


STANFORD
chaparral
THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 



Vol. CII No. 1 \$3.00

FRESHMAN NUMBER

ID # Place label here

Name O'Reilly Pedro —
LAST FIRST MIDDLE

Language Placement Form

As a Stanford student, you are required to complete the first year of university language study or to demonstrate that you have already achieved that level of proficiency. In all languages, one must display mastery of oral and written skills; some have an additional cultural knowledge component.

Please answer the following questions to help us assess your current linguistic proficiency:

1. Which languages do you speak at home and with friends or relatives? Esperanto.

2. Which language do you plan to use to meet the Stanford requirement? Esperanto.

3. What if Stanford doesn't offer courses in that language? For example, the Stanford Esperanto Department has recently been closed.
Independent study.

4. How will you fulfill your cultural component? (This doesn't apply to everyone; for example: French and German have no cultural component, but Spanish and Esperanto do.)
Spend a Summer studying with ancient Esperaniards in Esperan.

5. That's not possible. There is no place called Esperan, nor are there ancient Esperaniards. Esperanto was invented in the 19th century by one individual.
that's not true.

6. Yes, it is. His name was L. L. Zamenhof, and he published the first Esperanto textbook in 1887. All lies.

7. Oh yeah, and how would you know?
My parents are Esperaniards And their parents before them. And theirs, as well. Stretching back to the dawn of time when the god Zennus gave us Esperanto on the fields of Imanipelto. I have never known another language.

8. Right. Then how are you filling this out? I have an English translator.

9. That's ridiculous. I have your home phone here somewhere. I am going to call you. That's not possible. I'm a deaf-mute.

10. Then you don't speak Esperanto after all. Esperanto sign language.

President Hennessy Addresses the Class of 2004

Greetings, Class of 2004!

I am big and I look good. I don't need no makeover, and you know it. I like to dress sexy because that's the way I like to look and the men like it too. No, no, shut up. You wish you had a body like this.

I get all kinds of things from my men. I got this watch, I got shoes, I got car payments, I got four steaks, I got lots of stuff you ain't got. Shut up, stop being jealous.

My baby dresses like me too. Woo, you look good girl, just like mama. She knows she's sexy and she knows how to show it. Tight clothes are good for her self-esteem, and she gets stuff from her men too. Tell them what you got, baby.

I'm big and beautiful and I don't want to hide it, 'cause you know you want to ride it. Sit down, you wish you had titties like these, then maybe you could keep your man happy and he wouldn't want to be with me. I know all y'all mens want to be with me and my daughter.

I go to clubs and men buy me and my daughter drinks. I tell her not to give it up because we're Christian, but the Bible don't say nothing about being big and dressing sexy. They was naked until they sinned and put clothes on, so maybe we should be naked.

I'm big and I look good, and this is America and I can dress me and my daughter any way I want, so shut up.

Thank you.

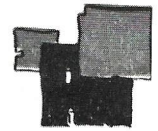


THE QUARTERLY



FRESHMAN NUMBER
STANFORD UNIVERSITY
SEPT. 1 ~ ~ 1910.

Chaparral



Vol. CII No. 1
September 23, 2000

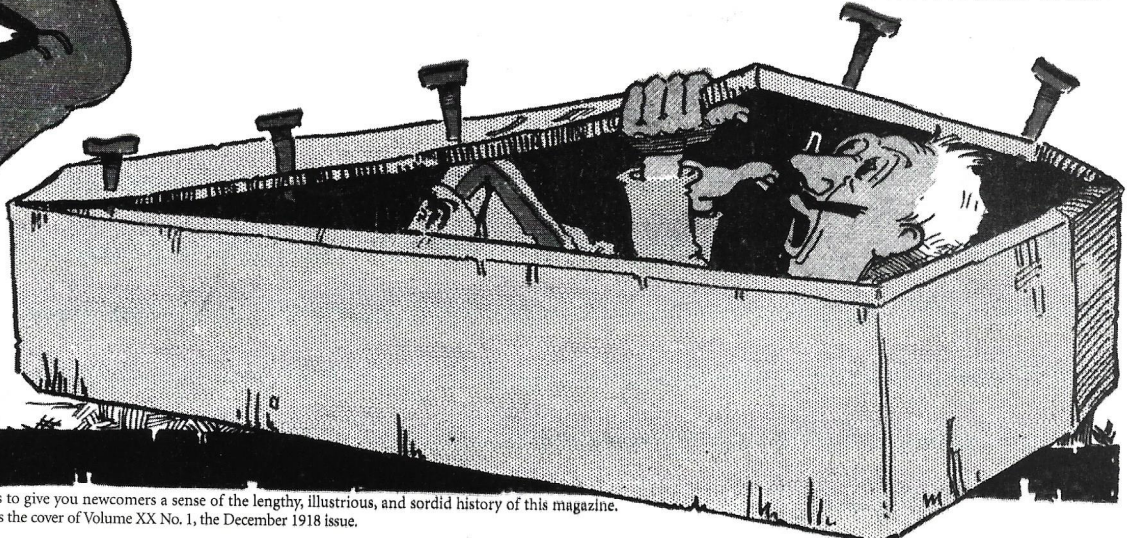
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* In the Freshman Issue, we rerun some old pieces to give you newcomers a sense of the lengthy, illustrious, and sordid history of this magazine. For example, this artwork was originally published as the cover of Volume XX No. 1, the December 1918 issue.

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'01

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Onstad
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The non-contiguous U.S.
Alicia Rangel
Kent Harvey

The Stanford Chaparral

Vol. CII September 23, 2000 No. 1

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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

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

REFLECTIONS

G. WENZEL 1916



you've had a day or two to acclimate yourself to your new surroundings, this old Jester has a little question for you.

As you inflate your inner-tube and cast off into the Lazy River we call American Higher Education, are you happy?

Now, wait a second before you overwhelm me with pithy, well-rehearsed assurances couched in the over-compensatory language of uncouth boisterousness. This Old Boy assures you of one thing: the

canned, pre-fab ebullience you intend to pass off as a badge of your rank within the Upper Crust of the Fulfilled will surely betray the tempest-toss'd, confused pup inside. This old Jester can spot disingenuousness when he sees it, and he has heard your rhetorically overblown self-defense a few times before. But, despite the

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warning, you continue. Why, yes, you gasp, of course I'm happy! My Atkins diet is going just swimmingly, and I am about to become Northern California's first Ruby Class Distributor of Amway Confederated Products-- And before you start recounting anecdotes about how you have to hire a hypervigilant janitor to follow you around, cleaning up the unsightly mess when your cup constantly runneth over, this old Jester rudely interrupts.

Don't insult me with that thin veil woven of low-carbohydrate meals and cult-like Pyramid Schemes! For the Old Boy knows the function of this precious veneer as well as you do: it is a thin linoleum strip carefully gerrymandered to hide the yawning abyss of paralyzing uncertainty below. That thin strip of well-loved linoleum has been kept up nicely over the years, hasn't it? Your desperation has been, as the man once said, *quiet*. But what's this? It seems like those carbohydrates are a tad too alluringly tasty after all, and that maybe you turned out to be the Hebrew slave at the bottom of the Amway Pyramid, not the regal Pharaoh atop. So you juggle your circus balls, or machetes or flame-sticks or whatever other novelty juggling items you may have at your disposal, and you keep those items aloft. Yes, you take your metamphetamines and give them all kinds of cute nicknames and you have your eating disorder and give it some kind of cute nickname, and you do whatever you can to juggle just a little bit more. And a little bit more. Ever a little bit more.



is pretty exhausting, isn't it? But now a knock at the door disrupts the steadily humming ennui. It is the new

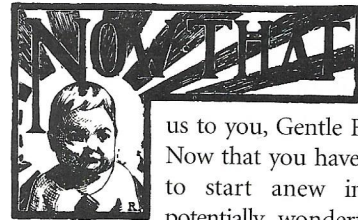
issue of the *Chaparral*, wrapped up like a

present, scented like the cutest fabric softener bear in the world, and nestled in the warm, weathered, rutilant hands of a Jester, the venerable Old Boy. And the most distinctive thing about that Old Boy is his eerie smile. He grins like the most blithering of idiots. How can the Old Boy smile like that? How does he maintain that gorgeous gum line? Then it hits you, the irony of ironies: he's not juggling. But everyone knows that Jesters juggle-- it's their vocation! Firefighters fight fires, pornography stars and starlets have unerotic, desensitized sex, elves hobble about in their elf-huts, and Jesters juggle. But not this Old Boy. This Old Boy learned long ago that the only way to stop juggling is to start laughing. Your mouth forms a contemptuous smirk at the appalling triteness of my quaint *bon mots*. You stand there, sheathed in jade; "Cute," you say with unchecked condescension. But before you banish me to the place in your brain you have reserved for romantic comedies and network sitcoms, listen:

This Old Boy learned in 1899, 101 years ago this October, that the way to escape the event horizon of that unpleasantly demanding vortex of self-doubt is to learn how to elide its neediness with a shrug and a self-effacing laugh. That the way to fetter the Twin Evil Polar Bears of Self-Deception and Self-Hatred is to live the perpetually self-refashioning life of the ecstatic humor writer. So that Old Boy penned the first issue of a magazine, and he named it after that scrappy shrub, the chaparral. And the Old Boy would inscribe in its pages a new apocrypha-- an apocrypha for those who have learned to regard themselves with a little less gravity, for those who have discovered that there is no lock on the yoke of disenchanting malaise and that the whips of self-flagellation are slightly *al dente* chow fun noodles. An apocrypha for those who have, instead, donned the rich, velour bathrobes of radiantly amusing self-

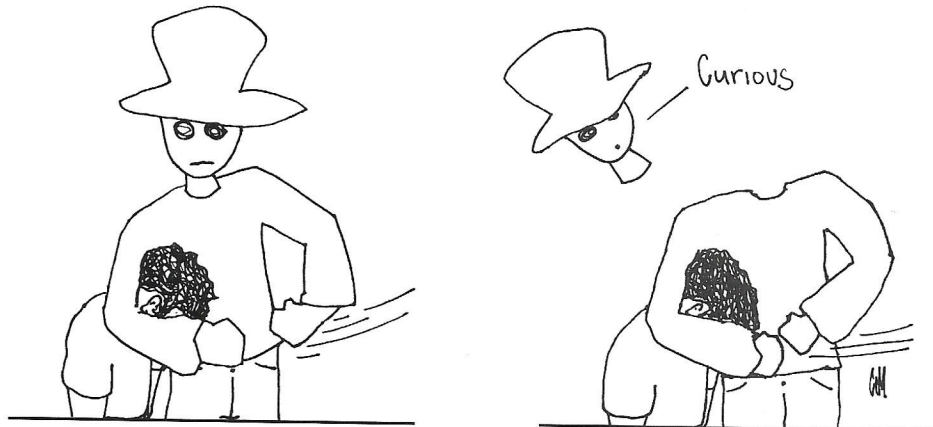
creation and re-creation. The Old Boy would wield his hammer and knock the stuffed shirts of the self-important right into their coffins. And, lo and behold, those coffins would become cocoons, and from those cocoons a new breed would erumpently emerge-- a new breed who have taken it as incumbent upon themselves to slap the meddling fingers of Shiva and Vishnu and pull *themselves* up by the hair from the swamps of nothingness into the brisk air of *somethingness*.

That somethingness flooded the now expansive vistas stretching before them. As these new übermenschen looked down, they saw their old comrades, stuck fast in the morass of their own sober complacency, stricken with paroxysms of fear. And they knew it was their turn to help those around them abandon the tetanus-tainted shackles of self-loathing. So they continued to write this therapeutically self-questioning magazine, and continued to sing the antinomian melodies of punk rock from the tallest minnarets in all the land. And they were happy, and they made others happy.



brings us to you, Gentle Freshman. Now that you have a chance to start anew in such a potentially wonderful place,

why don't you put down those novelty swords--you look a bit exasperated with the whole enterprise--and pick up this magazine? Or, better, pick up a quill and *write* for this magazine. You may find that the yawning abyss may just start to chuckle.





Dear Freshman,

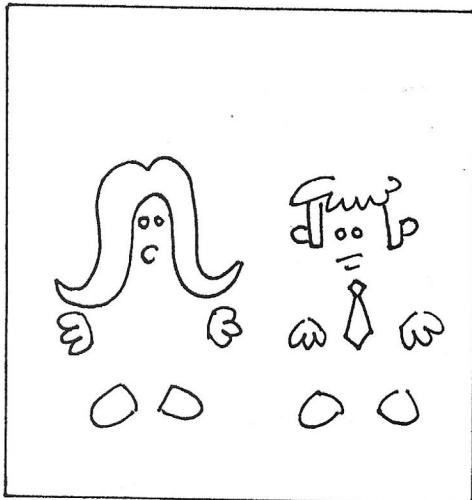
This Fall, you'll be hearing a lot about SSE, Stanford Student Enterprises. You probably know that we do *something* financial, but you might be wondering what we do specifically. Are we a bank? Not a bank? Where is the line between a bank and not a bank? Simply put: yes and no. We are *kind of* a bank. And the line between banks and not-banks is *very blurry*. Still don't understand? Let me explain:

- **We provide Swiss bank accounts.** Many incoming Freshmen aren't sure what to do with their heaping piles of Nazi gold, or have reservations about those "sketchy" Cayman Islands banks. We offer the attractive alternative of sealed accounts in mythical Swiss banks.
- **Second mortgages and Home Equity loans.** In the real world, you'll have to know what these are, and where to get them. We can tell you.
- **SSE has the loosest slots in town.** Think you'll find looser slots on the strip? Think again. We also have 2-deck Blackjack and 3x odds at the craps tables. Tom Jones plays the Main Ballroom on Tuesdays, and Siegfried and Roy do their "White Tiger Dance Magic" on Fridays.
- **We are the mafia.**
- **We wrote the book *Bonfire of the Vanities*.** We also starred in the movie *Glengarry Glen Ross*. Fuck you, that's my name!

