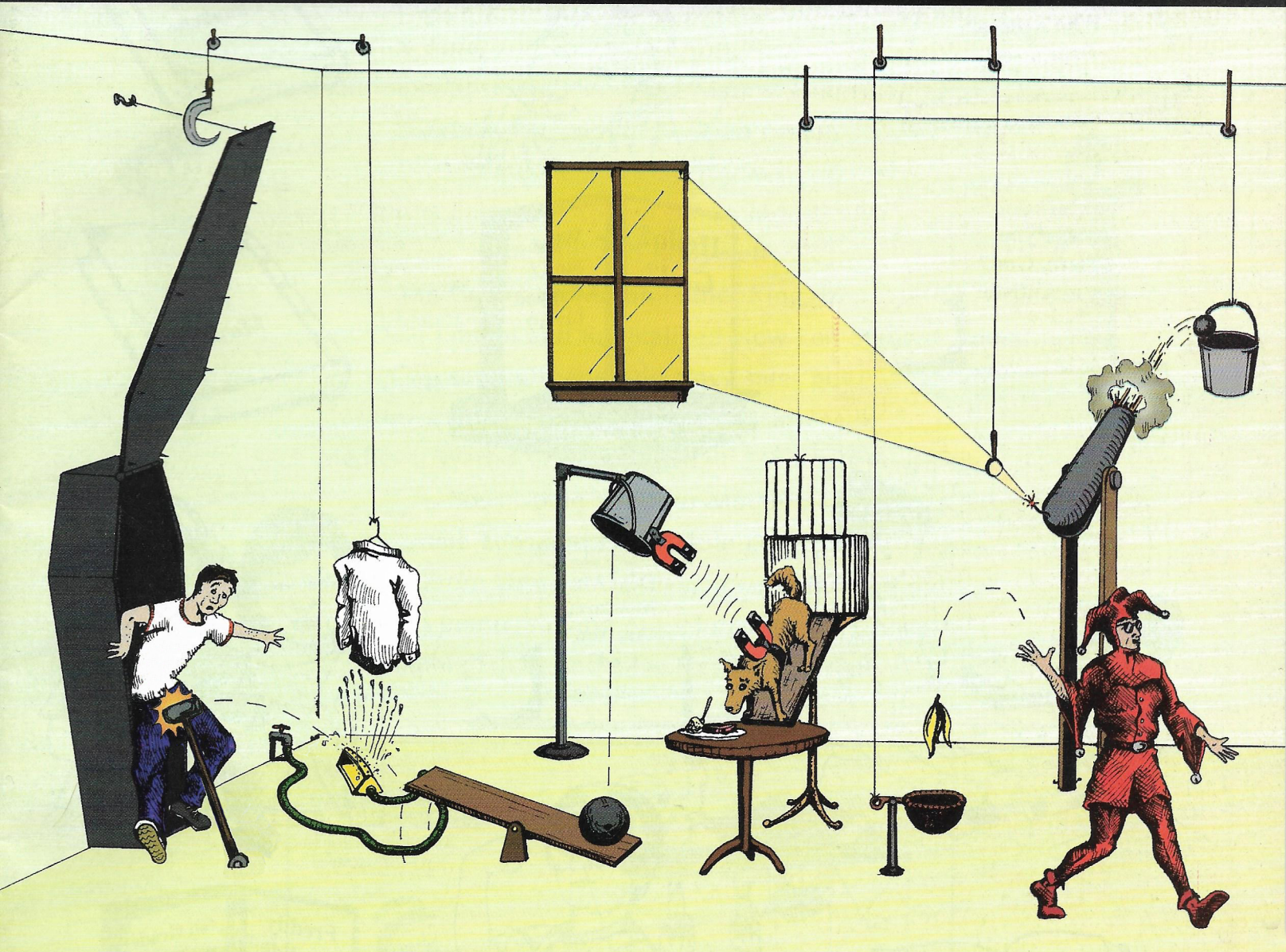
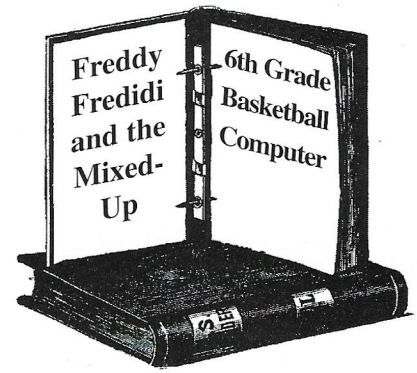
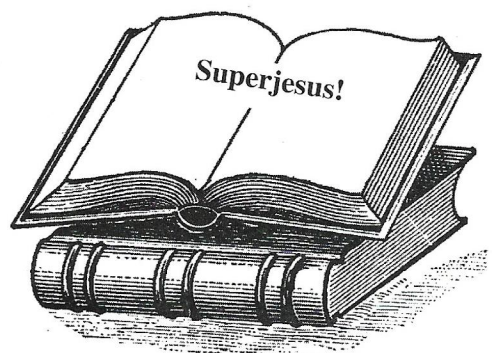
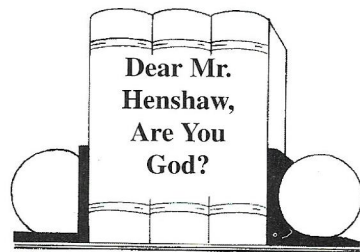
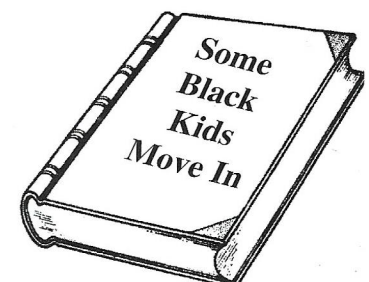
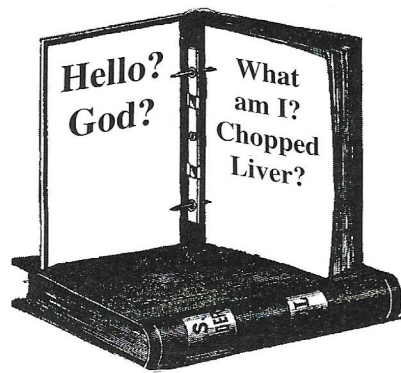
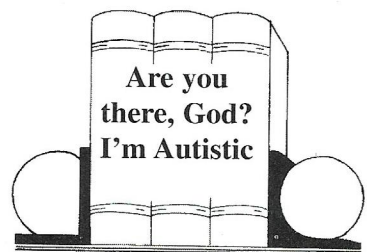
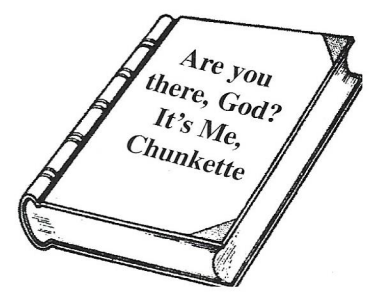
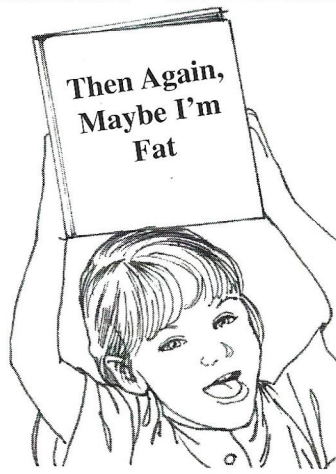
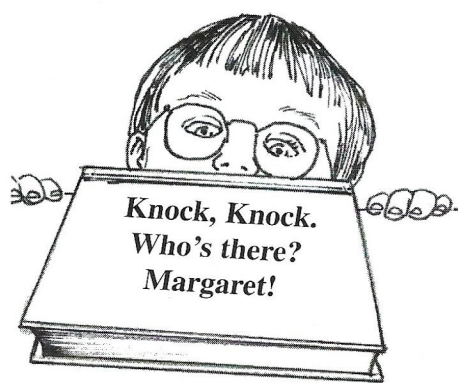


THE STANFORD
CHAPARRAL
THE HUMOR MAGAZINE



GAME

Story Time with Judy Blume



Bad Sexual Role Playing Games

American Soldier and 7 year old Vietnamese girl

Firefighter and Prime Minister of Canada

Elderly Person and Other Elderly Person

Bored Housewife and Spayed Alleycat

Social Outcast and Internet

Investment Banker and Head of Powerful Consulting Firm

Rich American and Mail Order Asian Bride

American Imperialist and Honduran Marxist Guerrilla Peasant

German Person and Austrian Person

Someone and Him/Herself

Opium Eater and Robber Baron Industrialist

Churchill and Roosevelt

Jim Crow and Martin Luther King, Jr.

New Deal Liberal and Radicalized New Left Student

Gap sales girl and Old Navy sales guy

Newspaper Editor and Mug of Warm Milk

Medieval Warhorse and Pretty Little Princess Pony

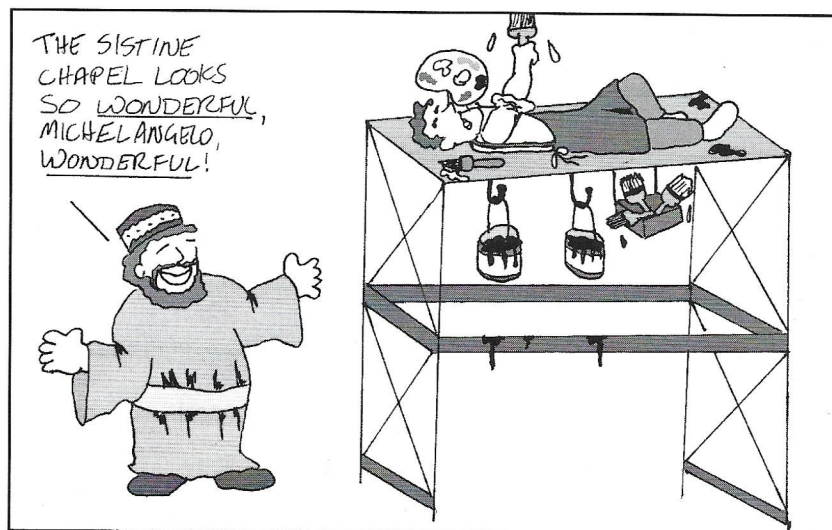
Your Uncle and Your Mother

Massive Camera Lens and Pretty Little Defenseless Image

Attractive Prom Dress and Pregnancy-distended Belly

Hungarian Immigrant and Anti-Hungarian INS Agent

Chappie Editor and New Freshman Writer



Michelangelo always silently resented Mr. D'Medici for being so incredibly patronizing.

