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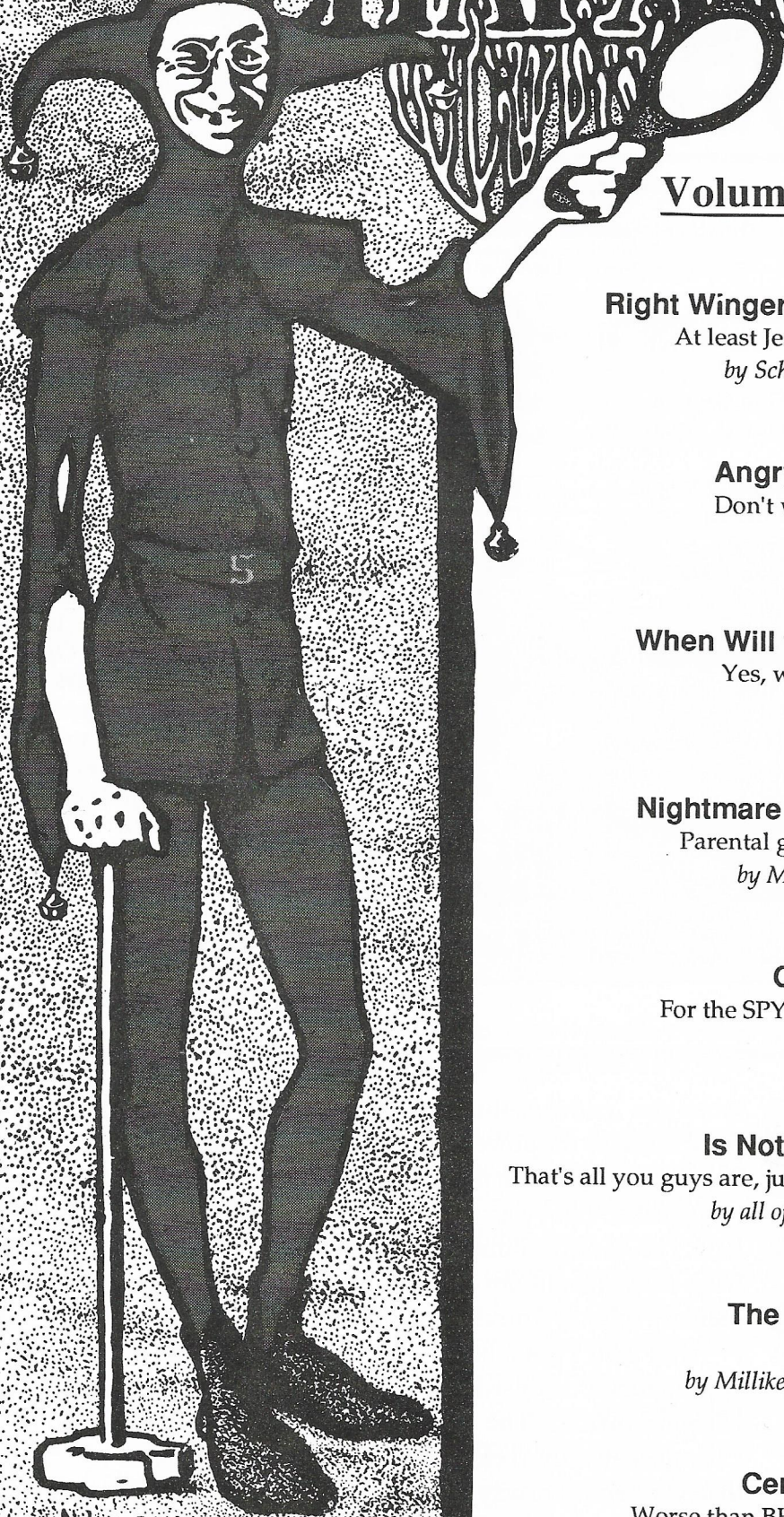
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The CHAPARRAL



Bristow Adams.

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The Stanford Chaparral

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by Bristow Adams

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Victor Payan, '91

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Fawn Hall
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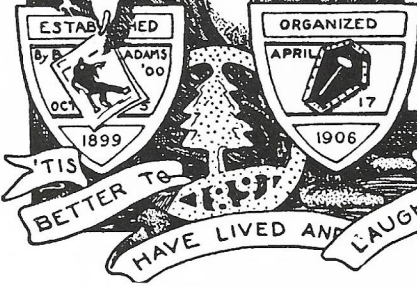
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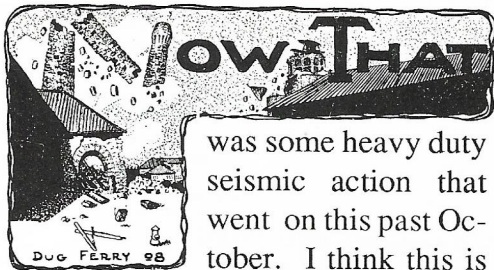
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THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS

Volume 91, Number 2



was some heavy duty seismic action that went on this past October. I think this is one of those events where twenty years down the road you will remember exactly what you were doing. Especially if you were shaving.

As for the Old Boy, he was sitting on his throne calling Palo Alto Bowl

when the conversation was rudely interrupted by the powers that be. As soon as I realized that this was not an earthquake but was instead AN EARTHQUAKE, I immediately did what I was taught not to do in elementary school. I messed my pants.

After that, I got a hold of myself and ran for the nearest doorway in the Chappie office. The six or seven Chappies already seeking refuge in that particular doorway were not very sensitive to my condition, and so

they closed the door to prevent my nestling in among them.

The office, at this point, was still rocking back and forth like a metronome, and debris was falling off the walls left and right. Thinking this was the mythical "Big One" Californians are so fixated with, I pictured the horrible aftermath in which all the best surfing would be off the coast of Idaho.

Not willing to resign myself to such a terrible scene, I reached into

my wallet and whipped out my Ronco inflatable desk which I'd bought with ten proofs of purchase of the Batman videotape. But that's another story.

Being that I am the Old Boy, I am naturally filled with an easy surplus of hot air and thus inflated the desk with little difficulty. The fact that I was hyperventilating at the time hastened the procedure.

By the time I got under the desk, the earth had spoken its peace, and Stanford was still standing.

I was so happy to be alive, I wanted to express my joy to the world. I wanted to write a haiku. I wanted to sing "Kumbayaa." I wanted to plant a tree and water it every day until it died of lead poisoning.

Looking around for other Chappies to inflict my joy upon, I noticed that the room was deserted. They had all bolted out of the room. So I did, too.

In case any of you were wondering, the emergency bat-desk is the only inflatable object the Old Boy owns.

Honest.

Anyhow, it looks like we all survived the "Quake of 89." Somehow, though, I wish the media would have given it a better name, something that communicated the raw power of the Earth. Something a little more menacing, perhaps.

Ten years from now, I will have liked to have been able to say, "I survived the *Seven Point Monster Quake*," or the *Terrible Tectonics of 89*, or at least *the E-Ticket Ride from Hell*. But all I will have lived through is the "Quake of 89." It's a very anticlimactic, desk-job kind of name.

As with many, disorientation began to set in during the days following the quake. Quite a few students had been displaced. A couple of students had been *misplaced*, but they

were later found waddling in the duck pond at Terman and eating pieces of bread that onlookers would throw to them. They too, had suffered some degree of disorientation.

One of my professors thought he was God for a while. But I pretended to be an atheist and refused to believe he existed at all, claiming that the whole of existence was a trick done with mirrors.

But that too is another story. I suppose I should say something about the Eighties, seeing as that's what the issue is supposed to be about.

The Eighties, I should warn you, didn't really occur. It was all a bizarre amusement park attraction called Freudioland that society sank

lah would get you if you didn't eat your veggies on a transatlantic flight. Remember you should never be obnoxious to a stewardess with hairy legs and a beard. And a rifle.

And then there were all the electronic advancements that made life in the Seventies obsolete. Can you even imagine the days before solar calculators with 175 functions? Why there is an entire generation of children who are so electronically dependant they don't know how to count on their fingers. Before computers? Before the space shuttle? Before Nutrasweet? Or mousse? Or baboon hearts? Or AIDS?

What happened to the good old days when herpes was the baddie. In

the Eighties, herpes is your friend. You welcome herpes with open arms and open sores.

But let's get back to this Eighties dreamworld thing. It's all going by too fast. Why, with all the goings on since November, I'm beginning to think the Eighties all happened in the last two months of the

The Chappie office after (and before) the big one



into after the hopelessness of the nuclear warfare psychosis of the Seventies.

In the Eighties, the nuclear threat all but disappeared, mostly with the help of something called Star Wars, which itself didn't exist.

And then came Chernobyl. An accident which only "existed" because some Scandinavian country noticed unusually high radiation levels on its meters. But even then it hadn't existed for a couple of days.

It was a decade in which the Ayatol-

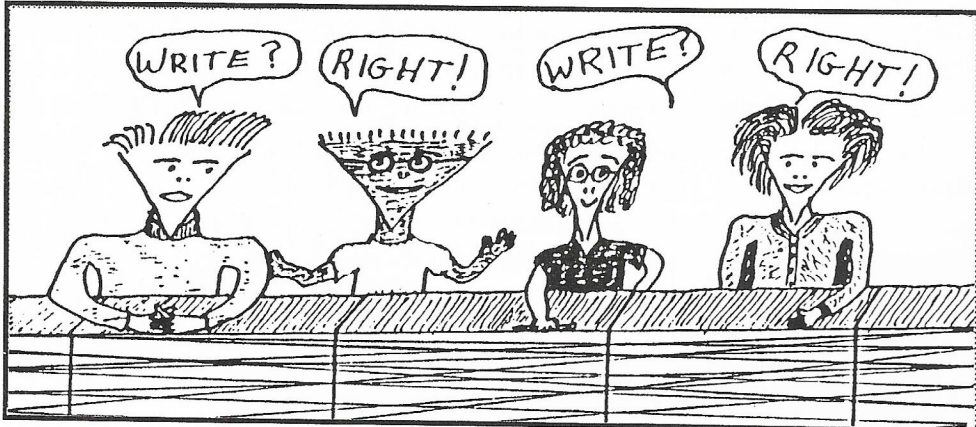
decade: The Berlin wall comes down; 12,000 civilians are killed before a change in government in Romania. Then American troops oust Noriega. It's all a strange, strange dream.

And how is the decade of money and greed also the decade of LIVE AID, FARMAID, and BANDAID? The Eighties truly were the age of information's innocent youth.

And the Nineties? The Nineties will be a decade in which condoms and syringes, and fetuses, and rats will wash up on shore, so have fun.

Right Wingers with Two Left Hands?

THE PROBLEMATIC ART OF THE STANFORD REVIEW



The Few, The Proud, The Review

The Few, The Proud, The Review

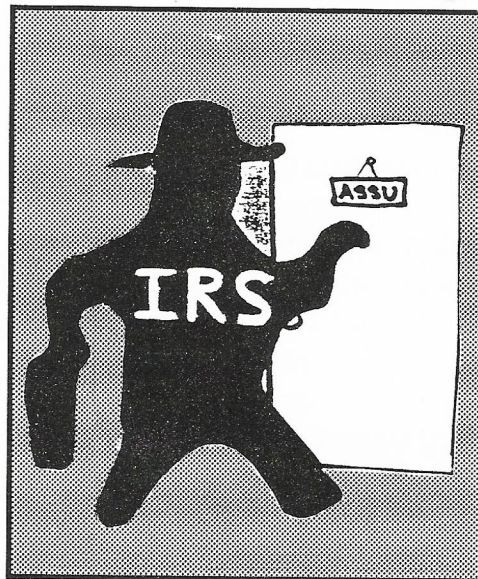
This piece is highly representative of the artist's early period. Critics cite the artist's strong right thrust and mastery of depth, perspective, and texture as both promising and problematic. Here the artist endeavors to express the hunger for in-depth political debate on campus. *Review* editor Dave Wallace was so moved by this piece that he established the I.M. Report as a regular feature.

The disparity between the intellectual and imaginative levels of the piece is troubling. Critics are sure that the artist is making a profound statement here, but are unsure as to what exactly it is. One group of critics maintains that by comparing students' heads with pizza slices, the artist makes a statement about intellectual ingredients, drawing on the the comparison of a university to a "restaraunt of ideas." Another group of critics maintain that this only ex-

presses the artist's preference for pizza slices in lieu of the totality of the whole pie. Still a third school of thought attempts to explain the imagery as stemming from the fact that the artist was called "triangle head" by childhood peers, as well as by his parents.

Welcome to the Jungle

Welcome to the Jungle



Oil painting or oil spill? Here, the artist communicates the abstract nebulousness of the I.R.S. The drawing represents man's quest for supreme knowledge, as man tries to unlock doors of perception to find the true nature of knowing. It is apparent from this drawing that the artist is attempting to give the viewer a hint about how to more easily attain true knowledge: buy ASSU lecture notes.