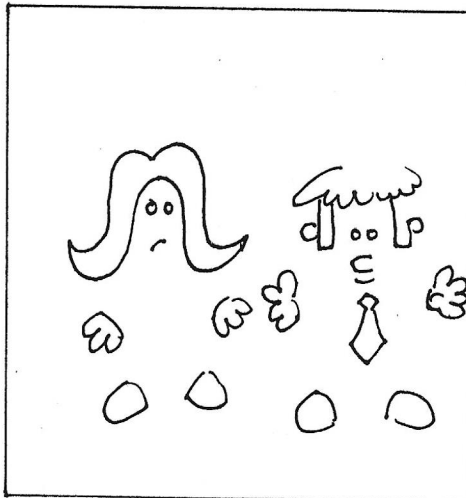
So, when you are here during orientation, come by and see us. We would love for you to be a part of our kind-of bank. SSE: Kind of a Bank.

Sincerely,

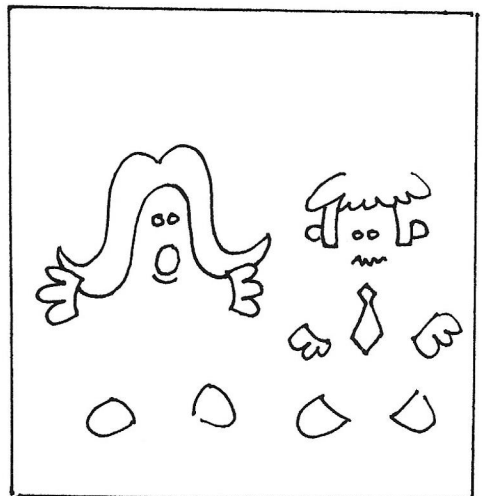
Colby McGavin
CEO, Stanford Student Enterprises



I can't believe you cheated on me!



C'mon--it was meaningless sex.



So now our son doesn't mean anything to you?

Stanford 2000-2001

New Undergraduate Student Information Project

FAQ for Incoming Freshmen

Q: How do I find out the name of my roommate?

A: Rifle through his or her stuff. There's sure to be some identification.

Q: If I don't know my roommate's name, how will I know if s/he is planning to bring a stereo/microwave/futon/PlayStation? We won't want to have two.

A: You sure don't. My friend, he and his roommates had two microwaves freshman year, and they were *really fucked*. What a horror show. Jesus, I don't even want to think about it.

Q: How many roommates will I have, and how are they picked? I am often unpleasant/misogynous/fascist and sometimes I act unpleasantly/degrade women/deride the ability of the masses to rule themselves effectively. I want to make sure that my roommate will be able to live with me.

A: Most Stanford freshmen have some reservations about the efficacy and justice of democracy, and support more federal centralization than the U.S. currently embraces. Try cultivating a healthy disdain for the lives of those boors among us that live like swine, dwelling amidst the reek of their own feces and reveling in their ignorance of even the most basic political concepts, like "Oligarchy." As for misogyny, that's generally frowned upon.

Q: I would like to be assigned to an ethnic theme house (Casa Zapata, Ujamaa, Okada, Muwekma-tah-ruk). How do I request it? I'd also like to be assigned a new ethnicity (Jewish, Kurdish, Maori, Mormon). How can I request that?

A: That might be possible—if you learn the Stanford lingo first! Hasidic Jews, you guys are usually called "Hojos." Kurds come running when you yell "Kukus." Maori go by "Cannibals" or "Man-eaters." Mormons are called "Cho Jo Cro Lo Do Sos."

Q: I am an incoming new student, and I need to make my reservations for next year right now. When should I plan to arrive on campus? Should I take an aero-plane/autobus? What if my roommate brings an aero-plane, and we have two? Won't that be embarrassing? Autobi?

A: Yes, most freshmen take aeroplanes, but some choose to take boats. It is much more embarrassing to have two aero-planes than two boats.

Q: Where can I find a job on campus for the academic year? Should I start the job hunt now? Where can I find/give a blowjob on campus during the academic year? Should I start the blowjob hunt now? What if I'm a girl? Can girls be involved in the blowjob process, too?

A: It's never too early to start the blowjob hunt. If you are uncomfortable about getting or giving a blowjob, ask your PHE. As for girls, of course they can get in on the whole blowjob thing. It's for everyone. Even girls.

Q: I heard that a lot of people at Stanford have children. Is this true? Do I need to bring a child with me? What if my roommate brings one also, and we have to take care of two children? It takes forever to get children ready to go anywhere. And they're always thinking of themselves.

A: Yes.

The Chappie Asks:
"How are you getting
to school today?"

"I'm walking, by
foot."
--Brian Jackson '03



"I'm taking my bike."
--John Testaverde
'01

"Feet are still cool,
right? I have a bike
I could use."
--Brian Jackson '03



"I'm taking an
airplane. Just
kidding, I'm
retarded, what
would I go to
school for?"
--Will York '02

"I could cut them
off. Fuck, I always
screw this stuff up."
--Brian Jackson '03



"I can't walk.
Could you read to
me?"
--Sarah Leslie '02

AXL ROSE: BRANNER RA

Larkin Freshman: My RA is so cool – her name is Sarah and she welcomed us to the dorm with big hugs and supportive words coupled with appropriate, supportive gestures and loving body language.

Branner Freshman: My RA's name is Axl Rose. He smashed a beer bottle; it was filled with syringes.

Freshman: What are we supposed to do after MuFuUnSun?

Axl Rose: I want to watch you bleed.

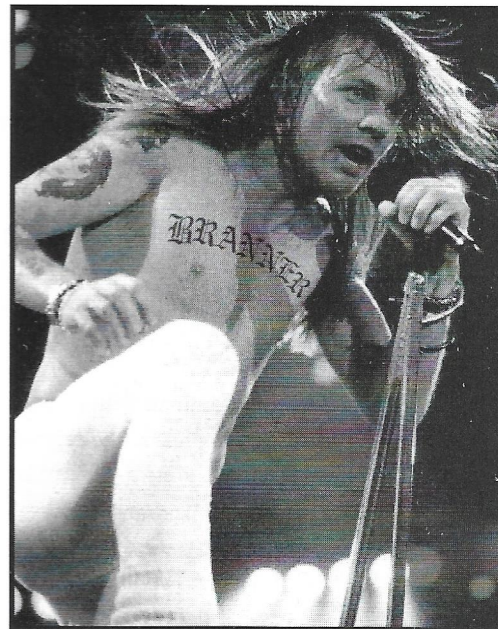
Freshman: Jesus.

Freshman: I want you to meet my girlfriend Jennifer. She lives in Otero.

Axl Rose: [turns to Freshman girl]

You're a very sexy girl – very hard to please.

Freshman: Axl, that's my girlfriend.



Gavilan Freshman: My RA is director of Ram's Head and President of Students for Environmental Action at Stanford. Last night, we stayed up until 4 am in her room talking about activism and how I can make a difference in the world.

Branner Freshman: Last night my RA held a gun to my temple while I blew lines of heroin.

Axl Rose: Hey, that was good heroin.

Branner Freshman: I'm so homesick. I'm devastated [sniff].

Axl Rose: Do you need some time on your own?

Branner Freshman: No, I'd rather talk right now.

Axl Rose: Do you need some time all alone?

Branner Freshman: No, I just said I'd rather talk right now. I'm depressed right now.

Axl Rose: Ooooooh, everybody needs some time all alone.

Branner Freshman: Goddammit, Axl. [runs out of room crying.]

Axl Rose: Ooooooh, don't you know you need some time on your own.

Branner Freshman: My girlfriend dumped me. I'm so upset.

Axl Rose: Nothing lasts forever, and we both know hearts can change. It's hard to hold a candle in the cold November rain.

Branner Freshman: That's beautiful. You're absolutely right. Thanks for everything, Axl!

[Slash guitar solo.]

guide to internet porn

Internet porn can be a fun extra-curricular activity while in college. Just make sure you do it correctly!

- Many porn sites bill themselves as "teen porn" sites. They can be very rewarding, but must be recommended with a word of caution. Disreputable sites occasionally contain "teens" who are in fact women upwards of 25 years in age. To be certain that the teen porn you enjoy actually consists of teenagers, imagine meeting the girl in question. Would it seem plausible if she said, "Hi, I'm Kitty, and I am [13 to 19] years old"? If the answer is yes, then welcome to Teen Country, Friend!

- A similar problem may occur with "Asian porn" sites, with many "Asians" actually being of European or even African descent. Again, a simple test can prove very helpful. Imagine meeting the girl in question. Would her introduction be, "Hi, I'm [Asian-sounding name], and I am from [Asian-sounding place]"? If the answer is yes, then pack your bags for the Orient Express!

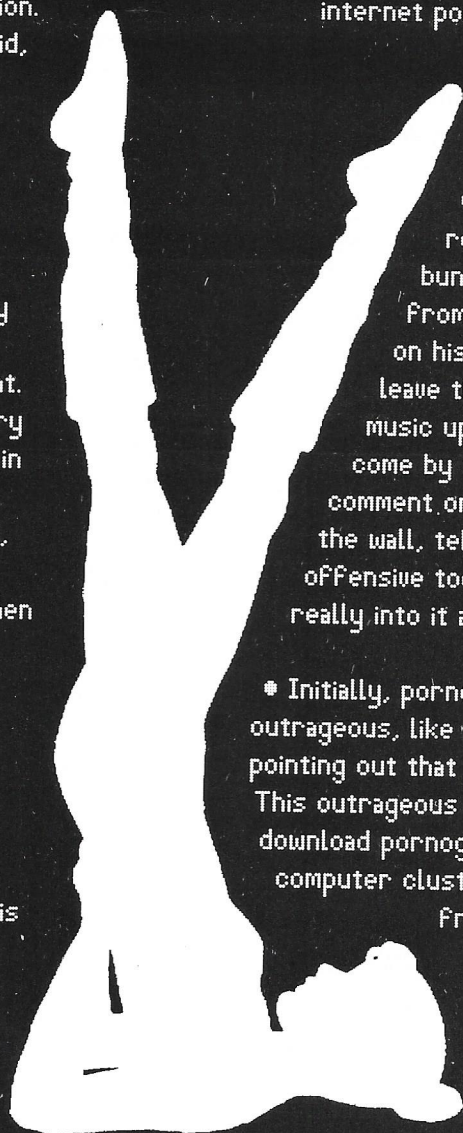
- Like its corollary, masturbation, internet teen porn usage is typically a solitary activity; try to avoid it when your roommate, parent, or professor is in your room. If viewing internet porn with company, however, appreciate it ironically, using quips such as, "That's sure *erotic*," implying clearly to your porn guests that you do not, in fact, find the material erotic. Later, when alone, feel free to say, "That's sure erotic," sans irony.

- If you are gay, you may not become aroused by heterosexual porn on the internet. Instead, try looking at *gay* porn — it might be more to your liking.

- If you are a woman, you might encounter similar obstacles to enjoying heterosexual internet porn. You might even be turned off by it! Instead, you might want to try *lesbian* porn.

- Totally do this: when your roommate is gone, print out a bunch of hard core porn shots from the internet and hang them on his side of the room. Then leave the door open and turn the music up really loud. When people come by to see what's going on and comment on the offensive material on the wall, tell them you think it's offensive too, but that your roommate is really into it and refuses to take it down.

- Initially, pornography will seem outrageous, like drinking too much or pointing out that your neighbor is overweight. This outrageous feeling will tempt you to download pornography in your dorm computer cluster in order to impress your friends. This is a cheap thrill and will get you a "sketchy" reputation. Engaging in the acts depicted on the porn sites with all the hot young teen virgins in your dorm will instead get you a reputation as a "monster cock." This is preferable.



"I'LL FURNISH THE WAR"

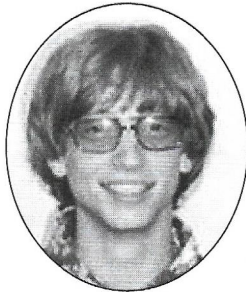
The great publishing magnate William Randolph Hearst is rumored to have created the Spanish American War in the interest of yellow journalism. In a famous quip, he told photographers:

"You furnish the pictures, and I'll furnish the war."



The great pornographer Larry Flynt is rumored to have pioneered explicit, or "yellow," pornography. He once quipped to a group of young women:

"You furnish your tender, naked bodies, and I'll furnish the sexually explicit photographs of them."