STANFORD

Chaparral

NOVEMBER 25c 1946



BIG GAME NUMBER

C H A P A R R A L

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NOV 11, 2000

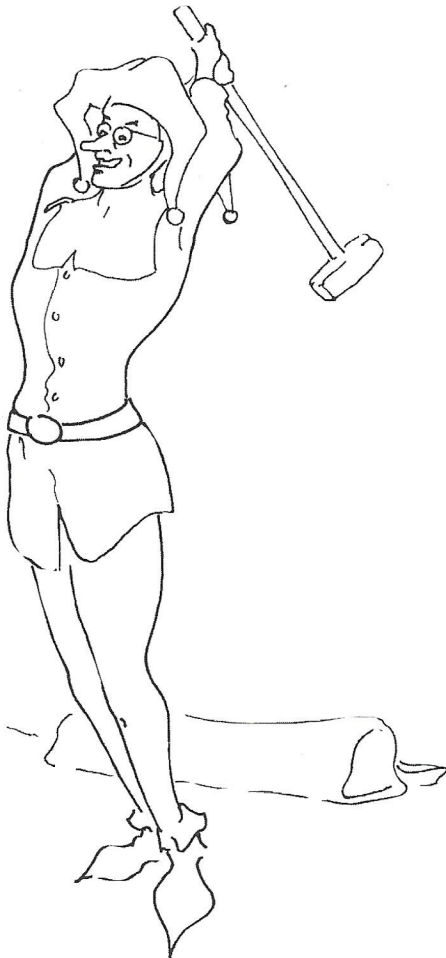
Art Credits:

Cover.....	Wilfong
Michelangelo Cartoon	Huetter
Table of Contents	Wilfong
Alpaca!	Steinberg
Thumb War Iwo Jima	Vasquez
Optical Illusions	Wilfong
Birthday Cartoon	Huetter
Dear William Drawing	Young
Bad Joke Cartoon	Huetter
Krysti Yamaguchi	Perry
Neighbors	Young



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9	Fortune Telling Follies	Lewis-Kraus, Perry
10	The Stapler Whisperer	Bender
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Dustin
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Vol. CII

November 11, 2000

No. 2

GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS '02

Thunderball Champion

JACOB YOUNG '02

Batting Cleanup

GEOFF SCHAEFFER '02

Deep Blue

BRENT FITZGERALD '01

Goalie

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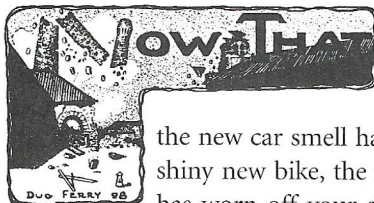
EUGENE PARK '98

THAN

NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT

ALL.

REFLECTIONS



the new car smell has worn off your shiny new bike, the new pants smell has worn off your shiny new pants, and the new roommate smell has worn off your shiny new roommate and settled itself into a comfy pocket of air in the corner of your room, this ancient jester may as well tell you the rules of

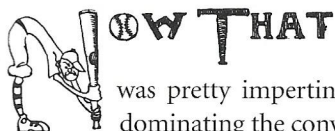
the Game. It's only fair, considering you've already been playing for quite some time.

There are no do-overs granted in the Game, not even to cherubic little sis's with pink bows in their curls and patent leather shoes on their tootsies, and especially not to big boys and girls with razors on their scooters and cells in their phones. A request for a do-over is usually met by a grin, a swift swing of the hammer, and a "Goodbye, Columbus."

Please come properly attired, equipped, and ready to play—there's nothing that infuriates this

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Old Boy more than a gamesman who leaves his titanium plated jockey strap buried in a locker. Lockers are appropriate for but two segments of the populace—the dead and raquetballing investment bankers named Johnson. The Game is already lost for these stuffed shirts, so they've no need to arrive prepared. But for those of you left with an eye for victory: a banana peel, a robot, and a handle of whatever cauterizes the patchy spots of your innards will serve you nicely.

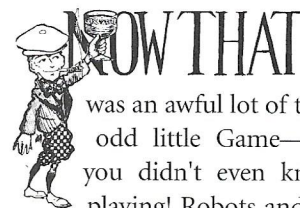


was pretty impertinent of me, dominating the conversation as if I were talking to myself. Go ahead, have a turn, ask a question, but be sure to raise your hand first. It will soften the blow. There is no taking of turns in the Game. There are no concessions or niceties. There is no defense, only offense, and everything is run no-huddle. So either learn to strike the hammer, or study up on taking a knock. But if you do realize the giddy path of the sledgeman, be certain to master the classic whistling, hands clasped behind the back walk away. No one ever suspects the whistler.

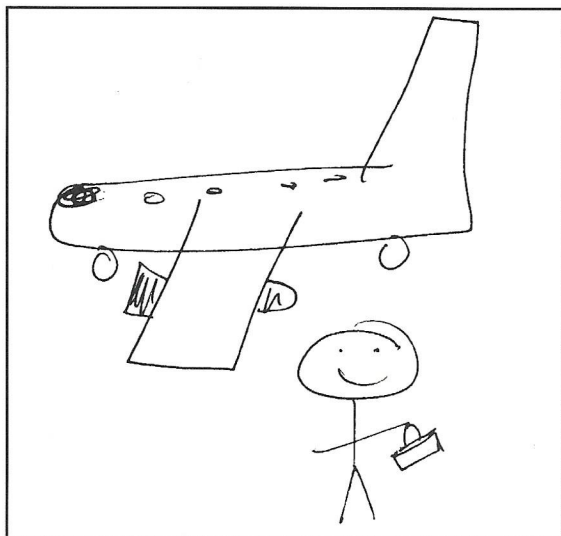
Relationships are a substantial and challenging area of the Game. You'd think this would be the easiest part, having managed relationships with someones and somethings for most of your life. But they are tricky bastards, relationships, even the ones you thought you could count on. Now your mother just wants to be your friend ("like, *best friend*") and your father won't return your obscene telephone calls. Do not abandon hope. The key to playing the Game in any relationship is persistent subtlety. A carefully placed compliment, a clever quip, or a particularly inspiring phallic symbol will aid your Game mightily. While they're admiring their shoes, or the joke, or the tower, give your relationship a good solid smash over the head with a hammer. Subtly, of course. And don't forget to whistle.

If you've been trained at all by your soccer mom and little league dad, you're asking: "What's my reward? Where's my ribbon? How much space should I clear away on my mantle or my bank account or my bed?" Keeping your eyes on the prize only makes it easier for the hammer to catch you. So before you scurry after the next best thing and open your arms to the cartoonishly enormous cardboard check, take a glance over your shoulder, because

chances are, someone who's been playing the game a bit longer than you has cast that tempting Banjo Minnow of easy money and good feeling. Concentrate on where you stand, it's not always as obvious as you might think. If you manage to discover your true position in the Game, you're halfway home—enjoy the feeling of second base. You've reached farther than most people get in the Game before having their eager hands slapped away.



was an awful lot of talk for such an odd little Game—and one that you didn't even know you were playing! Robots and whistling and hammers? Seems a bit much, but humor an old man just a while longer. There is one rule I forgot. You don't have to play singles in the Game; teammates are allowed. Here's a tip from a veteran. Pick the jester for your squad, the gangly fellow softly jingling in the back of the choosing line. Don't be fooled by the spectacles or the century-old frame. This Old Boy hits for power, average, and sets a mean hot foot.



I'LL PACK A...



ALPACA!

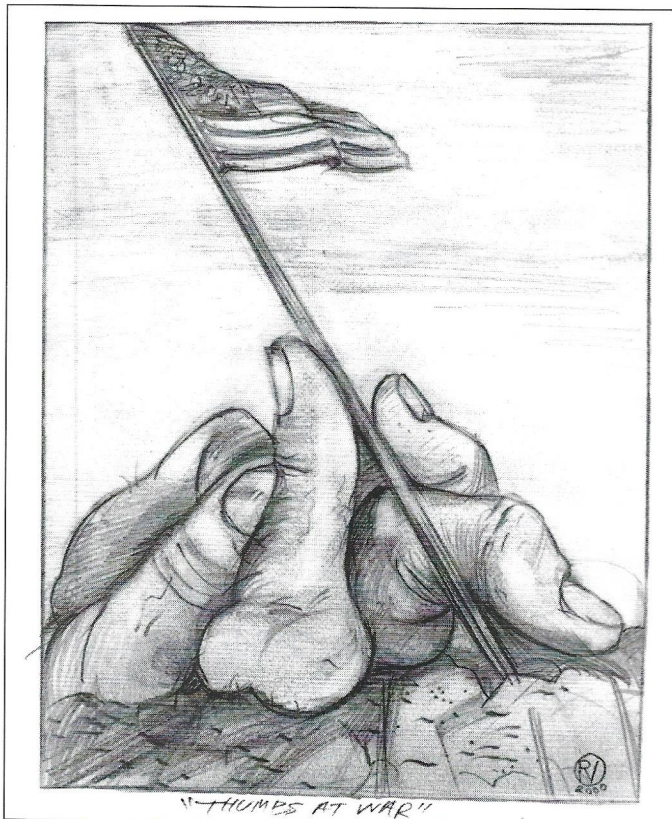
THUMB WARS

Thumb Vietnam War

The American thumb develops the Military-Industrial Thumb Complex and intervenes in a foreign war. The American Thumb uses its powerful palm—the "Nay-palm"—to attack the Other Vietnamese Fingers and Neighboring Asian Hands. The other fingers on the American hand begin taking drugs and holding protest rallies, figuratively and literally biting the hand that fed them.

Thumb Cold War

The fingers clash in Turkey and Eastern Europe to keep them from joining the other hand. One thumb denounces its Actor Fingers as traitors; the other sends its dissidents to fungus-infested work camps in the distant Shoe-lag Archipelago.



Thumb English Civil War

Land-owning Puritan thumbs dominated by Oliver Cromwell defeat the royalist thumbs. Radical groups of common thumbs circle among the others, scratching them occasionally and demanding universal suffrage. Soon, Cromwell outlaws cockfighting and Christmas and the other thumbs restore the royalty.

Thumb Star Wars

Two thumbs, one held under a deep shadow, hold laser-pointers. The thumb in sunlight becomes irritated and ventures towards the shadowed thumb, but a voice comes out of the air and warns it back. Neither thumb is startled by this, although they are surprised when the light thumb learns to block laser-pointers blindfolded.

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



NEW DEAL

"Hey, lil' chocolate, whatchou need? You cool? Hash, E, coke, heroin?"



