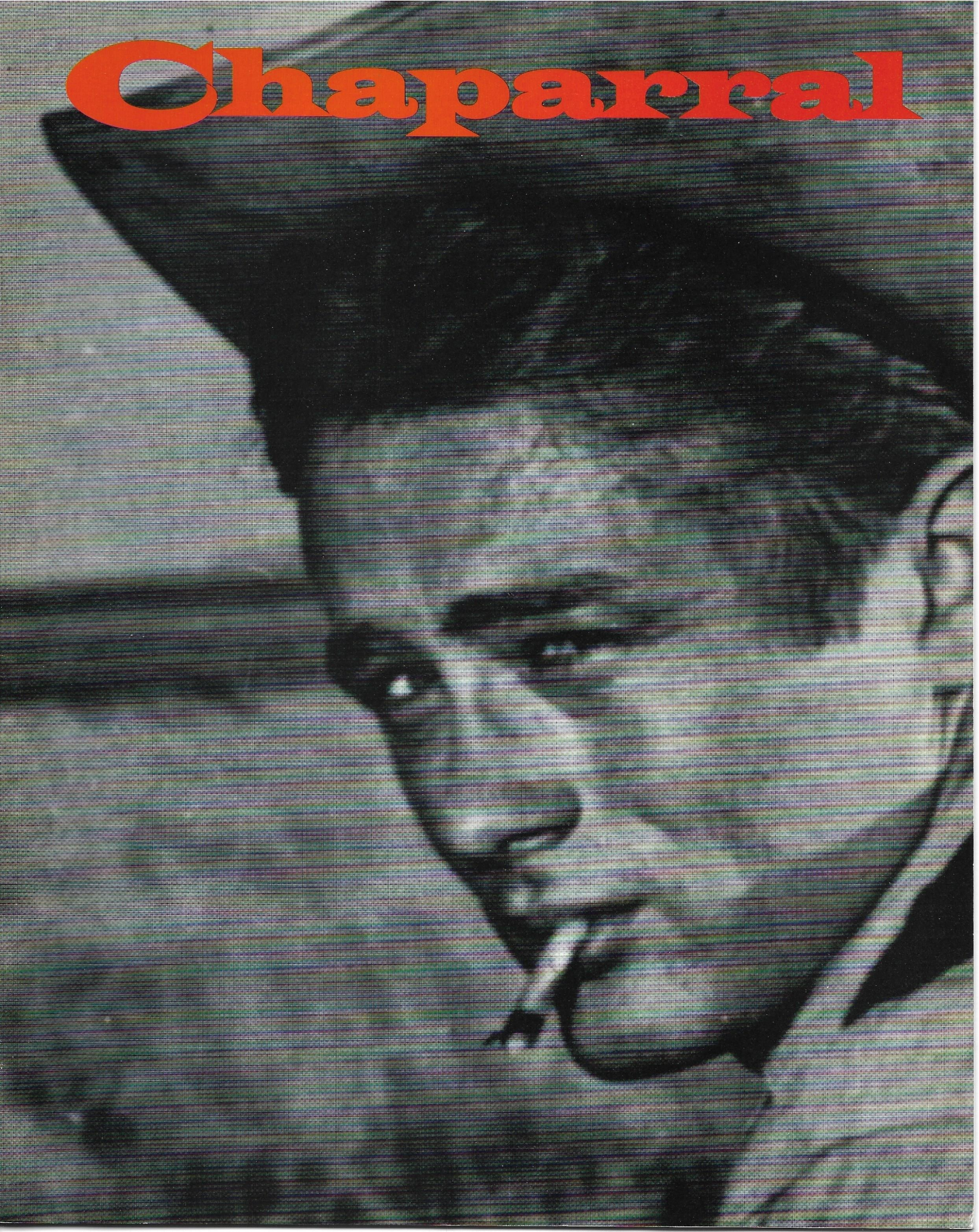


# Chaparral





**CARDINAL**

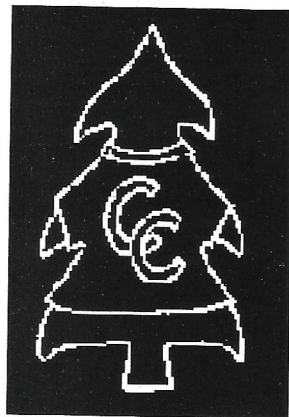
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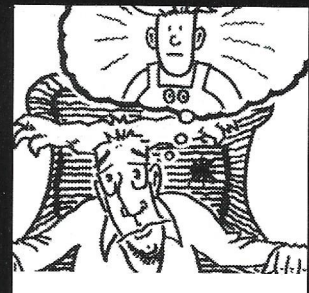
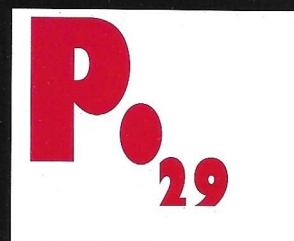
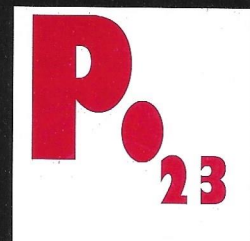
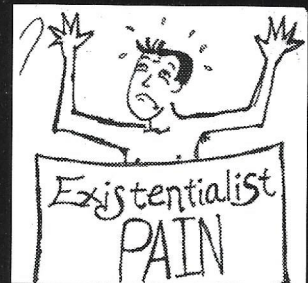
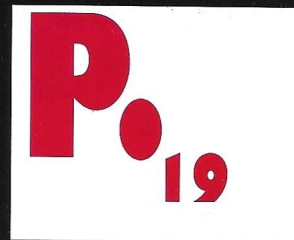
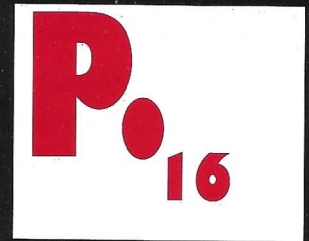
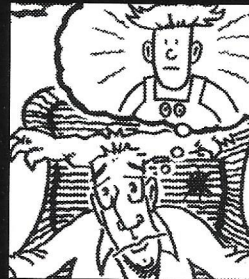
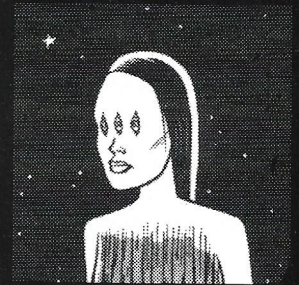
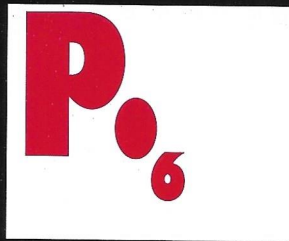
**The Cardinal Collection**



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# The Stanford Directory...

You should receive a Directory by the dates listed below. If you don't please contact the person or place indicated.

## On-Campus Undergraduates

Distribution will be completed by Thursday, November 16. Pick up your copy from your RA.

## Off-Campus Undergraduates

You should receive a notification card in the mail this week. To receive your Directory, bring the card to the ASSU Business Office (2nd floor, Tresidder) between 8 am and 5 pm, beginning this Wednesday, Nov. 15.

## Graduate Students

Pick up your copy at your academic department. Distribution should be completed by Nov. 30. Questions? Contact Tom Stephens at 5-1879.

## Faculty & Staff

You will receive a copy at your office. Distribution should be completed by Dec. 8. Questions? Contact either your department administrator or Penny Jefferson at 3-9294.

## Everybody Else

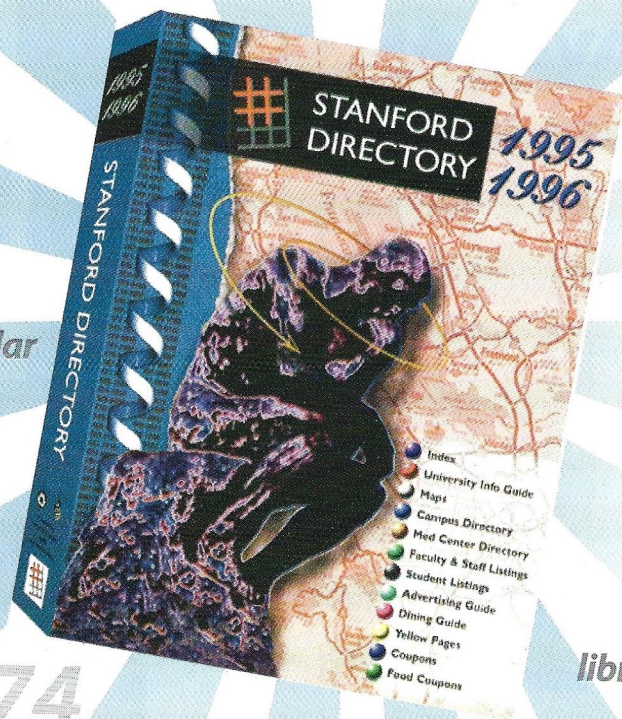
Directories will be available for purchase at the Stanford Bookstore and Central Stores beginning Nov. 22.

*It's coming*

over 860 pages of information

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academic calendar

library guide

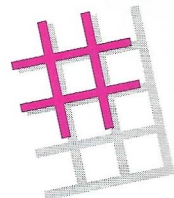
7-8774

improved University Information Guide

valuable coupons

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# Caveman Cool

*Several years ago*, we humans were cavemen. We lived lives of total freedom and saw the world as an infinite domain waiting to be conquered. Our imperialist desires weren't the only things that inspired us, however. As cavemen, we found pleasure in many of life's less significant things.

- Pile of fresh meat
- Poking women caveman with sticks
- Large, colorful insects
- That cathartic feeling of wielding a large branch
- Wowing the neighbor caveman with new Lexus
- Cave drawings of boss in compromising positions with buffalo
- Putting dirt in the coffee maker
- Claiming to understand the Theory of Relativity
- Juggling dried feces around civilized people
- Being frozen in ice for millions of years, then coming out feeling well rested
- Making fun of fat cavemen
- An unexpected erection
- Tax refunds
- Making love to sleeping Mammoth
- The *Bone Game*
- The ability to transubstantiate rocks into bigger rocks
- Pleasing caveman God
- Urinating in cave when no one is looking
- T-shirts with digital imprints of their faces on it
- Writing in phony caveman names for Presidential elections
- Playing dead, then jumping up and screaming, then playing dead again
- No braces for teen cavemen
- Finding the shiny rock under your grass mattress
- Making best friend cry
- Primary colors
- Stealing other cavemen's souls with a 35mm camera
- Eating tree bark to cure skin ailments
- When sun shines directly on your privates
- Trilobite burgers
- Finding a nice pair of grass pants in front yard
- Getting a buzz from eating week-old berries
- Buying an acre of land for a handful of boar testes
- Diana Ross
- Seeing another caveman speak their mind on the "soap rock"
- Semi-automatic club
- Fire

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Eugene Park '98  
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Staff