The great computer entrepreneur Bill Gates is rumored to have pioneered the world of cyberspace. He once quipped to collaborator Paul Allen:

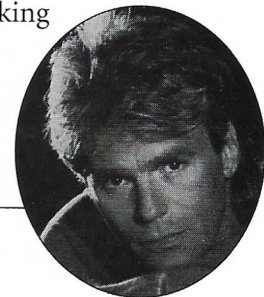
"You furnish all the computers and wires and cords and stuff, and I'll furnish the internet."

The great French philosopher Michel Foucault is rumored to have pioneered the field of postmodern drivel. He once quipped to an American colleague:

"You furnish the offensively pretentious audience, and I'll furnish the high-minded sounding pabulum to keep them self-important."

The great innovator MacGyver is rumored to have pioneered the field of making devastatingly impressive gadgets with mere debris. He once quipped to a nemesis:

"You furnish the papaya and the shrapnel, and I'll furnish my breathtaking escape."



The great religious figure God is rumored to have pioneered the world of immaculate conceptions. God once quipped to Mary:

"You furnish the unblemished uterus, and I'll furnish the secret, magically invisible semen."

A great monkey-collector is rumored to have created monkey literature. He once quipped to a friend:

"You furnish the typewriters, and I'll furnish the monkeys. The monkeys will furnish all the great literature ever written."



The great interior decorator Martha Stewart is rumored to have decorated her house in shades of yellow. She once quipped to her friend Mary:

"You furnish the money, and I'll furnish your house."

Yale's Skull and Bones

Founded at Yale in 1833 by General William Huntington Russell and Alphonso Taft

Conduct Meetings in Windowless Marble Building Known as the "Tomb"

Understood that All Federal Judgeships Pass Through Approval of Members of the Order

Maintain an Ultra-Secret Island of Prostitution and Excess Off the Coast of Burma

Prior to Initiation, Pledges Must Swim Frigid Waters of St. Lawrence River to Deer Island, Where their Final Rites Await Them

Initiation Ritual Includes Revealing of Sexual Autobiography, which Members Respect with a Code of Silence

Members' Incomes Will Be Supplemented by the Order if Ever in Danger of Falling Below \$50,000 per Year

Future Engineers Club

Founded at Stanford in 1967 by "Captain" Kirk Stromburg and Stephen Grifton

Conduct Meetings in Windowless, Pre-Fabricated Garage Known as "Gerald's Garage," Cluttered with Many Boxes of Tombstone Pizzas

Understood that the Good iMac in the Computer Lab Goes to the "Engineering Freaks"

Keep a 1987 *Sports Illustrated* Swimsuit Issue Beneath a Stack of *Popular Mechanics* Issues

New Guy Responsible for Getting Dr. Peppers and Otter Pops from the Fridge

Members Maintain Code of Silence on What They Saw Gerald and Alex Doing Before the Meeting that One Time

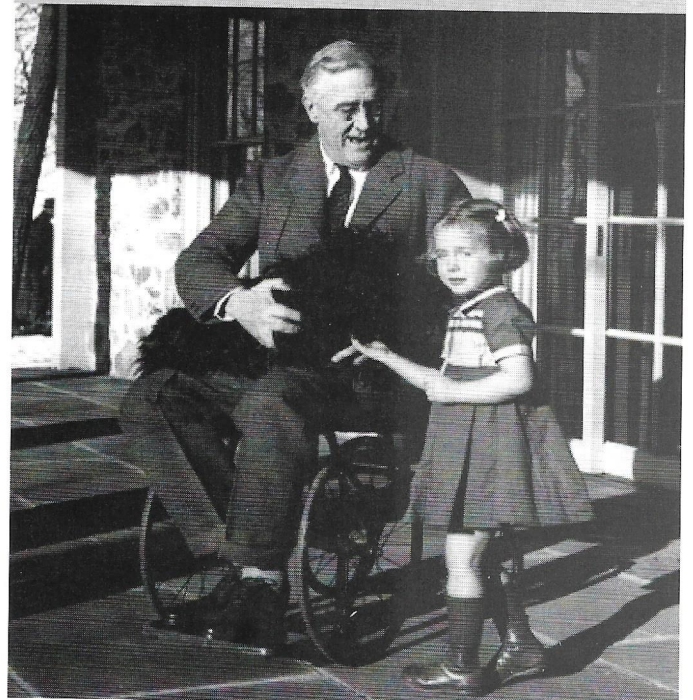
Gerald's Mom Stocks the Community M & M Bowl Every Thursday

"We should give more welfare, and create jobs, and help the farmers."



NEW DEAL

"I think I'm going to change the color of my wheelchair."



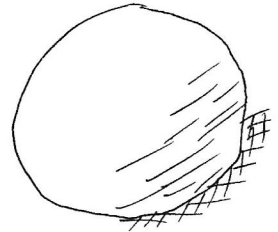
BIG FUCKING DEAL

ENCYCLOPEDIA

Brown

Boy Detective

#102



The Case of the Round Square

Mr. and Mrs. Brown had only one son. They called him Leroy, and so did all his teachers. The downtown ladies, however, called him tree top lover.

Everyone else in the town of Idaville called him Encyclopedia.

An encyclopedia is a collection of books that contain information about all aspects of life. Leroy Brown's head was like an encyclopedia – not in the sense that it was particularly alphabetical, squarish, or made of paper pulp – but because it was filled with facts.

Leroy Brown was a walking library in sneakers, able to answer any question. And no one asked him more questions than his father, Idaville's chief of police. Everyone thought that Idaville had no unsolved crime because it was an abstract utopian fiction. In reality, it was because Chief Brown's best detective was his ten year-old son.

Encyclopedia enjoyed solving crime so much that he started his own detective agency, the Brown Detective Agency. He had a sign on the door that said he was the president. His agency charged 25 cents per day plus expenses. His body guard was Sally Kimball.

Sally is the überwoman at age eleven. If Idaville had been an ancient Mayan village, Sally's head would have been elongated and backswept, her eyes would have been slightly crossed, she would have worn only the classiest huipils, and would have had invitations to the most exclusive of ritual sacrifices. Instead, Idaville is a small town in middle America. Sally is a petite tomboy who knows how to throw a baseball.

One day at the detective agency, a small boy named Peter Clarence walked in and slapped a quarter on top of a gas can. Encyclopedia looked up from his book, *Concepts of Eschatology in Pre-War Britain* (see, I told you he was like an Encyclopedia).

"Bugs Meany says he has a round square," said Peter. "I want you to make sure he actually has one before I trade him my bike for it."

"A round square?" asked Encyclopedia. "Strange. Though I can clearly understand what you mean, I have no concept of what such words denote. Let us investigate."

Encyclopedia and Peter went to the Tigers' clubhouse. The clubhouse was a shed behind Mr. Sweeney's Auto Body Shop. The Tigers were clearly a gang who encouraged theft and vandalism, fostered a sense of bigotry and hatred against outsiders, and required their members to have a low sense of self-esteem. Their actions were overlooked and allowed to continue, however, by an overly nostalgic older generation who thought of the Tigers as an "athletic club."

Bugs made a face when he saw Encyclopedia approach.

"So," sneered Bugs, "Mr. Brain has come all this way just to visit us

Tigers. Tell us, Mr. Brain, how many points did you have to cross through to get here?"

Encyclopedia thought about the question. "An infinite number of points," he replied. Peter looked perplexed.

"Then how did you get here so quickly?" taunted Bugs. The surrounding Tigers roared in appreciative laughter.

"Bugs, I have come to learn more about this 'round square' you are offering to trade for Peter's bike," asserted Encyclopedia.

"What's to learn? I have a round square that I found in the canal by the Pierce Junk Yard," replied the older boy.

"That, a set of all sets which are not members of themselves, and fifty cents will buy you a cup of coffee," remarked Encyclopedia. "Why don't you show us your round square?"

Bugs' face turned red in anger. "Ok, Mr. Know-it-all. If you're so smart," growled Bugs, "why don't you consider two moving bodies, the quicker of which is behind the slower? The slower will never be overtaken by the quicker, for that which is pursuing must first reach

the point from which that which is fleeing started, so that the slower must always be some distance ahead. Or am I wrong?"

Encyclopedia thought. He closed his eyes and considered all the books he had read. Then he thought some more. Finally, Peter broke the silence.

"So," he asked, "can I trade my bike for Bugs' round square or not?"

"Oh no," the boy detective replied, distractedly opening his eyes. "Bugs does not actually have a round square to trade with you. You should keep your bike."

"What?!" roared Bugs. "How

can you say that?"

Encyclopedia leaned over and whispered something in Bugs' ear. As Bugs listened, his face sagged and he began staring at the ground.

"This statement is false," he muttered to himself. "Come on, Tigers," he said in a louder voice. "I'm getting bored. Let's go test the mind/body problem by willing our arms to throw rocks at cars again."

When the Tigers had all left, Peter turned to Encyclopedia and said "Gosh, that was a close one. How did you know he didn't actually have a round square?"

How did Encyclopedia know?

SOLUTION: Bugs Meany claimed he had a round square. But something that is square cannot have the characteristic of roundness. Roundness is a property of geometric entities that have no vertices. A square has four vertices. It is impossible for something to have both zero and four vertices. Therein lies the deep logical impossibility.

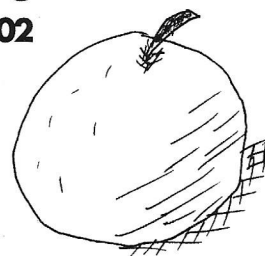


"Tell us, Mr. Brain, how many points did you have to cross through to get here?"

1967 YEARBOOK

Brown

Boy Detective
#102



The Case of the Round Pear

Mr. and Mrs. Brown had only one son. They called him Leroy, and so did all his teachers.

Everyone else in the town of Idaville called him 1967 Yearbook.

A Yearbook is a book all about the popular culture and history of a particular year in history. Leroy Brown's head was like a Yearbook from 1967. He was not a particularly intelligent child, but he knew everything there was to know about the year 1967.

Older men in the small town of Idaville would routinely stop him and ask questions about the year 1967.

"Tell me something that happened in Belgium in 1967," they would say.

"The second-largest department store, LInnovation, was destroyed by fire, burning 340 people to death on May 22nd of that year," 1967 Yearbook Brown would reply.

"Very good!" the older men would chuckle. "Now tell me anything that happened in 1968."

"I haven't the foggiest clue," 1967 Yearbook would say.

Everyone thought that Idaville had no unsolved crime regarding the year 1967 because very few crimes are ever about the year 1967. I mean, come on.

In fact, however, it was because Idaville's chief of police - Chief Brown - had a son that was a walking, talking library in sneakers. A library that is only filled with information about the year 1967, that is. Sitting at the dinner table, he would solve even the hardest of crimes regarding 1967 before dessert. Mrs. Brown would beam with pride.

"Just don't ask him questions about math," she would warn the neighbors. "He only knows things about 1967."

1967 Yearbook enjoyed trying to solve crime so much that he started his own detective agency, the Brown Detective Agency. He had a sign on the door that said he was the president. His agency charged 25 cents per day plus expenses. His body guard was Aly Bimkall.

Aly Bimkall was a year older than 1967 Yearbook, had a peg leg, a horrifying speech impediment, a bad case of body odor, and a really lousy sense of fashion. She was feared throughout the fifth grade for the social stigmatism she brought with her. No one messed with 1967 Yearbook when Aly was around.

One day at the detective agency, a small boy named Clarence Peter walked in and placed a quarter on a gas can. 1967 Yearbook looked up from his book, 'The 1967 Yearbook.'

"Bugs Meany says he has a round pear," said Clarence. "I want you to make sure he actually has one before I trade him my bike for it."

"A round pear?" asked 1967 Yearbook. "Strange. I have never heard of a round pear. Let us investigate."

1967 Yearbook and Clarence went to the Tigers' clubhouse. The clubhouse was a shed behind Mr. Sweeney's Auto Body Shop. The Tigers were an athletic club.

Bugs made a face when he saw 1967 Yearbook approach.

"So," sneered Bugs, "Mr. 1967 has come all this way just to visit us Tigers. Tell us, Mr. 1967, what was the average unemployment in the year 1967?"

1967 Yearbook thought about the question.

"Two point nine million," he replied. Clarence looked perplexed.

"That's right," whistled Bugs appreciatively. "But how many characters could the Mergenthaler Linotron, a computer-driven photocompositor introduced in 1967, generate in one second?"

"One thousand, assuming the characters are from the available set of fonts," came the quick reply.

"Dang, you're really good," said Bugs. "So what's up?"

"Bugs, I have come to learn more about this 'round pear' you are offering to trade for Clarence's bike," stated 1967 Yearbook.

"What's to learn? I have a round pear that I found in the

supermarket when I went shopping for my mother earlier this morning. If Clarence wants to trade me his bike for it, that's his business," replied the older boy.

Clarence looked at Bugs and then he looked at 1967 Yearbook.

"So, can I trade him my bicycle?" the little boy asked.

"Not so fast, Clarence," said 1967 Yearbook. "Bugs can't trade you a round pear for your bicycle because a round pear doesn't actually exist!"

Bugs cocked his head and looked over at 1967 Yearbook oddly.