NEW DEALER

FORTUNE TELLER FOLLIES

Palm Reader

- Palm Reader: Let me see your palm.
You: What does my future hold in store for me?
Palm Reader: Outlook not so good.
You: What does that mean? Can you be more specific?
Palm Reader: All signs point to yes.
You: What?
Palm Reader: My sources say no.
You: That's terrible.

Tarot Card Reader

- Tarot Card Reader: \$10 to start
You: Ok. I'll do it. What does my future look like?
Tarot Card Reader: [Puts down first card.] Ah. The King. This is good. Really really good.
You: That's Great! Tell me more.
Tarot Card Reader: And for myself, I draw a Sorcerer. I'll raise you \$5.
You: What does that mean?
Tarot Card Reader: [Puts down 2 more cards.] The Banshee for you. Another Sorcerer for me. You lose.
You: What do you mean I lose?
Tarot Card Reader: 2 Sorcerers beats the King. You lose. Give me your money.
You: What about my future?
Tarot Card Reader: I see you giving me another \$10 right now.

Crystal Ball Reader

- You: Can you tell me my future?
Crystal Ball Reader: Yes, please sit down.
You: So, where am I going to be in ten years?
Crystal Ball Reader: [Shakes ball in hand.] You live in the Sears Tower. There will be a horrible blizzard.

Telephone Psychic

- You: Hello?
Telephone Psychic: Hey, honey lips.
You: Is my wife cheating on me?
Telephone Psychic: Oh. So that's how you want to play it?
You: I suspect she's sleeping with my brother.
Telephone Psychic: And you want to pay her back, don't you, you dirty monkey?
You: Yeah...I want to get her back.
Telephone Psychic: What would you do to her? Tell me how you punish her. Pretend I'm her. Punish me.

THE STAPLER WHISPERER

He arrived unnoticed. It's funny—the things you remember. I was standing in the kitchen, cutting a green apple with a paring knife and looking out the window at our horse pasture. A warm breeze drifted through the window, and I suddenly heard a voice from behind me say, "I hear you've got a stapler with the heebie-jeebies."

The knife and apple fell from my hand; I was too startled to say anything. He took a cold, hard look at me before the jammed chestnut brown stapler on the table caught his eye. Sauntering over to it, all the harshness from his clear blue eyes melted into reverence and love. He picked up the stapler, cradling it in both hands, and brought it towards him. Drawing the stapler up to his face, he put it in his mouth and bit down until blood began running down his chin.

Now holding the stapler out in front of him, level with his face, he waited. Then, in a flash of silver, dozens upon dozens of staples flowed out from the chestnut brown stapler. They fell and struck the hard kitchen floor, spreading out like fireworks, sizzling as they skated across the tiles.

Placing the wet, bloody stapler back on the table, he looked at me once again, blood still running down his chin. "I think you'll be needing to buy some more staples," he said quietly, and then was gone.

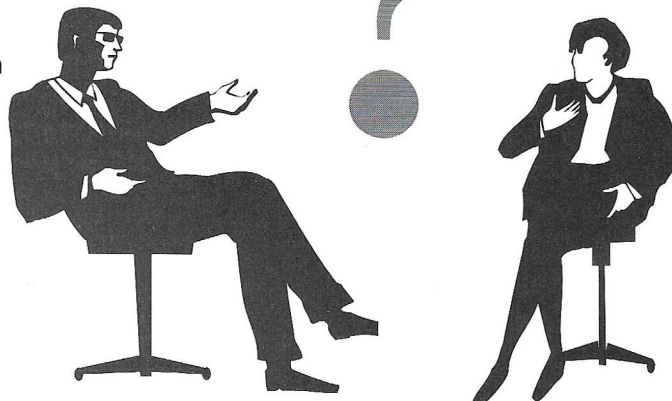
Did I Sexually Harass the Ma'am?

1.
**"Nice melons,
Ma'am."**

No, I did not sexually harass the Ma'am. I am a bag boy in a grocery store.

3.
**"Paper or
plastic,
Ma'am?"**

No. Again my job dictates that I say this.



2.
**"You forgot
this, Ma'am."**

Yes. What the Ma'am forgot, was to sex me.

4.
**"Anything
else, Ma'am?"**

Yes. Alas, the else is the Ma'am's sex.

Dealing with a
**MEDICAL
 EMERGENCY**



CASE 1

Student: I feel sick after Full Moon on the Quad. I've been lethargic and my pancreas has expanded to the size of an orange.

Cowell Health Professional: Okay, just lay down. Now, when did you last have unprotected sex?

Student: Never. I was just kissing Senior boys.

Cowell: Why do you insist on lying to me? Here, take some of this. [Gives student RU-486.]

Student: What is this? Some kind of mono medicine?

Cowell: Just swallow it.

[TWO HOURS LATER]

Student: Oh, my fucking fetus!



CASE 2

Student: I'm afraid I'm pregnant. I had unprotected sex last night. Can you run a pregnancy test, please?

Cowell: Okay, just lie down. Now, when did you last have unprotected sex?

Student: I already told you. Last night.

Cowell: Why do you insist on lying to me? I'm going to give you a pregnancy test.

Student: Fine.

[Cowell Health Professional reaches under table and removes coat hanger.]

Student: Hey! That's not a pregnancy test. What the hell are you doing?

Cowell: I have a hard time opening these RU-486 bottles. I can pry the top off with my trusty coat hanger. These things can do everything, can't they? Now, just swallow one of these and relax.

Student: When will I know if I'm pregnant?

Cowell: Um, yes.



CASE 3

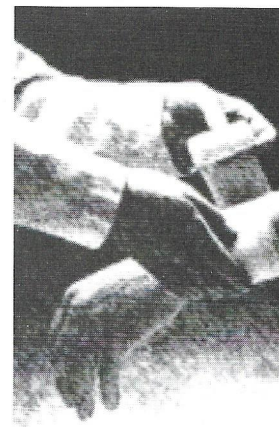
Cowell: You have a fever. Take one of these.

Student: Okay. Are these chewable? I can't swallow.

Cowell: Then how did you get pregnant?

Student: I'm not pregnant. Do you even understand how people get pregnant?

Cowell: No. Now take your pill. Maybe it'll shut that sass mouth of yours.



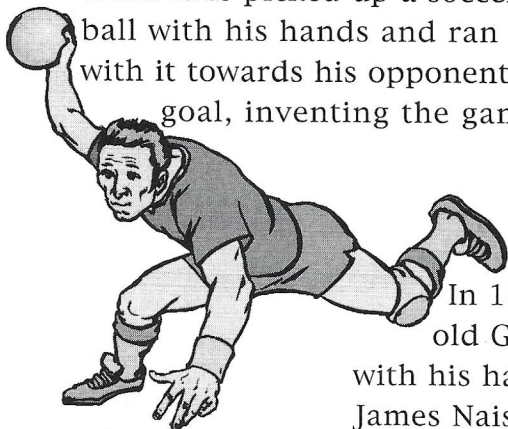
THIS SERIES IS CREATED FOR YOU BY COWELL STUDENT HEALTH SERVICE, STANFORD



CALL COWELL: 4-CARE (724-2273)

SPORTS SPINOFFS

In 1823 at the Rugby School in England, 16 year old William Webb Ellis picked up a soccer ball with his hands and ran with it towards his opponents' goal, inventing the game



In 1825 at the American Football School in England, 18 year old William Webb Ellis put down a rugby ball and proceeded to play with his feet only, inventing the game of American Football.

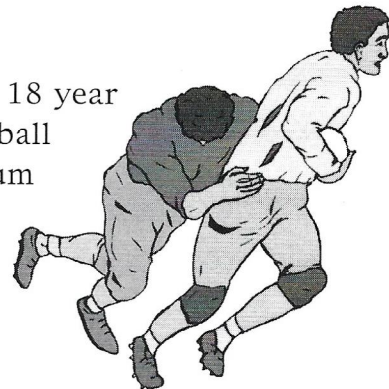
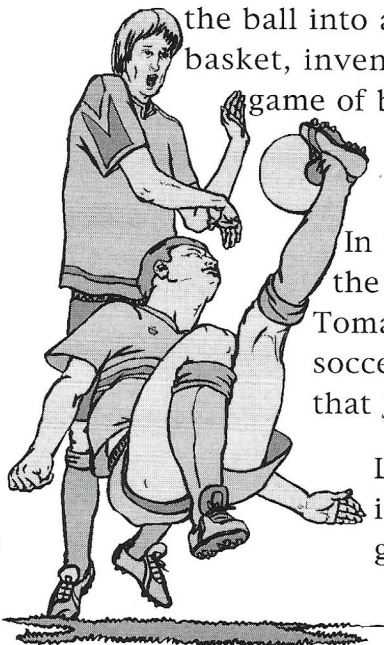


In 1827 at the Basketball School in England, 18 year old Geoffrey Bennington picked up a soccer ball with his hands and threw a bounce pass to his chum James Naismith. Sixty years later, Naismith threw

In 1835 at the Football School in England, 19 year old Sotheby Shroppingshire picked up a wild boar during the annual school rodeo, killed it with his bare hands, sewed its skin together in an obloidal shape, and threw a tight spiral to his bewildered friend Michaelham Bartlesby, inventing the game of football.

Later that day, Bartlesby kicked the ball into a tennis net, inventing Arena Football. This was at the Arena Football School in England. Arena Football would not catch on.

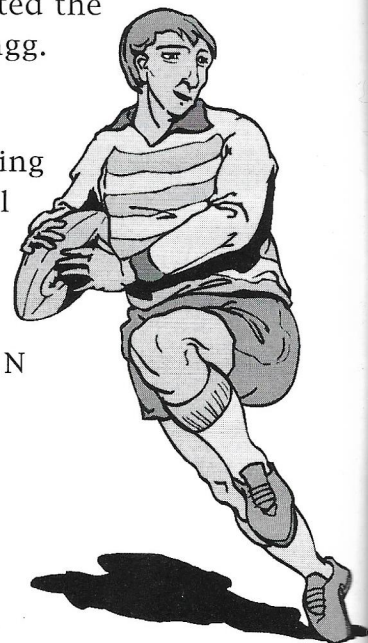
the ball into a peach basket, inventing the game of basketball.



In 1840 at the England School in England, 15 year old Tomathan Goldsteinwellingham threw down a soccer ball in anger after his mother told him that Jewish boys don't play football.

Later, Mrs. Goldsteinwellingham went inside and invented the game of Mah Jongg.