Right Hook



The manifest similarity between the IRS agent and a gingerbread man is a further exploration of the food theme, and some critics feel the artist has achieved a definite motif by this point. The lack of hands on the gingerbread government agent suggests the artist's feelings of helplessness and powerlessness at having his

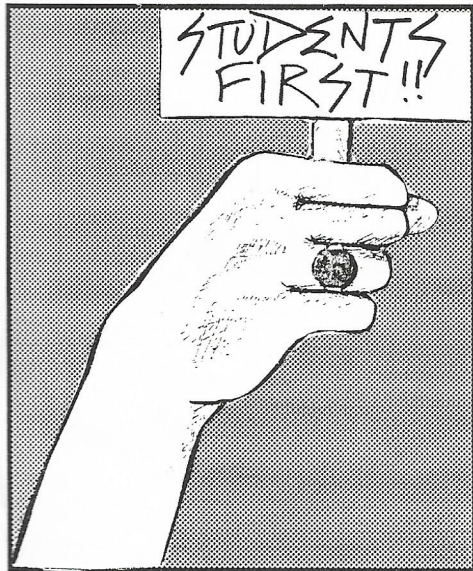
10ft by 20ft murals reduced to a considerably smaller cover size. Professor Bunk maintains that the absence of hands is indicative of the fact that the artist can't draw. Still, any semblance to Picasso's *Guernico* is undeniably absent.

The striking use of chiaroscuro is so revolutionary that it has caused a generation of students to look up the term "chiaroscuro" in their textbooks to make sure they knew what it meant in the first place.

Right Hook

The artist's elegaic tribute to the

Untitled, 1953



late conservative thinker Dr. Sidney Hook seethes with powerful admiration. The pure expression of portraiture is utilized with strength not seen since Rembrandt.

Dr. Bunk believes that this piece makes significant contributions to establishing the legitimacy of the ballpoint pen as a medium for artistic expression.

Another critic, Dr. C. Saunders of the food/art school, sees a representation of man's eternal quest for the free bucket of slaw.



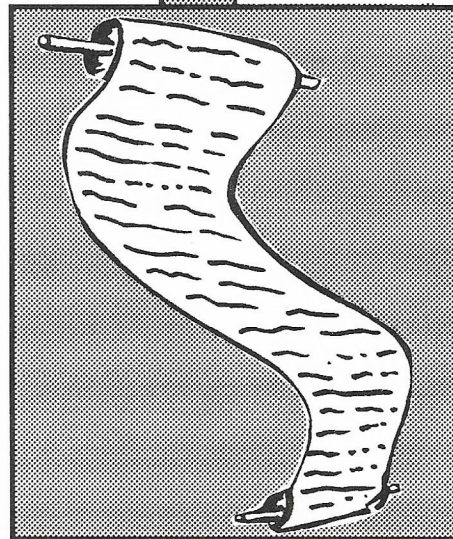
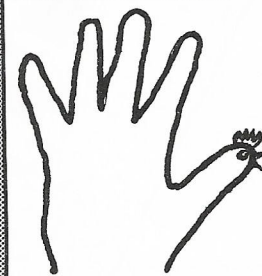
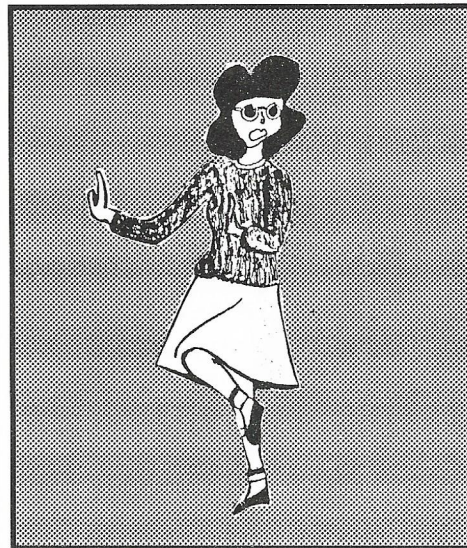
Dr. Saunders

Untitled, 1953

In this piece, indicative of the artist's "blue" period, the artist is realizing that human forms, in their totality, are incapable of adequately expressing human emotion. He has progressed from including whole bodies in the first piece, to missing hands in the gingerbread piece, to the omission of the lower body of Dr. Hook. Finally, the artist has made a bold step by painting only the hand. The hand is the only important philosophical anatomy left for the artist, who apparently finds it to be the most satisfying means of artistic release, ever since the obsolescence of the appendix, which the artist felt would have been a most symbolic organ.

Three other important examples of the artist's work deserve comment.

"*Help, There's An Earthquake*" fills most viewers with an unmistak-




(top) *Help, There's an Earthquake*; (center) *Thanksgiving Turkey*; (bottom) *Constitution—Two-ply, 1000 Sheets*

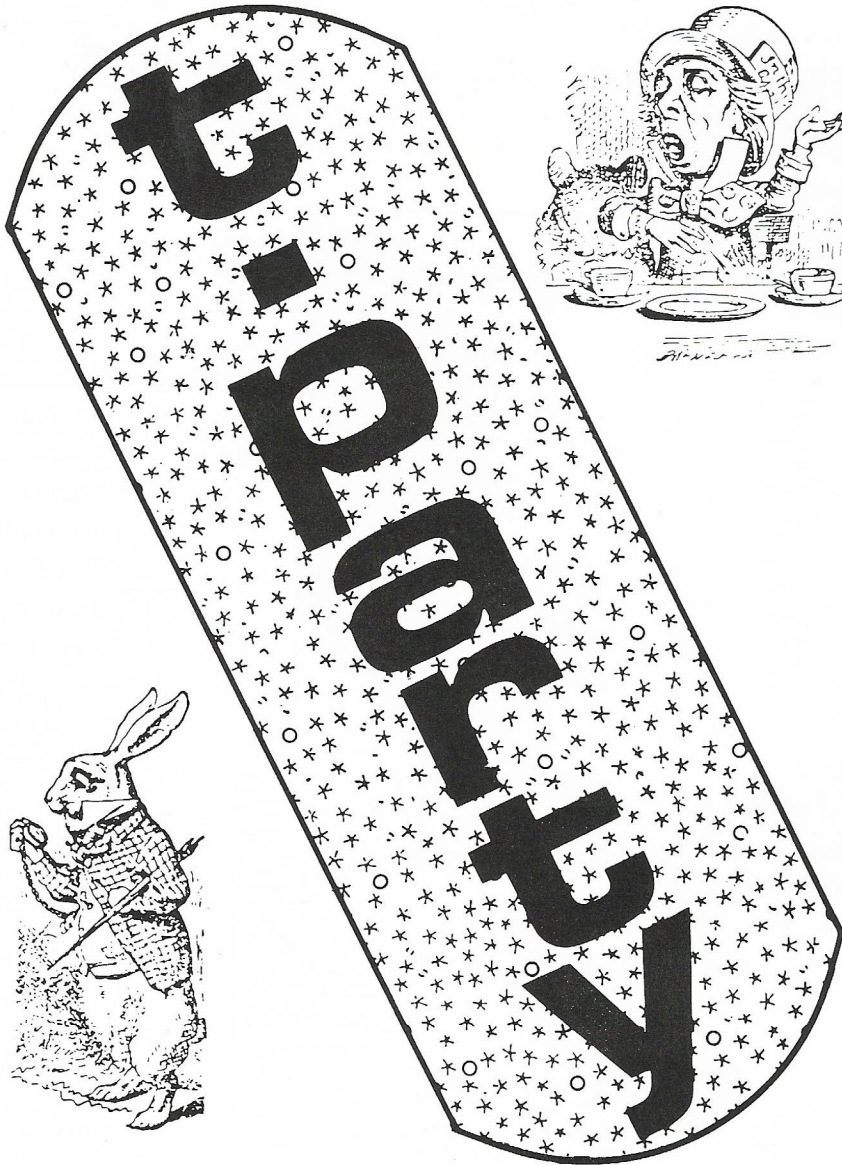
able feeling of helpless panic. The emotive simplicity of the facial features and the calculated directional momentum of the limbs caused a shocked Bunk to comment, "Oh, the humanity!" while scurrying for a desk.

"*Constitution—two-ply, 1000 Sheets*" is a brilliant and daring political statement, once again proving that art can be a powerful medium for partisan expression. This implicit comparison of our country's most treasured document to a roll of Nice-n-Soft is an explosive commentary which likewise stands on its own for its technical merits.

"*Thanksgiving Turkey*" caused confusion among critics. Some felt that the artist had found an exciting new tool for expression, and some called it a further extension of the use of the hand as a philosophical vehicle. Bunk, on the other hand, dismissed the work as "childish regression."

Critics of the "food motif" school have made the case that the artist is simply expressing his desire for a nice big slice of white meat.

The artist has credited his second grade teacher, Mrs. Faulstensch, with the inspiration for "Turkey." 



