to do the soft spot, but you've got to stay away from the soft spot for the first 18 months. After that anything goes."



### TATTOO TIP #227

Tattoos aren't just for babies! Studies have shown that babies nursed from a breast with a tattoo of an Ankh score an average of 150 points higher on the SAT.



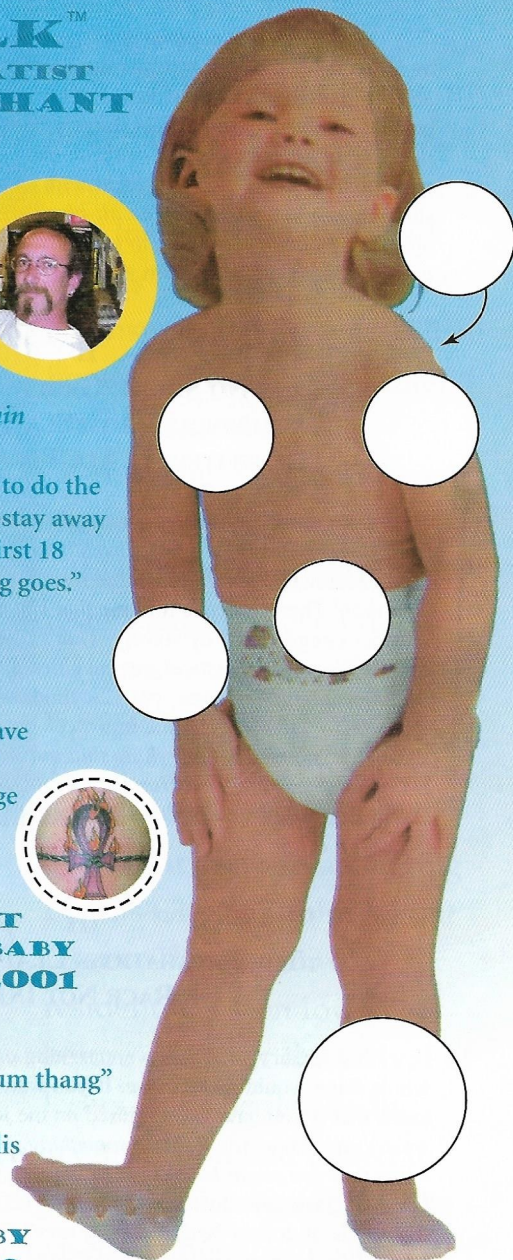
### TOP 5 MOST POPULAR BABY TATTOOS 2001

1. "MOTHER"
2. a baby
3. "It's a Willenium thang"
4. "W.W.J.D."
5. Cindy Margolis



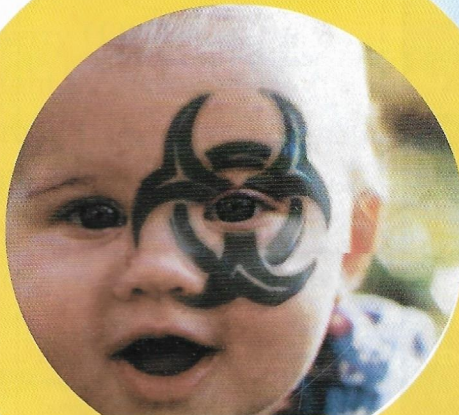
### TOP 5 MOST POPULAR BABY TATTOOS 1939

1. "MOTHER"
2. Hitler in drag
3. "FDR4EVR"
4. "Lindbergh, baby!"
5. "Born to Lindy Hop"



### TOTTOOED TAT!?

Jenny has lost her tattos. Help her get them back! Cut out the tattoos hidden on this page and paste them in the correct spots on Jenny's body.



Lydia Spenser, 12 mos.  
Shawnee Mission, KS



# Five Reasons Why Reparations for Slavery is a Bad Idea — and Racist, Too.

By David Horowitz

## I

### THERE IS NO SINGLE GROUP RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CRIME OF SLAVERY, BUT I AM NOT ONE OF THOSE GROUPS.