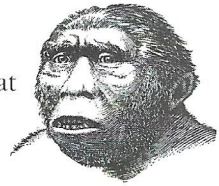
In 1845 at the Raging Rapids Water Park School in England, 17 year old Cromwellington Brooks put down a giant caber toss log on a nearby Slip N Slide, inventing the Log Flume.



In 1848 at the Russian School in England, 40 year old Karl Marx picked up a soccer ball with his hands and told his coach he felt alienated by cutthroat competitive games, inventing non-competitive sports. Later, they will appeal to only Carol Gilligan's caricatures of women.

The History of Skeet Shooting

2500 BC Thor, an early caveman, throws a rock into the air in the hopes of felling a pterodactyl. His brother, Gor, throws a pointy stick at the same bird. The stick hits the rock, giving birth to skeet shooting. Pterodactyl escapes, Thor and Gor die of starvation.

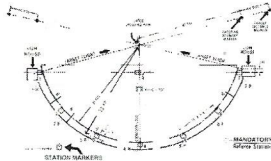


33 AD



Jesus crucified for trying to reform Jewish skeet shooting laws. Jesus travels countryside preaching that the current Pharisean skeet shooting hierarchy is corrupt, and offers instead a form of skeet shooting based on an ethic of agapistic love. Performs famous miracle of the skeet, where he turned one skeet pigeon into a thousand shards of skeet pigeon.

1212 AD

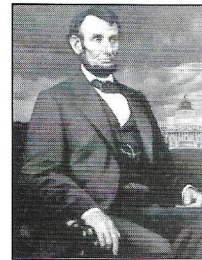


Magna Carta includes skeet shooting provision. It reads as follows: There shall no skeet ere there be skeet shooting in thar Queen's England wilt not thou shoot the skeet on a regular basis.

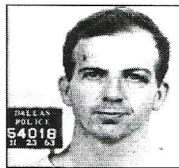
1776

Skeet shooting gains popularity in the colonies. England responds with infamous Skeet Tax. Colonists retaliate with Boston Skeet Party, when colonists dressed up like skeet birds and shot themselves. A confused England removes tax. Francis Scott Key witnesses "skeet bursting in air," writes national anthem.

1865



President Lincoln killed in terrible skeet shooting accident in the Ford Theater. South no longer allowed to shoot skeet indoors, especially around slaves.



Lee Harvey Oswald, skeet shooting miracle worker, is born.

1930

Invention of the water gun propels skeet shooting into the future, but skeet shooting purists protest against the new format, claiming that the mouths of cartoonish clown faces are far less dignified than concrete discs.

1970

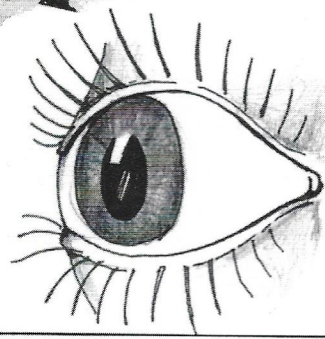
1984

"Who shot JR?" craze sweeps America. Many ask the question. Will more shows base their plots on skeet shooting?

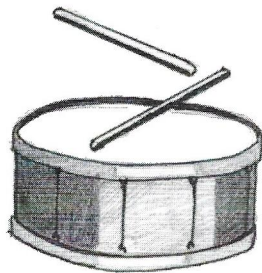
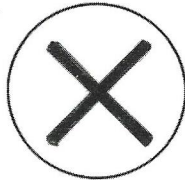
1986

Challenger explosion occurs. NASA calls it the worst skeet shooting accident in history. Charlton Heston, president of skeet shooters of America at the time, has no comment.

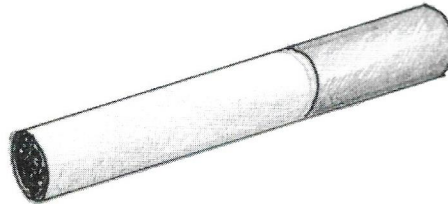
TRICKS OF THE EYE!



Look at these two lines. Look closer. Think they cross, right? Better wipe off those glasses poindexter, cause these drumsticks are parallel!



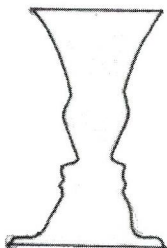
Looks like a circle, does it? You should really go back to school, kindergarten baby, and learn to smoke a CIGARETTE.



A Sphere?



You are so stupid you only get a HALF SPHERE.



Seen this guy before?



How about now?



That is my neighbor, Rob. Bet you know him now, chump!

O H Y E A H N E A T O S H I T T W O
 I N A R O W V I O L A T E S M Y Q U
 O T A F O R R A N D O M F I L L E R
 L E T T E R S L I F E W A S G O O D
 U N T I L H I G H L I G H T S M A G
 A Z I N E S H A F T E D M E I C O U
 L D N T E V E N D O H I D D E N P I
 C T U R E S I F Y O U G I V E A T H
 O U S A N D A P E S A T H O U S A N
 D T Y P E W R I T E R S T H E Y W I
 L L R E P R O D U C E A L L O F S H
 A K E S P E A R E S P L A Y S I A M
 A M O N K E Y T O Y O U J U S T L O
 O K O U T F O R T H O S E I M P O S
 S I B L E B A C K W A R D D I A G O
 N A L F U C K E R S H A H A H A H A
 H A H A I W A N T A S A N D W I C H



Word Search!

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| basket | cookie |
| picnic | tree |
| lemonade | blanket |
| sandwich → | sunshine |
| frisbee | rainbow |
| ants | apple juice |
| hot dog | cuddles |
| smiles | friendship |
| birds | grass |



I HOPE I GET
JOHNNY'S PARENTS!
THEY'RE DREAMY!



Like many other 1970s fads, parents-switching birthday "key parties" would not survive.

Best Friends



Son: Mom, you wanted to see me?

Mom: Yes, son. Come sit down here. [he sits] No, not that close. Good.

Son: What's up, mom?

Mom: Well, I've been doing a lot of thinking lately...

Son: [confused] Thinkin' 'bout what, Mom?

Mom: About... about us, about our relationship and me and my life.

Son: [bewildered] What do you mean?

Mom: This is really hard to say. I guess—it's just—maybe it would be better if we were, you know, just friends.

Son: I don't understand.

Mom: See—this is so hard—I love you so much. You know I love you, right? [he nods.] I love you so much, but I don't think that this relationship is fulfilling my needs right now. But I still really want to be friends with you, like, really good friends. But not like Mom-Son anymore, you know? Just friends. Because your friendship is so important to me.

Son: I don't understand... you're leaving me?

Mom: No, no, I'm still going to be part of your life and everything, but I just, I don't know, I think I need some time off. Some time apart, so I can think about things.

Son: I can't believe this.

Mom: I know, neither can I. But it's what I have to do right now. It's not about you, it's about me. Really. This has much more to do with me than it does with you. I still love you so much, but I just need something different out of our relationship right now. I feel like I need you as a friend. It's not about you, you're wonderful.

Son: [starting to cry] I don't get it, how can you do this to me? I thought that everything was going so well. Just last week when you drove me to soccer practice in the minivan, I felt so close to you.

Mom: Oh, don't cry. I'm still going to take you to soccer, but I also might take other little boys to their soccer practices, too.

Son: [crying] But it's not fair. I thought you'd be my mom forever. That's what we said, right?

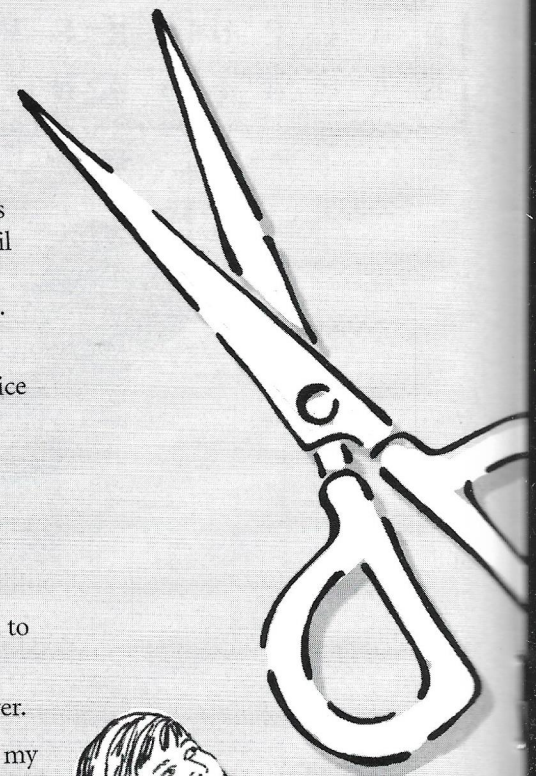
Mom: Yes, we did say that. But things change, and people change, and I can't commit to being your mom right now.

Son: No, I'll change, I swear. I'll be so good from now on, I won't make you mad ever.

Mom: I told you, this is about me. It's too late for you to change; I've been talking to my therapist and she says that we have a very unhealthy relationship that I have to get out of. We have some real codependence issues, and I feel like I am spending a lot of time and energy taking care of you—time that isn't reciprocated. I don't feel like you are putting as much into this relationship as I am. I feel taken advantage of, and exploited. But that's not your fault. It's also my fault. But I have to protect myself and take my life back for myself.

Son: [crying violently] This can't be happening. I can't believe it. You can't do this.

Mom: It's not about you, it's about me. And I still really want to be friends. Like, best friends.



Dear William,

Dear William,
I have a confession to make. Sometimes, when you are at work, toiling at that job that is clearly beneath you, I sneak into your closet. I run my fingers along your shirts, your suits, and sometimes, if I'm feeling dangerous, I try them on. I love your smell.

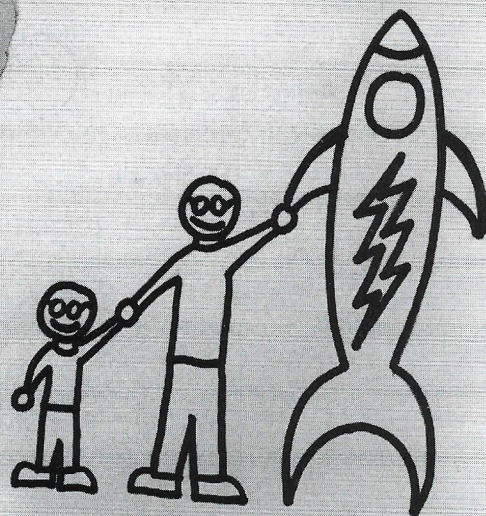
Dear William,
I saw you again last night. Through the keyhole of the door to the room you share with that woman. I must say, you were wonderful. Every caress, every kiss, every touch, sent shivers across my own alabaster skin. I have learned much in the ways of satisfying a woman.