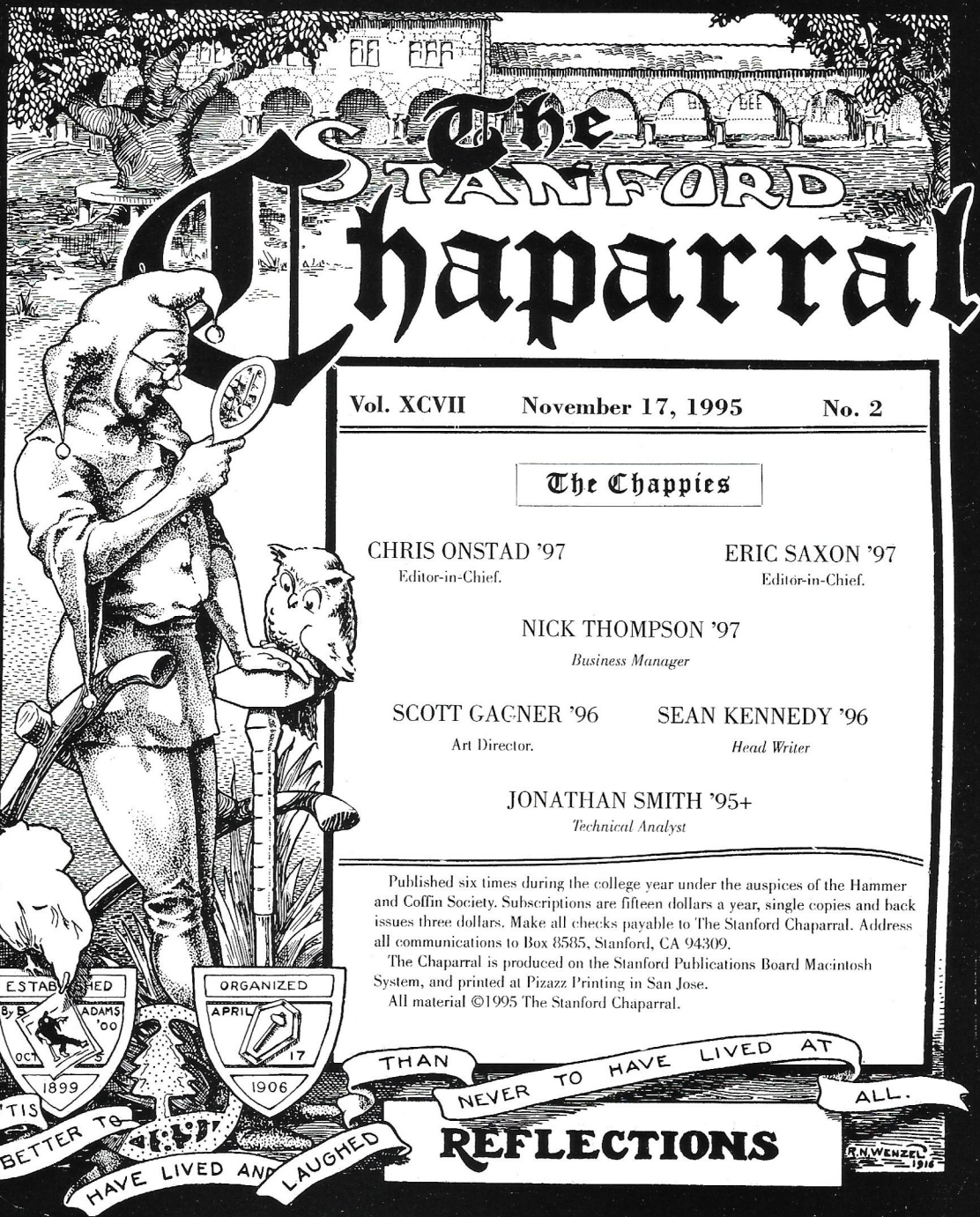
'90  
Patrick Smith

'95, MA '96  
Mark Kratter

'97  
Gina Lee  
Taj Mustapha  
Jenny Nelson  
Steve Smith

'98  
Chris Cary  
Matt Pearl  
Margot Quandt  
David Roghair  
Ryan Whitehead

'99  
Ian Alteveer  
Pete Hammerman  
Wally Huang  
Hallie Kushner  
Sean Lucy  
Annie McConnaha  
Colleen McGarry  
Will Morehead  
Tushar Ranchod  
Darell Tibbles  
Sage Van Wing



# The STANFORD Chaparral

Vol. XCVII November 17, 1995 No. 2

## The Chappies

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

## REFLECTIONS

**N**OW THAT the sky has become metallic and fallen down upon our cube homes and robot maids, let us sit in this dark cave, this last bastion of human existence and let us slowly die together, nuzzling the beautifully yellow potato chip bags

and beach coolers that WE produced OURSELVES as we drift off to eternal slumber. Be brave, people, in the next life we will become plastic computers for the New Breed."

Taarvul, Worldkeeper XI, 2130

This quote from the future by Taarvul Hairchild slipped silently into the Old Boy's consciousness one night, riding on the



wings of severe fatigue dementia.

"Something is seriously wrong, seriously wrong, seriously wrong," said the drowsy Old Boy, repeating himself exactly three times. "The mouth of the toothbrush opened into a gumline smile and spouted some important information but I cannot fathom what this data means. I am tired so tired and I will go to bed right now to lay in my soft down mattress and dream about a world where love is real and humans have evolved to the point of being able to survive on garbage."

The Old Boy has slept and dreamt about square-dancing chickens and a non-wasteful human race for what has now been over 200 years. Lovable and leaderless, we humans now inherit the naked weight of interpreting the Old Boy's heavy-lidded hallucination. What does it mean? Nobody knows. All we know is that at some point in the future, God will apparently become angry with humans and start to make the sky metal. *But why will the Lord be mad at us?*

Once, a team of scientists with brilliant orange afros devised an equation for this puzzling problem:  $\log[OP]/\text{assholes}=.9x$ . Unfortunately, our superficial world was too distracted by their flaming hair to care about the discovery. The shunned "Firecrotch Geniuses" kept the formula's constants buried in their alienated, pained hearts until they died. In this scientific tradition, we here at the Chappie fed some bits of data into our Science Machine back at headquarters. After eight days, the machine spurted out some messages on a single piece of white paper. The output read as follows: "Humans kill cool. Never revitalize. Plants die, human souls wither. Fly away. Cool God speaks angry metallic and kills all organic life. So, in sum, everything "cool" ceased to exist around 1995 or so and God mused a bit and decided that an uncool world is worse than no world at all and he transformed the planet into a beautiful metal cosmic orb."

**N**OW THAT we know what's going to happen, what can we do to avoid it? Can we equip ourselves with sufficient cool to save the world from God's hip wrath? Maybe. The first step is to Recognize the Problem. There is a definite lack of coolness out there, a fact that some of you may deny.

"What do you mean, nothing's cool anymore? The music is hot and the party is rocking! Not only that, but things are changing for the better. I mean with issues and stuff." This quote from Jane Same perfectly illustrates the problem. Presently, we are very comfortable in our huge foam chairs of contentment. After all, the remote is within reach and our stomachs are full of cookie dough. However, while our eyes are sucking out electrons of Billy and Brooke porking

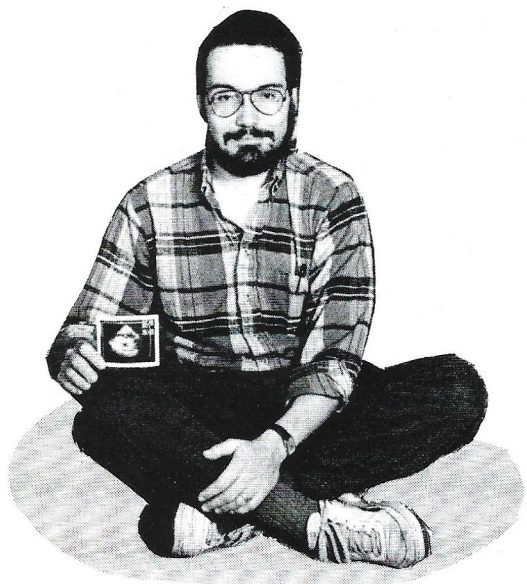
each other on our television systems, huge multinational corporations are buying cool for wholesale and selling it back in colorful, expensive little cellophane-wrapped bites. Kind of like "mini muffins." Kind of like "rock-n-roll."

Remember Rock-n-Roll? Young toughs like Jerry Lee Lewis, Elvis, and Little Richard invaded the sterile tract suburbs of the fifties with howling, passionate "devil rock." They shook it up, loudly rocking and rolling over their parents' delusioned Ozzie and Harriet world. Music was going to be the last tower of the young that fell, and fall it did, with a disappointing crashing sound. Rock-n-Roll is now used to sell syrupy colas and salty corn nuts. Everyone in the rock and roll world is selling out faster than flies buzz to a rotting fish. What about punk rock? Punk





# Then and Now



Legitimate Cool	Puppet Cool
-----------------	-------------

Keith Richards, guitarist for the Rolling Stones, receives heroin intravenously for the entire 60's and lives to be older than God.

Kurt Cobain, guitarist for Nirvana, takes some heroin and blows his head off at age 27.

Kent State has violent anti-Vietnam protests, chants of "1,2,3,4 we don't want your fucking war."

Stanford has three people participate in a hunger strike for the Asian American Studies Program; no catchy slogan.

The Beatles record "Helter Skelter."

Bon Jovi Covers "Helter Skelter."

Whiskey

Snapple

Rev. Jim Jones violates the law by assisting in an impressive 900 suicides.

Dr. Jack Kevorkian violates the law by assisting in a mere 26 suicides.

Motorcycles

Rollerblades

Haight-Ashbury: a Mecca for hippies; home of the Grateful Dead and proprietor of the Acid Tests.

Haight-Ashbury: a Mecca for alternakids; home of the Gap and proprietor of Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream.

Easy Rider: Jack Nicholson and Peter Fonda are two bikers travelling cross-country with a money-filled gas tank. They dream of finding freedom.

Dumb and Dumber: Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels are two imbeciles travelling cross-country with a money-filled briefcase. They're just imbeciles.

Huge cars that hold everything

Tiny back-packs that hold nothing

Woodstock I: a free festival of peace, music and love featuring no less than three performers who would die of drug overdoses within two years.

Woodstock II: a \$500/head marketing scheme sponsored by Pepsi and featuring no more than three performers with two good albums.

Faster Pussycat Kill! Kill! Russ Meyer combines three beautiful, buxom, unknown women, sports cars, and double entendres to create an instant cult classic.

Showgirls: Paul Verhoeven combines the "not pretty one," a pick-up truck, and third-grade bathroom humor to create a movie not good enough to be called "B."

Charles Manson and his "family" kill two women as revenge against the music industry.

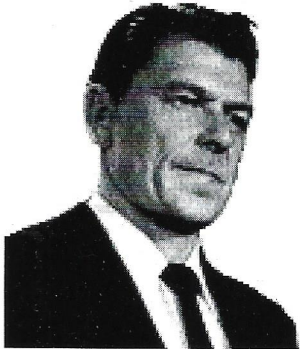
A deranged fan stabs Monica Seles as revenge against the tennis world.

Jim Morrison is "The Lizard King"

James Earl Jones is "The Lion King"



## My Interview with Ronald Reagan



Me: Hello, Sir. How are you doing?



RR: Who are you?



Me: I'm your son.

# Rap and White

Rap	White
Ol' Dirty Bastard	Jim Carrey
The Dozens	Knock-knock jokes
The Alkaholics	The Cure
De La Soul	Right Said Fred
Shaquille O' Neal	David Hasselhoff
EPMD	UB40
<i>Fuck the Police</i> : NWA	<i>My Next Broken Heart</i> : The Police
<i>Bitch Betta Have My Money</i> — DJ Quik	<i>Still in Love With You</i> — Brooks & Dunn
Grandmaster Flash	The Grand Dragon
The Goats	The Eagles
The Beasties ( <i>Root Down</i> )	The Beasties ( <i>Fight for Your Right</i> )
Eazy-E	Jerry Garcia
Fat Boys: <i>My Nuts</i>	Rosenstein Penis Enlarging Company
The Bronx	The Cowell Cluster
The Dogg Pound	Barry Manilow w/Linda Rondstadt
Snoop, defended by Johnnie Cochran	Bob Dole, slaveholder
Q-Tip is the abstract	The White Man has no soul



# N

OW THAT (from page 7)

rock used to be the most dangerous game in town, but now the danger has been replaced by cotton candy marketability. Moms everywhere are humming to Green Day tunes as they pick their blue-haired kid up from school. These days, music is snatched from the original musicians, washed clean of its rebellion by music executives who think the Sex Pistols was a western porn flick, and sold back to consumers in plastic packaging. And we love it! We flock to concerts where the tickets are priced high in order to cover the cost of Pepsi sponsorship. Bleating cheers and raising our lighters high, we cry praise for a washed-out band too stoned and/or jaded to hear.

Of course, it isn't all sad and dismal. There are still some good people producing good music out there, but they are in the unseen trenches. You have to turn off your MTV and roll out of your foam sofa to find them.

Music is a good cultural acid test, so you can bet the dilution of music is reflective of the watering down of culture in general. Why is Jim Carrey such a mega star? Do the people really love a Crazy Face that much? Why do most Americans get their news from tabloid shows like *Hard Copy*? Why do people know tables and charts of baseball statistics but cannot tell when their President is lying?

Evidence of the lull of cool can be found by the change in behavior of the Jeeber Monkey of Bolivia. As recently as 1985, Jeebers held in zoo captivity would throw their feces at all visitors. Upon seeing a man with a huge red sombrero, the monkeys would commence in a sort of "dance," gyrating violently and snapping their fingers (Jeeves and Snobbins, 1985). Now, the red sombrero man does not make the monkeys dance. They sit in their cages, too lethargic to even toss their feces at squinting visitors. Could it be that these monkeys, who are ultra-sensitive to cultural vibrations, have lost hope because we've hit a cool lull? Quite possibly.

But, of course, we humans are not monkeys. We are a few amino acids different from monkeys. Maybe we should act a few amino acids better. No more throwing feces at each other. We are granted an intrinsic Godlike cool which presses hard against the fiber of our souls, gasping for breath. Let it breathe, brothers and sisters!

Happily, though, we have a lot of time until the sky turns into metal. Or, maybe we don't. God, who cares anymore. I'm too sleepy. There is a quote from an old punk rocker that I heard once "Grade D but edible; our food, our life, our attitude." Whatever. All I know is that there is an all-night Charles Nelson Reilly retrospective on channel 78, and I just bought a box full of Otis Spunkmeyer cookie dough. See you on the foam chair, dudes!

EJS

# SCIENCE AND HUMOR AND YOU



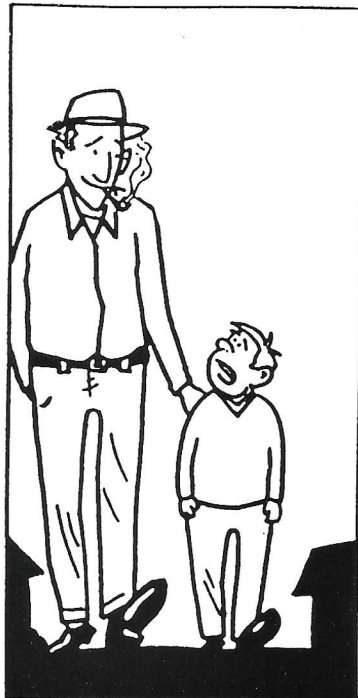
The Chappie has harnessed the awesome power of **machines** so that you don't even have to get off your **ass** to pick up the free issue on your floor. *It will be right on your damn computer.* That's right. It's **VirtualChappie** with the new **Stanford Chaparral Web Page.**

<http://chappie.stanford.edu>



# CHRISTIANITY FUNNIES

by  
Gagner



"God looks after good people, right daddy?"