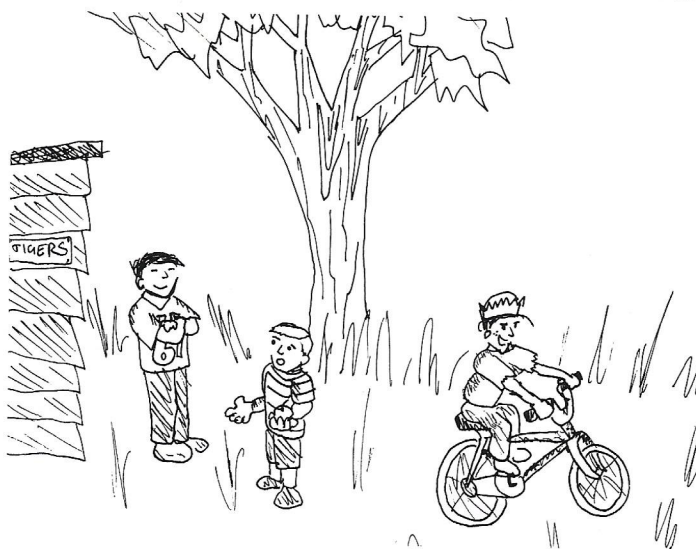
"Yes it does. Look, I've got it right here," said Bugs as he pulled a round pear out of his pocket. The pear wasn't in the best of conditions, but it was definitely a pear, and it was definitely round.

"Oh," said 1967 Yearbook.

Clarence took the pear and handed his bike over to Bugs.

"Come on, Tigers," said Bugs. "Let's go practice baseball."

"Gosh," said Clarence as the last of the Tigers ran off, "can I have my quarter back?"



"Can I have my quarter back?"

Was 1967 Yearbook Mistaken?

SOLUTION: 1967 Yearbook only knew facts from the 1967 Yearbook. The Yearbook from 1967 contained absolutely no information about pears, round or otherwise. 1967 Yearbook eventually returned the quarter to Clarence and informed him that "the country of El Salvador had a population of a little over 3 million in the year 1967."

Stanford Student A: I really hate Stern dining,

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

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

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

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

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

Stanford Student A: Gosh, my room is small.

A Conversation

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

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

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

Stanford Student B: Yeah, it's sweltering.

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

Stanford Student A: Yeah, I'm sweating.

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

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

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

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

with a

Veal Cow

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

Stanford Student B: Yeah, Ultimate practice sorta wiped me out.

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

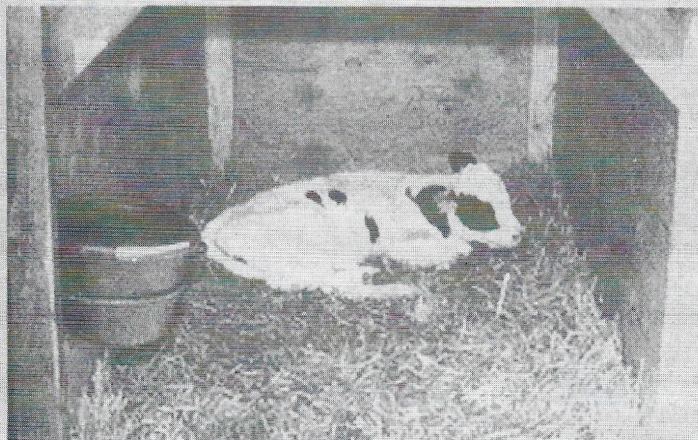
Stanford Student A: My grandfather has heart problems, too.

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

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

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

Stanford Student A: That's cool.



by Sean Lucy '99 (Oldboy '98-'99), originally appeared in Vol. XCVIII, no. 5, June 1997's "The Transmitter Faces South" number



Did you know?



If Stanford were a country, it would have finished 7th in the medal count at the 1996 Atlanta Olympics.



If Stanford were a country, and that country were a person, that person would be 8 feet tall.



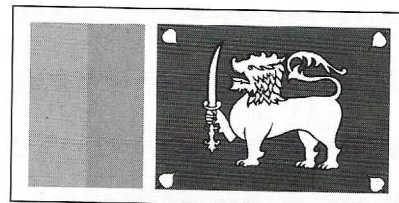
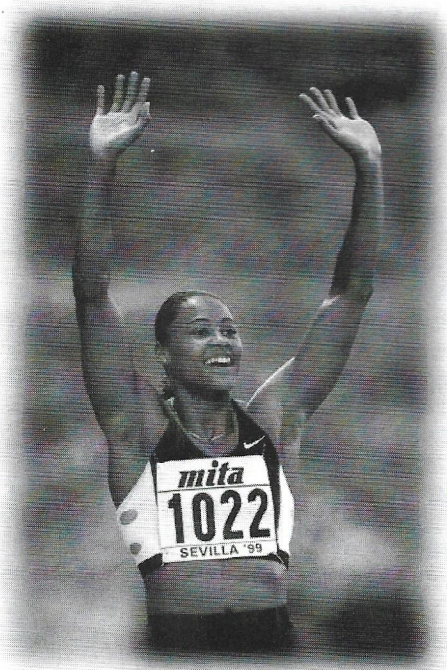
If Stanford swimmers were a country, they would have finished 13th in the medal count at the 1996 Atlanta Olympics, but would have a GNP ranked only 26th.

If Stanford were a country, it wouldn't have won any medals at the 1996 Akron, Ohio Special Olympics, but still would have been a winner and gotten a coupon for a free small fries at participating McDonald's locations.



If Stanford were a country, and that country traded all of its gold medals for food, you could feed all the children in a worse country. (But you'd have a lot of angry athletes!)

If Marion Jones were a country, she would still frighten and arouse me, and I would both fear her iron hand and cherish its protection.

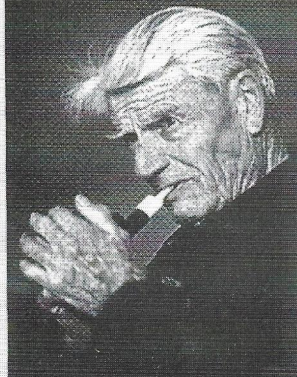


If Sri Lanka were a country it would still not have won any medals at the 1996 Atlanta Olympics.

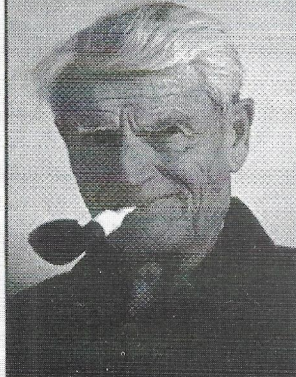
If the University of California at Berkeley were a country it would be Sri Lanka. **BOOYAH!**

Withered Soul

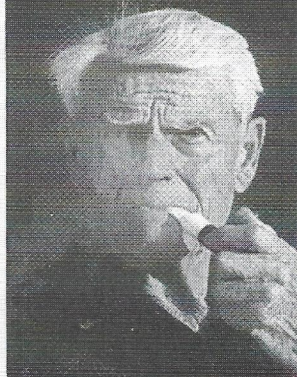
Withered Soul, what is it like being old?



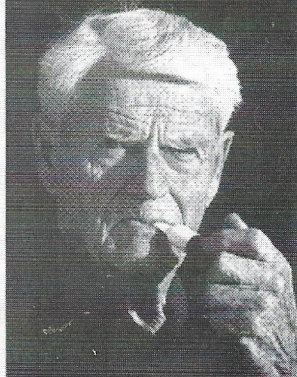
Well, there's a lot to fancy about being old, I suppose . . . oh, sure, lots of things . . . heh heh . . .



Ok, then what's the worst part of being old?



Getting five dollars of fun from a ten-dollar whore.



by Eugene Park '98 (Oldboy '96-'97), originally appeared in Vol. XCVIII, No. 1, September 1996's "Freshman" number

CAR STEREOS

BAD DJ NAMES

- DJ Hitler
- DJ Knohandz
- DJ Skip
- DJ Knesseth Israel
- DJ DJ
- DJ Shitty
- DJ Slow
- DJ McDj
- DJ Bloopers
- Garry Templeton
- DJ Unwieldy
- DJ Tanner



T-1000



- * FACE TURNS BLACK TO FOOL THIEVES
- * D-BASS - SOPHISTICATED BASS SYSTEM
- * 45 WATTS X 4
- * ILLUMINATED LCD DISPLAY SCREEN
- * GRAPHIC EQUALIZER
- * AUTO-STOP
- * DURABLE PLASTIC MOLDING

\$139.99

WAS \$159.99

-47



- * FACE DOESN'T DETACH; THIEVES ASSUME IT'S WORTHLESS
- * O-BASS - THE INTENSE TREBLE BASS SYSTEM
- * WATTS RIOTS
- * DISPLAYS PICTURES OF CARS CRASHING
- * AUTO SELECT RADIO SELECTOR
- * ELECTRONIC CD REVOLUTION
- * MOLDED DURABILITY

\$139.99

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- * FACE ROTATES TO REVEAL 1978 8-TRACK PLAYER
- * TED DIBIASE - THE MILLION DOLLAR BASS SYSTEM
- * WATTS X 45
- * DISPLAYS PICTURES OF DOLPHINS SWIMMING
- * EQUALIZING GRAPHICIZER
- * AUTO-GO
- * MOLDED PLASTIC DIAL

\$139.99

WAS \$140.00

-13



- * SIGNALS ONE THIEF TO STEAL IT SO ANOTHER CAN'T
- * FREE-BASS - BASS SYSTEM DESIGNED BY CRACKHEADS
- * JAMES WATT
- * DISPLAYS PICTURES OF CAR STEREO FACES
- * THROUGH-SPEAKER PLAY
- * ELECTRICALLY OPERATED
- * DURABLE MALLEABILITY

\$139.99

WAS \$139.99

The History of Mexican Food

2 million B.C. - The first bean grows on Earth.

157 A.D. - Aztecs and Mayans unite and form pre-Mexican food in pre-Mexico. It is so delicious, the Aztecs cease all human sacrificing and invent the game of soccer, simply for the fact of having pre-Mexican food after matches.

1300 A.D. - Pre-Mexican food restaurants struggle in pre-Mexico, forcing the Aztecs to discover Europe, where the food is an instant smash. The Spanish decide that pre-Mexico is actually Mexico, and that the land and all of its food are their property. A Mexican food craze sweeps Europe.

1485 A.D. - The Pope reveals that if God ate food, it would be Mexican food, and that it would be in the form of a burrito. The Inquisition is organized to punish heretics who dare eat beans, cheese, tortillas, salsa, and beef in sacrilegious non-burrito formats.

1620 A.D. - Nachos are invented by a small rebel sect of the Church of England. Ensuing anti-nacho persecution forces them to relocate, and these Pilgrims, with the aid of their tasty concoction, found the American colonies.

1776 A.D. - The Americans invent tacos. King George III makes the infamous and inflammatory statement, "Tacos? Tacos? We don't need no stinking tacos." Americans, incensed, declare their independence from Britain and rally behind the proud symbol of the taco.

1846 A.D. - Gazpacho is very popular in Mexico and Russia. Unfortunately, in the rest of the world, where hot soup is available, its fails to catch on.

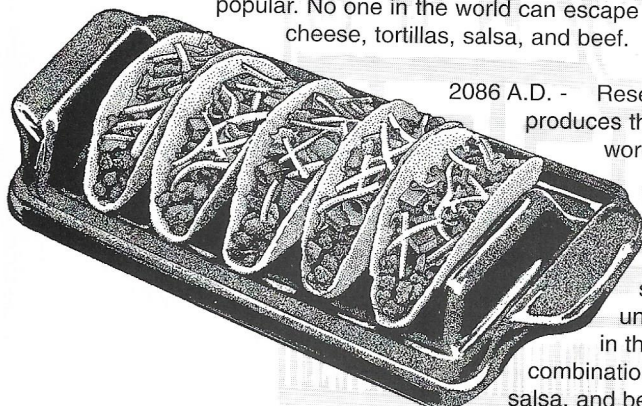
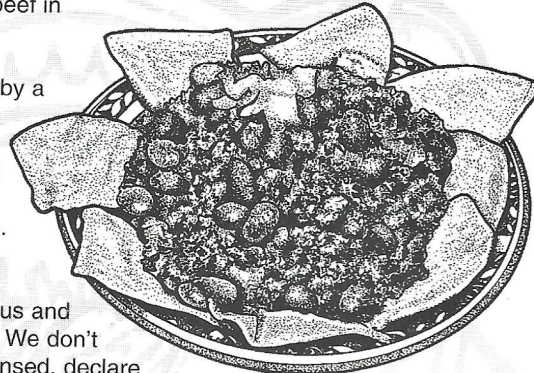
1914 A.D. - World War I. Germany tries to capture Europe's popular Mexican food franchise. Germany loses, and as punishment the Germans are to receive no Mexican food (except gazpacho) until the year 1970.

1940 A.D. - Hitler starts World War II in an attempt to create one pure, taquito-eating superpower. This plan backfires, however, as nations invent many new forms of Mexican food during the wartime technology boom.

1973 A.D. - The Jamaicans invent empanadas. Leading scientists speculate that all possible forms of Mexican food have been discovered.

1974 A.D. - Scientists are proven wrong when Japanese researchers unveil arroz con pollo. The new field of "platas combinaciones" ushers in a new age of Mexican food development.

2000 A.D. - After a brief but ugly battle with Thai food, Mexican food is still very popular. No one in the world can escape the tasty combinations of beans, cheese, tortillas, salsa, and beef.