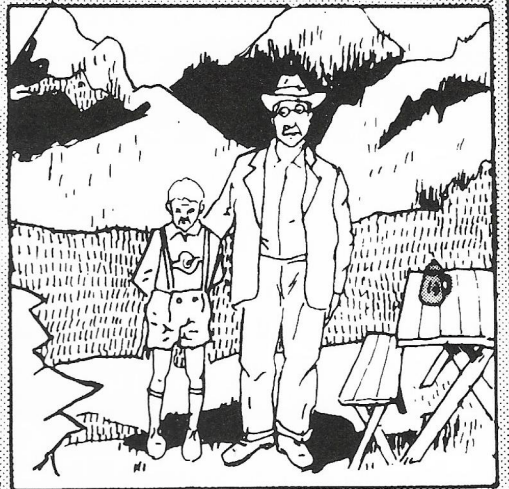
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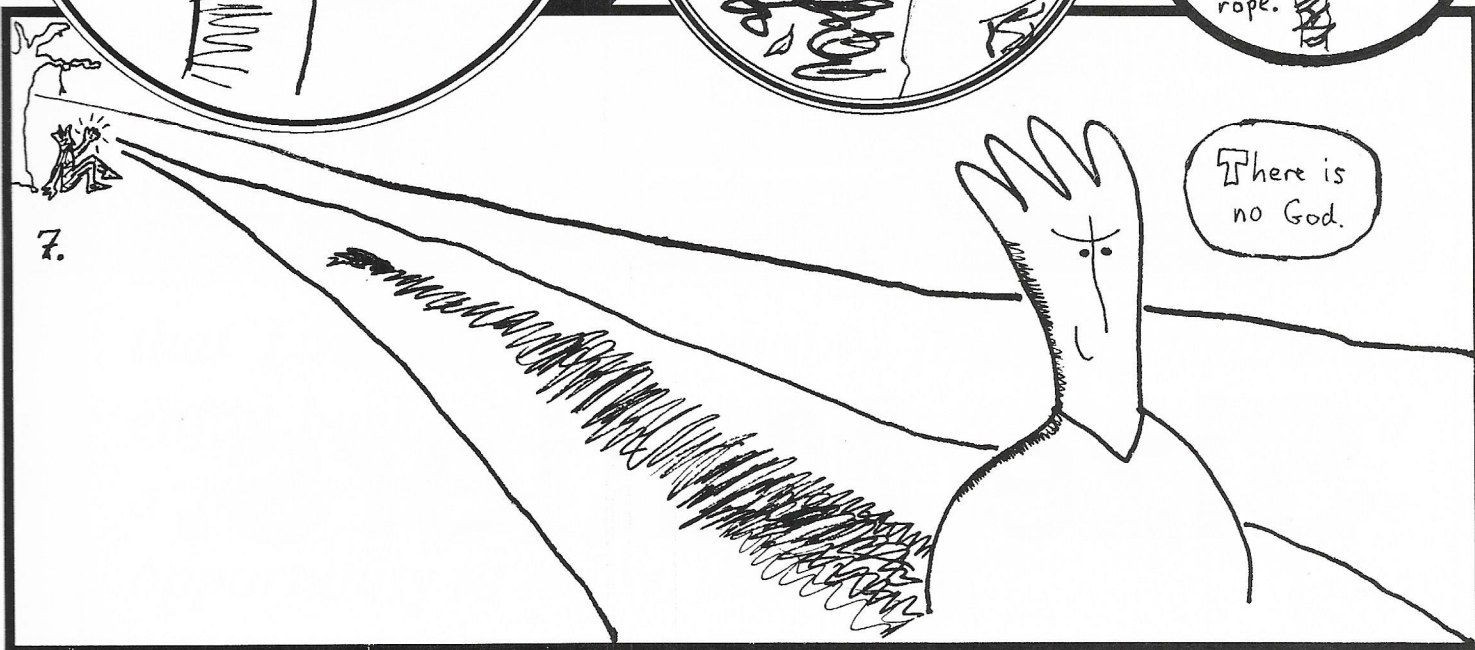
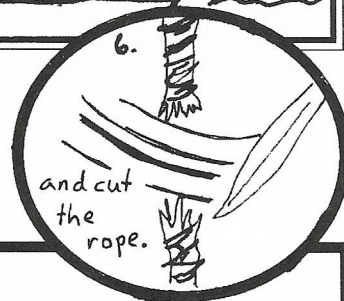
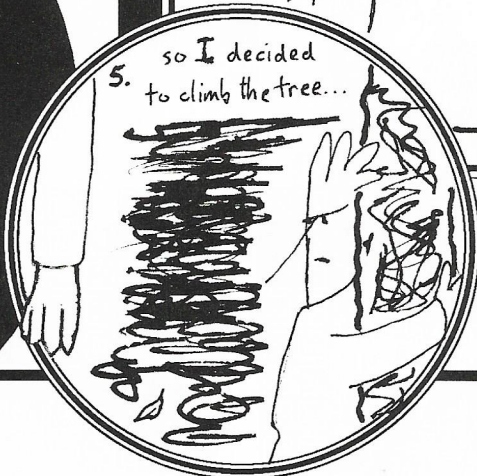
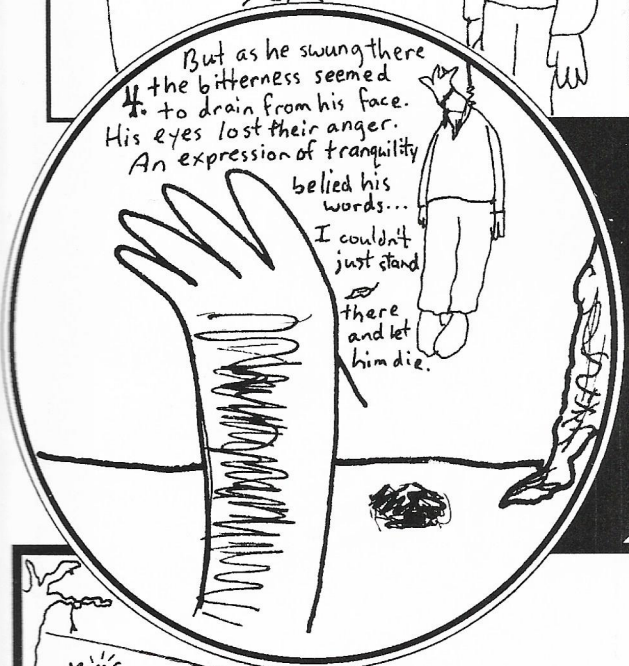
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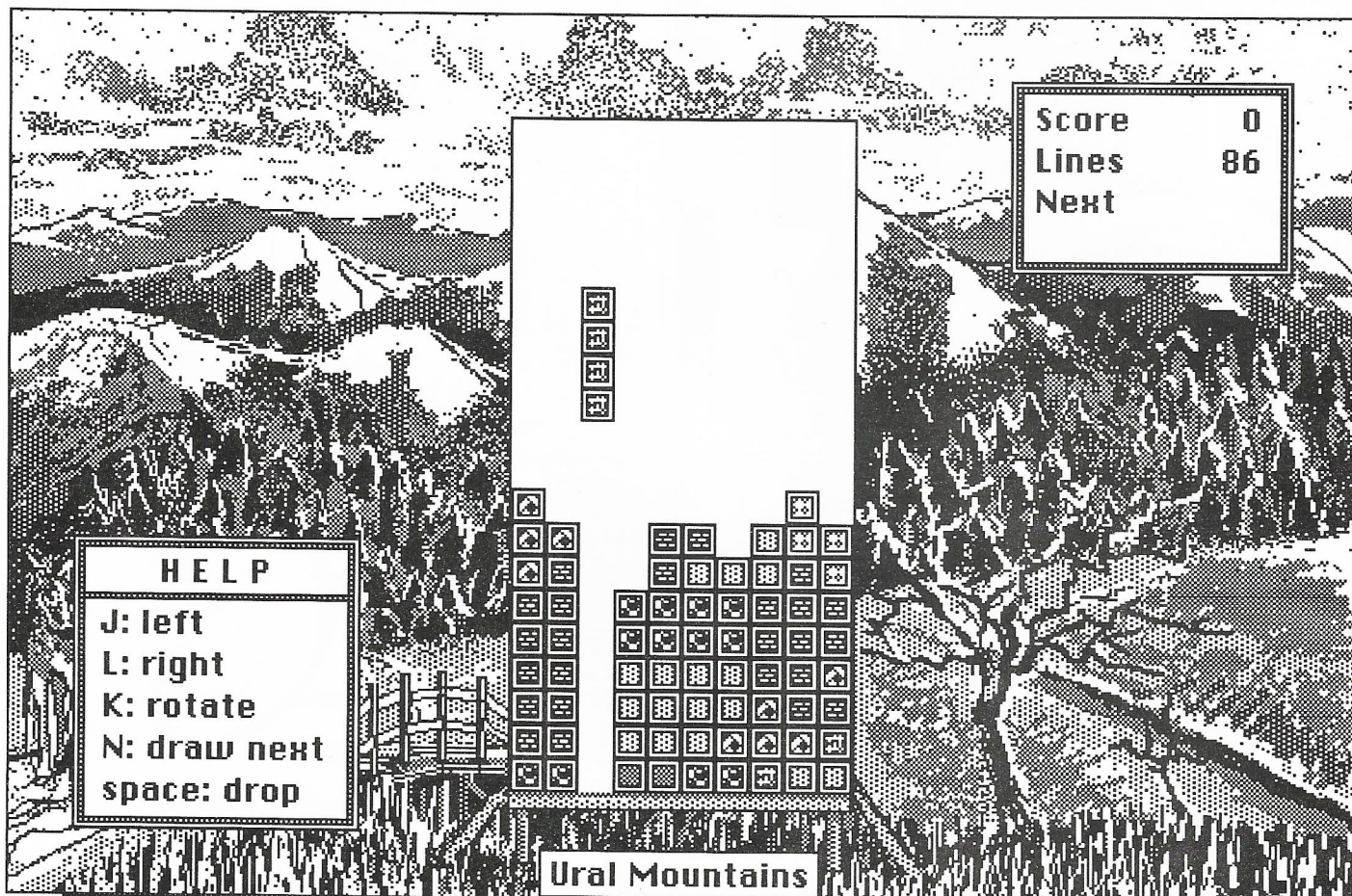
the ~~Angry~~ Young Man



V.R.



Dating at Stanford



Size Matters.

When Will the Madness End?

.....

David Hyatt

O

h Lord, I prayed. Another day to grow, and another day to teach. Thank you, Lord, for this new day to make a difference. Thank you for this day to fight ignorance and to reveal falseness. Thank you for this day to contribute to the multiculturalism of the Stanford experience, this day that I myself will probably find impossible to enjoy, but Lord, let me do my best to make Stanford a place for my people to some day have the opportunity to enjoy, this day to...

"Jeez, SHUT UP!" interrupted my roommate.

Won't she ever understand?

I grabbed my bathrobe and headed for the shower, but suddenly I stopped, remembering that today was an even-numbered day.

No shower, but today I can flush.

I entered the bathroom for the day's water conservation enforcement. The four people in the shower stalls were dawdling as our most precious resource flowed down the drain. I quickly flushed all the toilets in succession, giving them a chilling reminder to conserve. I had just cut the day's water consumption by over 3%.

Some days, I really do deserve a medal.

"Whoever flushes those toilets every morning deserves to have her ovaries fried!" complained one of my hallmates, dripping cold water as she left the bathroom.

At breakfast, I ate my morning grapefruit, and once again, I could not help but seethe as I watched the others eat. My hallmates, at this meal alone, were eating no less than eight items on the ASSU Forbidden Foods List...the list which I myself helped to draw up. Plus, they were using three of the ASSU Forbidden Utensils. Not only were they pouring far too much sugar in their coffee, knowing that each cup helped to finance the Columbian drug lords. Not only were they putting unfinished bowls of cereal on the conveyer take-away belt, knowing full well that there were starving children somewhere in the world who would do anything for a half-eaten soggy bowl of Captain Crunch. Not only were they completely ignoring the Cesar Chavez Boycott sticker I placed on the Grape-Nuts box. They *still* refused to speak to the Hispanic hashers in their native language.

Is it simply too much to ask them to learn "One potato pancake, please" in Spanish? Is that too much to ask?

As I angrily walked to class, the bicyclists carelessly sped by, polluting the environment with their non-biodegradable grease and their rubber

tires. Even though I stayed clearly within the pedestrian lanes, the white male bicyclists managed to single me out for abuse, repeatedly swooping near my shoes and coming within several feet of my arms.

Just another form of selective prosecution. It's all the same...

For some reason, the depression of walking through White Plaza seemed all the more palpable today. Each building seemed to cry out to me: *Help, I am being used for purposes entirely inconsistent with the values advertised by the administration, and on top of that, I was built by Chinese slave laborers!*

Oh, how the name White Plaza mocked me! How I wished I could rescue these buildings from their agony--their eternal curse--perpetual reminders, living testimony to all past wrongs!

Classes today offered more of the same educational injustices. It was impossible

to concentrate, as I was not about to accept that a white male could teach me anything about a non-European culture.

What does he know about being oppressed? I know about being oppressed.

After class I had a job interview at the CPPC. I had planned to change into a business suit, but I decided that if this company was going to hire me for the kinds of clothes I wore instead of for the kind of person I was, then they could just forget about it.

The hour went pretty well until the interviewer started to ask me questions about the kind of person I was and why I supported the values I believed in. I was never so offended!

"Why should I have to justify myself to you??" I roughly retorted. "Just who in hell do you think you are, asking me to justify myself!!" I bolted out of the interview but maintained enough sense to remember to ask the interviewer for his name and the names of his direct su-

periors.

As I tearfully ran back to my dorm, I started mentally composing: "*Dear Mr. _____, I am writing with regard to one of your company's recruiting agents, Mr. Hartcastle...*" When I got back to my room, I made five copies of the letter, one for each superior.

And then I wrote one to the *Daily*. And to Don Kennedy.

And to the five Deans directly below him.

And to their mothers.

I was going to write my Congressman, but since Tom Campbell is a Re-

publican and therefore couldn't possibly understand, I decided to write Anna Eshoo instead.

Then I thought it might be wise to send a copy to Mr. Hartcastle himself. *That's nineteen letters*, I counted, making a mental note to withdraw the \$4.75 from the

How can we be expected to Build a Better Stanford under a Unified Vision if students insist on holding dissenting views?

CODE postage fund.

I could hardly keep my mind focused during the ASSU Dorm Rep lunch, but as I worked to insure the expression of all students' views, my spirit was revived.

As I left the Dorm Rep lunch, I tripped over a pile of Stanford Reviews. Making sure no one was watching, I put the stack in my backpack for later disposal recycling. *I wouldn't call it censorship, because it's for their own good. How can we be expected to Build a Better Stanford under a unified vision if students insist on holding dissenting views?*

On the way to my afternoon class, I thought I could smell demonstration in the air. Faintly in the distance, I heard the familiar strains of my old favorite, "Hey Hey Ho Ho." It could have been my mind playing tricks on me, but as I walked toward Tresidder Union, the sounds became louder. There *was* a demonstration today!

With a spring in my step, I walked briskly toward the shouts, thinking that today could be a good day after all.

There was a collection of students surrounding the Tresidder Recreation Desk, all angrily chanting "Hey Hey Ho Ho, the airport has got to go!" Invigorated by this spontaneous show of support for my personal campaign to return the San Francisco Airport lands to their original marshy inhabitants, I leapt on the desk to voice my thanks and encouragement. Oh, what a moment this was going to be! My efforts had finally paid off!

I was horrified to be met by a shower of boos and hissing! What was wrong with these students? Didn't they know that I was one of them? That I, too, was trying to Build a Better Stanford? I was drowned out by more "Hey Hey Ho Ho"ing, and I gloomily stepped down from the desk.

Only after I had sulked to the edge of the crowd could I clearly see the signs the demonstrators were waving:

"BRING BACK THE BOWLING ALLEY". "LOTS OF BOWLING -- NOT L.O.T.S. COMPUTERS". "SPARE NO EXPENSE -- STRIKE DOWN THE A.I.R.PORT."

So that's what this is about--a demonstration to re-install the Tresidder Bowling Alley!! The very bowling alley we had removed because it perpetuated a blatantly white male bourgeois activity on campus!

Once again, I burst into tears. As I ran for the safety of the ASSU office, a friend stopped me.

"Hey, what's wrong?" she asked.

"What's wrong?" *What's wrong?* "What's wrong?" *What's wrong?* "Can't you see it all around? Can't you smell it in the air? It's everywhere! This... this... this campus, with its deliberate attempts to smother my cultural expression and these water-wasting, Domino's-ordering apathetic students and the riot-gear happy, fur wearing administrative hypocrites and the USW battles and the Band playing Guns-n-Roses and IM injuries and

drinking at parties and the Hoover Institution and the systematic elimination of co-op housing and objectification on flyers and rapists in the foothills and Webb Ranch and the UCMU faculty hiring report and red meat and all the techie engineers and the earthquake and bomb testing at SLAC and the Styrofoam landfills and blood shortages and AIDS and Alaskan whale oil candles and James Brown in prison and Noriega in Panama and Exxon and the Kurds and the annexation of the Sudetenland and and and ... and ..."