While white Europeans conducted the trans-Atlantic slave trade, Arabs and black Africans were responsible for enslaving the ancestors of African Americans. I, on the other hand, cannot possibly be held responsible for slavery, largely because I don't know a *single thing* about how to pilot one of those slave ships. I do have a yacht with an all-black crew, but a yacht with an all-black crew is not a slave ship. It is a *yacht with an all-black crew*. *Proponents of affirmative action are trying to take away my yacht with my all-black crew*. If that's not unfair, then *what is?*

## II

### THERE IS NO SINGLE GROUP THAT BENEFITED EXCLUSIVELY FROM SLAVERY; I NEVER BENEFITED AT ALL FROM SLAVERY.

So it turns out that lots of people got a lot of money and goods from slavery. But I did a little investigating, and it turns out that I, David Horowitz, never got a dime from slavery. *What the fuck is up with that?* Then someone told me that I benefited from the economic injustices engendered by slavery. *That's a bunch of bullshit*. Does so-called "economic injustice" put caviar on David Horowitz's table? No. Does "economic injustice" put 12 cylinders in David Horowitz's engine? No. Does "economic injustice" put cocaine in David Horowitz's nose? *The only thing that puts cocaine in David Horowitz's nose is David Horowitz's cold, hard cash*. If no cocaine in David Horowitz's nose isn't a sign that reparations should not be paid, then *what is?*

## III

### THE REPARATIONS CLAIM IS BASED ON RACE NOT INJURY.

If African Americans were arguing on the basis of injury, this whole thing would make sense. If you watch any television at all, you know that if you have been injured on the job or in an accident that wasn't your fault, *you deserve something for your injury*. You also know that *you might be entitled to thousands of dollars*. But, I, David Horowitz, ask you: does television tell you that you deserve thousands of dollars *based on your race?* Does television tell you that *me and my brother Jed won't stop fighting until you get your reparations money?* Does television tell you that *we don't get paid a cent until you get paid based on your race?* No, television does not tell you that. *There are no "personal race lawyers."* If that's not the most powerful argument you can imagine, *what is?*

## IV

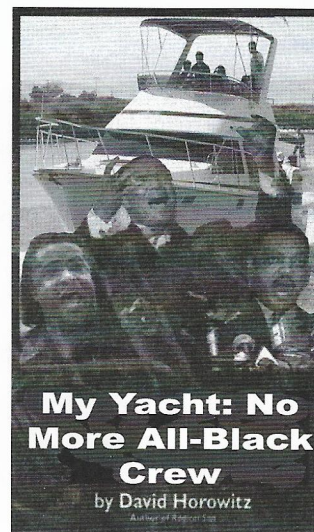
### THE REPARATIONS ARGUMENT IS BASED ON THE UNSUBSTANTIATED CLAIM THAT ALL AFRICAN AMERICANS SUFFER FROM THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF SLAVERY AND DISCRIMINATION.

Again with this "economic consequences" hogwash. What kind of suffering is due to *economics*? Suffering is being *branded*. Does economics take a branding iron and brand Greek letters into the arms of young black men? No. Only *black fraternities* brand Greek letters into the arms of young black men. If African Americans want reparations so badly, why don't they ask the *black fraternities*? If black fraternities aren't the source of black suffering, *what is?*

## V

### REPARATIONS TO AFRICAN AMERICANS HAVE BEEN PAID, AND THEY FUCKED EVERYTHING UP.

In 1984, white America repaid African America with several roles on the ground-breaking television sitcom *Diff'rent Strokes*. And what happened? Todd Bridges, a *black*, turned to *drugs* and was responsible for turning Dana Plato, a *white*, into a *drug-user* and a *whore*. Gary Coleman, the other *black* who received these reparations, ended up in *prison* after trying to *needle more reparations* out of Mr. Drummond. The entire cast of *Diff'rent Strokes* is either dead or in prison. Why? *Reparations to African Americans*. If that's not something that makes *me* a very *powerful* person, then *what is?*



If you would like to help spread David Horowitz's smarmy neo-conservatism:

Center for the Study of Me,  
David Horowitz  
P.O. Box 67398  
Los Angeles, CA 90035

Enclosed please find a donation of:

My soul  An cheer for  
Horowitz's self-despising turn from  
leftist activist to unapologetic  
Reaganite  \$10,000

Contributions of \$10,000 or more will receive a copy of *My Yacht: No More All-Black Crew* signed by the Author.