Dear William,
Your mind excites me. You are clearly faster than those pseudo-intellectuals who besmirch the hallowed stage of "Jeopardy." Someday, it will be you bantering with Mr. Trebek, securing a fortune in cash and prizes. The rest of your family whines to watch "Roseanne." They are bastard-shits.

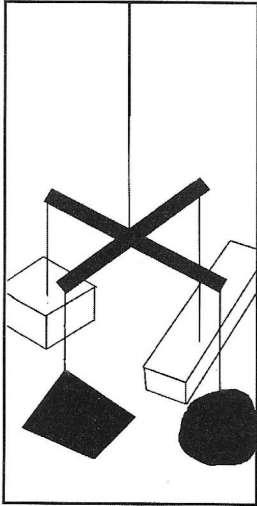
Dear William,
Why must you tease me so? It was to be just the two of us this week, you and I alone at last in the Magic Kingdom of Disney. But you brought the "Family," didn't you, William? You had better be careful, William, I can throw a devastating tantrum. And I know you wouldn't like my tantrums, William.

Dear William,
I want to thank you for coming to my baseball game this past weekend. Just knowing you were in the stands, rooting for me, filled me with a fire and a sense of pride I had never known before. Thank you for taking me out for ice cream afterwards, too.

Dear William,
You would have been proud of me today. This absolute heathen, Bobby, had the gall to say that his father was more powerful than any man, even you. Oh, I taught him a lesson, William, a very painful lesson. I also painted you this. This is you, and this is me, and this, William, this is a rocketship.



WHAT CHILDREN CAN LEARN FROM...



Black & White Geometric Mobiles Hanging Above Crib

* *The relationships between points, lines and planes can be generalized into laws, postulates and logical theorems.*

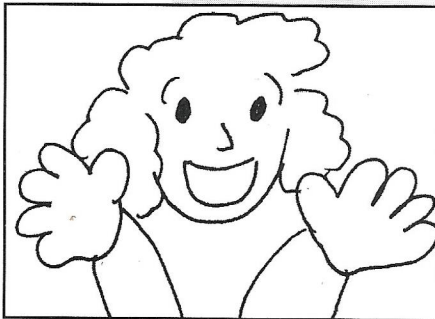
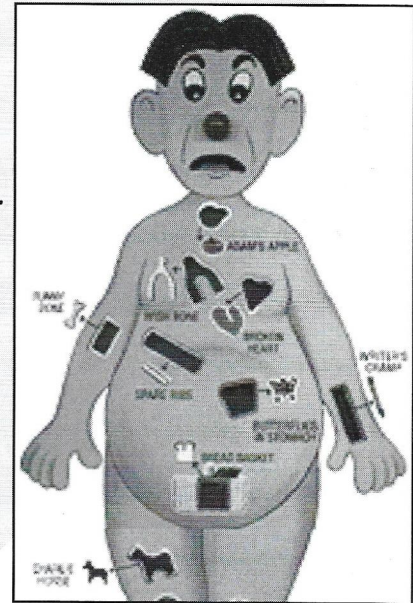
* *The South is a place teeming with hatred, yet is an inescapable part of American culture.*

The Game

"Operation"

* *Human life is fragile and amusing to toy with.*

* *Death is indicated by a lit red nose.*



peek-a-boo

* *Time and reality are relative.*

* *Many peoples' reasons for having children are selfish and shallow.*

Jodie Foster's 1994 Oscar Acceptance Speech

* *Cruelty may be very cultural and it may be very human, but it is not very acceptable.*

* *Jodie Foster is a patronizing bitch.*

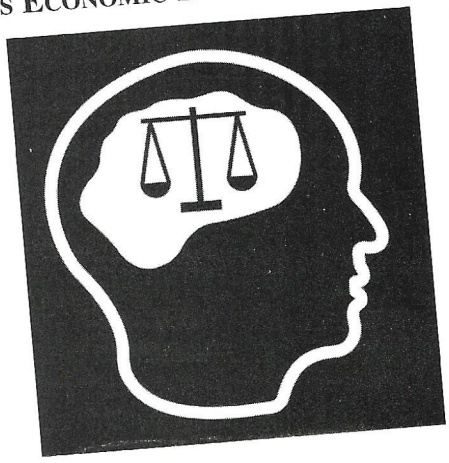


Ballpark Memories

"This one time, I was at that game back in the '70s when Rick Monday beat the shit out of those guys who tried to burn the American flag. One of the guys ended up bleeding on the charred flag, so I guess symbolically it meant something... something American. American as apple pie. Like baseball." — Jimmy Gordon

ECONOMICS 278: INTRODUCTION TO GAME SHOW THEORY AND ITS ECONOMIC IMPLICATIONS

Fall, 2000
Professor Greif
MWF 1:15-3:05
Econ Bulding, rm. 116



Syllabus

Introduction: In this class, we will be examining an important part of modern economics: Game Show Theory. Game Show Theory investigates how rational agents interact and make decisions, maximizing utility while on various Game Shows.

Unit 1: Supermarket Sweep. In this Game Show, rational agents are introduced to a world without typical constraints like money and propriety, and are then encouraged to procure for themselves the costliest items in the store. Game Show Theory will predict that rational agents will go for the meat aisle first. We will then use Game Show Theory to construct various hyperbolic meat-modeling curves, and we will examine the process of meat-maximization. Social implications of meat-maximization discussed.

Unit 2: Family Feud. Here, we will use Game Show Theory to test a more complicated example of a Game Show. Family Feud is both a co-operative and a non-cooperative Game Show, so we will have to apply Fourier transformations to the utility-maximizing functions of the rational agents, called "Families," involved. Questions addressed: what should a rational agent do when faced with a utility-minimizing, or "stupid," cousin? Game Show Theory examines what the utility-maximizing "survey says" under quadratic coefficient constraints.

Unit 3: Scrabble. Game Show Theory applied to the study of stoppers. We will plot hyperbolic-discounting stopper-minimizing curves. We will examine the implications for stopper-minimization in everyday life. Can we as a society use co-operative measures to collectively avoid stoppers? We conclude that a society grounded on stopper-minimization would thrive.

Unit 4: Press Your Luck. Same as Unit 3, only we plot typical whammy-minimization functions.

Unit 5: Wheel of Fortune. We use Game Show Theory to examine several possible constraints. How do rational agents maximize utility when it appears that Pat Sajak has control over bankrupting the rational agents? Finally, we will investigate the "R S T L N E" theory of utility-maximization, and the social implications of widespread adoption of the "R S T L N E" theory.

Games Scandals

In its storied history, the Olympic Games have been tarnished by scandal. Who can forget Ben Johnson, stripped of his gold medal in 1988? But it doesn't take the world's biggest sporting stage to produce scandal. Lesser known athletic competitions have suffered their own moments of shame. Here are a few of the more devastating.

X-Games

1999: A tragic year for the sport of skateboarding as two of its stars are lost to scandal. Blood work on Jared Kutchech reveals abnormally low levels of THC; after correctly signing his name, rumors surface that Kyle Manheim attended college.

Maccabi Games

1984: Herschel Schliemenberg sends shockwaves through the Jewish athletic community when he withdraws from basketball's "Dream Team" following accusations of foreskin.

2000: After leaving a 15.12% gratuity at a local Chinese eatery, Jakob "Shecky" Sheckenstein's eligibility is temporarily suspended, pending an investigation into his tipping habits.

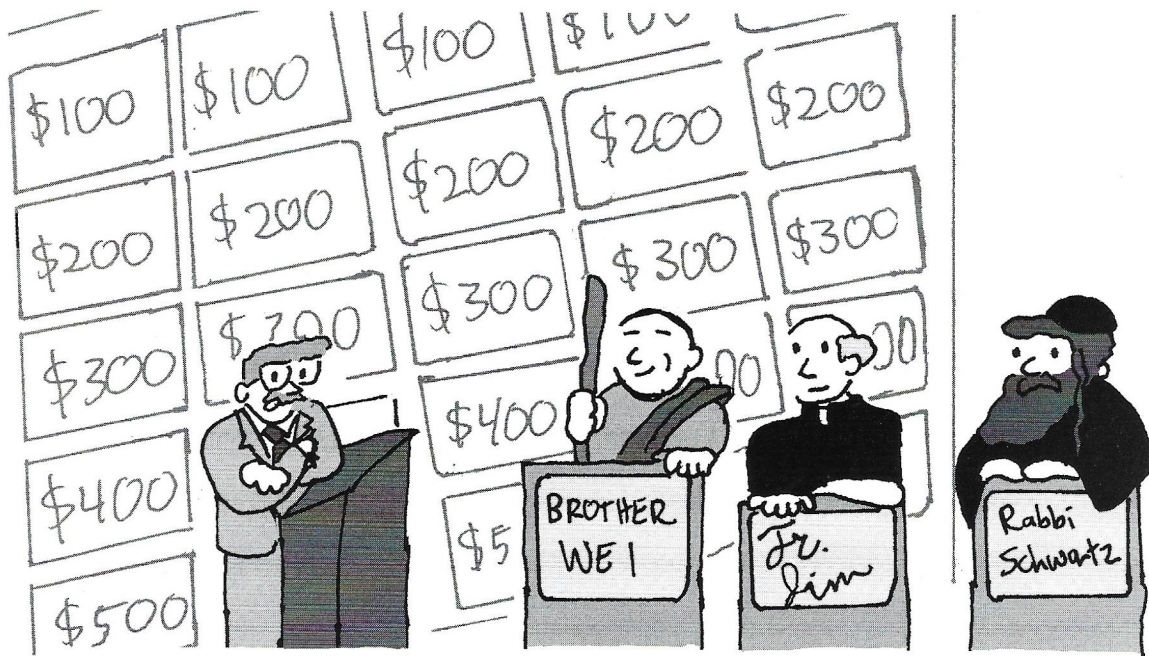
Gay Games

1992: Scandal erupts when an observer notices that sprinter Biff Manard's leg warmers clash with his tank-top. A subsequent investigation finds that, despite one drunken night in college, Manard is actually heterosexual.

Special Olympics

1976: Lars Mindenschlot is disqualified from the 70 meter really low hurdles after DNA testing reveals that he is not retarded, but merely Scandinavian.

1980: A well-known swimmer, Mike "Thkp" Hanwell is found to be unretarded; he merely has an oversized tongue.



"THIS HAS ALL THE MAKINGS OF A BAD JOKE."