"That's right son. He makes sure that nothing bad happens to good people."



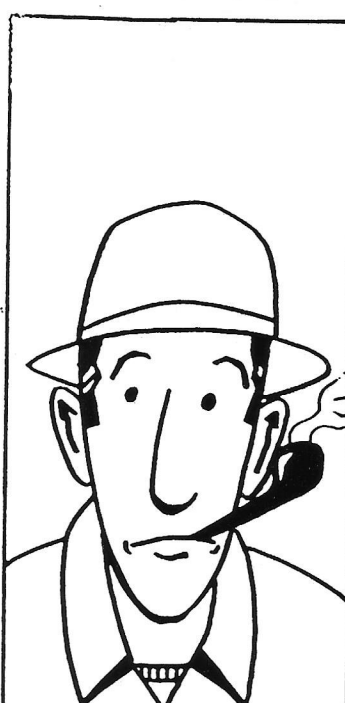
"Are babies good people?"



"Of course. Babies are very good people."



"Well, if babies are good people, then why did God let Mrs. Baker's two babies die in that tornado?"

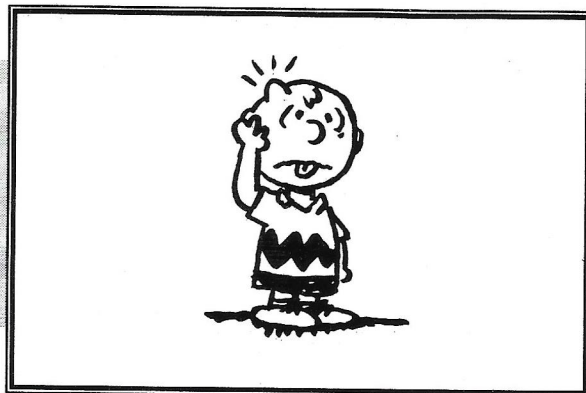


"Well...uh ...those particular babies.. were...uh... evil babies."





You're back on the wagon, Charlie Brown.



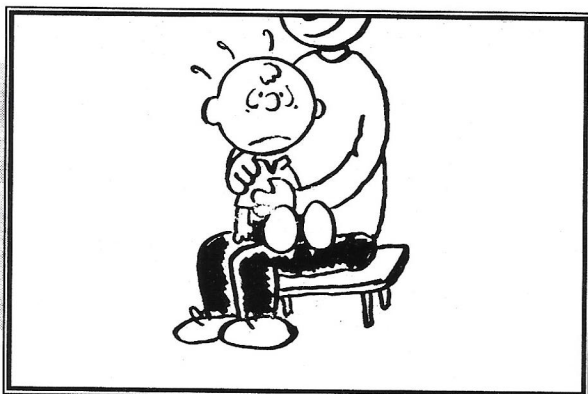
You've got a tumor in your head, Charlie Brown.

**Rejected**

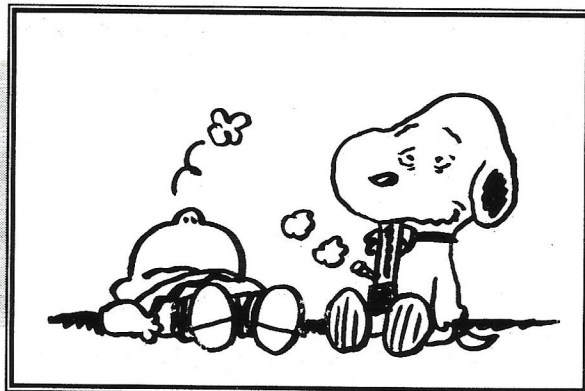
# Charlie Brown

**TV Specials**

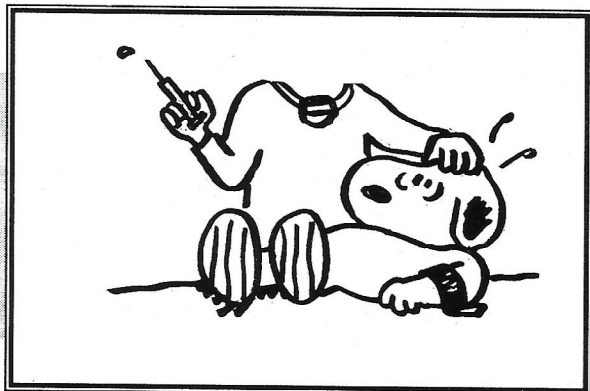
Who could ever forget those wonderful *Charlie Brown* Holiday TV specials? Here's a few rejected themes proposed by Charles Schulz during his "Black Period."



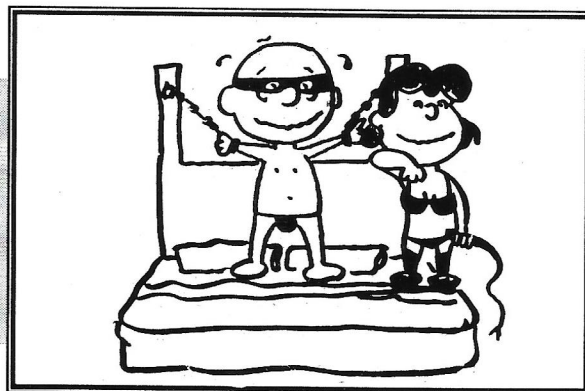
You're all alone with Uncle Kevin, Charlie Brown.



You're baked again, Charlie Brown.



They're putting Snoopy to sleep, Charlie Brown.

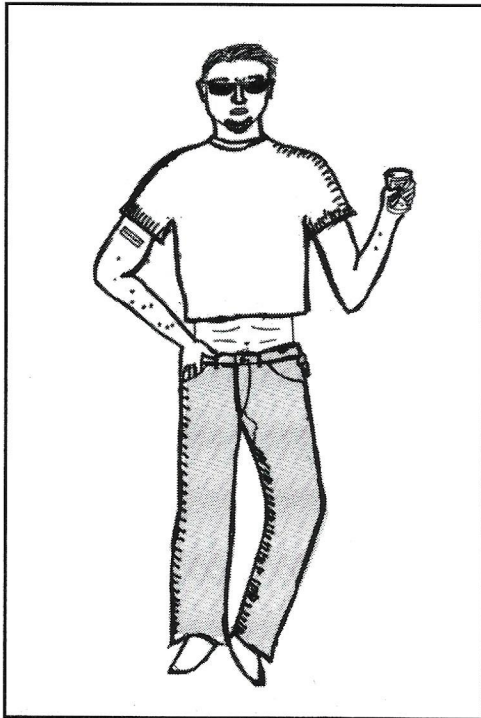


You're into the rough stuff, Charlie Brown.



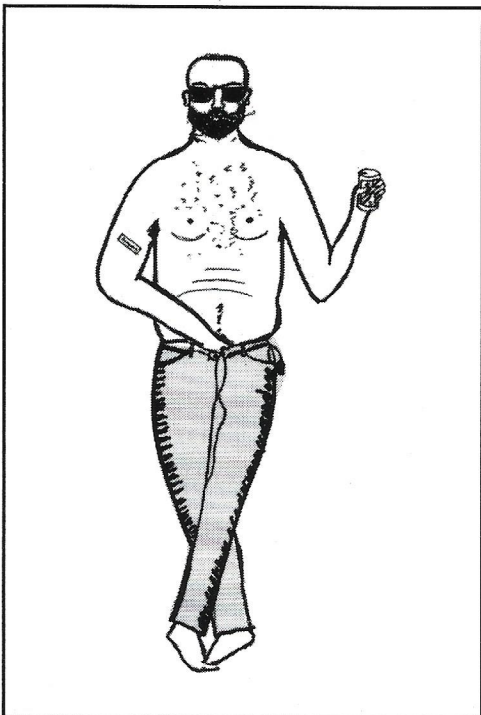
# Of Pep Rallies and Prisons:

the metamorphosis of a high school champion



**1974**

1. High profile: a member of the lettermen's club, proud and brassy
2. Remembers "Sandra," the cute girl in English class
3. Pants: low-riding baggy fit for the big mac on campus
4. Diana called yesterday: he stained his pants with spilled cola
5. Once shook hands with President Ford
6. Favorite holiday—Thanksgiving
7. Has a crush on the biology teacher
8. He and his buddies make fun of the kid with glasses
9. Goes to baseball games with Dad
10. Plays mailbox baseball with buddies
11. Graduates from high school



**1995**

1. Low profile: found in ditch by neighbors, naked and shaking
2. Remembers "L." his friend from prison
3. Pants: same pair, now filled with big mac wrappers
4. Nature called this morning, but he didn't hear
5. "Shakes hands" with "Abraham Lincoln"
6. Favorite holiday—Night of the Stilted Rats
7. Crushes a child with a car
8. Questions his own sexuality
9. Hates his father
10. Mailman
11. Goes to hell



# Separated at Birth



**Corie Calfee**  
Davis, CA



**Amy Schneirow**  
Woodland Hills, CA



**Jessica Criswell**  
Belvedere, CA



**Jennifer Boutilier**  
Port Townsend, WA



**Will Wister**  
Berwyn, PA



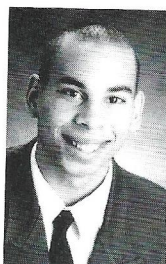
**Sage Van Wing**  
Waterville, ME



**Ethan Dorr**  
Summit, NJ



**Matthew Lehar**  
Lexington, MA



**Joshua URI**  
Medford, OR



**Nathan Reed**  
Highlands Ranch, CO



**Jason Balkman**  
Saratoga, CA



**Trevor Bezdek**  
Santa Monica, CA

## Pet Prodigies



**Kavitha Krishnan**  
La Canada, CA



**Greg Leon**  
Redwood City, CA

## Before and After



**Bridget Rigby**  
Paradise Valley, AZ



**Andrea Constantinides**  
Yorktown, VA

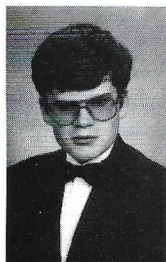


# Reservoir Dogs Extras



**Taylor Canfield**  
Bishop, CA

Mr. Surly



**Brad Harris**  
Charleston, SC

Mr. Myopic



**Brian Wirtz**  
Darien, IL

Mr. Sunshine



**Jhin Han**  
Wyckoff, NJ

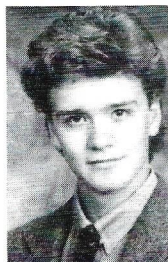
Mr. Han

## Weird Science



**David Lowsky**  
Studio City, CA

Wyatt



**Mike Chapline**  
Alamo, CA

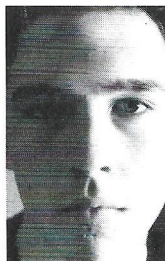
Gary



**Marian Lenz**  
Foster City, CA

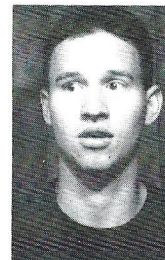
Lisa

## Wes Craven Presents Freshmen Bloody Freshmen



**Brad Anderson**  
Framingham, MA

The  
Stalker



**Chris Walton**  
Tempe, AZ

The  
Stalked



**Adam Kemezis**  
New York, NY

Rev.  
Malachi  
*The  
Harbinger  
of Doom*



**Cory Councilman**  
Eules, TX

The  
Drifter  
"There's something  
*evil* in this town."



**Sarah Abel**  
San Francisco, CA

The  
Evil Clowness  
"Hee *hee* hee!"



**Kristin Strohmeier**  
New York, NY

The  
Possessed  
"Must have *raw*  
liver!"



**Rick Wijsenbeek**  
Netherlands

The  
Empath  
"I *feel* things."