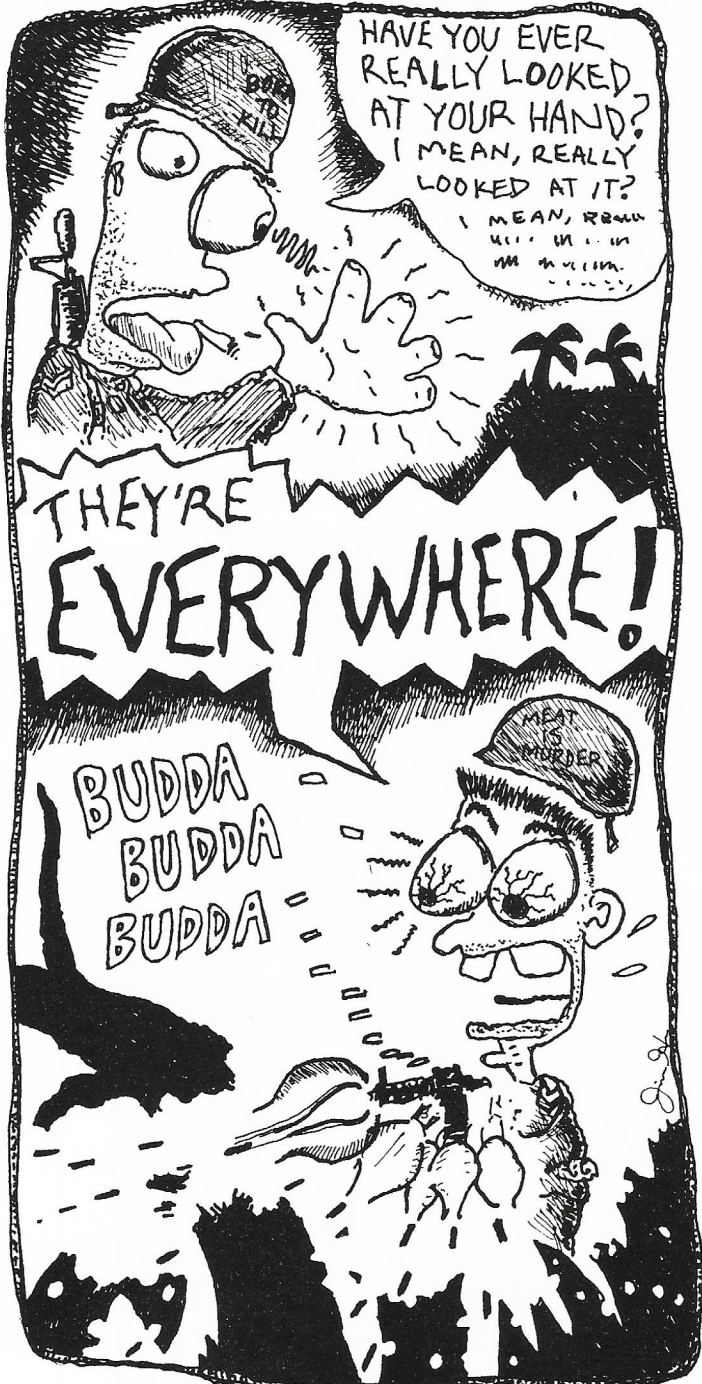
"Calm down!" She shook me--I had been hyperventilating. "If it's all so bad, why don't you think about transferring?"

"Transfer? Transfer?" I gasped, with tears of anger streaming down my cheeks. "I... I can't transfer--I LOVE it here!!"





THE WAR ON DRUGS



BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA



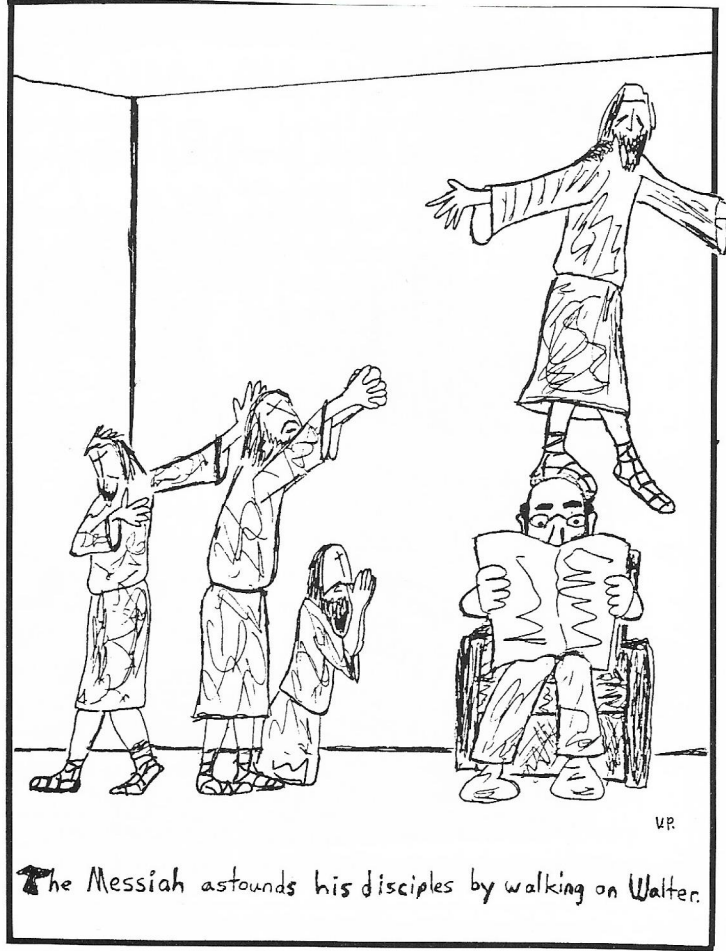
OUR OWN TROOPS
ARE FIRING ON US,
SIR! AUGH??



I'm waiting to hear from MOO!

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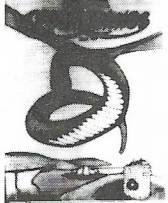
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Just show up in History corner room 2
7.30pm, Wednesday 10 January.

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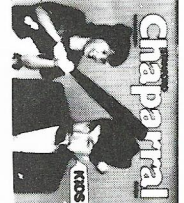
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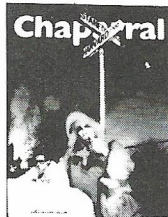
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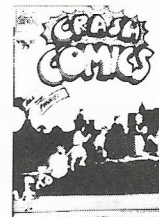
Chaparral
90th Flexi
\$2.00



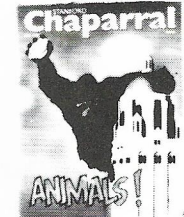
Chaparral
Missing '88
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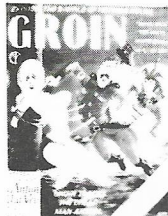
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Sold Out



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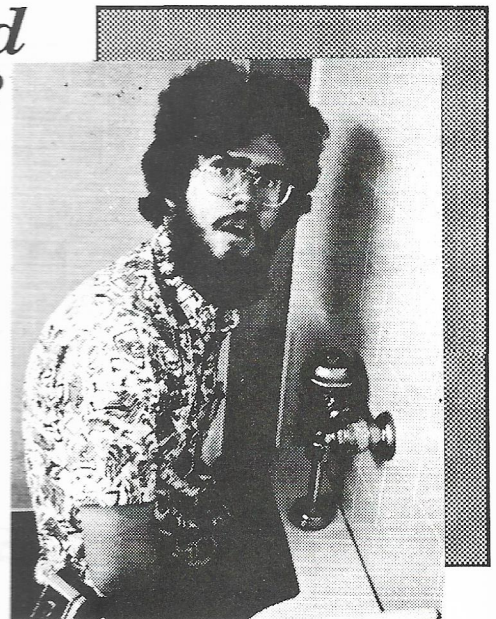
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WHAT HE WROTE:

While the old fool slumbers
The Eagle will loose its feathers
Fighters will battle without fear
Until men all but disappear
Women will cut and carry wood
Children will toil deep into the night
There will be great wailing
and gnashing of teeth
Those who are left shall tremble
The nightingale will sing with broken beak.

OUR EXPERT ANALYSIS:

As Reagan sleeps
The U.S. will borrow from Japan
Pro wrestling will become a national past time
AIDS shall become widespread
Women will make and carry protest signs
Kids will play Nintendo at all hours
There will be excellent whaling
while most the competition boycotts tuna
San Fransisco ["left" politically and geographically]
will have an earthquake
Michael Jackson and Cher will get nose jobs.

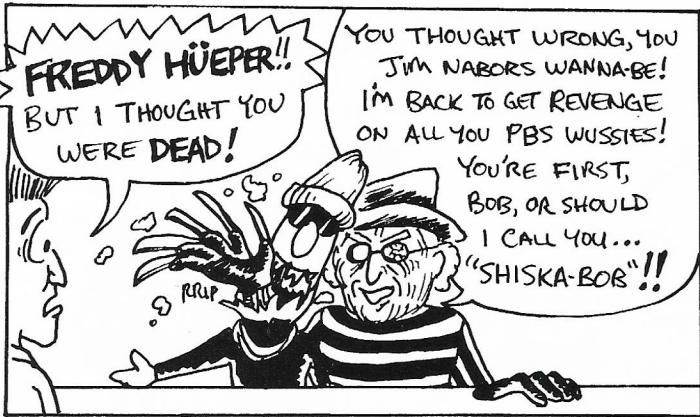
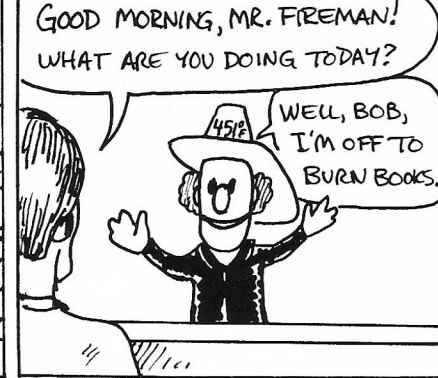


BUT THERE IS YET MORE TO COME. HERE'S WHAT THE MASTER PREDICTS FOR THE 90'S:

Then the future looks bright, and man will again spread his seed.

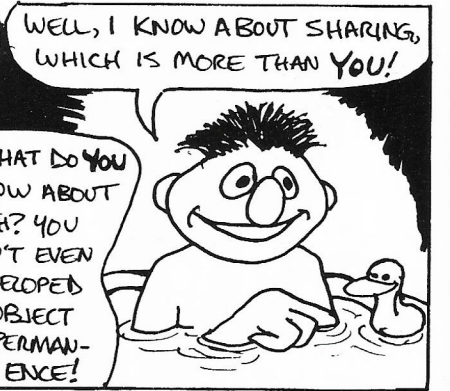
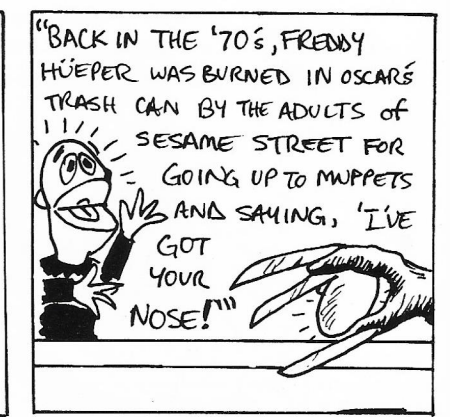
Our experts are undecided as to whether Nostradamus is referring to nuclear armageddon, or more grain elevator explosions.

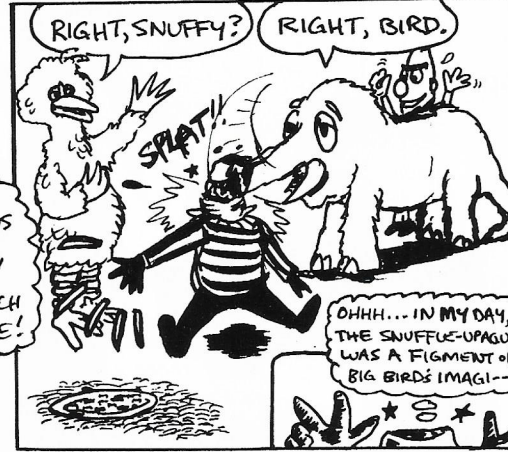
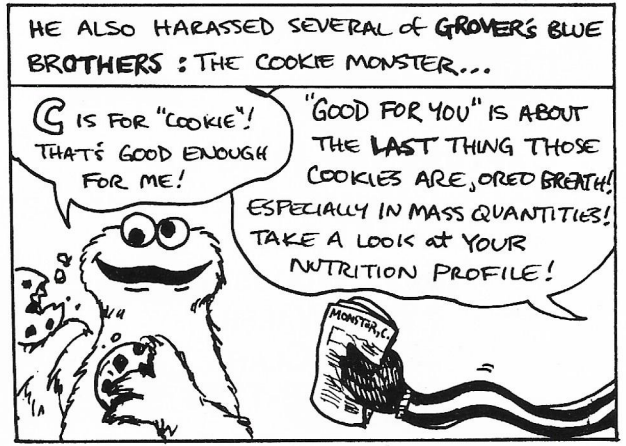
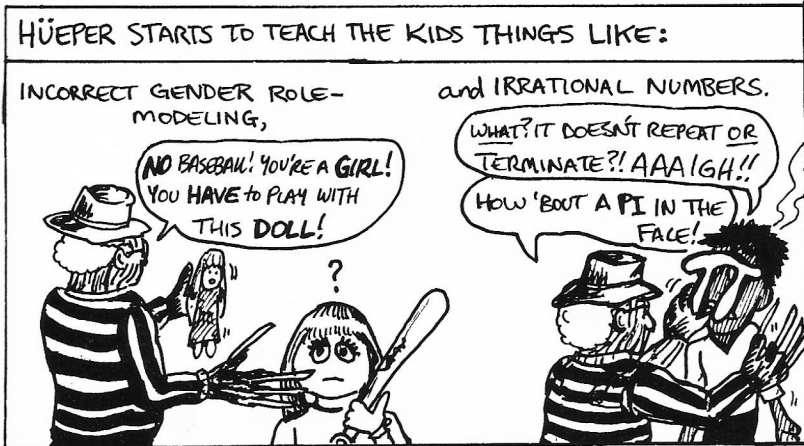
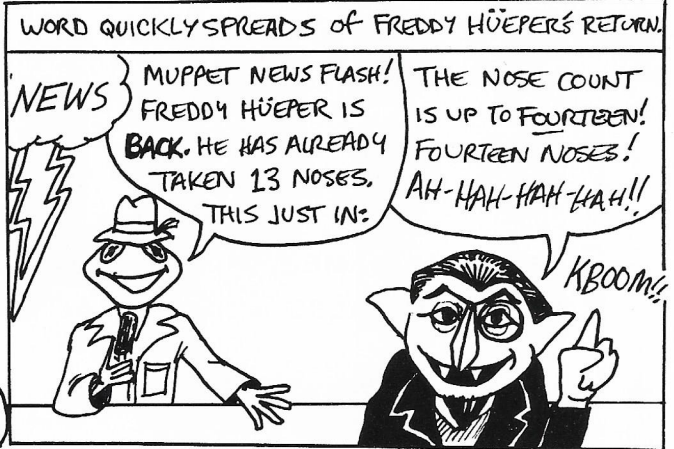
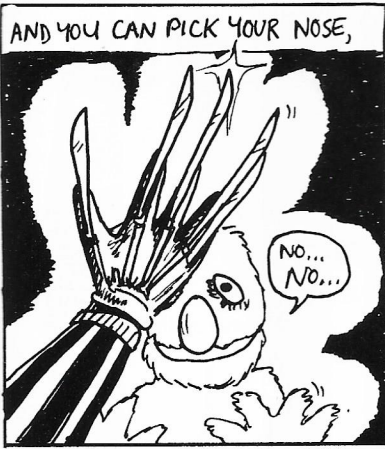
A NIGHTMARE on SESAME STREET