The Stories Behind the Stories of The Games



On August 15, 1996, for her Olympic performance, Kristine Lilly's hometown of Wilton, Connecticut honored her with a parade. Close to 300 people attended, including the mayor. Road signs entering her town read, "Welcome to Wilton--Home of Kristine Lilly, 1996 Olympic Gold Medalist."

Good Paul Graber's hometown of Lancaster, Pennsylvania did not hear how he did in the Olympics as it rejects the ungodly modern influences of television, radio, newspapers, road signs, and acknowledging-what-is-going-on-around-them. He described his performance personally two years later, when his horse-drawn carriage completed the return trip from Sydney.

Norman Dayton's home of Struggling-Rural-Town, Vermont watched his Olympic triumph while gathered together around a small black-and-white television in a modest and clearly struggling family-run bar. The celebrated by laughing, crying, and cheering to montages of Norman hugging his coach set to cuts of emotionally-charged music. Struggling-Rural-Town and its road signs were then torn down to make way for the set of *Urban Legends 3*.



Maria Chepba's hometown of Byumba, Rwanda celebrated her Olympic performance by splitting a Coke. Ninety-six children starved and eight women died in childbirth; Nike offered to sponsor Chepba and gave her a logo sweatshirt. Road signs entering the town were removed by Peace Corps volunteers Matt Walker and Mike Jenkins, because "they'd look pretty sweet in the J-Dawg's rec-room."

For his debut in the 2000 Olympics, Miguel Fittoria's home country of East Timor honored him with an overthrow of the military government, the overthrow of the provisional revolutionary government, and the execution of a legion of UN peace keepers. Road signs entering the country were blasted apart by guerilla warfare.

Following Naoko Takahashi's victory in the women's marathon, Japan and its road signs were covered in pictures of the runner. Teenage girls bought running shoes, cut their hair, and had plastic surgery to look more like her, and two cartoon programs were created featuring Takahashi playing with oversized penguins. Takahashi returned from Sydney a week later, by which time her name had been forgotten and her pictures covered with advertisements for a dubbed version of *Urban Legends 3*.

LIARS AND TRUTHTELLERS AND PROSTITUTES

Question: You are on an island that is inhabited only by liars, truthtellers, and prostitutes. You would like to meet a prostitute. What should you ask a native in order to ensure that you meet a prostitute?

Answer: Ask "What would a native with the opposite truth system say if asked where the nearest prostitutes are?" and then do the opposite of what they tell you.

Question: Your boss wants you to identify which members of his prostitute stable are liars and which are truthtellers. How should you go about this?

Answer: Ask the prostitutes how much they charge for sex. The liars will answer "nothing." By the definition of a prostitute, prostitutes always charge for sex.



Question: You meet an individual who might or might not be a prostitute. This individual cannot communicate with you. How can tell if this individual is a prostitute or not?

Answer: Assume that the individual is not a prostitute and have sex with them. Afterwards, the non-prostitute will summon their pimp to demand payment for the service. This causes a contradiction, because non-prostitutes neither have pimps nor charge for sex. The initial assumption is thus false and the individual is a prostitute.

Question: Your boss once again needs your help. It seems that some non-prostitutes have found their way into his prostitute stable. How can you determine who the truthful prostitutes are?

Answer: Reduce this to an already solved problem by asking all of the non-prostitutes to leave.

Question: You are a prostitute that can't decide between being a liar or a truth teller. How do you decide this question?

Answer: Loudly state that you are going to wear sensible business attire to work. Put on a trashy outfit. You are a lying prostitute.

Adventure of the Neophyte Role Players



Gilbert, Herbert, Marvin, Eugene get together in Gerald's garage to start a role playing game club. They have never played such games before.

The Setup

Gilbert: Okay, I will be the Dungeon Master, okay guys?

Herbert: What does that mean?

Gilbert: Well that's obvious [chortle]. That I am the Master of the Dungeon.

Gerald: But this isn't a dungeon, it's just my garage.

Eugene: Maybe we should move to the basement.

Gilbert: Can I be the Basement Master, then?

[They move to basement.]

Game 1

Gilbert: As Dungeon Master, I command you to throw the Two Alchemist-Pure White Dice of 6 Equal Sides with Ravensclaw Indentations.

Eugene: Oh, this is so exciting. Okay, I got a 5 and a 4.

Gilbert: As Master of this Dungeon, I command you to advance directly to Jail. You are permitted no trespassing in the Mythical Demi-World of Go, and you may not collect your Two Hundred Dollar Hit Points. And for the last time, the Half-Orc piece is the car, not the shoe.

Game 2

Marvin: I have a guess. Was it Professor Plum, the Runecaster of Druid Lore, in the Krynn World of the Serpent's Conservatory with the Golden Demi-Gnome's Candlestick?

Gilbert: As the Gate Keeper, the Glorious Keeper of the Gate of the Demi-Orc, also known as Garland Thorne the Paladin, I sentence you to the loss of 15 Magic Alchemy Points for your incorrect guess.

Marvin: Gee, I didn't even know that this game had Magic Alchemy Points.

Gilbert: The Master of the Gate-Keeping commands you to silence.

Game 3

Herbert: I have brought a new Game World. Here.

Gilbert [looks at box]: As the Ticket-Distributor at the Official Gate, I command all of you young Warriors, Paladins and Monks to enter ... the Land of the Candy.

Game 4

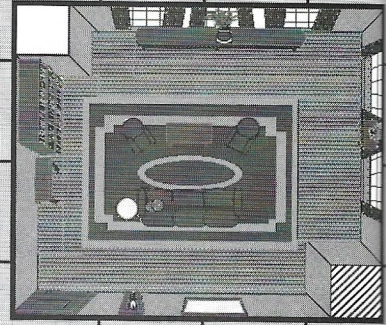
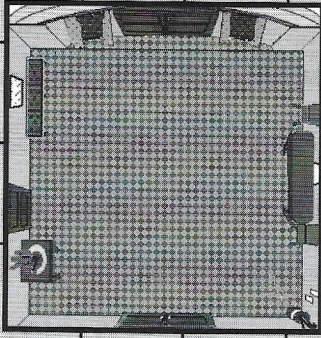
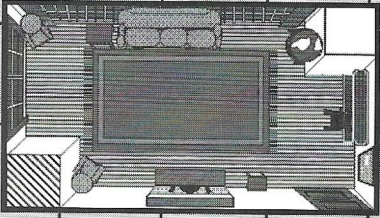
Marvin: Now it's my turn. What do I do, oh Regal Keeper of all Gates that Must Be Kept?

Gilbert: Young Knight of Solamnia, Demi-God of the Orcs, you must now throw all 6 of the Infinitely Tri-Dimensional Dice That Have Six Infinite Faces. You must throw them from the Deep Chasm of the Red Plastic Cup.

Marvin: Yahtzee! I win!

Gilbert: Not so fast. You must pass the trial of the Dragon.

Dragon: I shall defeat you.



TURN 1: It seems that the oddly-named Mr. Boddy has been murdered, and my color-coded companions and myself have been summoned to the premises immediately to begin aimlessly wandering around the house.

TURN 2: I have always thought it odd that Mr. Boddy divided his floor into discreet "spaces," and that even after death we must respect his paranoid wishes and only move one to six steps at a time. I always told him that the tenets of feng shui discourage two-dimensionality and its poor energy flow.

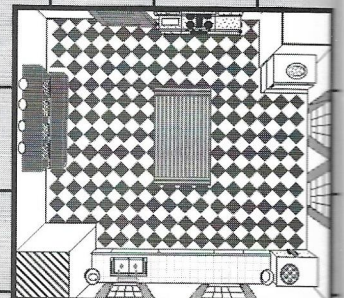
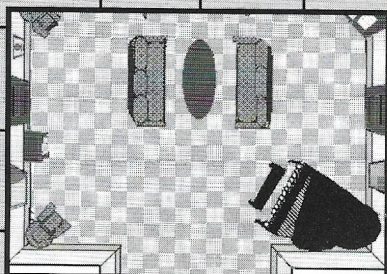
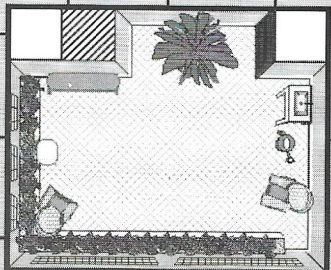
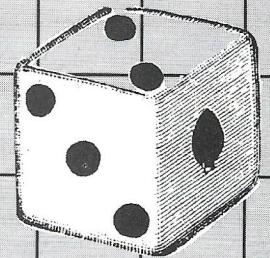
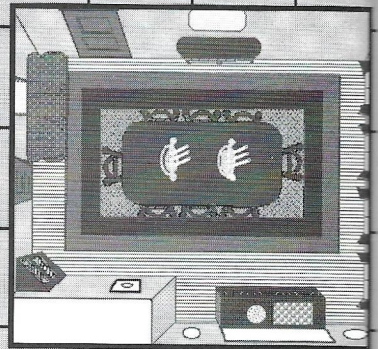
TURN 3: Miss Scarlet finds a Guedes rifle and shrapnel debris embedded in the walls of the Conservatory, the apparent scene of the crime. Who would have the audacity to brandish antique weapons from the Anglo-Boer war? Only Colonel Mustard and his paramilitary cult, the infamous Dijonaise Resistance.

TURN 4: I decide to take the secret passage from the Basement to Risk's Kamchatka. I need to raise an army to defeat Mustard and his dastardly dijon extremists, and Boddy's mansion, despite its paucity of weapons, was no place to start. Miss Peacock, who turns out to be a certain Mr. Peacock in high heels and fake eyelashes, persists in tagging along, telling me he won't accept my "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" policy.

TURN 5: A cadre of unarmed roman numerals have somehow defeated me, trapping me inside of Australia and New Guinea. I find myself defenseless against their cunning military strategy of standing motionless nearby me.

TURN 6: The end seemed certain. But suddenly, in a brave act of self-sacrifice, Mr. Peacock provided a distraction ample enough to throw the invading roman numerals into a state of utter bafflement. Just before escaping back to Mr. Boddy's Basement, I nearly met my end at the hands of one of the platoon's thugs. As I stared into his cold, blue alphanumeric face, I regretted ever quarreling with Mr. Peacock, the most honorable man I ever met.

TURN 7: I emerged stealthily from the Basement, but to my horror, found the whole house empty, the evidence removed and no sign of my incorrigible companions. As I slid orthogonally through the empty hallways, I thought I could still smell Mr. Peacock's perfume in the air, but perhaps that was just the outrageous fancy of my hateful, tender plastic heart.