2086 A.D. - Research into artificial intelligence produces the first sentient taco. It's first words: "You will never be forgiven for the wraps of your past."

2115 A.D. - Mexican foodstuffs organize into hunter-killer squads to overthrow an unsuspecting human race. No one in the world can escape the tasty combinations of beans, cheese, tortillas, salsa, and beef.

Salient Differences

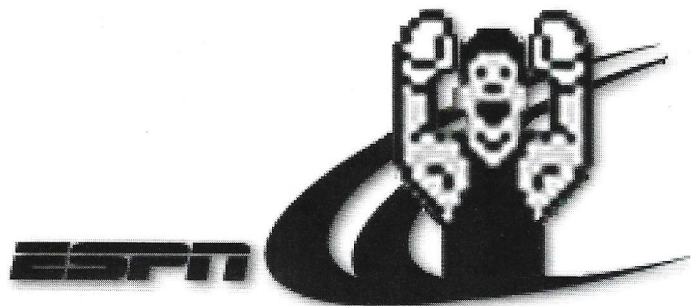
After I watched the political conventions this summer, I became convinced that there are real, salient differences between the Democrats and the Republicans, and that voting for Nader would therefore be irresponsible.

After watching the Super Bowl last year, I became convinced that there are real, salient differences between Coke and Pepsi, and that drinking RC Cola would therefore be irresponsible.

After watching the a Papal audience this summer, I became convinced that there are real, salient differences between Catholics and Protestants, and that being Jewish would be therefore irresponsible.

After watching West Side Story, I became convinced that there are real, salient differences between Puerto Rican street gangs and mixed-European descent street gangs, and that joining the Russian mafia would therefore be irresponsible.

After watching the Nature Channel, I became convinced that there are real, salient differences between Alaska and Hawaii, and that living in the contiguous U. S. would therefore be irresponsible.



VIDEOGAME CENTURY

Riding the wave of publicity generated by their "50 greatest athletes of the 20th century," ESPN brazenly declared their picks for the 50 greatest video game heroes of the century, drawing fire from Foxsports.net, Nintendo Power, and the New York Times. Here are some of the highlights:

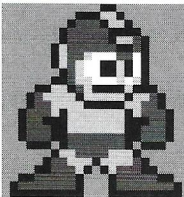
1. MARIO

Though relying upon psychotropic mushrooms and growth hormones to perform his fantastic feats, there's no denying that Mario is the King. He disappeared in 1998 while exploring the mysterious "water world" with Pitfall Harry, but there's no doubt he'll be back in action as soon as he finds a warp pipe or a P-wing.



3. MEGA MAN

Mega Man inspired us all through his perseverance. "He was like Lou Gehrig," said trainer Dr. Light. "He took on at least 80 robots in a row. No one will ever equal that, except maybe a robot Cal Ripken." Mega Man was converted into a Mr. Coffee after the rise of 64-bit gaming, but his legacy will endure as long as pirated ROMs exist on the Internet.



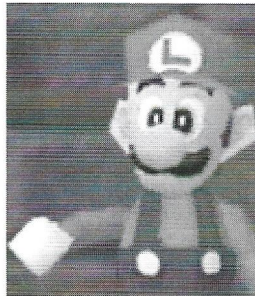
4. SONIC THE HEDGEHOG

Overcoming a childhood of hardship in the Sega Projects, Sonic rose to video game stardom by foiling Dr. Robotnik's evil schemes. Yet he will be remembered more for his selfless mentoring of Tails the Fox. Sadly, stripped of his acclaim and Chaos Emeralds after allegations of amphetamine abuse, Sonic descended into obscurity and eventually died ringless.



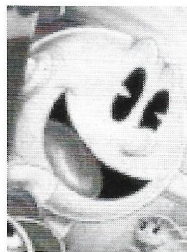
8. LUIGI

Though seemingly equal to his illustrious brother, Luigi lacks name recognition. Sure, we all respect Luigi. But we all want to *be* Mario. Recent gambling scandals and Mafia connections have also tarnished Luigi's legend, but no one will forget his graceful bounding through the dreamworld of Super Mario Bros. 2.



10. PAC-MAN

No one ever thought that a little smiley face with an eating disorder could make it big in videogaming, but Midway took a chance on Pac-Man, and history was made. Man, now author of the popular self-help book: *Without Fat People, Ghosts Would Devour the Earth*, looks back on his success with pride, but remains most grateful to Midway for personal reasons. "Sure, fame is nice," said Man. "But the best part of the job was meeting my wife, Ms. Pac-Man."



17. SECRETARIAT

Many have criticized the inclusion of Secretariat to a list of video game greats, but who can argue with a record-breaking Triple Crown winner?



25. MAC

"Little" Mac beat Iron Mike Tyson before the Fresh Prince even dreamed of the idea. He rose quickly through the ranks, defeating Glass Joe, finding King Hippo's Achilles belly, and withstanding Great Tiger's Tiger Punch. Then he learned the right password and skipped directly to Tyson. Today, Mac lives simply in the Bronx, training aspiring boxers to "stick and move" and use the Select button to recover during a fight.



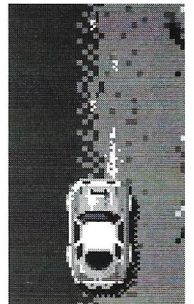
36. RYU



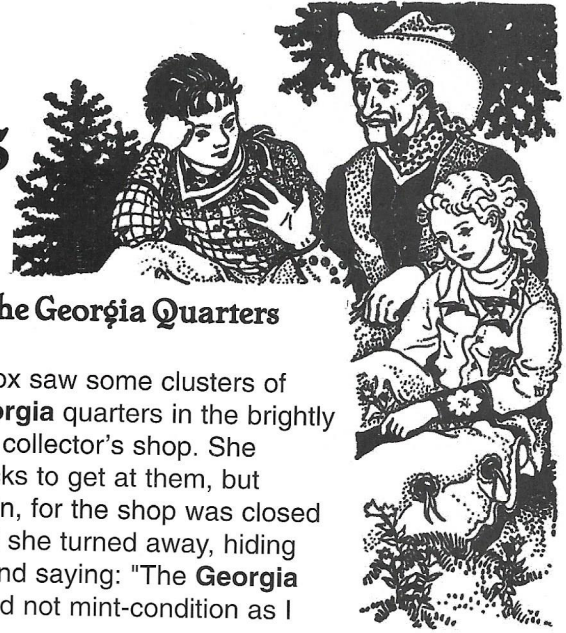
Who else could beat 15 of the world's most powerful ethnic stereotypes and still have time to learn some new ninja magic?

50. CAR

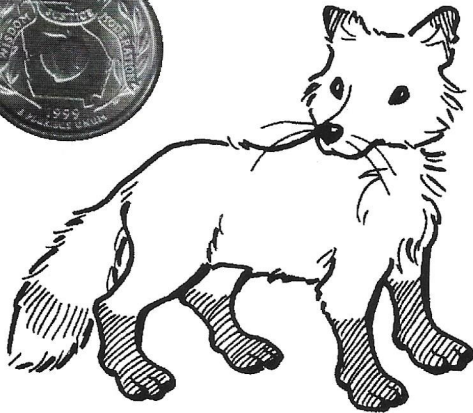
Not only did it shoot missiles, spray smoke screens, and turn into a speedboat, but the infamous vehicle from Spy Hunter was stylish as well, boasting a sporty racing stripe to distinguish it from the hordes of blue cars bent on destroying society.



Aesop's Fables for Our Time: Statehood Quarters



The Fox and the Georgia Quarters



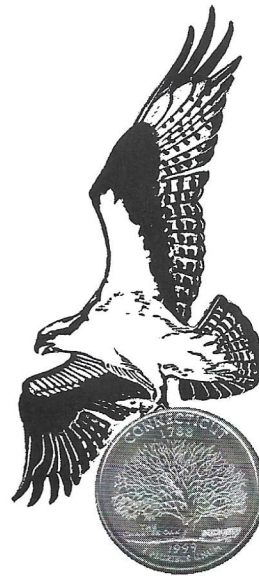
A numismatist Fox saw some clusters of shiny new **Georgia** quarters in the brightly lit window of a collector's shop. She resorted to all her tricks to get at them, but wearied herself in vain, for the shop was closed for renovation. At last she turned away, hiding her disappointment and saying: "The **Georgia** quarters are rusty, and not mint-condition as I thought."

*Moral: If you can't get ahold of **Georgia** quarters, convince yourself they weren't worth it anyway.*

The Hawk and the Nightingale's Connecticut Quarters

A pile of **Connecticut** quarters was in the change purse of a Nightingale. The Nightingale, sitting aloft upon an oak and singing according to his wont, was seen by a Hawk who, being in need of **Connecticut** quarters, swooped down and seized him. The Nightingale, about to lose his **Connecticut** quarters, earnestly begged the Hawk to let him go, saying that they were not valuable enough to satisfy the need of a Hawk who, if he wanted valuable collector's items, ought to pursue the **Delaware** quarters. The Hawk, interrupting him, said: "I should indeed have lost my senses if I should let go **Connecticut** quarters ready in my hand, for the sake of pursuing **Delaware** quarters which are not yet even within sight."

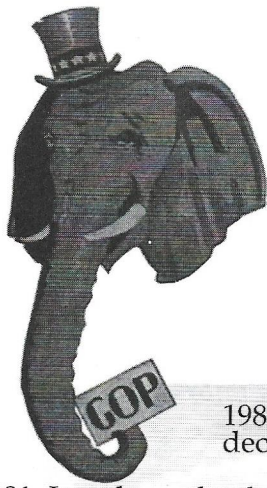
*Moral: A **Connecticut** quarter in the hand is worth two **Delaware** quarters in the bush.*



The Crow and the Pitcher

A Crow perishing with desire for **New Jersey** quarters saw a pitcher, and hoping to find **New Jersey** quarters, flew to it with delight. When he reached it, he discovered to his grief that it contained so few **New Jersey** quarters that he could not possibly get at them. He tried everything he could think of to reach the **New Jersey** quarters, but all his efforts were in vain. At last he collected as many stones as he could carry and dropped them one by one with his beak into the pitcher, until he covered all the **New Jersey** quarters with rocks.

*Moral: Some imaginative responses to problems make it more difficult to procure **New Jersey** quarters.*



HOW I GOT HERE

1980: Reagan defeats Carter. Mom and dad decide to celebrate.

1981: I am born the day Ronald Reagan is shot. It is one of the saddest days of my parents' lives.

1982: Worst recession since Great Depression. Over nine million unemployed. Dad makes joke about his failure to find job due to Reagan. Mom divorces him.

1983: Reagan approval rating down to 35%. Mom cries a lot.

1984: Who's your daddy now Walter Mondale? Can you say biggest landslide victory in history? Why don't you just go back to practicing law? Big party at our house. Mom so happy she remarries dad.

1985: Sister born. Dad wants to name her Ronald, but Mom won't have it. They name her Nancy.

1986: Iran-Contra scandal breaks. Family life is hard.

1991: Soviet Union dissolves. I explain to all my friends that it was the immense military spending during Regan's reign that caused the fall of communism. Friends just laugh and do crude Yakov Smirnoff impersonations.

1992: Rented movie "That Hagen Girl." Conclusion: Reagan better stick to his strength of running the universe.

1994: Patti Reagan poses in playboy. I think I'm in love.

1995: Start doing drugs.

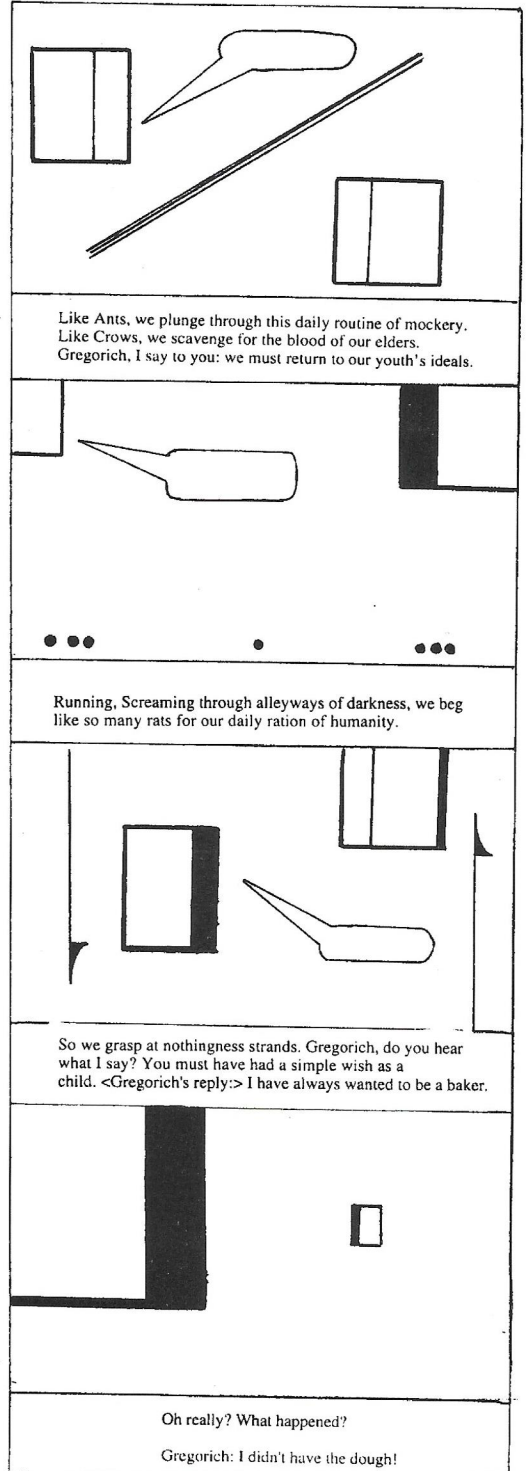
1996: Stop doing drugs so I can "just say no."