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-The Editors





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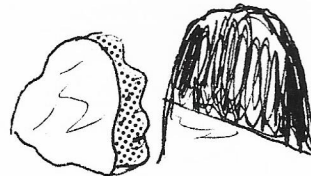
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Messiah



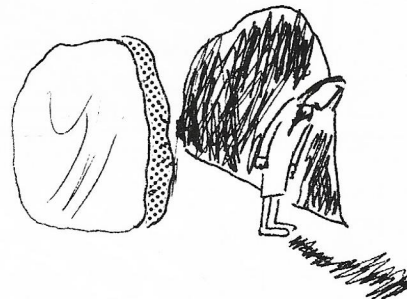
*Morning rises, the third day
at the tomb of the Messiah.*



*The stone moves,
brushed aside by
the Divine Spirit.*

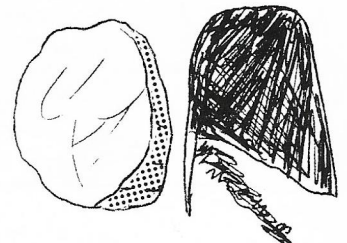


*The Messiah comes forth --
The Prophecy is fulfilled!*



He spies his shadow.

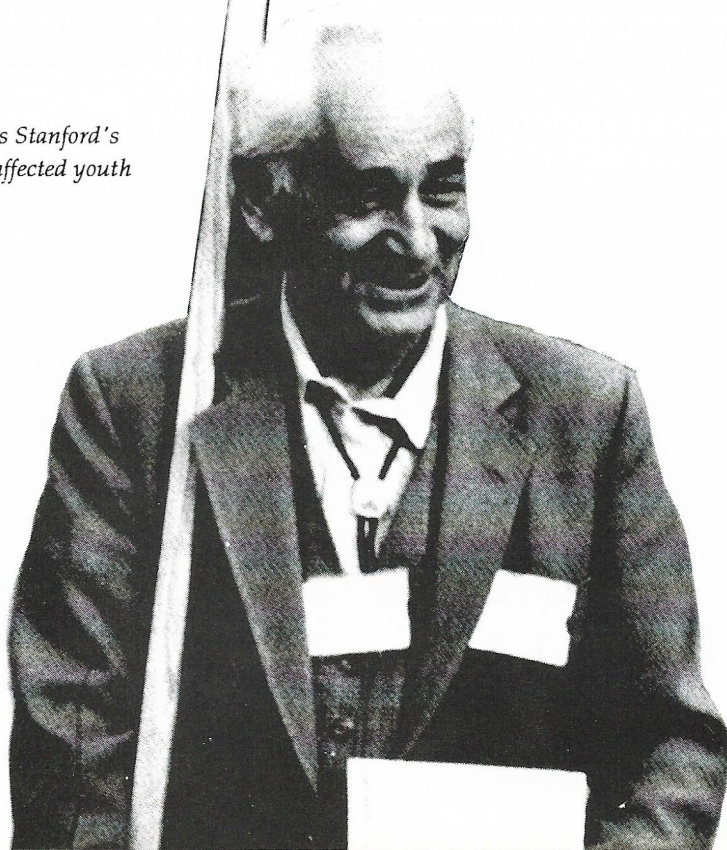
*And lo, there will be
six more weeks of winter.*



CHAPPIE

**THIS IS A
DEN OF
CRIMINALS**

*Mortimer Snerd as Stanford's
rebellious and disaffected youth*



HIP?



FAST?



FRESH?



FUNNY?



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PLUS...

THE SMART MISS AMERICA?

GRETCHEN CARLSON SHOWS US
WHAT SHE'S MADE OF



FREE LOUIS JACKSON

WITH REDEMPTION OF FOUR OR MORE
JAMES BROWN BOXTOPS



THE WOMEN OF ROBINSON

AND THE MEN WHO LOVE THEM

Naked Campus

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



J. LYONS



L. JACKSON



D. KENNEDY

THE FINE PRINT

by David Hyatt

BET SHE'S GLAD STANFORD DOESN'T REQUIRE AN INTERVIEW... a rejected draft of Gretchen Carlson's "Reflections" speech at the end of her year as Miss America:

"Looking back over my year as Miss America, I can recall sparkling images of our great country—a country that I was proud to represent as Miss America, a role model for millions of little girls and boys around the world, a voice to the future, and remembering also to never lose sight of our country's glorious achievements like such great Americans as Thomas Edison, who invented lots of things, Watson and Crick, who invented DNA, and Jerry Lewis, who never lost sight of his mission as a socially conscious entertainer—a goal I aspire to, as I one day will be able to save the earth by playing my violin to achieve global disarmament, a cure for the deadly scourge of AIDS, an end to environmental degradation, and care for the elderly throughout the world, and because of the opportunity afforded me as Miss America, I now know that I need not only hope to someday be able to do these things—through work and achievement, I can actually work and achieve these things, like men like Martin Luther King Jr., who worked for racial equality, and because of his perseverance, lived to see the ▶

LAST MONTH, SOPHOMORE **OMAR WASOW** and Branner's "Super-R.A." **DAVE HORNIK** decided to play humor magazine. It would be more than the usual college humor magazine. It would be a humor magazine with a vision. It would be a humor magazine with guts ("I don't think we want to risk being offensive, especially with the attitudes going around this campus nowadays," announced Wasow at the first meeting). Above all, the magazine would be smart. Fast. Funny. Fearless (??). Hip. *Very Hip.*

THE CATCHPHRASE for this magazine would, of course, be "JUST LIKE SPY". Starry-eyed Wasow: "We could do the layout JUST LIKE SPY!" "Let's do our own *Separated at Birth*," squealed a giddy Hornik. "Oh yes," ejaculated a religiously inspired Wasow, "that, too, would be JUST LIKE SPY!"

"WE COULD DO PIECES all about administration figures like **DON KENNEDY** and **JIM LYONS**, or we could even mention students, like **LOUIS JACKSON**," mused Wasow, fantasizing about what it must *really* be like to be in the humor magazine business. Meanwhile, quick-minded Hornik, eager for the blessing of the Guru of Hip before beginning such a venture, invited SPY publisher **TOM PHILLIPS** to speak at "Branner Presents."

SO, AS OUR YOUNG ENTREPRENEURIAL Hipsters raised anchor and sailed out into the proverbial publishing ocean, they seemed set for a clear voyage. Set, that was, until they encountered a net of seaweed—a dense thicket of entangling vine so tenacious and shrub-like that it could only be called *chaparral*...

TEN YEARS AGO IN CHAPPIE

"I was totally frustrated with the Stanford environment, and I really needed an outlet to channel my creative energies and express myself. There was the *Chaparral*, but they were too powerful and traditional, you know? I really wanted to branch out on my own and start my own publication. No sooner had I started to make plans for this new magazine when my bike was stolen, my girlfriend dumped me, my pet dog died, and my testicles fell off. Boy, did I learn my lesson."

-from "I Was a Chappie Wannabe," by Adam Bristow, CHAPPIE, December 1979

Chaparral



BOWLING DISASTER!!

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

day where now people of all races are treated with dignity, equality, and respect throughout our great land, or like another American named Sandra Day O'Connor, who didn't let sex biases prevent her from being the country's greatest female Supreme Court justice in history, or even Bob Barker, who spreads a message of love for our fellow creatures, creatures with whom we must share our fragile planet for the rest of the decade, a perpetuity which I now know, are you reading this, if so send funnyness to yes i read it, stanford chaparral, po box 8585, stanford ca, 94309, win a prize, as I grew up as an ethnic minority, for I will always treasure my Swedish ancestry, an invaluable souce of support and heritage when facing the ugly face of discrimination, which still blights our country, being myself an ethnical minority, like Swedish, and growing up in my beloved state of Minnesota, thank you and God bless." *pheW!*

BY THE SKIN OF HER CAPS

Our own "Smart Miss America" almost wasn't either, according to *Miss America -- Was Last Year's Voting Suspect?* (TV Guide, Sept 2-8, 1989, by Lisa DePaulo): (no kidding)

"Last year, for the first time in history, the pageant ... decided not to count the women's interview scores (which had previously counted for up to 25 percent of the decision) in the finals ... had this change not been made, Gretchen Elizabeth Carlson of Minnesota might never have been crowned Miss America..."

..."[She] definitely went out and nailed it in the talent," says one of the judges. 'But among the Top 10 in interview? She was at the bottom of the list.' ... Says another preliminary judge: "She was very smart; she was academically very skilled. But there were many other women who did better on the interview."...

..."You could almost hear the jaws drop in Convention Hall as [Carlson] began to stroll down the runway. 'How in hell did she ever win?' blurted at least one flabbergasted southerner."...

..."What are her academic plans for next year, now that she's earned a fortune in scholarships? 'I want to do some kind of hosting on TV,' says the queen. 'Harvard Law School can wait,' says Carlson. 'And so can graduating from Stanford [she has another year to go]. But being 'hot' as Miss America isn't going to last long." *Then again, maybe it won't...*

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP?

Match the Daily columnist with his/her conception of reality



K. CHUN



G. LOEB



C. TAYLOR



E. JOHNSON



M. McCOLLUM

- 1) "But, if we want to think of it in terms of *the real world out there*, we turn to the fact that we aren't going to be students forever."
- 2) "My experiences at Stanford haven't transformed me into a bitter and frustrated person ... I'll probably have to wait until I enter *the 'real world'* for that to happen."
- 3) "[The coterminial degree program] is a godsend for seniors like me who are stalling on entering *the real world* for as long as possible."
- 4) "Stanford's politics, like ourselves, are growing up and getting ready for *that 'real' world on the other side of El Camino.*"
- 5) "*Realizing the Reality of Rape*" (title)
- 6) "I don't like it when my quotes are taken out of context."

1) Keith Chun (11/9) 2) Malinda McCollum (11/15) 3) Cheryl Taylor (11/20) 4) Keith Chun (11/16) 5) Erik Johnson (11/17) 6) Gary Loeb (11/14)

CALVIN & HOBBS
TOTE BOARD
A Quarterly Tally

AASA Fliers.....	29
GLAS Fliers.....	15
CTL Fliers.....	10
Orchestra Fliers.....	1
"Teen Aid" Fliers.....	5
Dorm T-Shirt Proposals.....	39
Actual Dorm T-Shirts.....	30 (76.9%)
Dorm Newsletter Decorations.....	25
Chaparral Parodies.....	1
Frat Party Posters.....	4
Dorm Party Posters.....	36

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Your Clip-out Wallet-sized Guide To How Hip, Smart, Fast, and Funny We Are