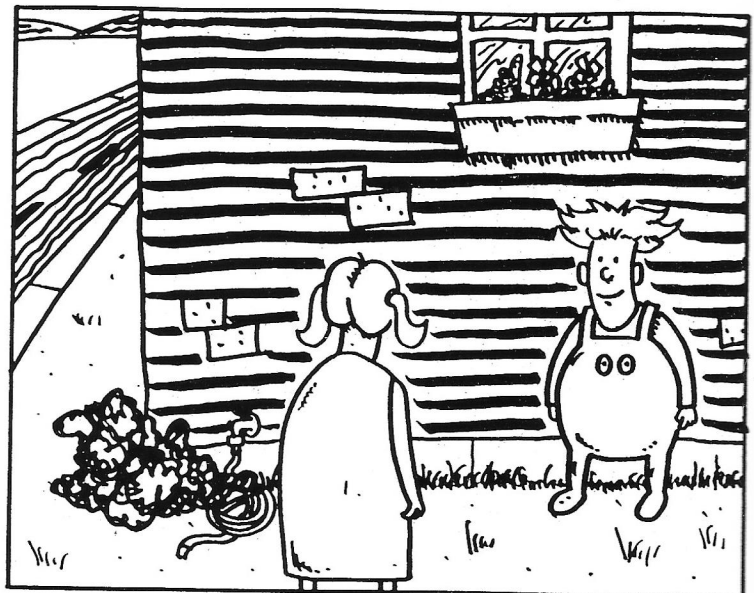
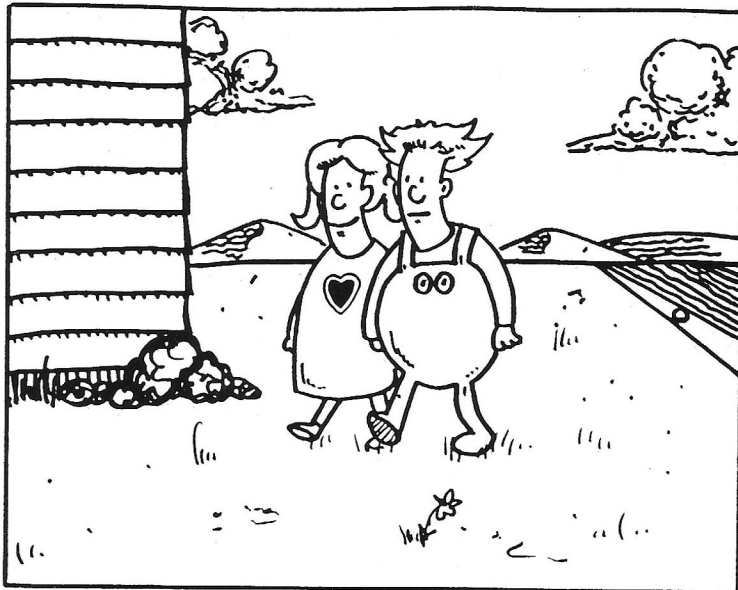
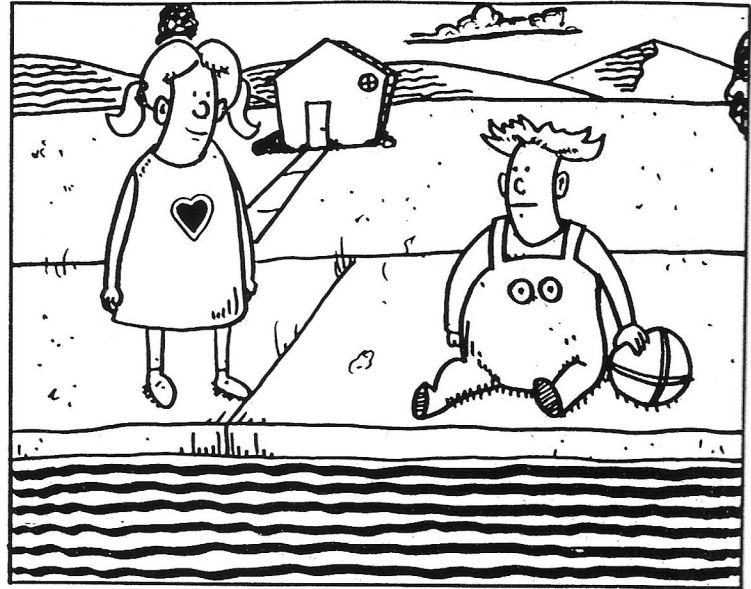
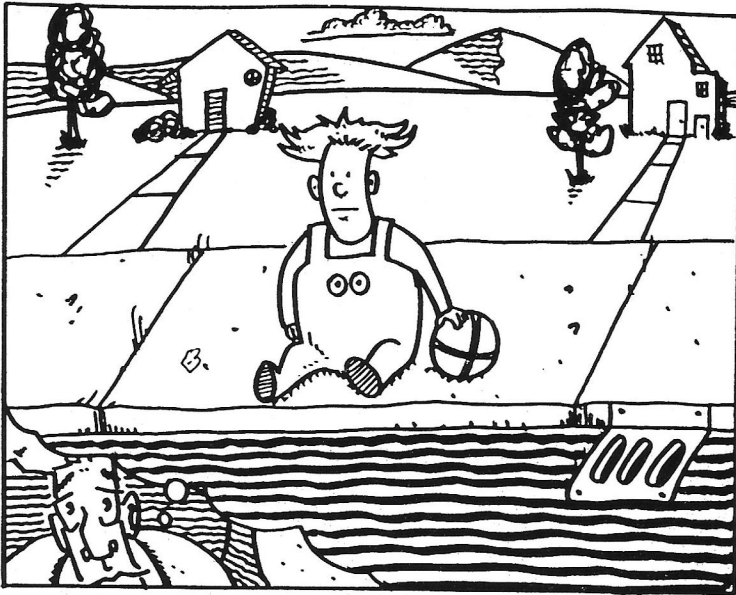
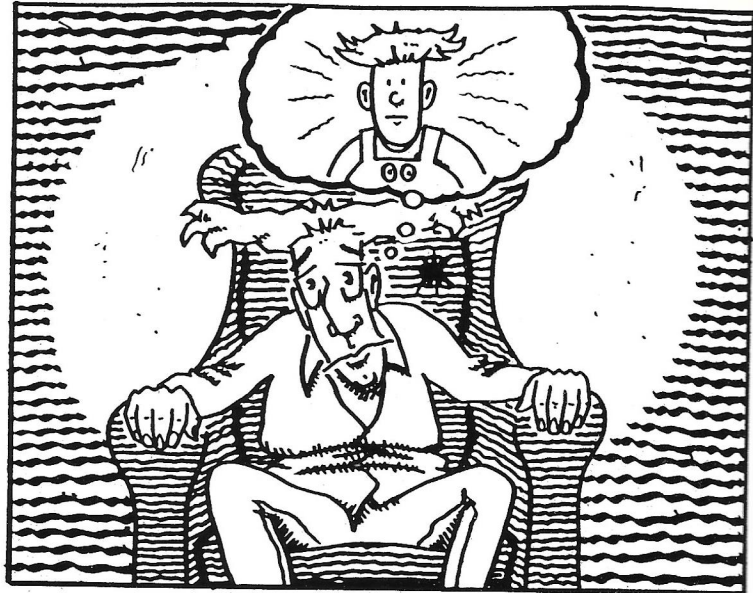
# CRAZY CECIL

in

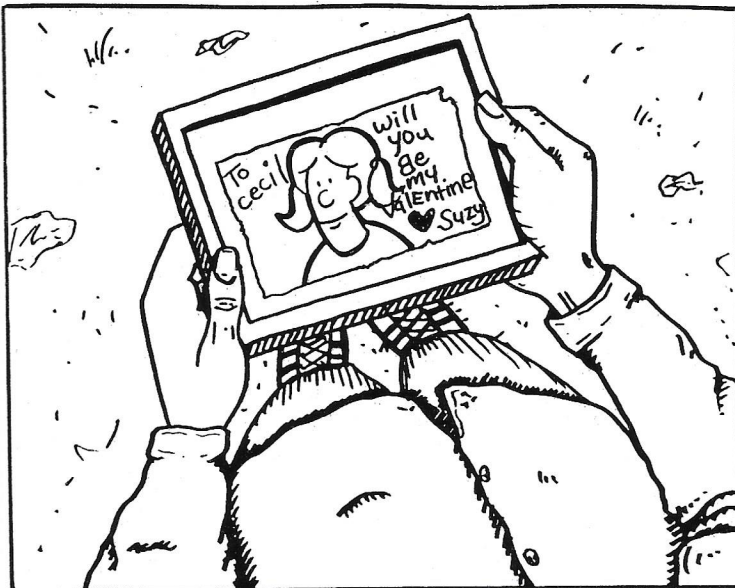
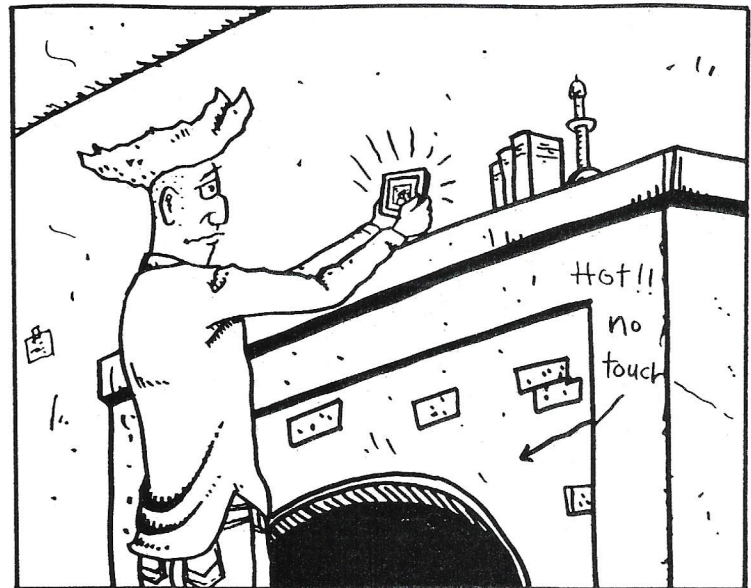
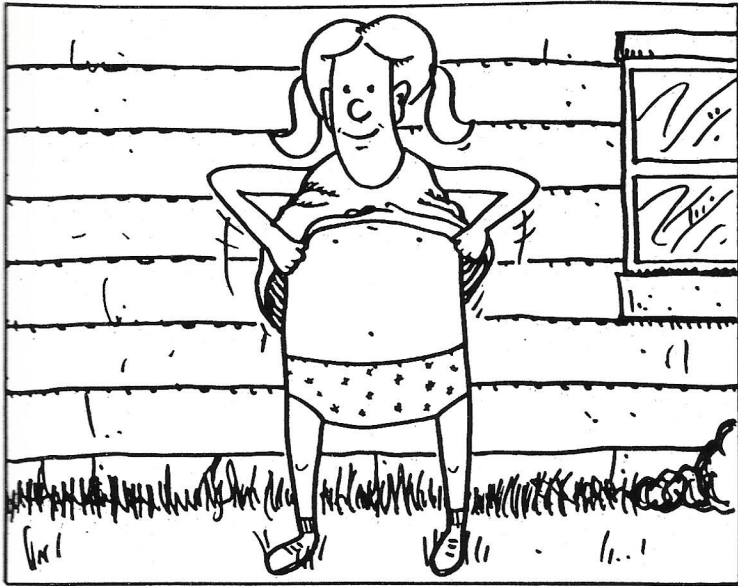
## The Origin of Crazy

*Crazy Cecil is not silly, he's not nutty, he's clinically insane. However, he wasn't always that way. One day, long ago, young Cecil was quite a normal little boy. In those days, he was not plagued with the interesting gift of thinking that every car on the road was a rolling toaster, and every fat person a walrus. So, what caused Cecil to lose it? What incredible force pushed Cecil's fragile, young noodle over the cliff of sanity?*

by scott gagner







© GAGNER '95



T H E W H I T E H O U S E

To Lorne Michaels:  
I have received your letter requesting my presence as a host on the April 22 *Saturday Night Live*. In light of your show's recent decline, however, I'm sure you'll understand my reservations. Could you please send me a short note outlining future developments?

Yours,

*Al*

Al Gore  
Vice President of the United States

**Live**

Dear Mr. Vice President,

Of course we understand your hesitations. Happily, I am pleased to report that our little "family" is back on track. We have plenty of great hosts lined up: Chris Park from "The Gothic Dream—or Nightmare?", Maggie Green from "The Land Before Air," and Beverly Limove of "Spaceman, Surrender!" Quite a list! We also are working on some hilarious recurring characters. For starters, we have a "dude" who sells drugs out of one of those little lockers at an ice-skating rink. We don't know exactly what we're going to do with him, but we do know that his skits will last at least twenty minutes and involve plenty of chances for the audience to laugh at the same joke. Other staff favorites were a woman who keeps thinking it's Monday, a child who can only say "Meat Pizzas, Mommy" and an old man who occasionally feels dissatisfied.

For your show in particular, we had some great ideas. We're considering taking a look at *A Clockwork Orange* from the point of view of Alex's father. It might be interesting to explore the skewed yet touching relationship between father and son. Can you say "A little bit of the ole Ultra-violence" in a baby's voice? We were thinking it would be funny if you talked like a baby throughout the whole piece. We also thought of a piece where you play a rock star vice-president, and you go to a party with Janice Joplin and Keith Richards. The catch is, you wake up at the end and you discover it's all a dream (of course it is: those people are dead). But then Kurt Cobain bursts in and asks "or was it?" and blows your head off. We were thinking of ending the *Clockwork Orange* skit this way, too. Kind of a funny "recurring ending" intertwined throughout the whole show.

I hope you find this information promising. Please send a response so we can begin to write in earnest.