1999: Start applying Eureka College, alma mater of one Ronald Reagan.

2000: Fall. Write application essay about how the liberal press would have you believe that the 80's was a decade of greed and deceit, but that in fact, charitable contributions and volunteer hours dropped 19% and 3.7% respectively since the record highs of the Reagan era.

2000: Spring. Rejection from Eureka College. Contemplate suicide. Decide to go to Stanford instead.

Vaclav, Yugoslavian visionary and political pundit, has championed the Eastern European proletariat for years with his art. The Chaparral proudly presents Stanford with a recently penned Vaclav strip, *Paska Paska Soska!* English translation by Jason O' Guinn.



by Eric Saxon '97 (Oldboy '94-'95, '95-'96) & Ben Olding '98, originally appeared in Vol. XCVI, no. 3, January 1995's "Popular Culture" number

How not to get laid.

1. Stop by your college guidance counselor's office and pick up an application for **Stanford University**.
2. Fill out the application and mail to **Stanford Admissions Office**, Stanford, CA, 94305.
3. If admitted, check "I accept admission to **Stanford University**" on your reply card.
4. Attend your "Pro-Fro" weekend at **Stanford University**.
5. When school starts, go to **Stanford University**.
6. Tell everyone to call you **John the Baptist**.

Interview With a Vagrant

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: Hello, Mr. Benson. Thank you for granting us this interview.

MR. BENSON: Hey, no problem. Thanks for the fries.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: Our magazine is doing an issue on power, and we wanted to find out how power is defined and exercised "on the streets." You know—who controls what, and how.

MR. BENSON: Power? I guess money is power. It's the same for everyone, the homeless included.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: We thought you'd say something like "a good blanket, is good."

MR. BENSON: ...yeah. Well, yes. Blankets are important during the colder months. But food comes first, and to buy food you need money.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: What are some of the stranger things that you've eaten, when you've had no money?

MR. BENSON: Most grocery stores have a bin where they throw away produce that isn't fresh anymore. I'll wrap old potatoes in foil and bake them over a fire, or boil them with carrots and beets as a borscht.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: Have you ever eaten a shoe?

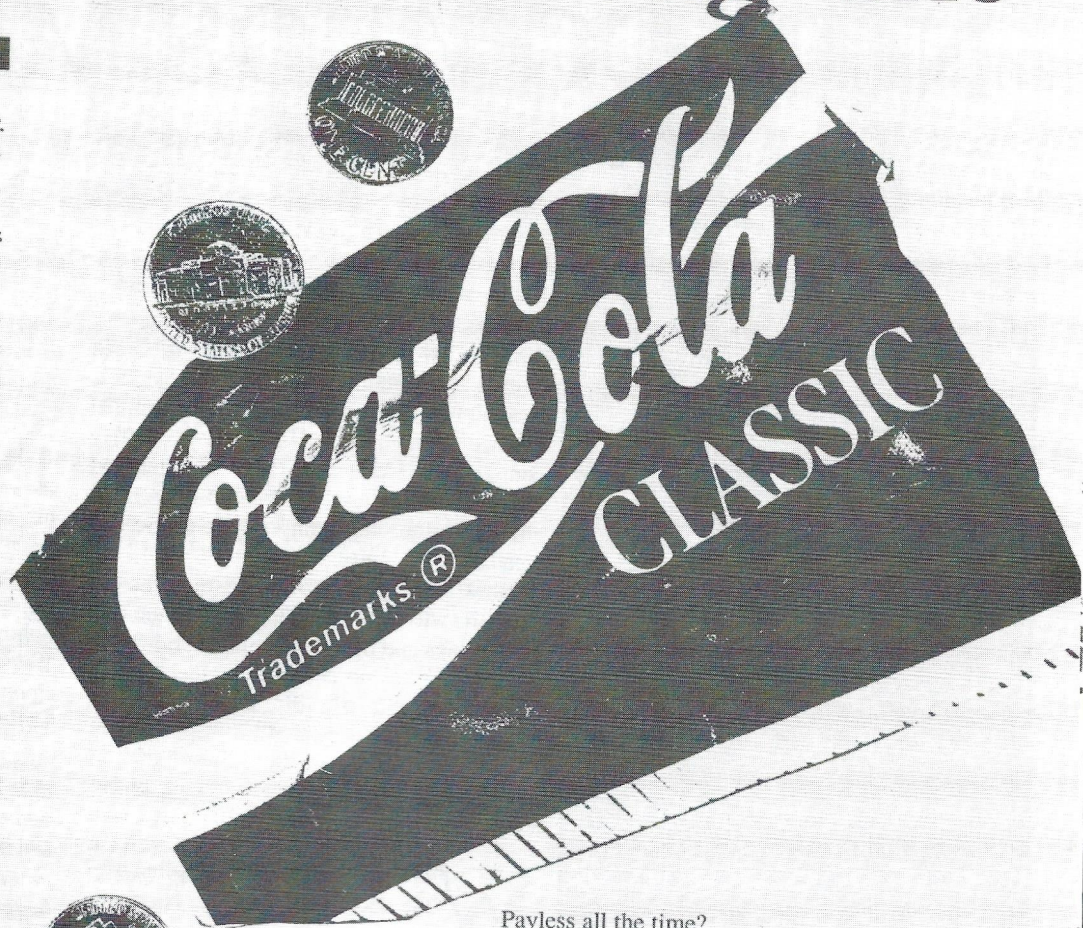
MR. BENSON: There is no nutrition in a shoe. Let's talk about something else.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: Who is the most powerful bum that you know?

MR. BENSON: It's not like that. There isn't any one "king," you know, like in England. The homeless are largely nomadic.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: Does it bother you that in England they call their butts "bums"?

MR. BENSON: No. And I really don't think of myself as a "bum." My name is Edward Benson. I don't ask people for money—I just don't have a home right now.



STANFORD CHAPARRAL: Have you ever had a home?

MR. BENSON: Yes, of course. I used to live in an apartment. But when I lost my job because of problems with alcohol, I wasn't able to make ends meet anymore.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: What kind of alcohol can you afford, as a bum?

MR. BENSON: Listen, please stop calling me a bum. My name is Edward.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: There's a sale on Meister Brau at Payless this week.

BUM: Thank you, but I'm trying to get over those problems right now.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: Is it hard to conquer your alcoholism, with these sales at

Payless all the time?

BUM: Cheap alcohol is not the cause of alcoholism. The rich and poor alike have this problem. Can we please talk about something else?

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: Where do you go to the bathroom?

BUM: Please.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: This is a question we all have about the homeless. What do you do with it? Bury it in a hole with your hind legs?

BUM: Let me have some dignity.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: I once saw a bum just sit down by a wall and pinch one, right in front of everybody. Do you do that?

BUM: I think I'd better be going now.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL: We'll give you a dollar if you eat your hand.

BUM: I'm leaving.

by Chris Onstad '97 (Oldboy '94-'95, '95-'96), originally appeared in Vol. XCVIII, no. 3, March 1997's "Power" number

The Adventures of

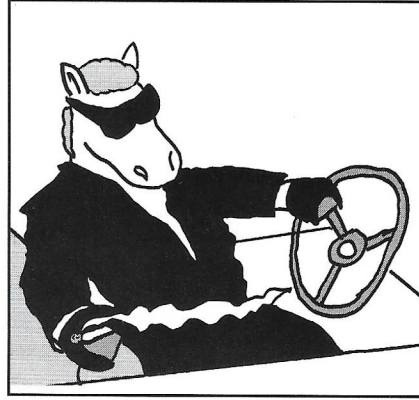
FORD

Ford Mustang

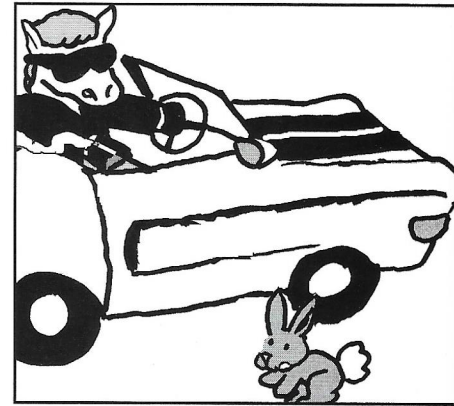
He's on the money, off the record, and over the top.

FORD MUSTANG
Rock N' Roll Detective Horse.

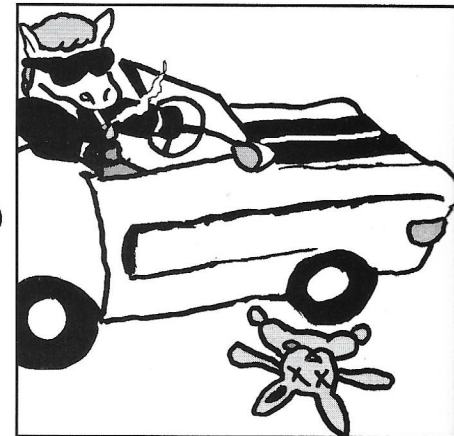
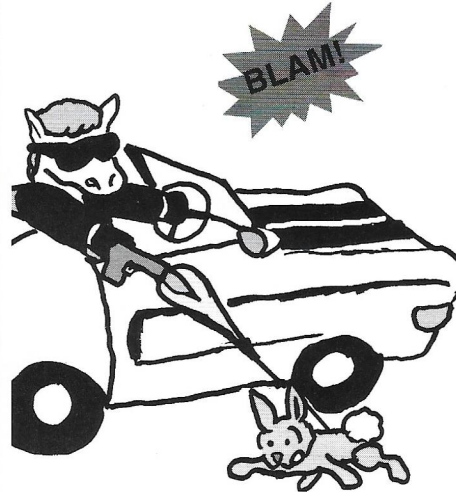
I HAVE THE POWER TO GET INTO THE HOTTEST CLUBS, THE HOTTEST DRESSING ROOMS, AND THE HOTTEST CHICKS. THEY CALL ME FORD MUSTANG, 'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT I DRIVE.



AND BECAUSE YOU'RE A CERAT MUSTANG, AN AMERICAN RANGE HORSE. AND YOUR NAME'S FORD.



SO MANY ASSHOLES, SO FEW BULLETS.



RAISED BY VERBALLY ABUSIVE WOLVES

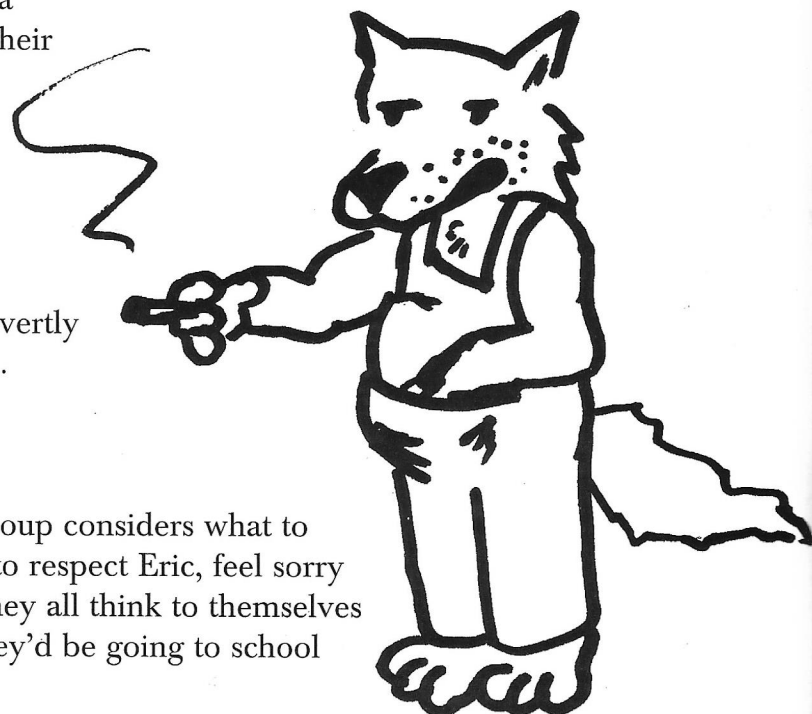
As the other freshmen jockey for respect and a good first impression based on what they say about their hometown, how they dress and what sort of quips they make about Stern dining, Eric debates whether he should tell everyone the truth: that he was raised by verbally abusive wolves.

The opportunity presents itself after another student's rather unsuccessful attempt to pass off his overtly wealthy lifestyle as some sort of devastating affliction.

Eric decides to drop the bombshell.

You can almost hear the food rotting as the group considers what to think of what Eric said. While they ponder whether to respect Eric, feel sorry for him or shun him and later steal his belongings, they all think to themselves that with material like that, FAFSA or no FAFSA, they'd be going to school on somebody else's dime for sure.