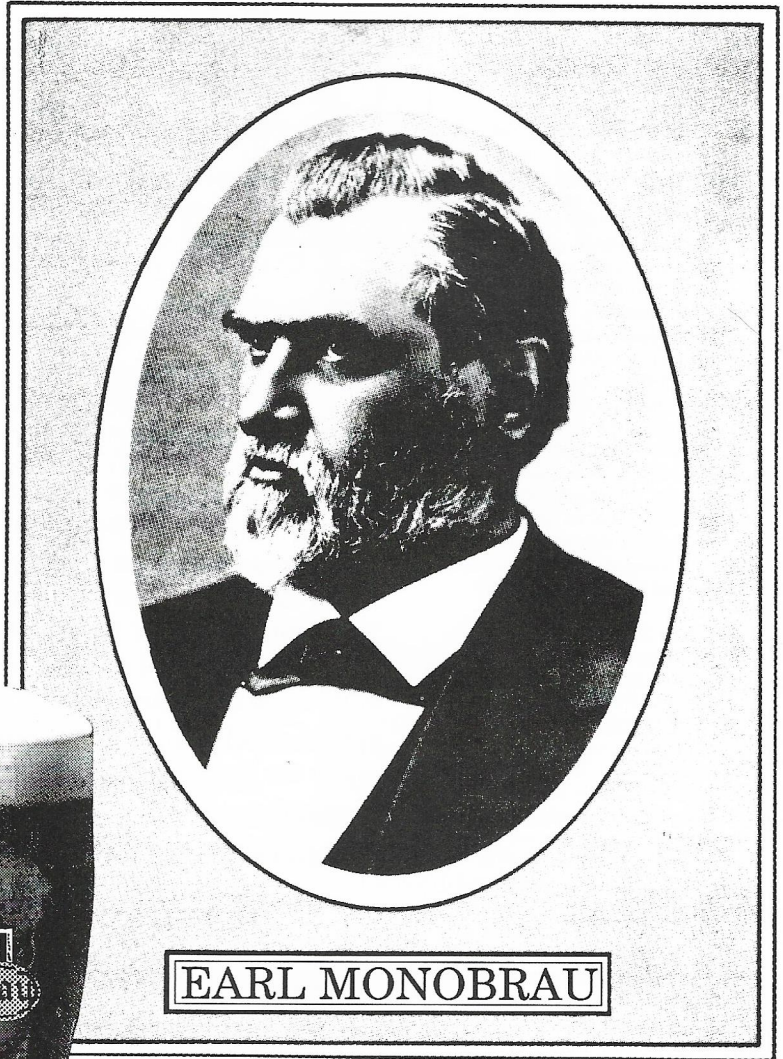
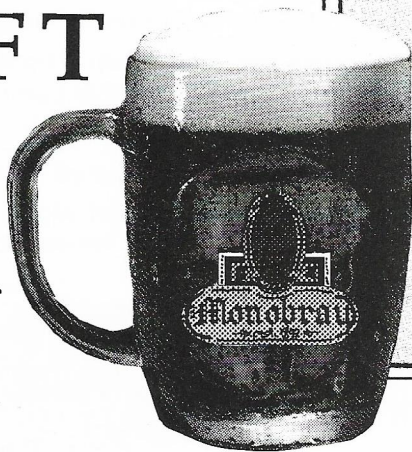
"[The Chappies] are almost always funny ... One of the few organizations left on campus with any balls"
-Stanford Review, 10/89

"Fresh talent ... A reliable promise of future hilarity"
-Stanford Daily, 4/89

"Overly zany" (Note: NOT "HOT!")
-Release, 9/89

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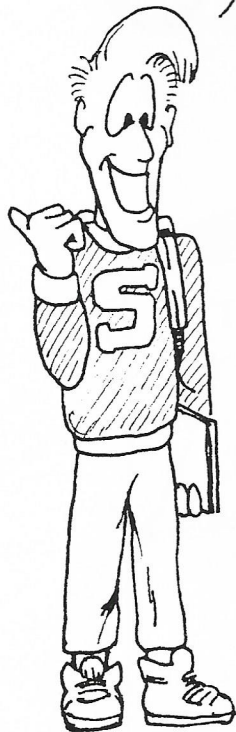


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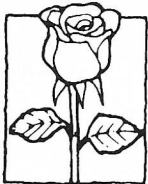
HEY COACH! I GOT A GREAT NEW PROSPECT! HE'S EIGHT FEET TALL!



GREAT! LET ME SEE HIM!



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Is NOTHING

The Old Boy has caught you in the act, you disrespectful louts!

"Doodling on the library desks again, eh? Well, young man, you're not leaving until you've cleaned every single one of these carrels."

"So you think you could do a better job preparing meals? Well, young lady, I'll give you your chance. You've got KP duty ... for a week!"

I'm a freshman and I've already screwed five Stanford women first quarter.
 ↗ Yes, but have you learned anything?
 Where is the man who is masculine -- yet sensitive, too? And intelligent?
 ← masculine and intelligent is a contradiction
 I'm a living contradiction.

Doritos = Sodium Carbohydrate (NaCHO)

Stanford girls are like mopeds -- fun to ride, but you don't want to be seen on one...
 You can watch me if you want...

Mercedes Benzene

Yoda rules!
YODA IS DEAD



Stanford is a paradise for people without conscience.
 And my roommate is one of them! It's hard to sleep with all that noise!

Dave A. is a babe
 I question your taste
 I'd like to taste your question

Why is there so much pressure for us to fall into categories?

BECAUSE YOU'RE AN ASSHOLE

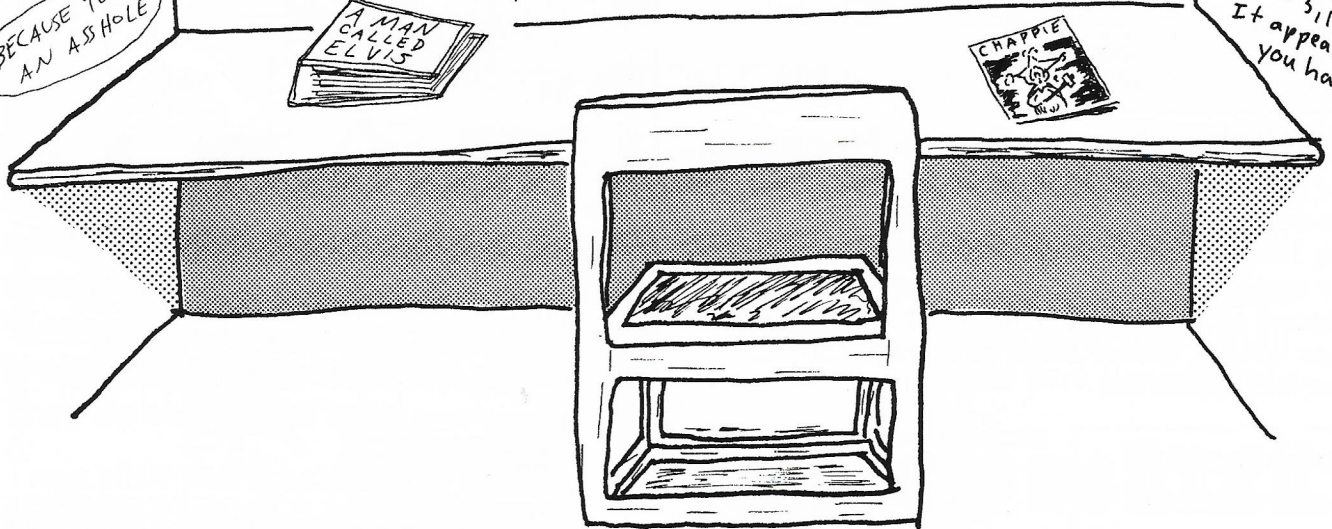
ALL THE GOOD ONES ARE TAKEN!
 I'm not, honey
 Nor am I. I'm not good, either!

I have AIDS and I sat in your seat!

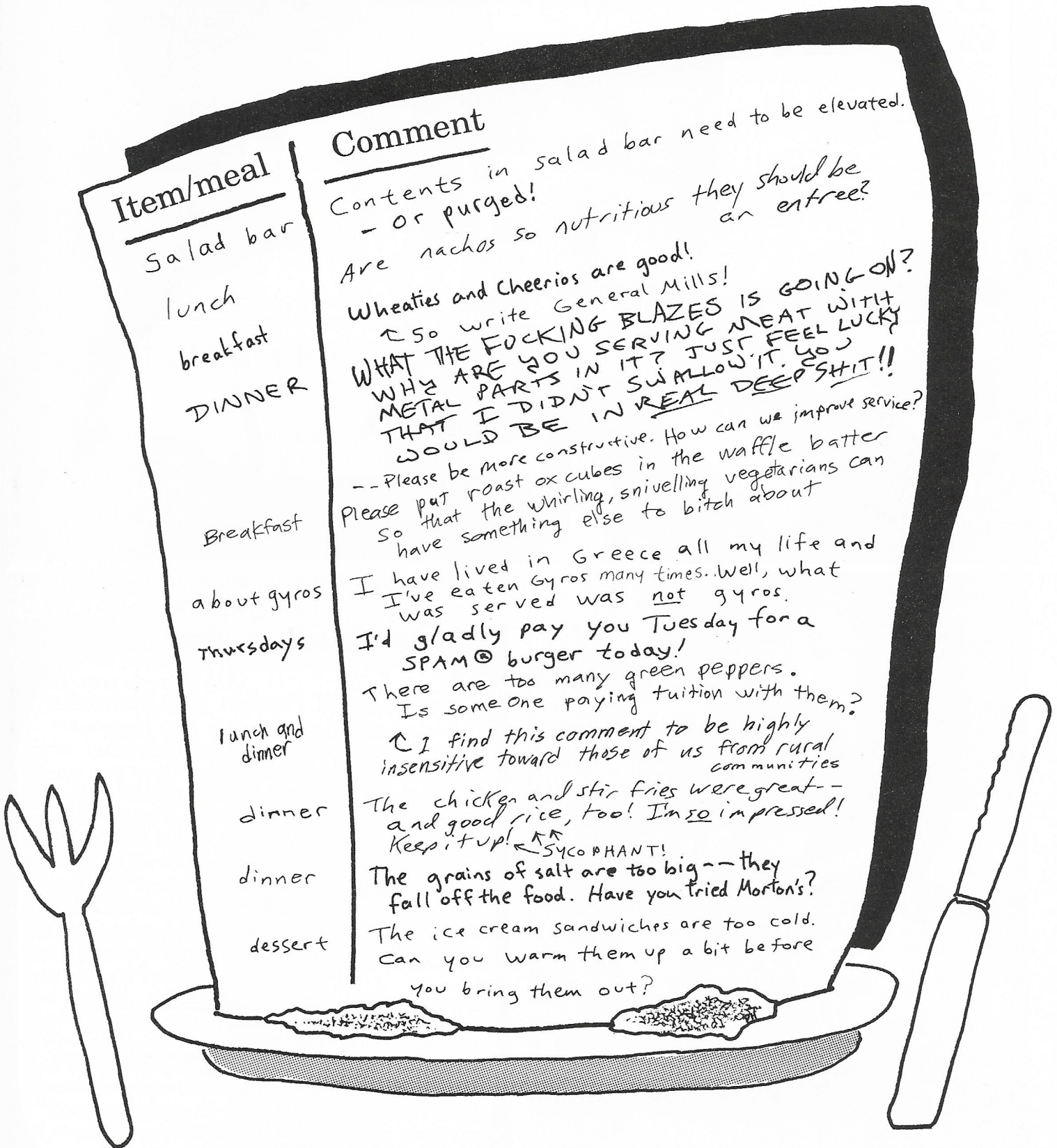
So much of relations between the sexes becomes power play. Is this possible to avoid?

LET THE MAN TAKE CONTROL

Feb 3, 1985
 Will I ever get out of here?
 March 3, 1986
 It appears you have.



SACRED?



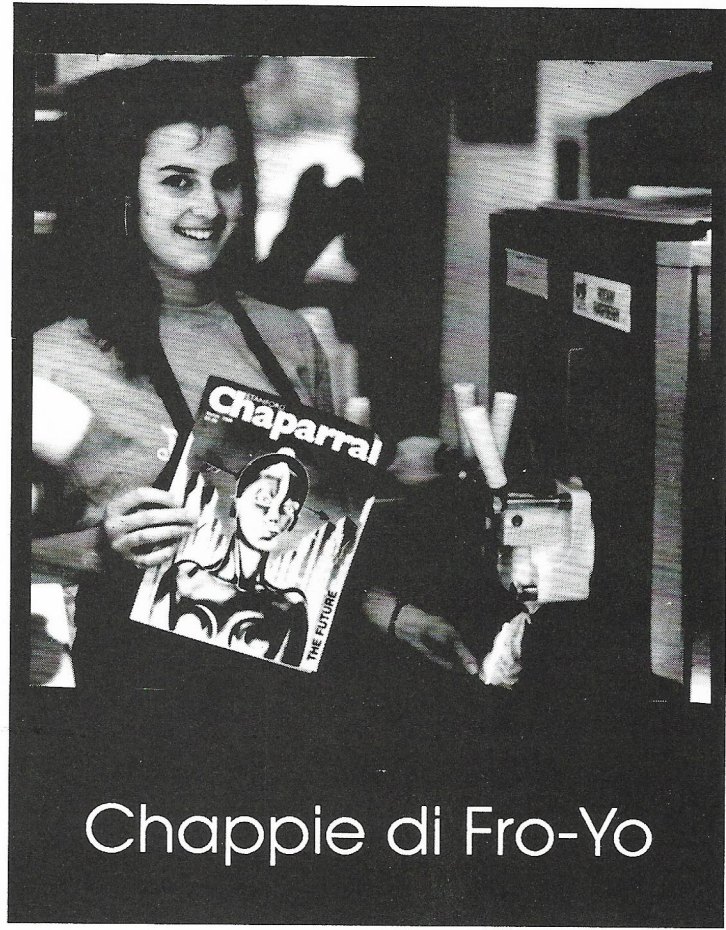
Special thanks to the Roble and Lagunita food service managers, and to all those amateur philosophers and critics who inadvertently contributed.

big meeting.

Oh, no. It's starting again.

the Chappie.
Storke bldg.
2nd Floor.
Wed. the 17th.
8:00 P.M.
Be there.
Be funny.

(click.)



Chappie di Fro-Yo

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Gary Andrews

328-7851

Leroy Wicks

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Village

Campus Dr.

Manzanita
Park

Serra St.

Fire
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(Corner of Campus and Serra)

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The Sales Pitch.

BY MILLIKEN, PAYAN, AND HYATT, INC.