# An American Laser Story

Lasers. Spell it with a "z" and it would be "Lazers". Try it with two "z"s and you have "Lazerz". But any way you write it, in many cities throughout the country, "L-A-S-E-R-S" spells bigotry. "Lasers have high level industry positions," you say with wide innocent eyes. You open your eyes even wider to add, "America loves that famous laser—the funny one from the movies." But as wide as your eyes are opened at this point in the conversation, you fail to see the truth. The ugly "T-R-U-T-H" of antilaserian sentiment in the United States.

Stewart Brown is your average Iowa Citian. He has a nice home, car, and family. Like much of the community, he affords these nice things with a job at Iowa Techtronics. He bowls every League Night down at the Cherry Hills Lanes. You might learn these facts through a casual conversation with Mr. Brown at his

favorite luncheonette. We did. But what Stewart Brown might not tell you, is that he is antilaserian.

Brown told us, however, because we asked him. He told us that he takes pride in his pristine prairie paradise; but it's something more than pride. Something more like hatred. And not hatred of his town, but hatred of something in his

town. Something like lasers.

"I don't have a problem with lasers," said Brown, lying. "There is a laser at work that is just great; I did a presentation the other day and he was just a super helper, a real team player." But



**"What would I do if my daughter came home with a laser? I'll be honest, I wouldn't feel safe."**

Brown wasn't finished. Not with the lasers. Not by a long shot. "What would I do if my daughter came home with a laser?" Yes, Mr. Brown, that was the question we asked. "That's different." That's not an answer, Mr. Brown. "I'll be honest, I wouldn't feel safe."

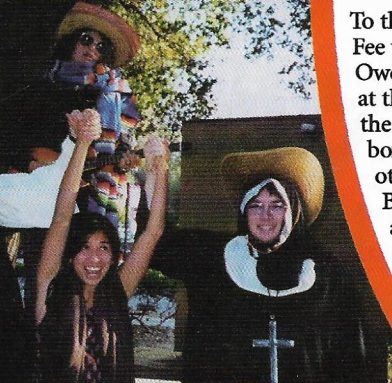
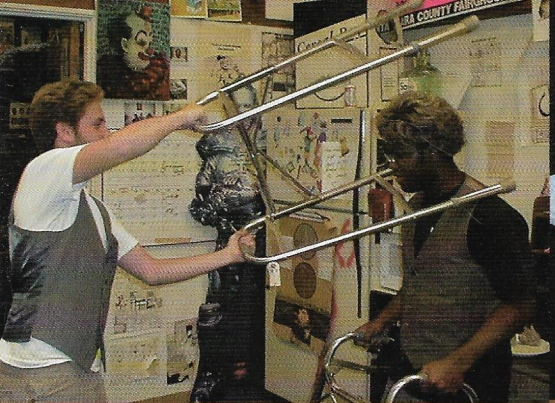
Dangerous.

Frightening. Sensual. Two of those words reflect the antilaserian sentiment that festers behind closed doors all across America. The other is a word we enjoy saying. Try it. "Sensual." You might just like it.