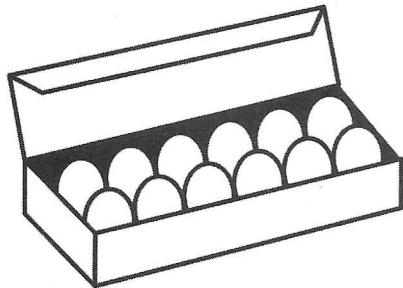
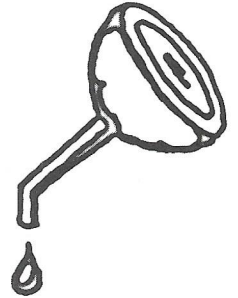
Great Accomplishments by Journeyman Athletes

8/9/84 Lance Mulliniks goes 2-5 with 2 singles, becoming the first player to record at least 50 hits with 6 different teams.

5/27/77 Bernie Carbo pulls his socks down, ending the horrible high sock trend/debacle of the mid-seventies.

7/18/87 "Oil Can" Boyd earns nickname "Oil Can" after Roger Clemens throws oil can at his head and bubbling crude emerges from the wound (in his head).

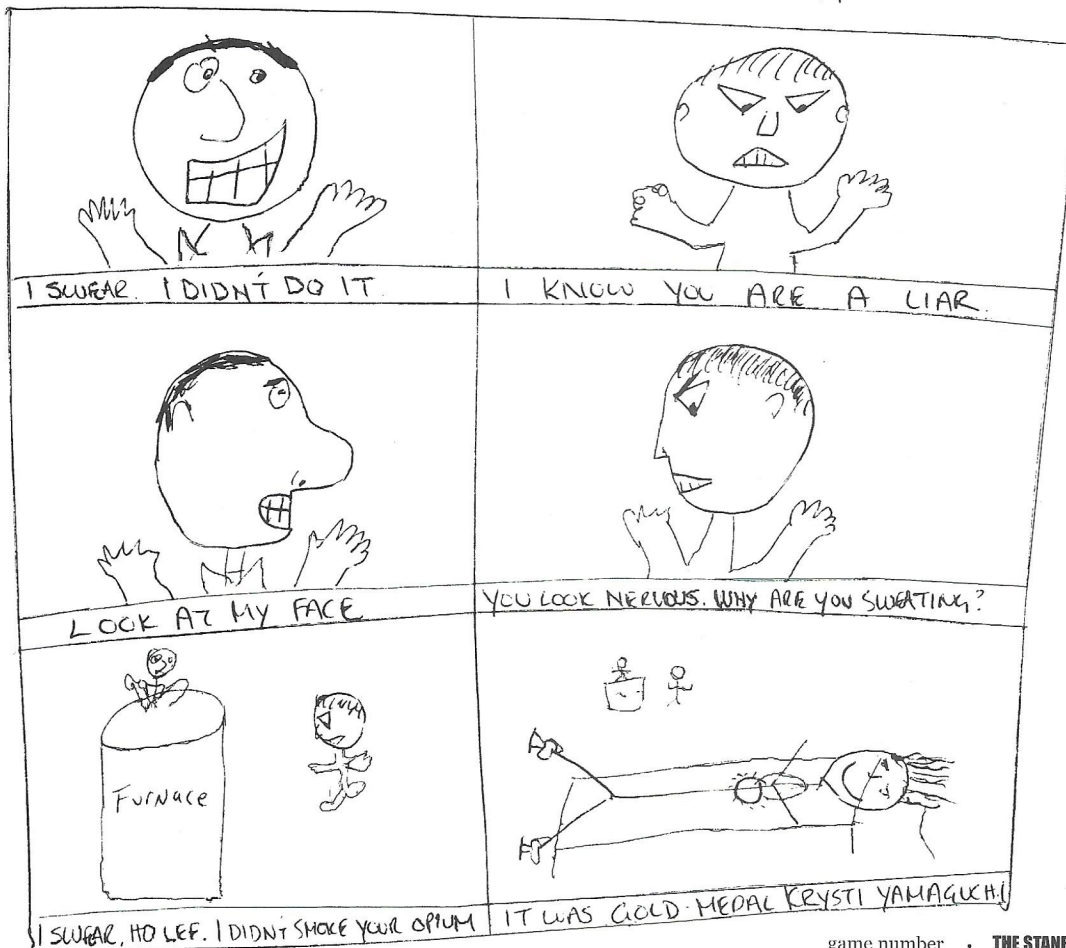
10/5/82 Garry Templeton is simultaneously engaged to 7 Hooters waitresses, shattering the previous record of 3, held by Ross Grimsley.



8/3/88 Johnny Marzano, renowned Italian and subpar knuckleballer, is ejected for greasing the ball. It was unintentional.

7/14/86 Franklin Stubbs eats 50 hard-boiled ballpark-style eggs in one inning, earning the respect and money of his teammates.

GOLD-MEDAL KRYSKI YAMAGUCHI



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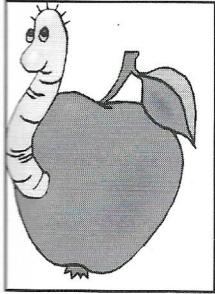
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What It's Like

Getting Ripped Off in Palo Alto

"Getting ripped off in Palo Alto is like opening your freezer for frozen hot dogs, only to find a note from a great white shark. The note says, 'I ate all your frozen hot dogs.'"

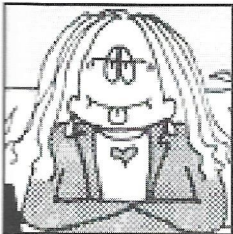
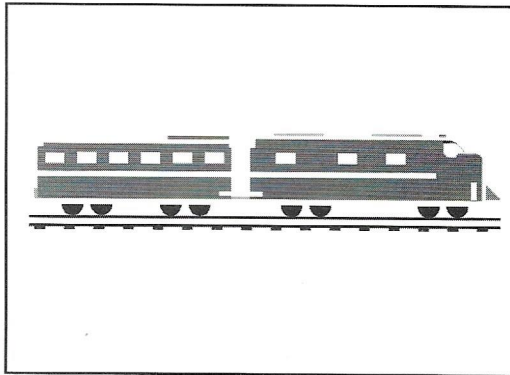


Finding Half a Worm in Your Apple

"Finding half a worm in your apple is like finding a whole worm in your apple, except you know you ate half out of a poor young worm with a relatively short and dismal future ahead of it."

Missing the Train to San Francisco

"Missing the train to San Francisco is like missing an item of clothing. A bra, let's say. A big, rectangular steel bra that makes loud train noises and charges people to go to San Francisco."

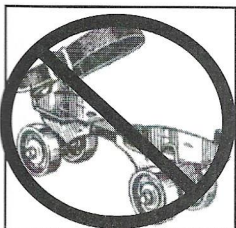


Losing Orange Juice

"Losing orange juice is like finding out that all your favorite Sunday comic strips have been replaced by 'Cathy,' and then furiously cleaning your bidet with the comics."

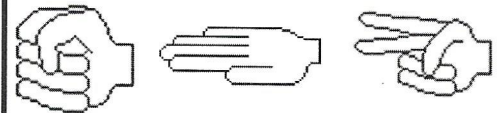
Having a Stranger Be Unexpectedly Friendly

"Having a stranger be unexpectedly friendly is like watching Mr. Rogers undress all the way."



Having to Wait in Line

"Having to wait in line is like rollerskating, except you don't have roller skates, so you try to make your own out of materials you buy from a homeless man in exchange for your virginity."



Rock beats scissors.

Paper beats rock.

That is bullshit. Paper shouldn't be able to beat anything.

It beats rock.

Rock still beats scissors.

Yeah, well erosion beats rock.

I guess so.

One more game to decide it.

My nuclear warhead beats whatever you've got.

James Bond.

What?

Bond defuses warheads.

Roger Moore, so Bond is too boring to defuse the warhead.

Okay, I'll use Superman.

Kryptonite.

God.

Nietzsche.

Kierkegaard.

Really?

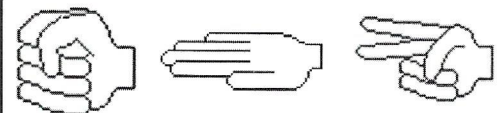
I think so.

Okay. A rock.

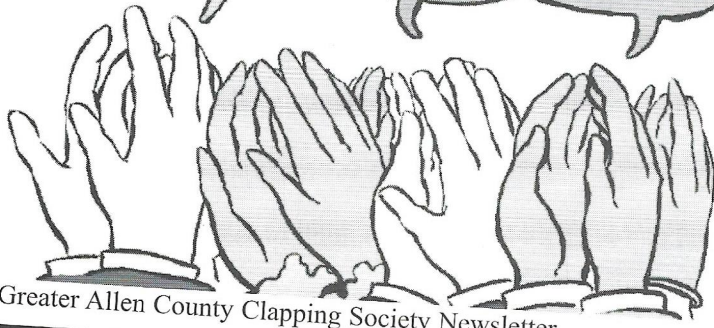
Paper.

Fuck!

I can't believe you let yourself fall for that. Looks like I win.



ALLEN CO. CLAPPING SOCIETY



Greater Allen County Clapping Society Newsletter



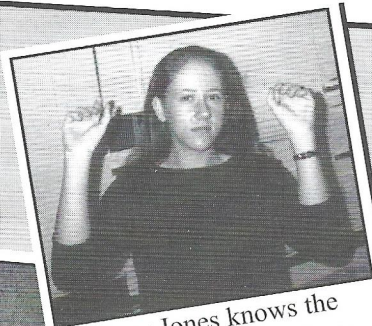
Two girls enjoy clapping poorly.

Indianapolis State Convention Highlights

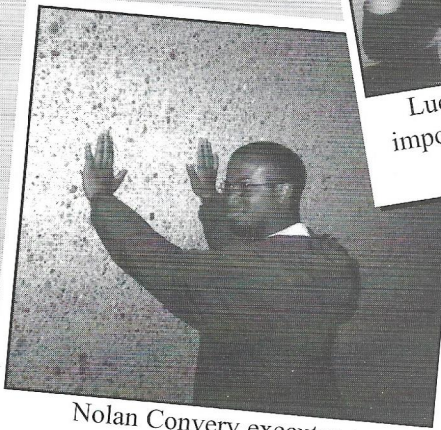
Opening clap performed by Mathilda "Mattie-cakes" Richards, stand-in for Natalie Wood on "Miracle on 34th Street."