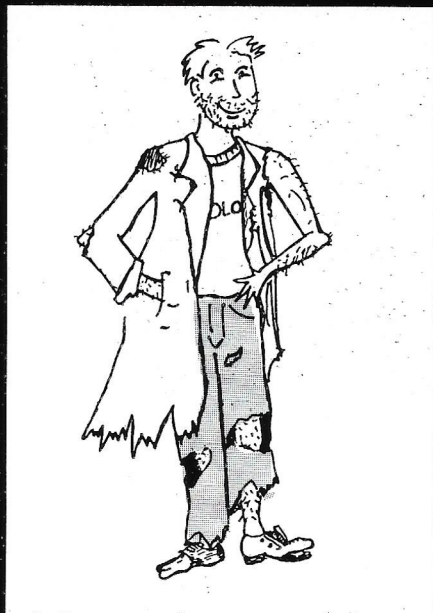
Best  
*L*  
Lorne Michaels  
Executive Producer, *Saturday Night Live*

PS: I'm doing a new movie, *Piscopopia*, starring Joe Piscopo as all those crazy characters he used to play. Interested in a cameo as a anal retentive butler?



# new generation gifts

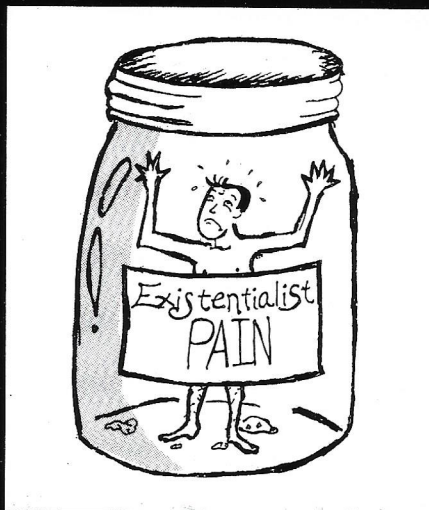
## CLOTHES WORN BY ACTUAL HOMELESS PEOPLE



By now, everyone and their mother has cleared the Salvation Army and Goodwill stores of all the hip clothes. One market, however, has remained virtually untapped: the homeless. Make a statement about your disgust at the nouveau riche's exploitation of affordable clothing for the poor by adorning these clothes worn by actual homeless people.

**Retail price: "Destitute Denims" - \$89.95; "Shoddy Shoes" - \$69.95; "Outcast Overcoat" - \$179.95.**

## EXISTENTIALIST PAIN IN A JAR



Existentialist Pain in a Jar is a miniature naked, trembling man in a jar who screams and vomits alternately at the horror of his own being. Set him on the table and watch the people come to realize your own inner torment.

**Retail price: \$45.00**

## ZEN BUDDHISM BOARD GAME



This once-popular Eastern religion makes a serious comeback in the form of this exciting board game. Two to four players are pitted against one another in a high stakes, high intensity race for inner peace and enlightenment. Guaranteed to turn any social gathering into a rollickin' good time.

**Retail price: \$35.50.**

## "WHAT TIME IS FONZIE?" RESPONSIBILITY CHART

Lets students know the appropriate hours to buckle down and study, and when they can be like "The Fonz."

**Retail Price: 4 easy installments of \$19.95**

## FLANNEL COMPUTER

Merging two of the hottest trends to emerge out of the Pacific Northwest, the Flannel Computer is a fully functional PC, with the look and feel of your favorite shirt. Perfect for any den or study, the Flannel Computer exudes warmth and comfort. You'll never try another after feeling the velvety caress of the mouse in your palm. The button-up pocket serves as a convenient disk holder.

**Warning:** The Flannel Computer does not work.

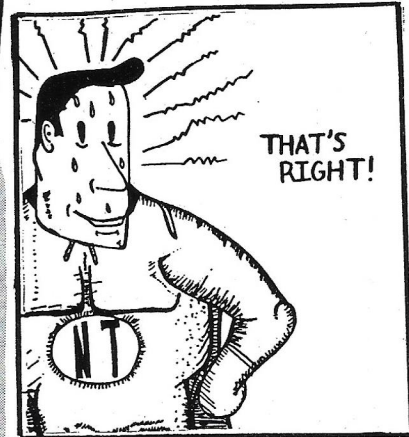
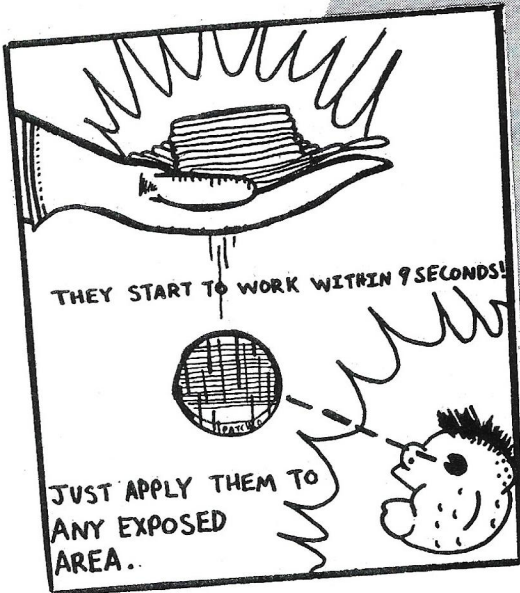
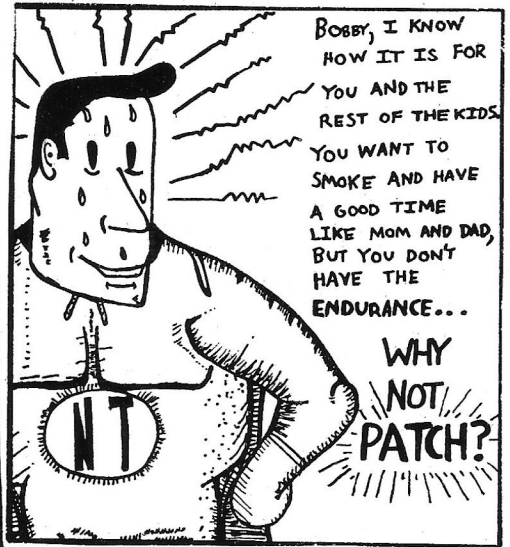
**Retail Price: \$2,049.99**

## BABY CLUB

Has that pesky unwanted pregnancy hidered your rave-hopping night-life? Is it impossible for you to afford an expensive nanny on your production assistant's salary? Well now you can feel safe leaving your baby unattended at home or in a locked automobile with the Baby Club. The Baby Club is an affordable, four-foot steel rod that attaches to the legs and arms fo your infant making it completely useless to anyone who would try and steal it.

**Retail price: \$29.95**





# KZSU 90.1 FM



**Music News Sports**

24 hours a day, seven days a week

Tune in Wednesdays at 9pm for Wednesday Night Live, featuring the best in Bay Area bands, live in our studios



Buy one slice  
of pizza, get  
one **FREE** with  
this coupon.

**M—TH 11-10, F 11-5, Sat & Sun 11-5**  
**Join the CoPo Refill Mug Club for \$3.00**

*Pizza offer valid until 12-15-95*



# BEERDRINKER

## DEATH OF COOL



Everyone's been talking about what's cool. "This is cool, that is cool." It's all bullshit, I say. There's only one thing in this world that is truly cool, and you can only get it twelve ounces at a time.

Some people will have you believe that drinking a shitload of beer and getting piss drunk and throwing up all over yourself is about the coolest thing you could ever do.

Well, they're right.

Damn right, they're right. Beer. That's what it's all about. And I ain't just talking like a case of beer or a two kegs flowing, I'm talking about a lot of beer. That's what's cool.

The best part about beer is: The more you drink, the cooler you are. Yup. I guess that makes me the shit. Girls always say to me, "Beerdrinker, you sure do drink a lot of beer...you're the coolest. Drink another beer for me. It's kind of hot in here. You don't mind if I take my shirt off do you?" Or maybe that was a movie I saw. I don't really remember; I was drunk at the time.

Me and my pal Lips Mandarich, man. We're as cool as it gets.

Like when we're watching the football game on TV. If our team loses, it doesn't matter, we still win. It's our own little game. The rules are: You drink, you win. So far I'm 12 and 0 this season.

We're team players. Let me tell you our formula for success: "Blood, sweat, and beers."

Fans shouldn't be watching a football game, they should be watching me and Lips drink ourselves silly. Now that would be a spectator sport. Sixty minutes of pure American drinking, with a half-time to piss. People would love it. No refs, no penalties, just beer... and cheerleaders. And everybody wins.

We'd be famous. Maybe I'd get an endorsement contract. I could look right in the camera and say, "Whenever I drink, I always drink beer, because it's freakin' good. Blah, blah, buy this brand and all that crap. Blah, blah, it's the best." Then I'd vomit.

Wow. I'm having some trouble forming complete sentences. There's a little something I like to say at times like this:

Too much thinkin'... Not enough drinkin'.



# Some thoughts on the publications

Forty years ago, Stanford Publications were cool. The *Daily* was trite, but America was trite; therefore the *Daily* was cool. The Chappie was perennially suspended for poking fun at Jesus or Hoover's Erektion; the Chappie has always been cool. The *Review* did not exist because there was no clear mission for them. Every student was white and there were no ethnic centers, grapes student activists or poor people to blame national stagflation on. None of the countless other publications existed because everyone at Stanford had it made. No one started any new publications because no one needed to type "editor of this or that" on their resume. You went to Stanford and you were going to get laid in life. That was cool.

Now the publications are not cool.

Let us start with the *Thinker* because they are the second-least uncool. They claim to serve the Socratic principle of ideas by delivering the baby that has been fomenting in your head. Interesting, but comparing a relatively invisible, eight page, six-month-old paper to Socrates smells cloyingly of pretention. Besides, pulling a baby out of the womb is messy and gunky.

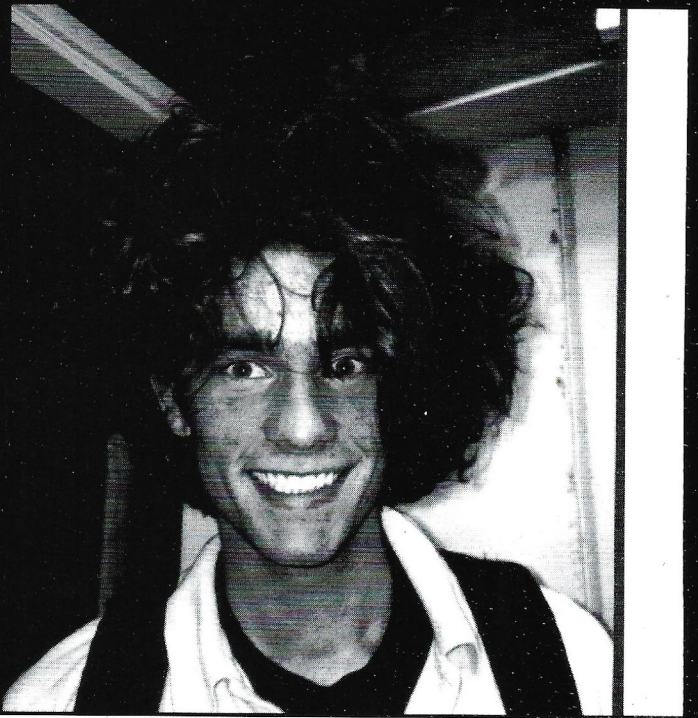
Plus, all the articles are written by the editor's friends.

If the *Thinker* is a midwife trying to deliver the baby, the *Review* is the fourteen-year-old boy who keeps trying to stick his hand up your shirt or position his mirror so he can see the reflection of your underwear. The *Review* is sneaky, conniving, and decidedly uncool. To them, issues are like flaccid penises; they need to be distorted and teased before they become interesting. That could be cool, but the *Review* beats the issues to a pulp. They have run six consecutive articles attacking multiculturalism (Stanford's policy of accepting students who wouldn't have rooted for Bull Connor). That is not cool.

The *Daily* is a misfired cum shot on your wall. Sometimes the panting *Daily* tries, but they never succeed. They seem to be unable to go into anything in depth. The headline that ran the first day of this year was "Bevy of bills to face ASSU senate." Another Headline: "Stanford reacts." At best, the *Daily* is like a drunk freshman at a fraternity party trying to seduce a senior on the women's swim team. You are smart, you are cool; the *Daily* is not. If you do read the *Daily* thoroughly it's like sleeping with a Paly student: you would only do it if you were weak, truly bored, and found it near you on the floor. If the *Daily* were a musician, they would be the guy from Whitesnake.

The *Directory* is a phone book.

Every other Stanford publication, besides the Chappie, like a little boy masturbating in the corner. You never see



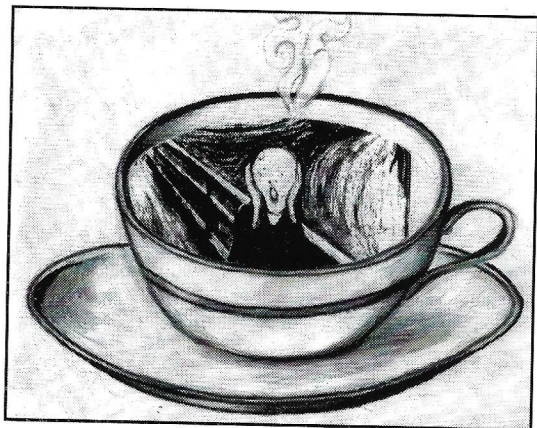
**Buy an advertisement in The Chaparral and your money will be handled by this man.**

them. If you do walk in on them, you close your eyes, walk away and pretend it never happened. Afterwards, you scold yourself for invading someone else's privacy.