But don't try changing Phyllis Glynch's mind about lasers. The 87 year old resident has seen Iowa City before and after the arrival of lasers, and she decidedly

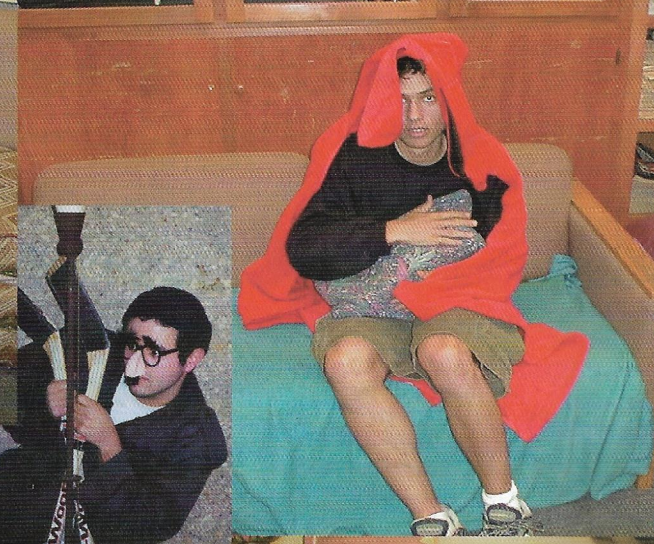
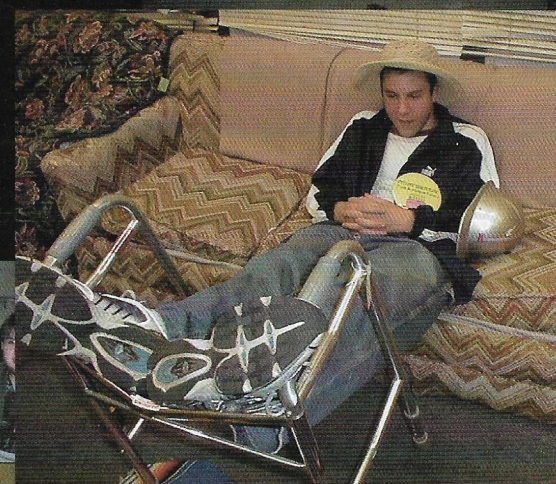
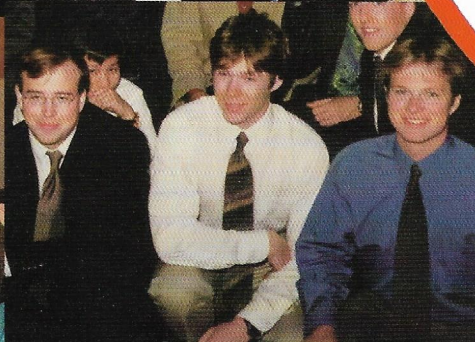
prefers the Prelaserian era. If you had talked to Mrs. Glynch, she might have said something like this. "Crime has increased exponentially since those lasers came to town." That may be true, but can you trust a racist? That is a choice only you can make, but the answer is no.





To those of you who gave us our highest Special Fee victory margin ever; to past Old Boys Dustin, Owen, Onstad, Peiffer; to Ray at Prodigy; to John at the Modern Humorist; to Dana and Nadira at the Daily; to the gray woman who smokes in a box; especially to Brent for doing something other than alternating text and clip-art; to Bee-Bees in a Beer Bottle and Emotional Baggage and Sandwiches; to Matt and Christine and next year's ASSU; to the 461 of you that voted for the Harbingers of Apocalyptic Change; to Scot and Aldo at the Directory; to Paul van Dyk and the lasers; to the friends at home who haven't become intellectuals, mellow, different, smokers, exclusive, annoying; to those of you who read the Freshman Issue first thing, who played the GAME, who rode alongside the FIFTH HORSEMAN, who read our DIARY, who got their news from our version of the Daily—we'd like to thank all of you for everything you've done to make this another great year for the Chappie. We'll see you in the fall.

—Chaparral, Volume CII



**Aye, aye, Captain!**  
Senior Gideon Lewis-Kraus (left) and junior Jacob Young, the editors of the Chaparral, were one of the slates featured in Wednesday's ASSU presidential debate at the Coffee House. Find out more about their campaign in Monday's Daily.

KEITH ITO/The Stanford Daily