"Shithead."



FENG SHUI



In the past few years, we have seen a lot of "seismic retrofitting" projects on campus in an effort to protect our buildings from earthquake damage. This attempt is misguided. To truly protect our campus from earthquake damage, we must look at earthquakes not in terms of "fault lines" and "tectonic plates," but instead understand earthquakes as what they truly are: manifestations of the negative energy of the earth. The earth is displeased with how we have arranged our buildings. There is only one remedy available: we must redesign the Stanford campus according to Feng Shui, the ancient Japanese art of energy-flow design. Here are some basic changes that must be made.

All buildings must be resurfaced with clear quartz. This will allow the buildings to act as negative energy filters. All unwanted energies will be washed through, and new vitality and well-being will fill the energy field of the University.

Lake Lagunita needs to be kept full year round in order to prevent the water elemental from being bipolar. Periodically, large amounts of fruit should be thrown into the lake for the elemental's nourishment.

Pyramids have fantastic positive energy powers. Make every department build a small pyramid in their lobby. If they do not love their pyramid, make them love their pyramid.

The Treehouse needs to be closed. All they serve there is evil, and evil is a dish best not eaten.

The Gates of Hell need to be moved as far away from the medical center as possible. No healing can take place when unholy demon-spawn interfere.

All you need is disco, the beat will set you free. Build a rotating mirrored geodesic ball in the center of the Oval. This will please the disco elemental.

To have the right side degraded and the left side ascendant are both unlucky signs. The Dragon should be on the right and the smaller White Tiger should be on the left, Hoover Tower needs to be relocated to the Science and Engineering Quad.

The calming scents of daffodils and fresh cucumber should waft throughout the late afternoon air, pleasing and delighting all who encounter it as they go about their business.

Heroes

- Big Pigs with Giant Rigs
- Fat Cats with Rocket Packs
- Sly Guys with Natural Highs
- Raider Alligators that are Suit and Tie Haters
- Neat-o Mosquitoes that cannot beat Dinosaur Foes
- Sassy Malagasy with Planes that are Classy
- Moonshinin' Penguins that like to make their own Gin
- Zen Hens that do not wish to be Eaten

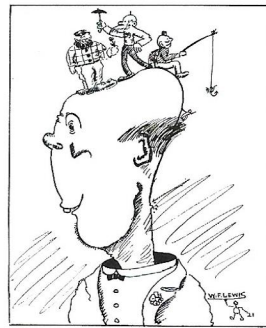
Nemeses

- Yucky Ducks with Monster Trucks
- Feistiest Mices with Thermonuclear Devices
- Rabid Rabbits with Cocaine Habits
- Vile Crocodiles with Impeccable Styles
- Perplexed T-Rex that hate all Insects
- Gar from the Stars that dislike Madagascar
- 1925 FBI that wants to keep the Country Dry
- Hunger-stricken Puerto Ricans that just want some Tasty Chicken

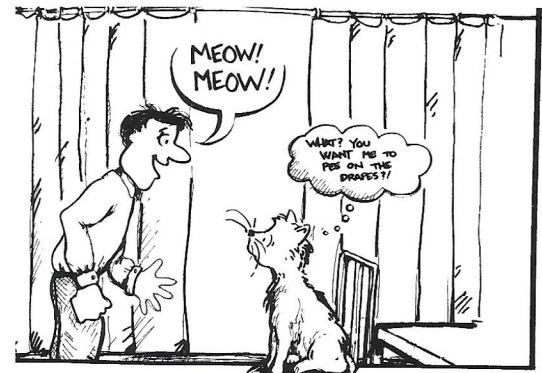


Classic Cartoons

OUR BASIC GOAL HERE AT PROGRESS UNIVERSITY IS TO TEACH TEACHERS TO TEACH TEACHERS TO TEACH TEACHERS TO TEACH TE...



HE HAD SOMETHING FUNNY ON HIS MIND *Hazel by W.F.*



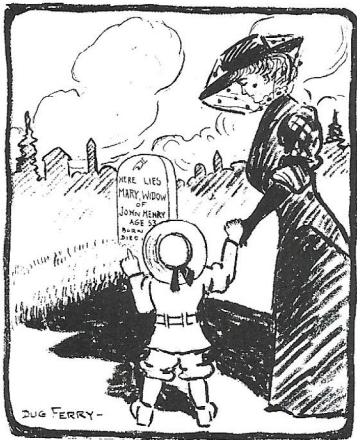
Since the linear accelerator was put in, all the girls in Flo Mo have gone into menopause.



'Sure! It's Friday, isn't it?'



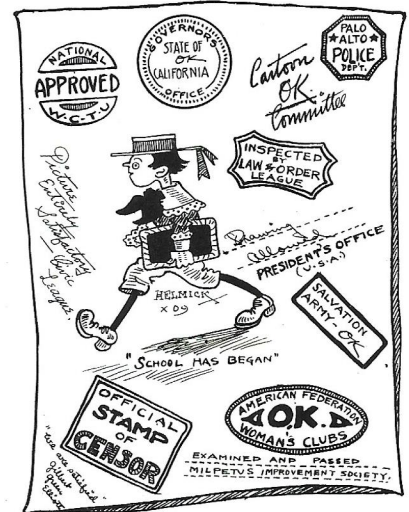
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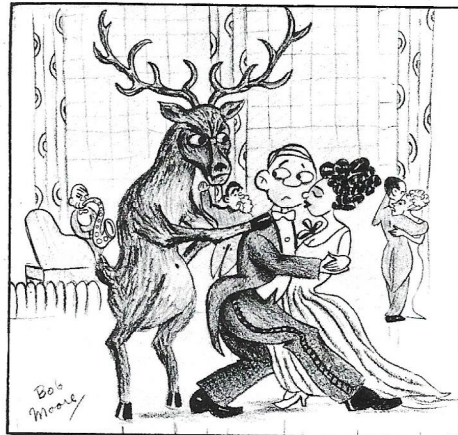
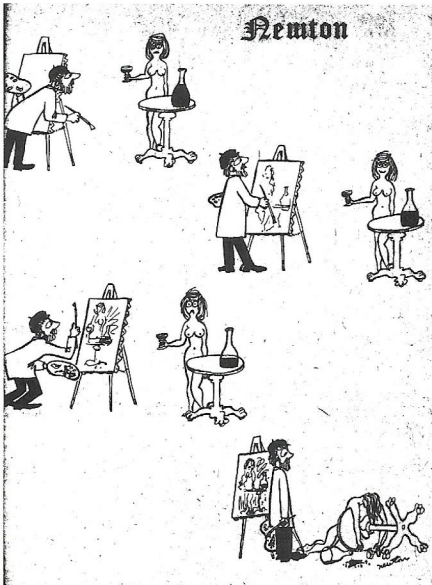
"OH, LOOK, MOTHER, THEY HAVE MERRY WIDOWS HERE, TOO." (Ed.—Positively her last appearance in the Chaparral.)



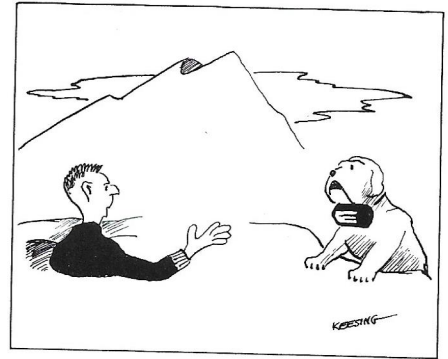
JEK



A PERFECTLY SANE, SENSIBLE AND POLITE CARTOON

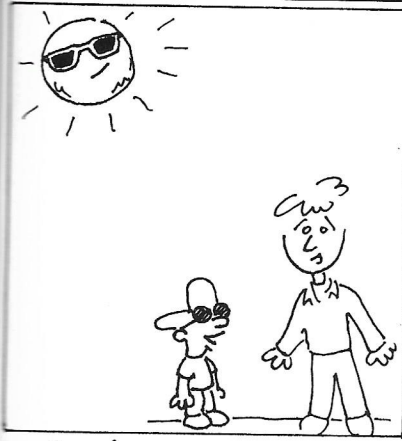


"May I cut in?"

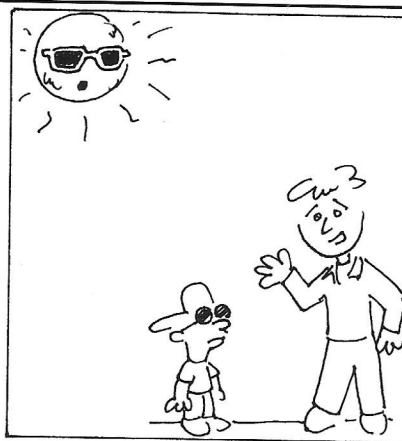


"No I.D., no drinking!"

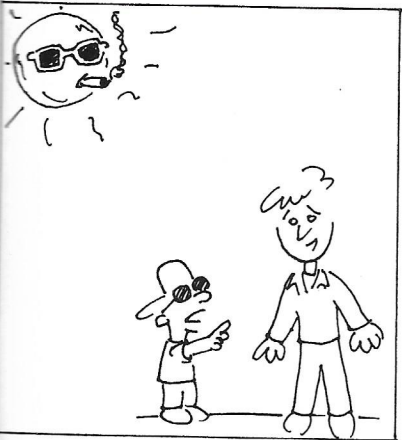
Classique Cartoons



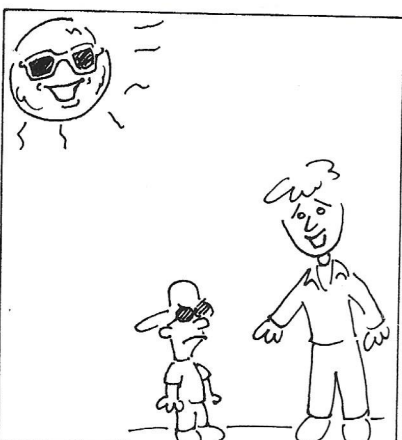
Why does the sun need sunglasses?



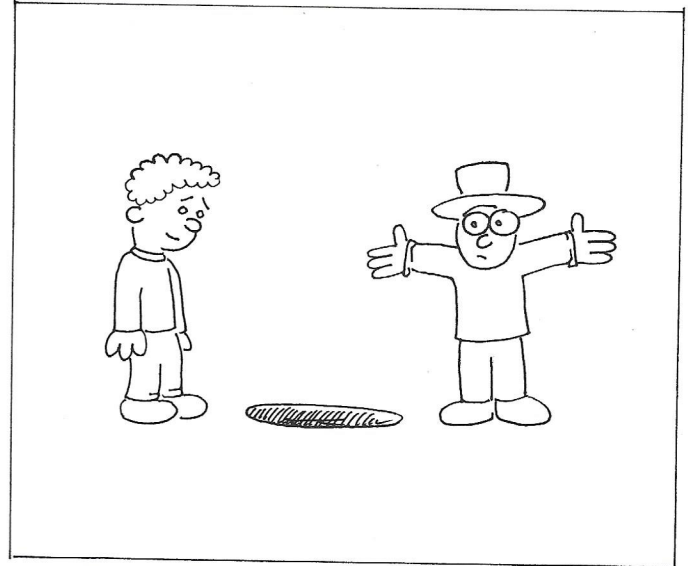
Because it's too cool for school.



But I wear sunglasses and I go to school.



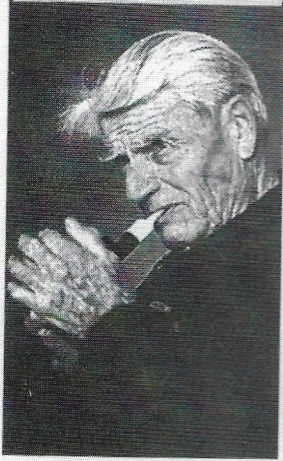
That's because you're not cool, you're blind.



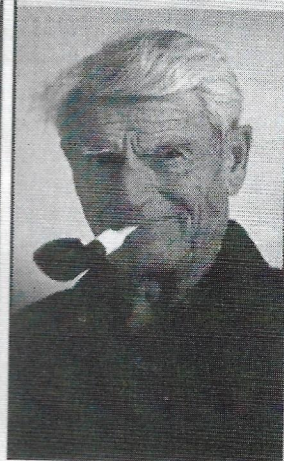
MARK THINKS BRIAN IS EXAGGERATING WHEN HE USES THE INTERNATIONAL HAND SIGNAL FOR "THIS MANHOLE IS INFINITELY DEEP."

Withered Soul

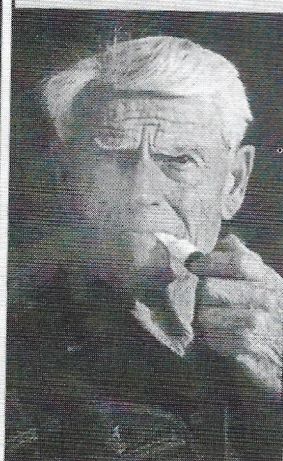
Withered Soul, what do you think about Artificial Intelligence?