When the thin, worried looking man came in the door, I knew I was in for trouble.

"We're in trouble," he declared. I raised an eyebrow.

"The Eighties are over," he continued, sitting down and gripping the sides of his chair imploringly. "Somebody's got to turn this eighties thing into a fond, idealistic memory for millions of people all over the world, and the Company thinks you're the one to do it."

"But why?" I asked.

"Marketing! Look at the Fifties--they're hotter than ever! Counterfeit original hula hoops are big business. Some clown decided to dress up as "Elvis Presto" and ended up getting a halftime gig at the Super Bowl. Ike jokes are making it on the college circuit. And overseas, the Japanese, who couldn't afford a decent Fifties of their own, are now buying jukeboxes and Fifties cars at hugely inflated prices. The sixties are even better, if you're looking at long-term potential. The Texas Schoolbook Depository Miniature Playsets, the Bay of Pigs trading cards, the Franklin Mint Civil Rights Chess Sets, all that merchandise has started to take off."

"Couldn't you hope for the best from the Nineties, or wait for a cartoon characters or some Rock and Roll stars from New Jersey to become emblematic on their own?"

"No, we can't wait. Without something from the past decade, the nostalgia market will go bust. How do you think we're going to pay for it when the baby boomers go geriatric? We've got to leave them something better than *Knight Rider* and *New Kids On The Block* to work with.

"The Seventies were the most unpopular decade we've had in years," he continued. "What did it give us? Watergate and a presidential peanut farmer from Georgia. That's it. Today, Carter's off building houses instead of becoming endearingly senile, and we've got a warehouse full of *All the President's Men* lunchboxes that we just haven't been able to unload."

I couldn't see why this guy wanted *me* to work for him, though. After all, I'd been virtually blacklisted after my UC campaign four years back. "Why are you asking me? My 'Union Carbide: Fumes for Freedom' campaign wasn't exactly a big hit. I'm not saying I don't do good work, but so far I haven't been able to get anyone to pay for it."

"Yes," he sighed, frowning momentarily, "but the Company thinks you're the only one who can tackle it. This isn't a job for just anyone--we need someone with your kind of experience and imagination."

To tell the truth, the only thing my imagination could conjure up about the eighties was a rather unpleasant scene involving James Watt and an armadillo.

"Big bucks?" I asked.

He nodded.

"Are there any particular issues I should focus on?"

"Issues?" He leaned forward, brow furrowed.

"Poverty, homelessness, nuclear disarmament."

He waved his hand, "Never touch the stuff."

We shook on it. "I'll get right to work."

I saw him again one month later.

"Let me show you a few preliminary ideas," I said.

He nodded.

I handed him a mockup of a print ad, which sported a half-page picture of the American flag at the top, and read it to him. "The Eighties. America. We straightened our backs. Waved our flag. Just said no. Our artificial hearts burst with pride. Bigger houses. Shinier cars. Stealth technology. Entertainment Tonight. It was a good time to have money."

I waited for a response.

"That's awfully wordy," he said. "Maybe you could simplify it a little."

"Alright, now watch this." I turned on the VCR and popped in a tape. "The Eighties," declared the screen in bold black letters, as a warm grandfatherly voice read the message (luckily, it only

CONT'D NEXT PAGE

THE SALES PITCH, CONT'D.

took a couple of babes and a few grams of coke to lure Wilfred Brimley away from his Quaker Oats meal ticket).

A drum machine cued up.

"One of the hottest decades in years," continued Brimley, as the letters and background sizzled into red ash. The drum beats became louder and faster, accompanying tight shots of dollar bills and government securities trading hands. The pace quickened as a blur of green faded into a series of corporate logos. "This decade was brought to you in part by AT&T, Exxon, Chrysler, Coca Cola, and Sony."

He winced.

I sensed he didn't like it, and tried to recover. "I know money's not as telegenic as starving children, but that's just a rough sketch cobbled together from some shots I had lying around the office," I lied quickly. "If it's the drum machine you don't like, I'm pretty sure I could get Sheila E."

He seemed discouraged "I know it's a rough version, but still ... you're just not

taking the right approach. Money *does* sell, and I like how the ad rushes by so fast that you don't get a chance to remember the bad things about the decade. But maybe the ad is just *too* much like the Eighties..."

"Well, what's wrong with that?" I asked.

"That's what you wanted, right?"

"We can't sell the Eighties for what they

After your "Fur is Fun" campaign, we thought you didn't have a conscience. But I guess we were wrong!

really were," he explained, glancing around surreptitiously. "People might start to remember things. You don't think that the fifties were *really* about poodle skirts, greased hair, and spiked punch at high school dances, do you? That's all the product of a couple of good admen. Now we need to do the same thing to the Eighties--create some kind of cohesive, appealing, benign image to

exploit. Can't you do that?"

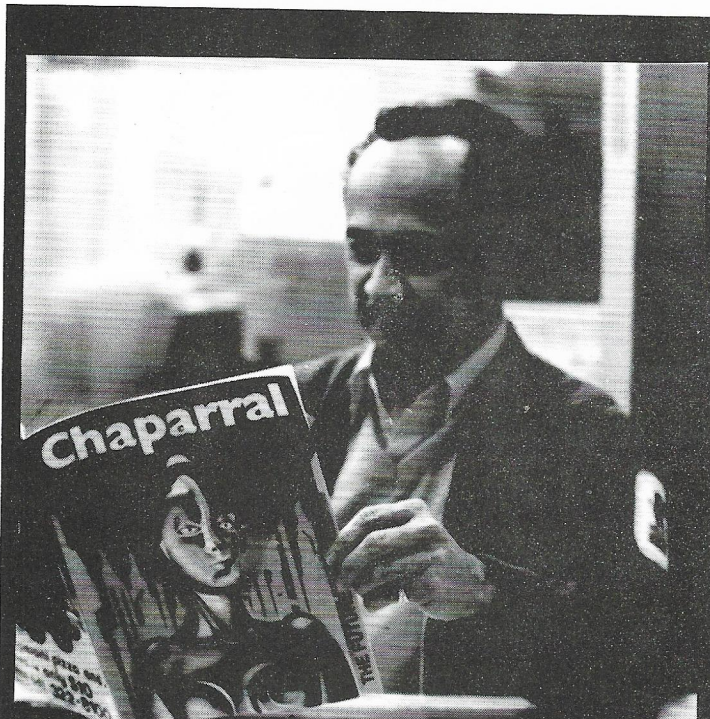
"More appealing? Are the ads too untraditional? I could mix in some stuff from 'Cats.'" My mind started to spin. "Does it need more religion? We'll get Robin Leach to profile the Baghwan!" Shaking his head, he headed for the door.

"You want cute? How about some stuffed Alaskan seagulls, smothered in chocolate sauce?"

"Oh, just stop intellectualizing!" he interrupted. "We need to redefine the Eighties, not rehash them! You spend so much time thinking that you don't know how to sell! After your 'Fur is Fun' campaign, we thought you didn't have a conscience. But I guess we were wrong!"


He left, slamming the door.

"Aww, gee whiz," I said, rubbing my eyes. The guy had no style, no judgment, no taste. I had to admit, 'Fur is Fun' was brilliant, but these were the best--*the best*--ads I'd ever done. It was bad enough that he'd snubbed my work, but that personal remark was out of line. Nobody, but *nobody* accuses me of having a conscience.



Chappie di USPS

LOOKING FOR A LAUGH? VISIT...



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HOUSE OF HUMOR

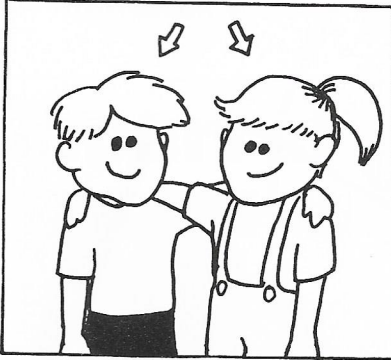
131 B E. El Camino Real, Mtn. View (415) 965-4116

Gags • Gifts • Cards • Games • Juggling • Magic

CEREAL KILLERS

by Gabe Miller

THE DENIZENS OF BREAKFAST CEREAL LAND HAD BEGUN TO NOTICE THE REPEATED OFFENSES OF TWO SMALL CHILDREN



AS BIGOTS...

WHAT A BLOW TO MY DIGNITY... FORCED TO DISGUISE MYSELF TO GET SOME SUSTENANCE...

NO CHANCE, BUDDY! YOU'RE A RABBIT AND THEREFORE INFERIOR!

TRIX ARE FOR HUMANS! FIND FOOD ELSEWHERE... OR STARVE!



AS PETTY THIEVES...

THEY'RE AFTER ME LUCKY CHARMS! BUT THEY WON'T FIND THEM HERE IN THIS TOXIC WASTE.



AND AS PUSHERS OF DANGEROUS PSYCHOACTIVE SUBSTANCES.

HERE IN THIS TOILET, NO ONE CAN GET ME TO GO CUCKOO FOR COCOA PUFFS!

PSST. SONNY... MUNCHY, CRUNCHY, CHOCOLATEY...

WHAT FUN IT IS TO FEED HIS ADDICTION AND MAKE LIGHT OF HIS BAD TRIPS! HAHA HAHA HA!!



FINALLY, THE THREE CHARACTERS HAD HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH.

I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH!

I'M QUITE PEEVED AS WELL.

DAMN TOXIC WASTE!

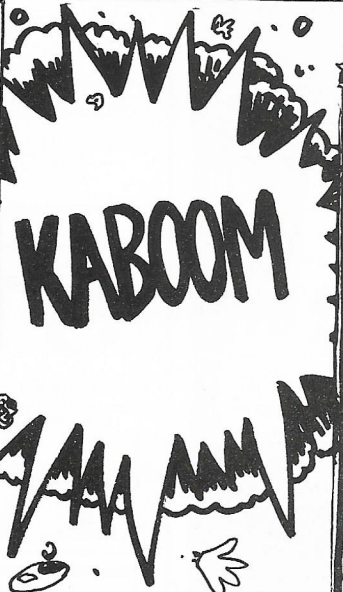
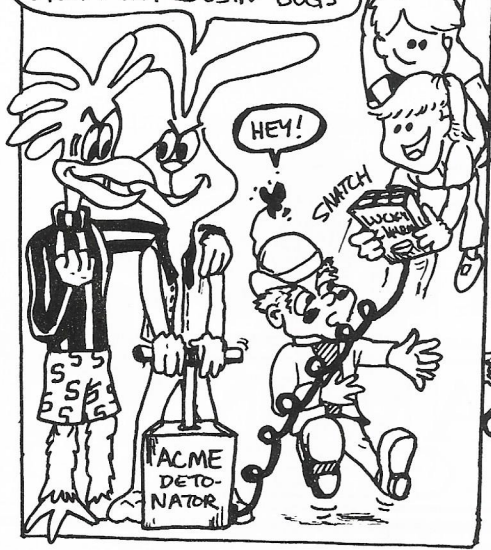


THEY REACHED A CONSENSUS REGARDING THE ONLY RATIONAL SOLUTION...

LET'S KILL THE LITTLE SHITS!!



I LEARNED THIS ONE FROM MY COUSIN 'BUGS'



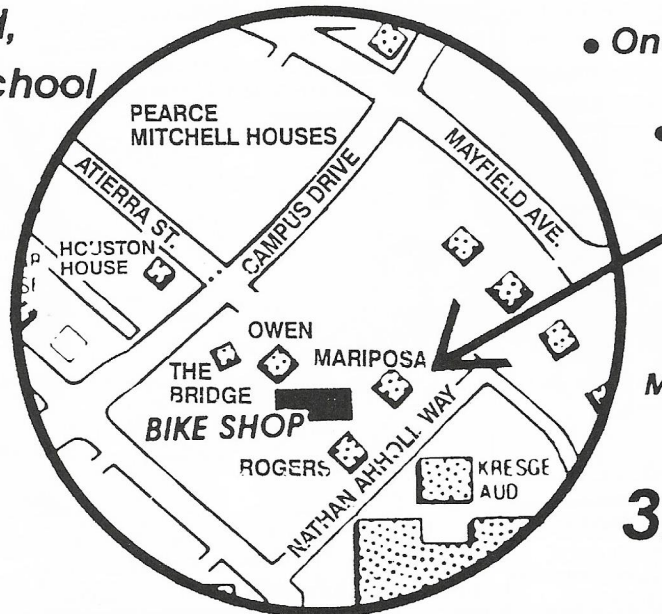
FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY, ALL 3 CEREALS WILL BE FEATURING ALSO DELICIOUS KID'S BITS! PART OF THIS IS NUTRITIOUS BREAKFAST.