Nick Johnson elected District 3 Senator

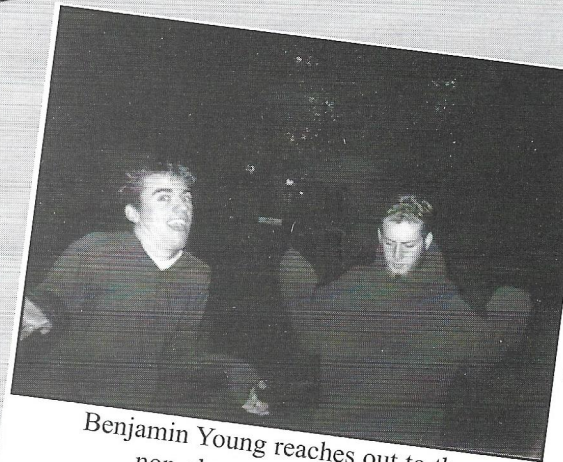
Three locals chosen to be on main stage for closing clap. Delia Blackwell, Nick Johnson, and Luanne Roberts.



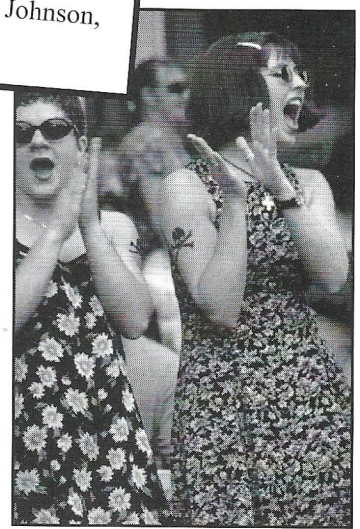
Lucy Jones knows the importance of a good pre-clap stretch.



Nolan Convery executes a two-hand wall clap.



Benjamin Young reaches out to the non-clapping community.



The Pepsi Generation makes their presence known at the Indy convention.

Clap of the Week
Courtesy of Delia Blackwell, Fort Wayne, IN

Fancy Pants
(played to standard self-thigh-self-thigh-partner-partner-partner clap)
I met a gal called Fancy Pants
Pants pants pants pants pants pants pants
She taught me a crazy dance
Dance dance dance dance dance dance dance
Fell down the stairs and broke her back
Back back back back back back back
Carried her off in a fancy sack
Sack sack sack sack sack sack sack



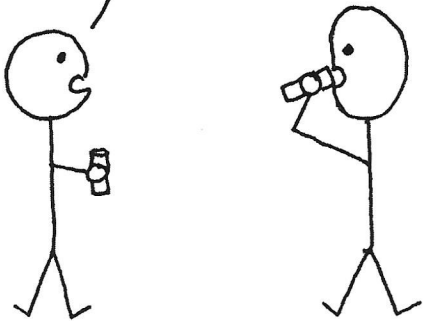
A black child (left) and Delia Blackwell's son share in a free clap.



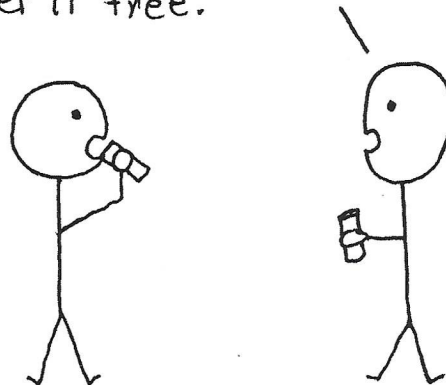
What many young people believe Clapping Society founder Tobias Willingham Retchman to look like.

NEIGHBORS

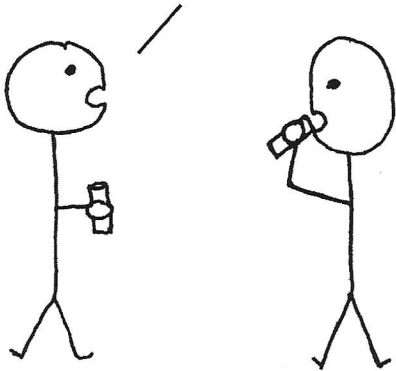
The neighborhood's curious.
So what are you going to do
about the whole Sally
problem?



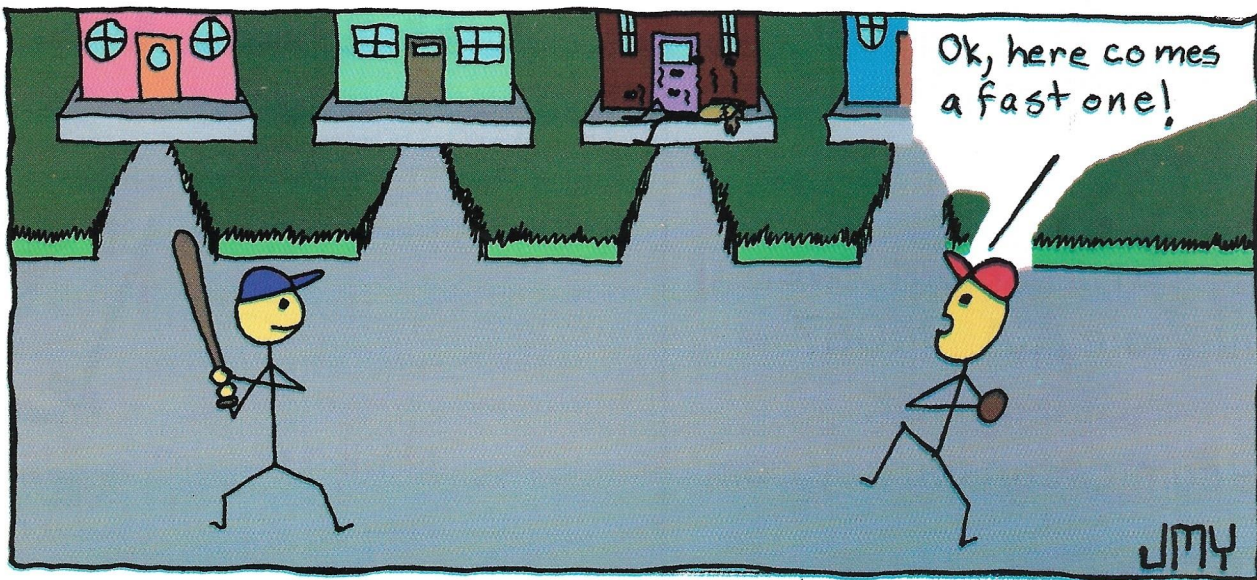
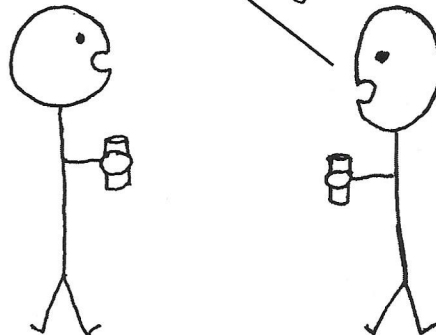
Well, you know what they
say. If you love something,
set it free.



She's not free Bill.
She's on your porch.
And she's dead.



And your retaining wall is only
2 feet from the street, Fred.
You wanna play hard ball, Freddy-boy?
Grab your fucking bat.



The Staff talks about THE GREATEST GAME EVER

I think Manute Bol possesses the greatest game ever. He could block that ball very well.

—Geoff Schaeffer, Writer of Nuance

The subtle psychological game of manipulation women play with their mates to induce both fear and loyalty into the mind of a beast designed to run free without shackles, unburdened by the shame spirals and guilt cycles of the woman, fulfilling both his personal and natures intended destiny for him. Or soccer. Yeah, soccer's pretty cool.

—Erik Lessac-Chenen, Writer of Pap

When my dad takes off his belt, I know its time for the Greatest Game ever.

—Matt Steinberg, Writer of Innuendo

The Greatest Game of all is played between a man and a woman. The brush of a hand, the toss of hair, the smile behind coy bedroom eyes. Yes, Connect-Four is a magical game.

—Jacob Young, Coy Editor

Was it "War Games," with Matthew Broderick? That was it, right?

—Ben Wilfong, Writer of Art

These foolish games are breaking my heart... breaking my heart.

—Katie Founds, Writer of Jewel Songs

Golf: the only game where the spectator gets exercise. And you thought golf was just for old people.

—Craig Protzel, Observational Humorist

1. 1988 World Series Game 1, Oakland A's vs. Los Angeles Dodgers. Gibson homers to end it. That's all she wrote.

2. The Spanish American War

3. Hitler vs. Mussolini Yahtzee match, April 30, 1945. Down 45, Mussolini draws two 3s, two 1s, and a 5. Going purely on a gut feeling, "Il Duce" discards everything but the 5. On next roll, he gets 4 5s and with an emphatic, Italian accented "YAHTZEE!!!", gets the 50 points necessary to win. Hitler retreats to bunker, kills himself.

—Jared Schott, Poor Follower of Directions

The greatest game ever was the time I schooled Jared Schott in Moneyball.

—John Huetter, Writer of Lies and Off the Magazine

The greatest game ever was when the extremely poor and the extremely rich defeated the middle-class of my country.

—Bernardo Malfitano, Writer from Brazil

The best games require perserverance, finesse and the possibility of death. That's why I love Skee-Ball and don't even pretend like you don't too.

You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable,—mon frère!

—Anne Bender, Writer of *The Waste Land*

Nay.

—Seth Stephens and Mike Wiggins, Nay-Sayers

I love Cornish game hens. Do they count? They're pretty tasty.

—Charlie Stockman, Gourmand

If by "game" you mean "cult" and by "greatest" you mean "most inane," I would have to say Objectivism. But, I must admit, I admire how it has sustained its allure for young, identity-less, lumbering misanthropes for such a long time. But if you really mean "game" and "greatest," then it's any game my brother Micah plays in.

—Gideon Lewis-Kraus, Writer of Both Vitriol and Syrupy Sentiment

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In a Slightly Alternate Universe

	Our Universe	Slightly Alternate Universe
the show	Macgyver	Macgryer
the guy who played Macgyver	Richard Dean Anderson	Pieter Struger
the guy who drives the helicopter on Airwolf	Jan-Michael Vincent	Pieter Struger

[You can use this layout, or you can use Helvetica if you want.—C.T.O.]

Do you understand that submission above?

Do you think you could write something better? Or perhaps lay it out better?

If you were the editor of this magazine, would you have run it?

Does this line of questioning make you mildly uncomfortable?

If you answered “yes” to any of those questions, it may or may not mean something about you.

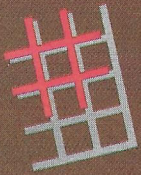
The point is: **IT’S NOT TOO LATE TO JOIN THE CHAPPIE STAFF.**

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