The Chappie, of course, is different. Passionate and honest, the Chappie is Humphrey Bogart at the end of Casablanca. In the 50's, The Chaparral made love in cars overlooking cities. In the 60's the Chappie stopped Jim Crow on the way to Ken Kesey's acid tests, where they grooved on LSD-26 and an emerging San Francisco psychedelic band lead by the young, beautiful Jerry Garcia. In the 70's, the Chaparral listened to Hendrix, Miles Davis and Leo Kottke while most of America twirled its polyester to disco. In the 80s, the Chaparral left a cocaine mad youth culture to return, completely naked, to snowy mountains in order to save the wilderness from toxic robots and Ronald Reagan. In the 90s, so far, the Chappie has invented a machine that converts dirt to food and collaborated with Switzerland to draw up plans for the Multi-National Corporation Destroyer (MNCD). Most importantly, they continue the tradition of ridiculing and annoying most of those whom God tells the editors to. The Chappie is cosmically right and culturally cool. Be cool, read the Chappie.

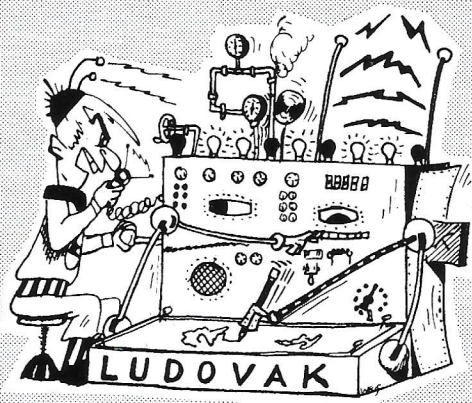


# Hey Jack, Kerouac



Back when we all  
Were on the road;  
It was Jack in the khaki,  
Now the Khaki  
Wears Jack...  
Little we know now about  
What really was  
The GAP owns our history.  
Cobain had a deal with Remington  
Writing his poems,  
Odes to steel  
Before eating his words.  
Morrison's poetry was  
fueled by peyote  
Today our lyrics are powered with  
MONEY  
Those few left pure,  
Untouched in the machine  
Of power have even lost  
their cool by lamenting over  
"cool"  
Yet, the coolest thing left to do  
IS  
to lament  
the loss  
of  
COOL

## Dehydrated Sausage, Black and White Vision, Turtleneck Pants



All of the above are signs of an impending future. A future in which we will all spend the rest of our lives. A future which demands your PARTICIPATION.

There is nothing that excites the Chappie more than the future. Our staff is already preparing for the new age in countless ways. We have special futuristic nicknames for each other, like "Sean Von Futuro" and "Tony Millenium." We've begun amassing all forms of metal. We are even training ourselves to use our vestigial limbs once again. We're ready.

However, our most stunning tribute to the future will soon be unleashed: *The Science Machine*. Even as you read this, our trained specialists are busy putting the final touches on a contraption that will revolutionize the world of modern technology. The Science Machine will talk. It will be fully mobile, and have a conscience. The Science Machine will embody the future.

What is the Chappie about? *It's about science.* What is science all about? *It's about making things easier for you.* Wouldn't you like to have the Chappie make things easier for you?

Come, join us, and help us master all forms of science and technology, until all that is left to be known is not worth knowing.

Follow the call of the machine.  
**Join the Chaparral**

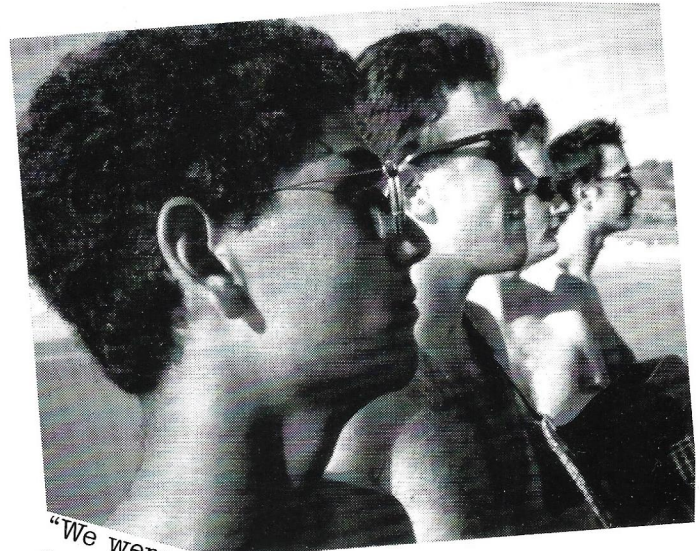
The Chaparral meets every Wednesday at 8:30  
pm on the second floor of the Storke building.



"In the 50's everyone was taking a step back and examining where they had been and where they was [sic] going. It was only natural that five Rattan whittlers from Modesto [California] would do it too," remarks Beach Blade as he stares idly at the traffic out the window. You wouldn't guess it now, but at one time he sang in one of the most influential surf bands in the West. *Spastic Colon* was "a beach band not afraid to break the rules."

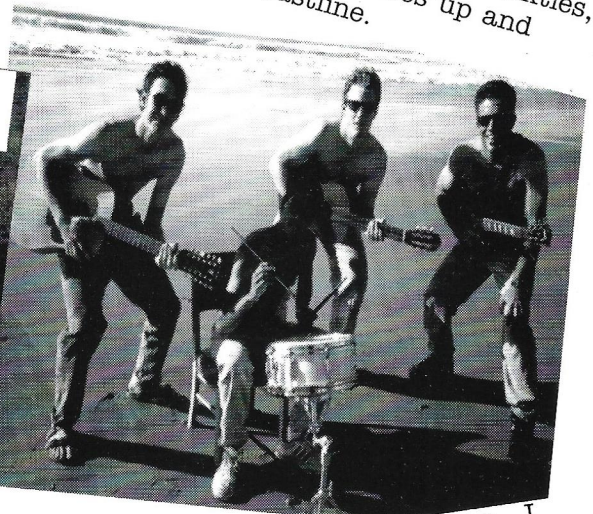
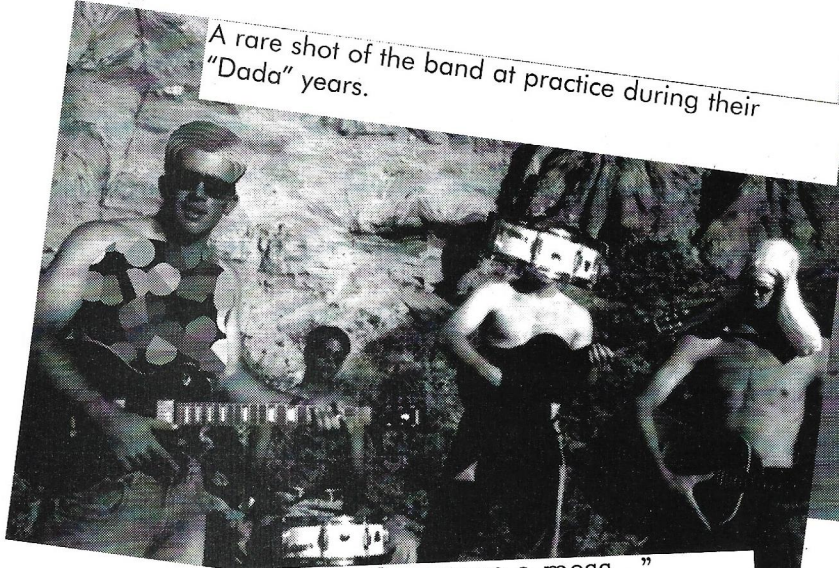
"After hearing that Velvis [sic] guy," continued Chippie (rhythm guitar), "we sold all our t-shirts and bought as much equipment as we could - a drum and three semi-functional guitars. Then we tossed around band names for a while. First we were *Thalidomide Babies*, but then we heard there was already a band from Sweden with that name. Eventually, we just kind of became *Spastic Colon*."

"It was a chance to finally make something of ourselves, and we were determined not to screw it up."



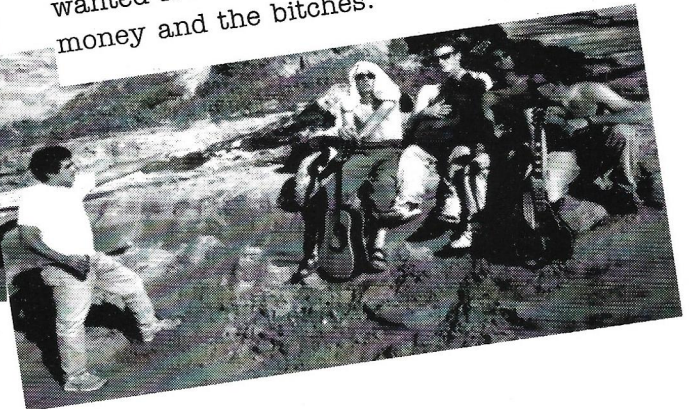
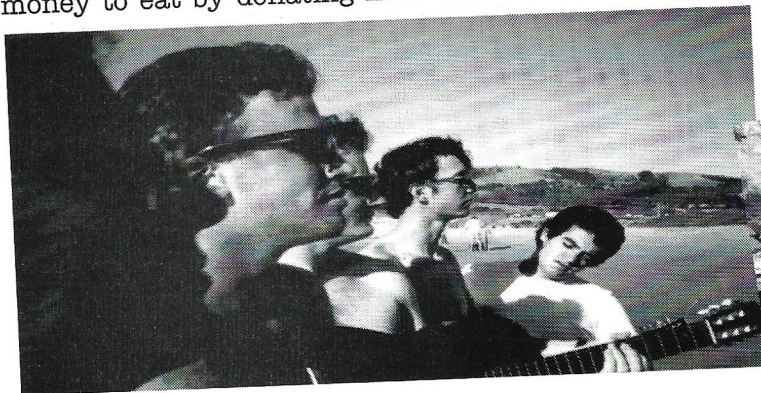
"We were really making a name for ourselves," Chippie suggests. By the mid-sixties, *Spastic Colon* had toured beaches up and down the California coastline.

A rare shot of the band at practice during their "Dada" years.



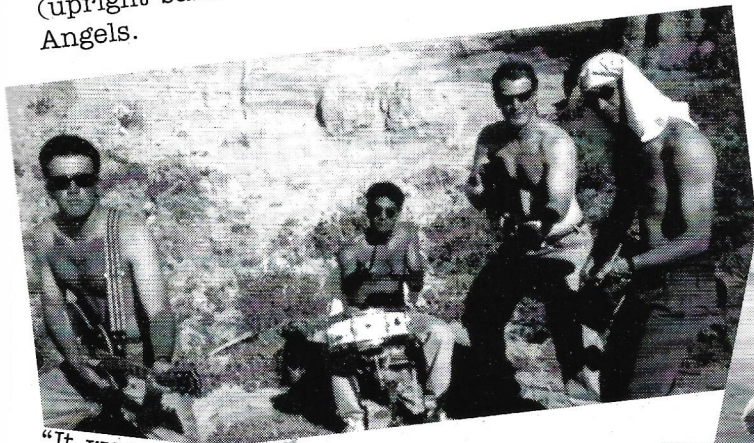
"When I found these kids they were a mess..." remembers Ron Miller, father of Sand Piper, who would become the manager for the band on and off for the next 10 years. "Living in dumpsters, making money to eat by donating liver tissue."

"Some credit me with the band's fame. I don't know about that. Sure, I gave 'em a sound beating when they goofed off and sure, I was the one who burned 'em with cigarettes if they didn't practice. But they wanted it more than me. I just wanted the money and the bitches."

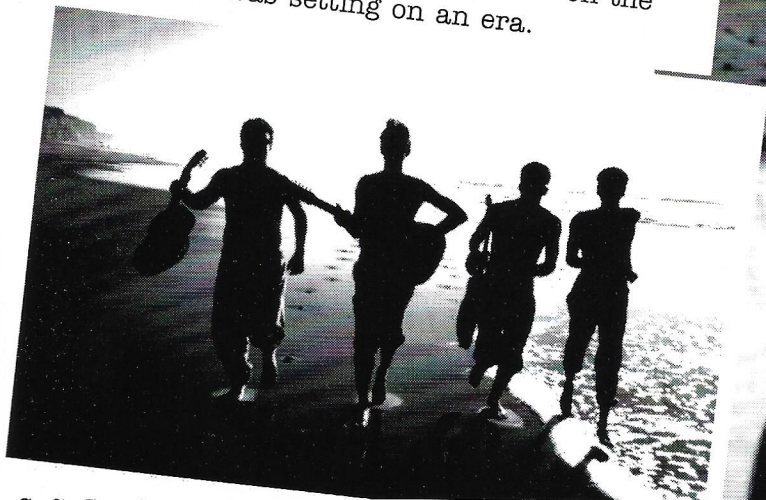




Under the guidance of Ron's father-like wing the band reaches top form in a matter of months. "We were so strung out," recalls Soft Sand (upright bassist) "we thought we were Charlie's Angels."