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or large pizza

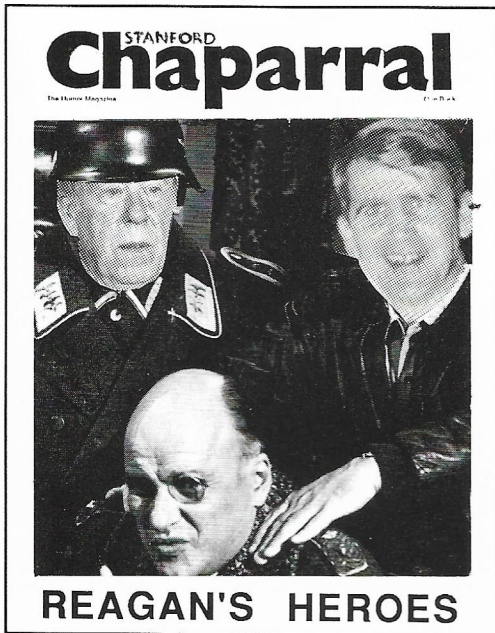
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TOO

322-2181

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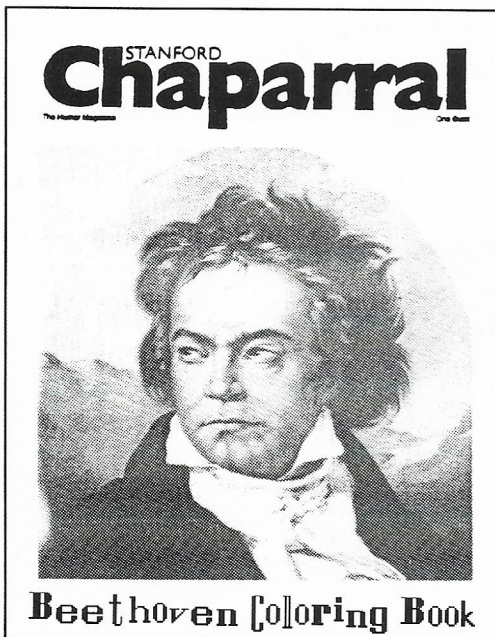
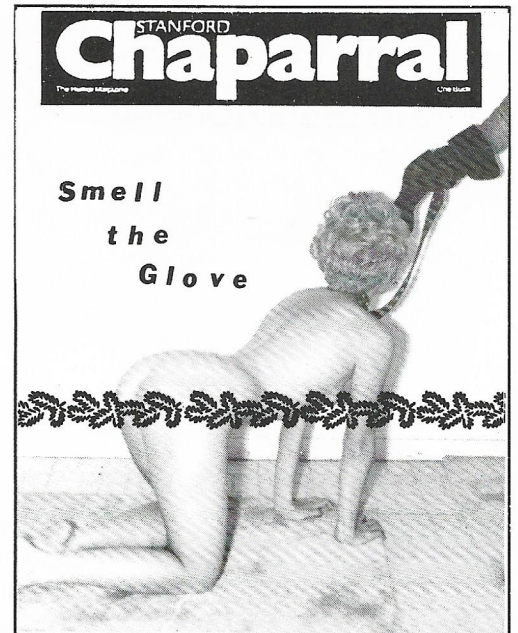
CENSORED ISSUES

Many complain that the *Chaparral* doesn't get censored like all other Stanford publications. This, however, is not true. We censor ourselves each and every day. Just look at some of the ideas we've suppressed:



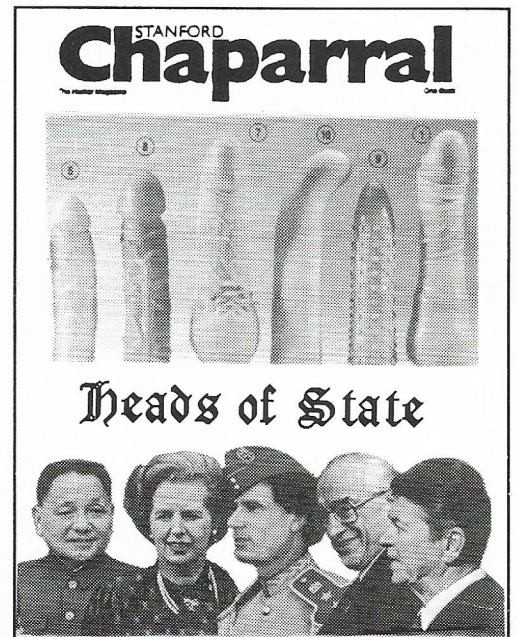
"Reagan's Heroes", like the President's Bitburg visit, unnecessarily re-opened old wounds. The issue suggested that North, like the Nazis, was just following orders, and Schultz, as usual, knew nothing. The editor decided to let sleeping Presidents lie.

"Smell the Glove" was condemned by our staff because of the over abundance of naked women in submissive positions. Feeling the need to set an example for the Stanford community, we could not distribute such material with clear conscience. We kept all the copies for ourselves.



"The Beethoven Coloring Book" was the victim of bad timing. Slated for the Fall '88 cover, the idea became unusable due to a coincidental campus controversy. Our candlelight vigil calling for Fundamental Standard prosecution (for plagiarism) was likewise cancelled.

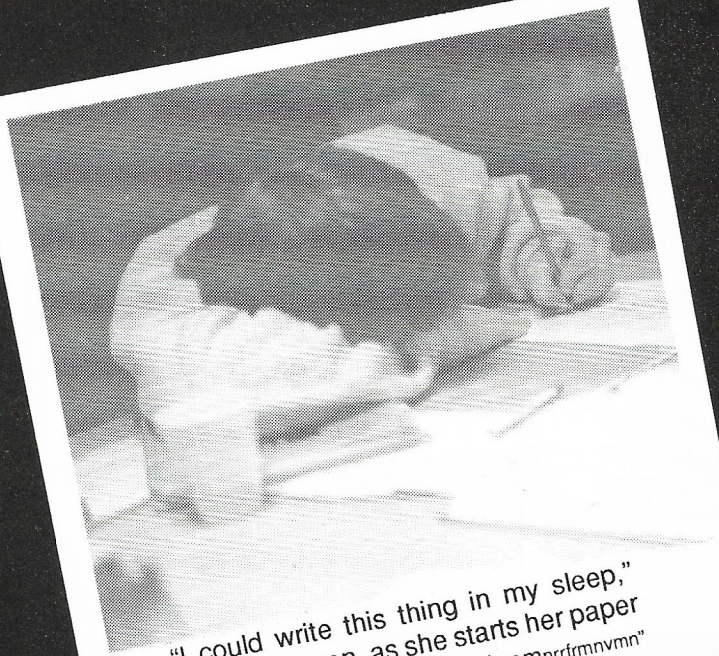
"Heads of State" was submitted by an anonymous and obviously very sick artist. It was unimously rejected by our staff. The cover blatantly violated our long-standing policy never to print pictures of penises. The marital aids, however, could stay.



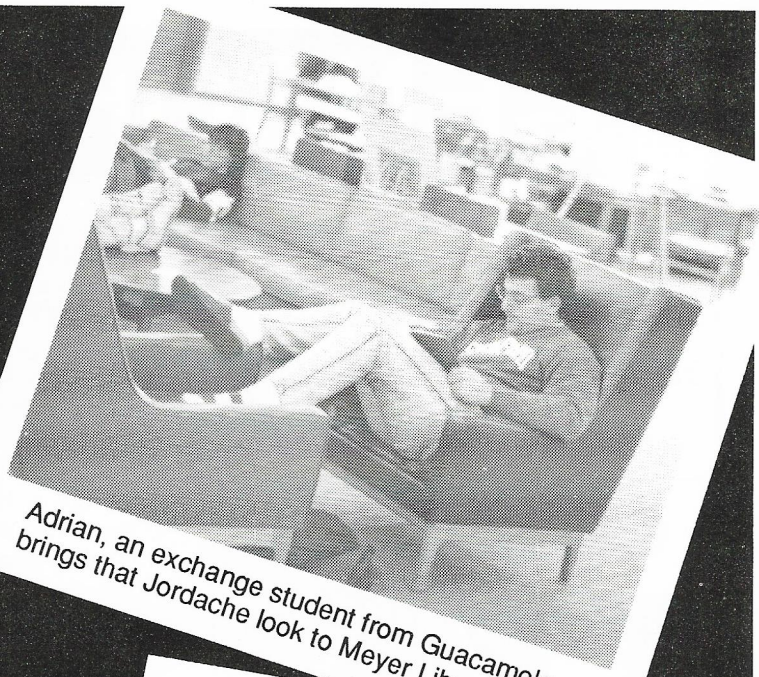
The Stanford Chaparral. Not afraid to be afraid.

Study Faces

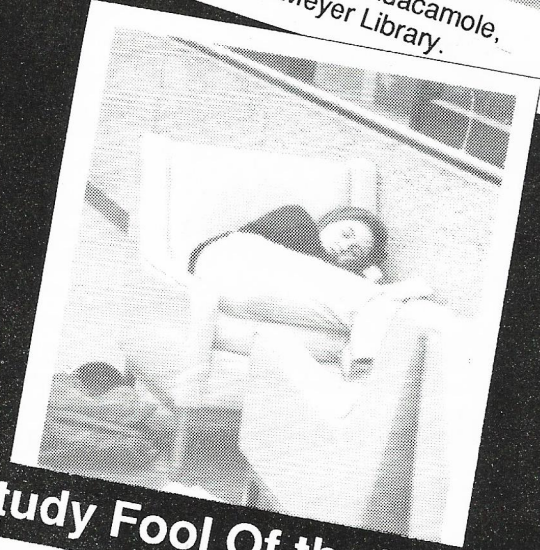
Our own budding F-stop Fitzgerald caught some radical Dead Week action around campus. Find out which of your friends are ruining the curve each week on the Study Page!



"I could write this thing in my sleep," brags Shannon, as she starts her paper on "The Economic Sysrrhrhmmnrrrfmnm"

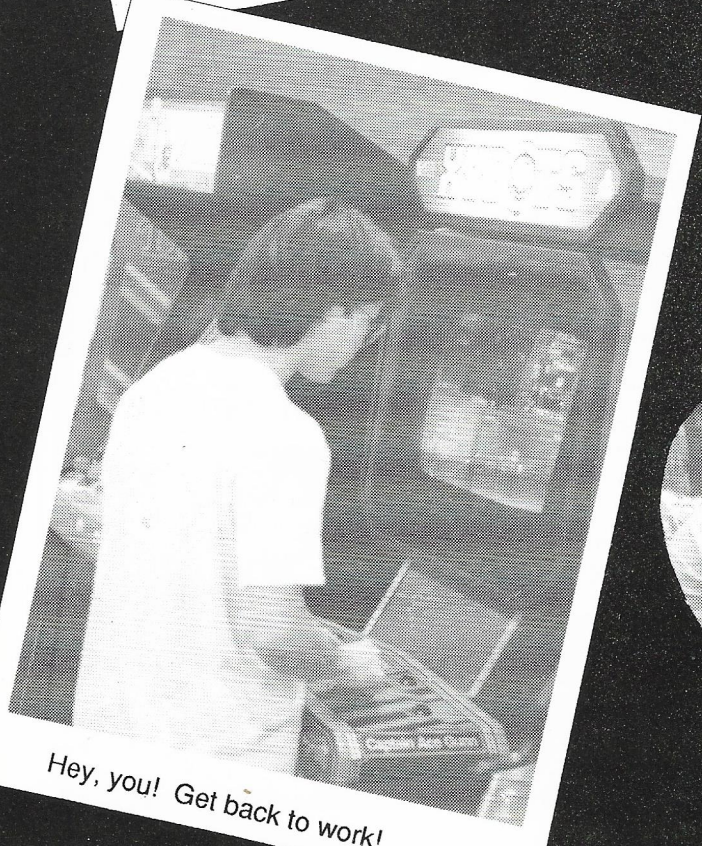


Adrian, an exchange student from Guacamole, brings that Jordache look to Meyer Library.



Study Fool Of the Week

Studying lunar tectonics at Meyer, Jasmine is sure to get her own craters from that corduroy pillow.

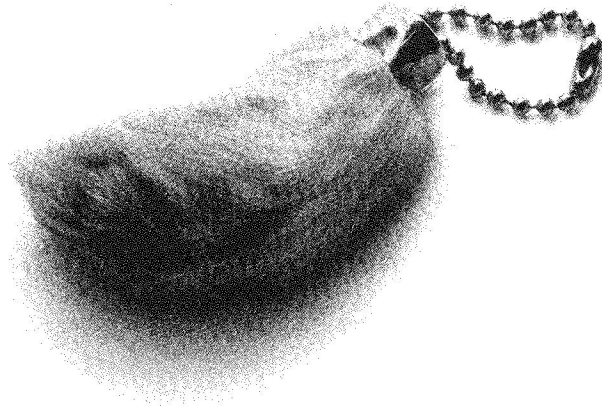


Hey, you! Get back to work!

Study Page Sweethearts



Chia -n- Pat get funky to some Calc 19 at Tresidder. Come on, Pat, bust a move!



Something for those of you who aren't taking a Kaplan review course this year.

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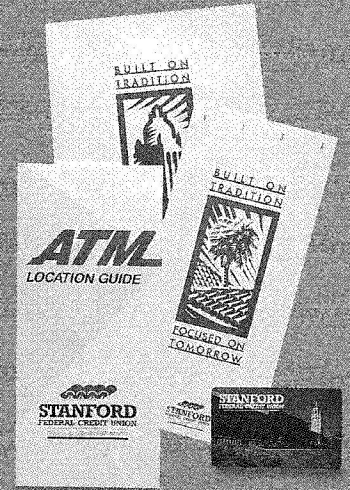
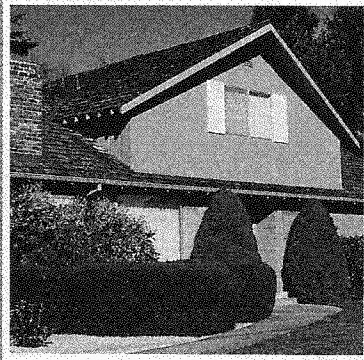
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