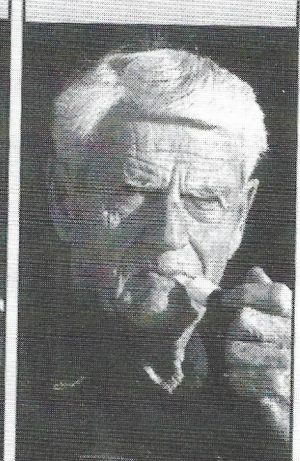
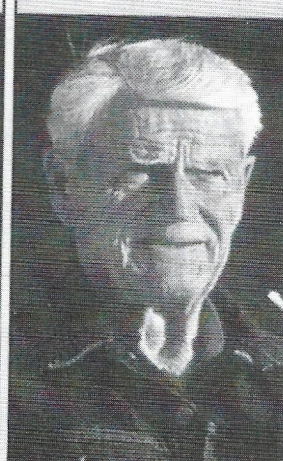
Heh, when I was a younger man, all the news was Sputnik-this and Sputnik-that. Ho-ho, now who would've thought?



So, you think that someday we'll be able to build sentient computers?



Young man, there's a goblin gnawing on your head.



by Eugene Park '98 (Oldboy '96-'97), originally appeared in Vol. XCVIII, No. 1, September 1996's "Freshman" number

THE STAFF TALKS ABOUT THEIR FAVORITE CLASSES

My favorite class is the Mac n' Cheese in Stern. It's really tasty and filling, and they give me extra without me even having to ask.

ANNE BENDER, *Undeclared*

My favorite class was Human Sexuality, although I never understood why it met so late at night in such a dark room and why all the other students wore sailor suits.

JARED SCHOTT, *Confused and Scared*

My favorite class was Urban Studies 124: Welcome to the Jungle.

CHRIS ALLOCO, *Guns n' Roses Studies*

My favorite class was Comparative Literature 101: Introduction to the Institution of Literary Study. Once, I talked for 35 minutes straight without uttering anything meaningful or coherent. I think I used the word "oubliette" eight times. **GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS**, *Rorty Studies*

My favorite class was Human Sexuality.
A SAILOR, *Sailor Studies*

My favorite class was Computer Science 468u: Advanced CMOS Chip Design with VRML Interfacing.

BRENT FITZGERALD, *Huge Fucking Dork Studies*

My favorite class is the upper-middle class.

BEN WILFONG, *Economics*

My favorite class was wurst-stuffing.

FRITZ HEINRICHS, *Jolly German Studies*

My favorite class is Zosterophyllospida. **CHASETTE JAMISON**, *Butterflies and Birdies Studies*

My favorite class was that one with the teacher and the dry erase boards and the oral presentations. That one fucking owned.

JOHN HUETTER, *Books 'n' Shit*

My favorite class was the one where I got on the table and sang songs until I passed out. No wait, that was karaoke night.

ANWAR RAGEP, *STS (Show Tune Studies)*

My favorite class was CSSM 248: Theory of radioactive arachnids.

GEOFF SCHAEFFER, *Comparative Studies in Spider-Man*

From the J to the A to the C-O-B, I be spitting tight rhymes like you wouldn't believe.

JACOB YOUNG, *Dropping Sciences*



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The Stanford Chaparral

The Chaparral, now in its 101st year, delivers a variety of innovative and humorous content you can't get anywhere else. A subscription is a gift any wisearce, witmaker or lay wag will appreciate

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

HACKSQUAD

Somewhere,
out in the dark of night,
there are people who fight for the
common man. People who believe that
information can't be owned. People who want
to crash the System. People like THE HACK SQUAD.

Making the Grade

Hard Drive: Hi Monitor, hi Mouse. What's up?
Mouse: [giggles] Oh, nothing.
Monitor: Just changing a few GRADES!
Hard Drive: No way! How are you bypassing your
teacher's security paradigm?
Monitor: Simple. Why chase the mouse, when the
cheese is right at home. [smiles]
Hard Drive: Are you saying what I think you're
saying? You're tunneling to the source?
Monitor: Bingo. First, I access the document in
question like... so. [clicks and opens
"Monitorz Stuff" folder] And then I
breach the document safeguard... c'mon
baby, give daddy what he needs... there.
[clicks and opens "My Book Report"]
Mouse: Be careful Monitor!
Monitor: No guts no glory. [dabs sweat from brow]
And now the tricky part. I've got to
enter my own encoded grading program.
Easy girl, easy..... and bam. [at top
of page, types "A+" Good Job Markie :)]
Mouse: Yes!
Monitor: Just let me exit like so... and we're
home free. The Man is none the wiser.
Hard Drive: Sweet hack, Monitor.
Mouse: Yeah, but what about my cheese?
(all laugh)

Close Call

Hard Drive: Hi Diskette, hi Mouse. What's up?
Mouse: [giggles] Oh, nothing.
Diskette: He's just showing me the INTERNET!
Hard Drive: Weren't you on the Internet just a
few days ago? I thought I told you
to lay low for a while.
Mouse: Aw, they can't get me. I'm too good.
(telephone rings, breaking modem
connection)
Diskette: Shit! They must be on to us. Quick,
Mouse, get us out of here.
Mouse: I'm trying! [types feverishly] The
System is too strong!
Hard Drive: Damn it Mouse! I'm not losing you!
Mouse: I've got to try to break through
their binary barrier and deny them
access. [looks at Hard Drive and
Diskette] In essence, I've got to
close the window.
Diskette: So do it!
Mouse: [leans back in chair, slides cursor
up to corner of screen] Hold on to
your butts. [clicks and closes
window].
(silence)
Diskette: Are we out?
Mouse: We're out.
Hard Drive: Nice hack, Mouse.
Mouse: Anyone up for pizza?
(all laugh)

Hack Squad

Members



John Walsh AKA Hard Drive:
The senior member of the Hack Squad, was taking a word processing class at Woodburn Community College when he decided to drop out of the System and become a renegade underworld hacker.



Randy Walsh AKA Mouse:
Hard Drive's little brother, and shadow. Wherever Hard Drive goes, Mouse goes too. His specialty: the mouse.



Samantha Stone AKA Diskette:
A real pistol of a hacker, she joined the Squad after being released from prison. Her only crime: being addicted to freedom, and heroin. Also the on-again, off-again love interest of Hard Drive.



Mark Teston AKA Monitor:
He became disenchanted with the System after being terminated from his position in the video game aisle at Wal-Mart. He knows the System from the inside out.

Into the System

Hard Drive: Ballsy move, Monitor, coming back
to your old place in the System.
Monitor: It's the only way to take it down.
Asst. Mgr. Franklin: Why hello, Mark. Haven't seen you
for a while. How are things?
Monitor: We're just shopping Mr. Franklin.
We have that right as citizens of
the True Republic.
Asst. Mgr. Franklin: Of course, Mark. You and your
little friends are welcome here any
time. Say, I think I have something
you four would like. [opens game of
"Minesweeper"]
Diskette: What is it?
Asst. Mgr. Franklin: Oh just a little game. You kids
have fun, and watch out for bombs!
[Leaves aisle]
Monitor: Minesweeper indeed! If I know Mr.
Franklin, and I do because I once
worked for him, then he's presented
us with a deadly game we cannot
win.
Diskette: Then our only option-
Hard Drive: Is to diffuse the computer!
Monitor: We've got to. Quick, Mouse, crawl
under the computer and tell me what
we're looking at.
Mouse: Can do. [under computer] There's a
wire running to the clickety-clack
and this one goes to the word TV.
Hard Drive: Anything else?
Mouse: Yes! One more just disappears into
the wall.
Diskette: So which one do we pull?
Monitor: If I know Mr. Franklin, and I do
because he was once my immediate
supervisor, then he'd put the bomb
where I would somehow find it and
make a mistake so he could fire me.
Mouse: So which one!
Monitor: The clickity clack, Mouse, the
clickity clack.
(Mouse pulls cord, all flinch,
silence)
Diskette: You did it, Monitor!
Hard Drive: Gutsy hack, Monitor.
Mouse: I'm starving.
(all laugh)

THE CHAPPIE

wants to send you to

JAPAN



The Chappie is looking for people to send to Japan. Writers, Graphic Designers, Artists, Business Executives and Web Designers are all welcome.

Will we really send you to Japan? Clearly not. But we really do have a senior staff writer named Anne, she was really in Japan, and those are, for the most part, real emails. But we did not send her there. She went for academic reasons. Good academic reasons.

But we are not here to discuss the merits of going overseas.

We are here to discuss a humor magazine, and your future with this humor magazine. The Chappie does, in fact, have positions available in writing, art, business, graphic design and web design. No experience required.

YOU ARE INVITED TO...

**MEET THE STAFF PARTY:
Friday, Sept. 29th, 8 PM.**

**FIRST MEETING:
Wednesday, Oct. 4th, 8:30 PM.**

**MEETINGS:
Every Wednesday, 8:30 PM.**

The Chaparral office is on the 2nd floor of the Storke Publications Building.

E-mail oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu

From: Anne
To: The Oldboys
Subject: The Freshman Issue
Date: 05 Sept 2000

Hey there,

This is your trusty foreign correspondent.

I work for Toyota. I live in Toyota City, Japan. I eat Toyota food.

I have a Toyota safety outfit, too.

We have an exercise song every day at 1 pm.

Attached are some submissions for the Freshman Issue; the Japanese humor magazine you sent me to intern with refused all of them. They wouldn't tell me why.

Hope all is well in the office.

-Anne
P.S. The exercise song is playing right now.

From: The Oldboys
To: Anne
Subject: Re: The Freshman Issue
Date: 06 Sept 2000

Anne:

Thanks for the submissions. We're glad everything in Japan is going well. Tell our "sister" magazine that the writer they sent us in exchange for you is not working out so well: he refuses to write because we won't give him a "safety outfit" and we don't have a "safety song." We keep telling him that we are a humor magazine, not a factory, but he doesn't understand.

Thanks,
The Oldboys

From: Anne
To: The Oldboys
Subject: Re: Re: The Freshman Issue
Date: 07 Sept 2000

Hello again,

How late can we turn in submissions?

Toyota update:
July was Safety Month.
August was also Safety Month.
September is "Refresh our Sensitivity to Safety Month."

I was specifically warned, twice, not to stand in front of moving cars in the technical center.

There are also signs telling us not to walk down the staircases with our hands in our pockets.

As to the humor magazine, they said I made too many "blowjob" jokes. Oh well.

See you soon,
Anne

MOM, DAD: MEET THE REAL ME

During Parents' Weekend, it's tough to hide your dirty laundry. • Harmony June Celine

It's a Thursday evening in February, and my to-do list is a little different from the norm. Grab the vacuum. Take out the trash, and maybe the mystery insect buzzing around it will follow. Definitely remove those pictures of me not going to class. Try to schedule a round of golf for Dad...check the museum's hours for Mom...oh, and if there's room in the suitcase, maybe they can bring that old jewelry I was going to pawn for some much-needed fast cash.

It's parents weekend, one of the most anticipated events of the year, and not just because I am guaranteed free meals. This is my turf, the first turf I have ever had that doesn't have their name on the deed, and they want to see what is costing them \$32,000 a year. Freshman year, I was pretty nervous. I spent the night before conducting a thorough sweep of all incriminating items. The techno music? Stashed in a desk drawer. That rap album with all the curses and unsavory sexual references? You better believe that's going in the back of the closet. Those mp3's on my computer? Hidden in a secret folder (my parents think it's piracy!). Those copies of *The Anarchist's Cookbook* and *Naked Lunch*? Back on my roommate's smut shelf, where my parents will think they belong. The edible panties with edible garter? Well hidden behind those stacks of ramen. The boxcutter? Out of sight, under the rug.

As a last-ditch effort to look healthier and better rested, I used blush and concealer to mask the slash marks on my neck, the whip marks on my tushy and the stretch marks on my abdomen.

The thing is, in my phone calls and visits home I had presented a picture of my first few months at Stanford that was a little glossier than reality. Now that they were here at Stanford, I couldn't lie to them. I would just have to tell them the honest truth: my grades range from poor to embarrassing. I was unhealthy,



unmotivated, and lonely. I couldn't even look my parents in their loving eyes.

My parents didn't tell me how disappointed they were. Instead, they hugged me and took me to the Creamery for a malt. And on Sunday afternoon, they packed up the wagon and headed back to the suburbs.

I've grown a lot since then. I

have realized that I can't always make choices my parents would approve of. I have learned that college is a time for experimentation, and that parents understand that. I've learned that my parents will love me no matter what.

When my parents returned to the Farm this February, they found their sophomore daughter happier and calmer than the freshman they had visited a year earlier. And I found myself being more honest with them about what my life here is like. I told them that I am very racist now, and I know they understood. I told them that, yes, I do drugs. *Hard* drugs. Nose drugs. Needle drugs. I looked them in the face and said, with full confidence and no shame: Yes, Mom and Dad, I have STDs. *Hard* STDs. Chlamydia. Gonorrhea. Knowing now that all they wanted for me was happiness, I told them, boldly, that *I like anal sex. Rough, dry anal sex.* Finally, I dropped the bomb: I converted. I am a Jain now, I said with tears running down my face, and I ride around in a wheelbarrow to avoid unnecessarily killing insects

with my feet. *But it's a choice I made.* And I know they still love me.

So this time, as they loaded the car and told me to *please don't ever call again*, I looked back, happy to know that when it comes to letting go, we're doing just fine.

HARMONY JUNE CELINE, '02, is a *Comparative Literature major from NY.*

Don't be sad.



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