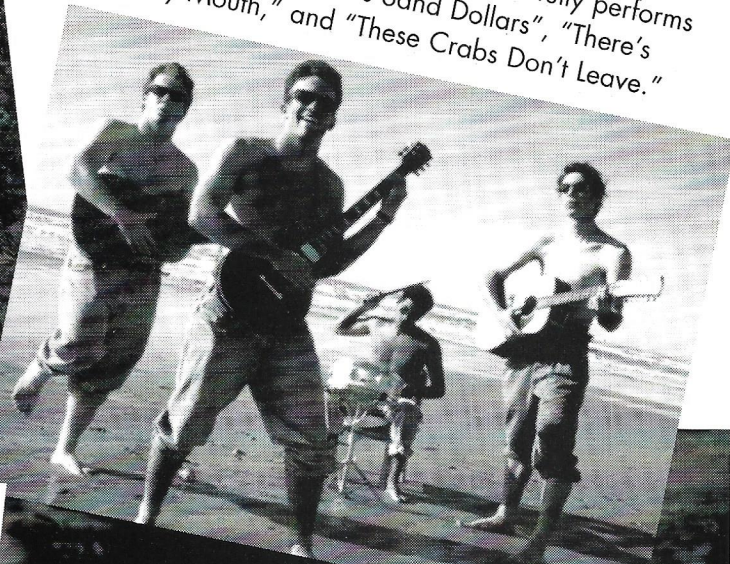


"It was all downhill from there. We never should have listened to that alcoholic [Ron]," laments Beach Blade. By the late '70's, drugs and care-free living had begun to take their toll on the band. The sun was setting on an era.



Soft Sand reminisces about the day Sand Piper overdosed: "I warned him that he was playing with fire, trying to inject a speed-ball directly into his aorta, but he just laughed and walked away. I think by then, though, the pressure had really gotten to him." The band would never be the same. They hooked up with childhood friend and ex-Beatles drummer, Peter Best, for one last recording: a single in memory of their legendary guitarist entitled "The Piper Pipes in Heaven." Making merely a stain on the charts, the band was sued by their label and left penniless. "Sometimes, when you put a shell to your ear," Chippie promises, "you can still hear him whistling." Ron absconded with the equipment and the van and was never heard from again.

At Ron's suggestion the band plays its new musical genre—the beach ballad. Soft Sand gracefully performs "Your Eyes are as White as Sand Dollars", "There's Sand in my Mouth," and "These Crabs Don't Leave."



## The Spastic Colons





# Electro-Ego

**Problem:** Needed money for hard drive upgrade.

**Solution:** Manipulated Weizenbaum-Coefficients to create model of stock market behavior.

**Comment:** Made \$70,000 and destroyed the economy of a third-world country.

**Problem:** Mortal Combat on Ice - sold out.

**Solution:** Use glyphon-lexic random code generator to break into Ticketmaster's central computer.

**Comment:** Sent out a thousand complimentary tickets for Nunsense.

**Problem:** Forgot PO Box combination

**Solution:** Used Powerbook's remote access function to connect to network. Retrieved PO Box combination file from university administrative server and altered employee records.

**Comment:** Another postman loses his job and shoots innocent people.

**Problem:** Need a date to CS department semi-formal.

**Solution:** Connect to alt.sex.hotbabes. End up talking all night to supermodel "Cindy Crawford" on-line, missing semi-formal.

**Comment:** "Cindy Crawford" is user name for 300 lb. plumbing contractor named Virgil.

**Problem:** Lack coordination to pull trigger on water gun; yet, participate in dorm assassin.

**Solution:** Connects with the Santa Clara County Water District computer and sets off dorm sprinkler system. Wins game in five minutes without leaving room.

**Comment:** Short circuits Super Mac in the process. It was worth it.

**Problem:** Peer pressure to consume alcoholic beverage.

**Solution:** Hastily write drinking game program - jam disk drive with projectile vomit.

**Comment:** (slurringly) Still may some programs be in this bug.

**Problem:** Neighbors extend dinner invitation: must deal with humans.

**Solution:** Tried to e-mail them: no e-mail. Tried to fax them: no fax. Burned face with scanner and spent the night in the emergency room.

**Comment:** Bad resolution.

**Problem:** Feelings of inadequacy

**Solution:** "Dry-humps" computer

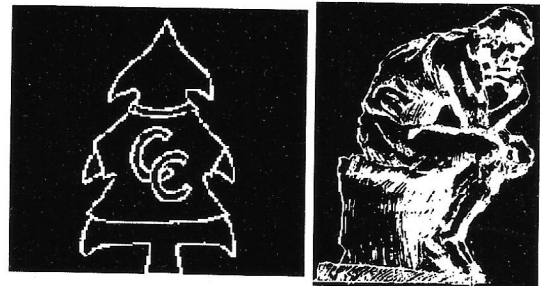
**Comment:** Continued feelings of inadequacy

**Problem:** Went to weekend programmer's retreat - got lost in the forest

**Solution:** Used powerbook monitor as flashlight/space heater until batteries died. Mauled by grizzly bear and dismembered.

**Comment:** Error -41, End of user session, please restart

## Cardinal Collection



Purchase genuine Stanford Apparel at the Cardinal Collection - owned and operated by the ASSU.

We urge you to support Student Organizations (Like The Chappie) by shopping with us.

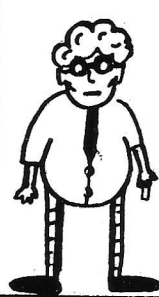
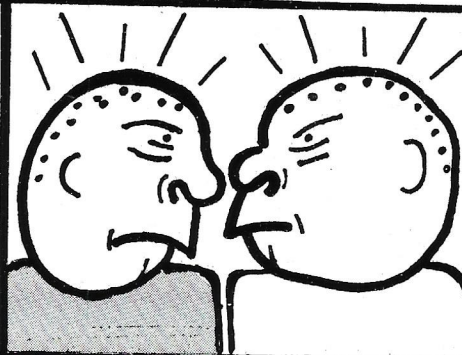
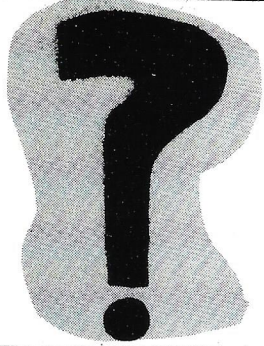
We are Located on the bottom level of Tresidder Union in the rear corridor between ASSU

Lecture Notes and the Dry Cleaners.

**The Cardinal Collection**

**(415) 725-1446**



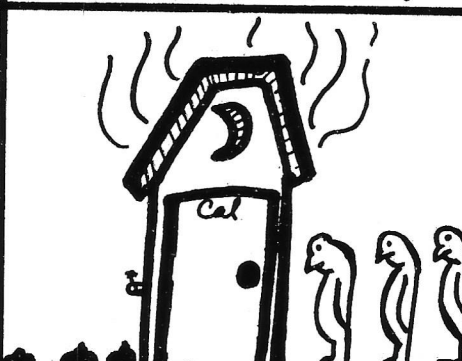
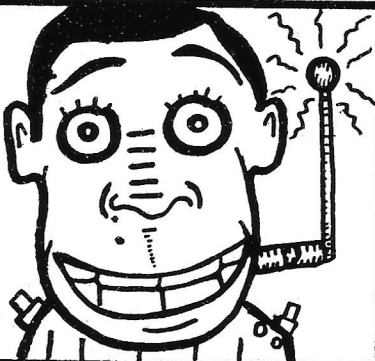


Homework for Mon.:  
Beat Cal!  
(soci 5; 1-7, 8, 1, 3-8)

IS CAL REALLY  
OUR ARCH-RIVAL?

ARCH-RIVALS MUST BOTH  
HATE EACH OTHER.

WE MUST BE REMINDED OF OUR  
HATE BY PROFESSORS.  
WE RELUCTANTLY HISS.



FRESHMEN ARE THE  
MOST VEHEMENT HISSERS.

IS CAL INTIMIDATING  
ENOUGH TO BE HISSED AT?

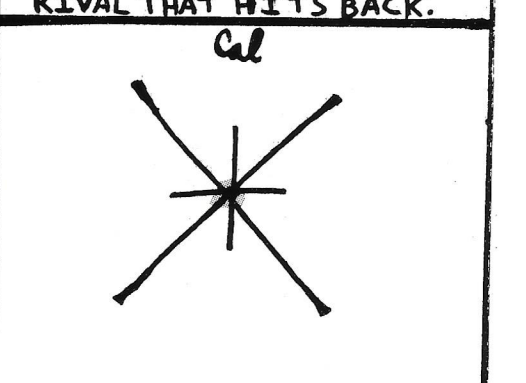
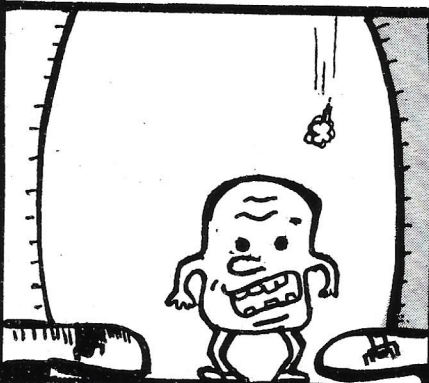
WHY NOT A WORTHY RIVAL?  
WHY NOT POVERTY?



BECAUSE AT STANFORD,  
WE PLAY TO WIN.

WE WIN OR WE QUIT  
THE GAME.

WE RATHER HAVE A  
PUNCHING BAG THAN A  
RIVAL THAT HITS BACK.



IT MAKES US FEEL  
ADEQUATE TO SPIT ON CAL.

AS FOR CAL'S INFERIORITY  
COMPLEX, THAT IS SOMETHING  
THAT WILL NEVER CHANGE.

-SORRY, CAL. YOU ASSHOLES.  
(sigh)



# Who's the Best Freshman?

1. That guy who can play James Taylor songs on the guitar.
2. The girl with the 70's outfits.
3. The one who's always talking about how much he's had to drink.
4. You know, the girl with the shoes.
5. The girl who...in the lounge...with the Taxi.
6. Herbie.
7. The guy who's into piercing.
8. The guy with the pet ocelot.
9. Hey, that ocelot bit my roommate.
10. Initials = S.W.
11. The one who wears the diamond tiara.
12. The guy on the third floor, the one who can pull his stomach out and feed it.
13. I'll never tell.
14. I'll give you a Hot Pocket.
15. um, ok.
16. The girl who likes Green Day.
17. The short guy who comes from outer space.
18. She wears glasses, and a beret, and she's got a beard.  
You know her.
19. That tall one who plays Rock and Roll music.
20. The guy with the old Honda.
21. Vincenzo "Vinnie" Calabrese.
22. She lives on the second floor, and she's from Los Angeles.
23. The old man who sells peat moss.
24. The dude with the Reservoir Dogs poster.
25. The two roommates on the second floor with opposable thumbs.
26. The guy who got his hand stuck in a space heater.
27. That midget who lives in the dining hall.
28. The girl with that genetic disease.
29. He's got a froshbook in his pants.
30. The girl in 254 who can write her name in eyelashes.

Who, indeed?



You can't make music by pounding on little brother anymore, so you need a guitar. We sell guitars. What a coincidence!

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*\*Endorsed by the Musicians on the Chappie Staff.*

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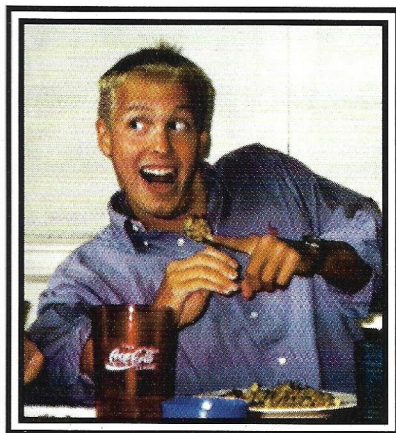
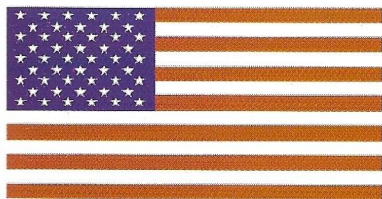
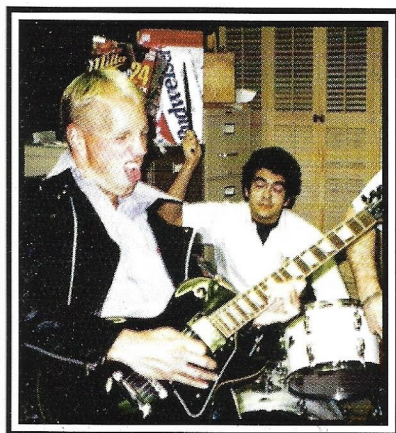


Q:  
A:

# Is America actually cool? It ain't Norway cool.

For most of us Americans, the word *cool* has no international translation. We realize this short-sightedness and are here to aid the rest of you hip patriots. Our first lesson takes us to the great nordic übernation, Norway. There we find Tor, who is, as the saying goes, *King Shit*. By juxtaposing Tor with his American equivalent, Brian, our study begins to take form. Our backdrop is none other than the pinnacle of cool: *The High School Years*.

## Brian



## The High School Years

### In the U.S.

Brian starts a food fight at lunch.

Brian plays lead guitar for his band *The Cutters*.

Brian lies out in the summer to get a sexy tan.

Brian scores a goal for his team the Huskies in the big game.

For Brian, life is a complex balance of social, familial and academic pressures.

Brian, as well as the other cool boys, drives a motorcycle.

On graduation day, Brian is proud to receive his diploma among cheers from his many good friends and admirers.

Brian likes to think he is cool.

### In Norway

Tor eats a rock.

Tor plays the "Armpit."

Tor fears the "big light ball" which torments him daily.

Tor also scores with the Huskies in the big "game."

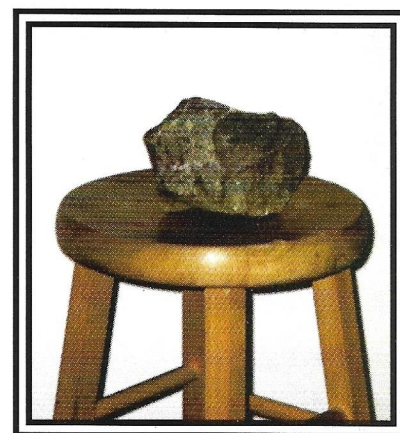
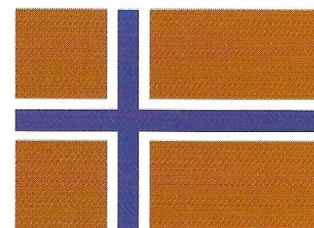
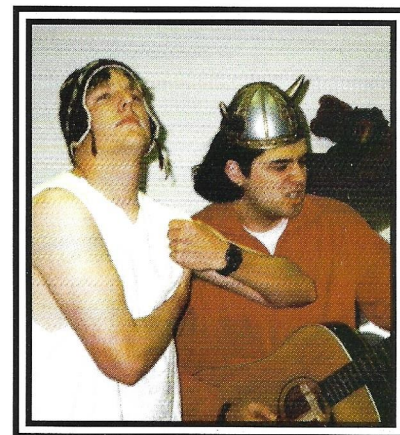
For Tor,  
Fire = Good.

Tor drives the make-believe "Cheese Jeep."

Tor eats another rock.

Tor likes to take his pants off and do handstands.

## Tor





# Credits.

Cover: Saxon, Onstad, Gagner

Then and Now: Pearl

Caveman Cool: Kennedy

Charlie Brown: Gagner, Brown

Highschool: Lee & Nelson

Separated at Birth: staff

Crazy Cecil: Gagner

SNL: Kushner

Gen X Gifts: Pearl, McGarry

The Publications: Thompson

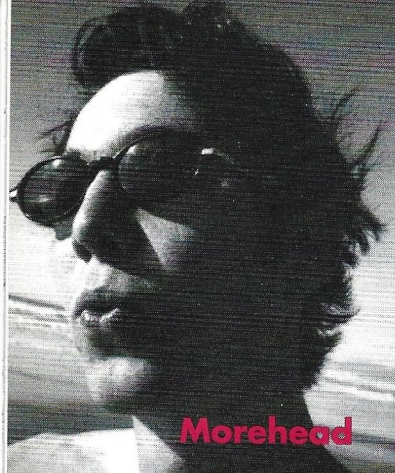
Unhappy Animals: Onstad

Electroego: Ranchod, staff

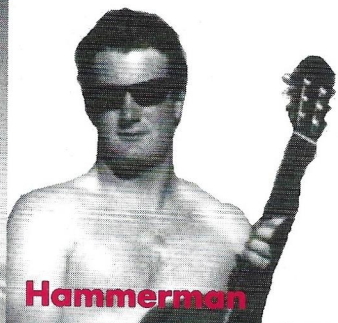
Best Freshman: Peiffer

Tradition of Ridicule: Saxon

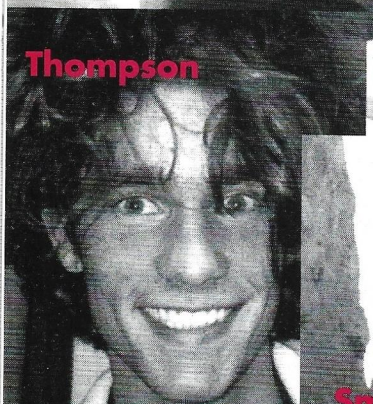
Cool in Norway: Gagner, Brown



Morehead



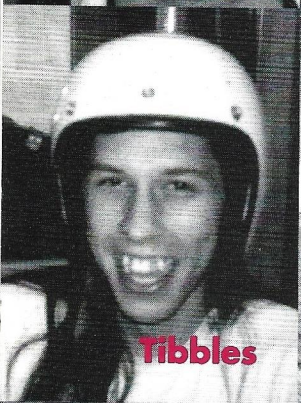
Hammerman



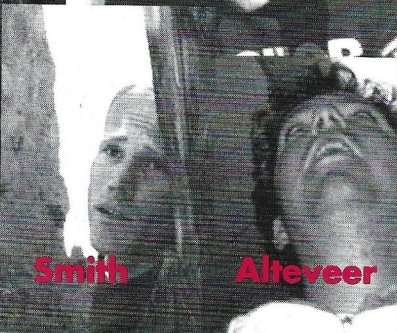
Thompson



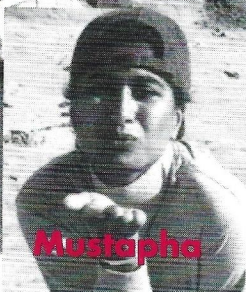
Van Wing



Tibbles



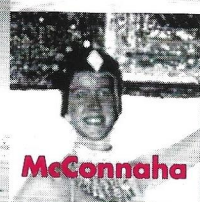
Smith



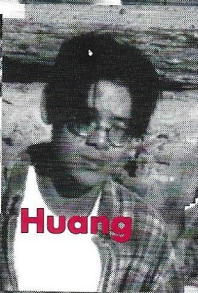
Mustapha



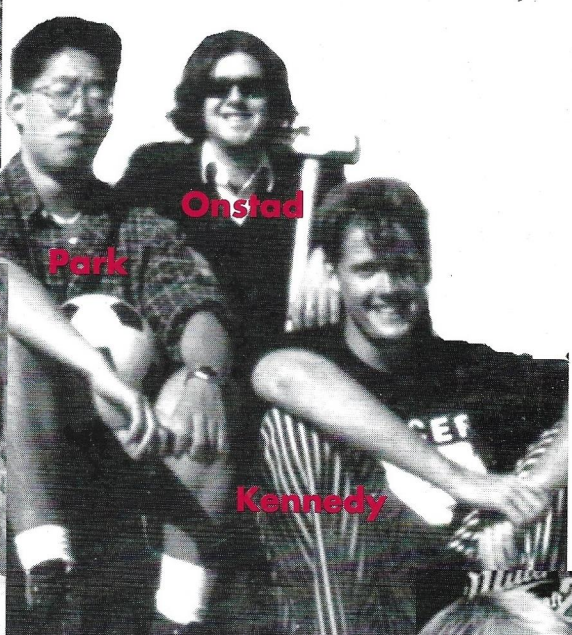
Kushner



McConnaha



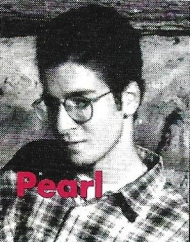
Huang



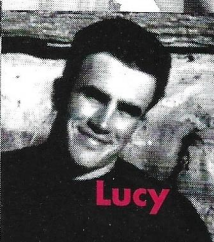
Onstad

Park

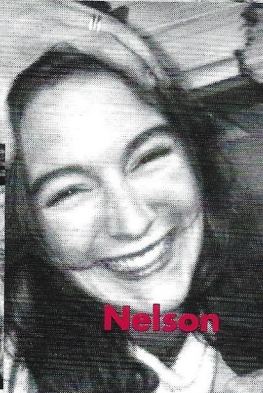
Kennedy



Pearl



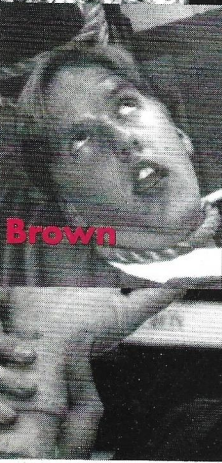
Lucy



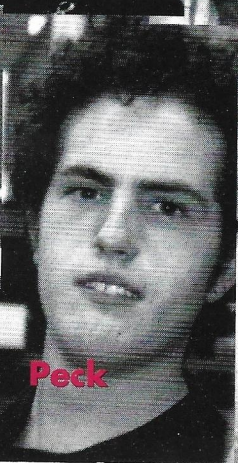
Nelson



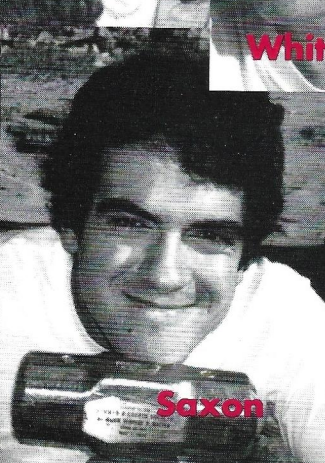
Whitehead



Brown



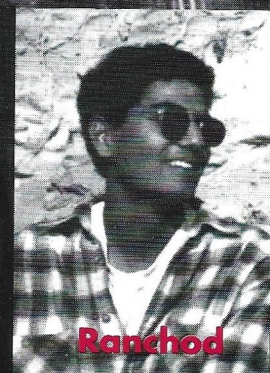
Peck



Saxon



Lee



Ranchod



Gagner



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From 11/13 to 11/22. For every 5 cans of  
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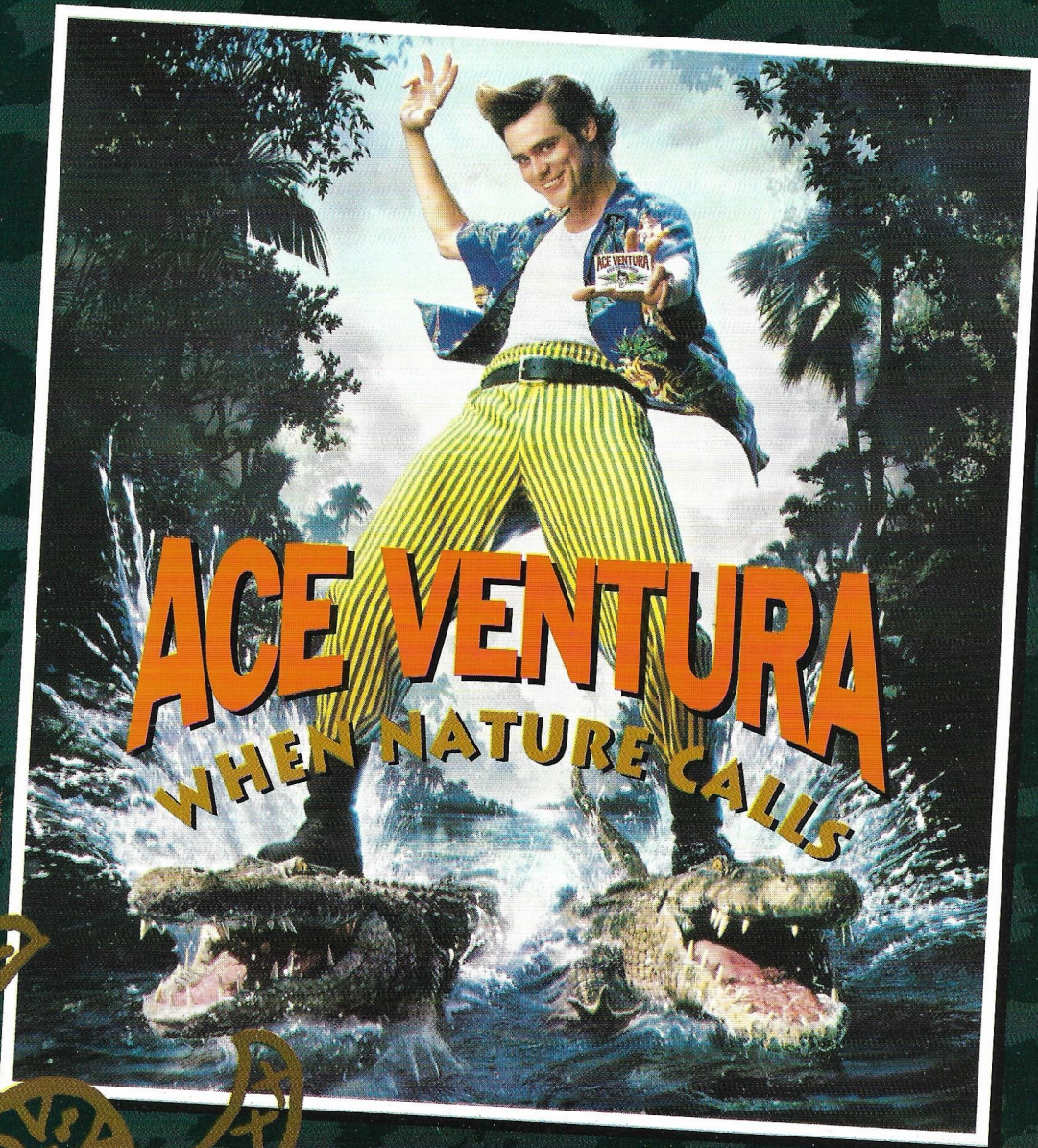
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