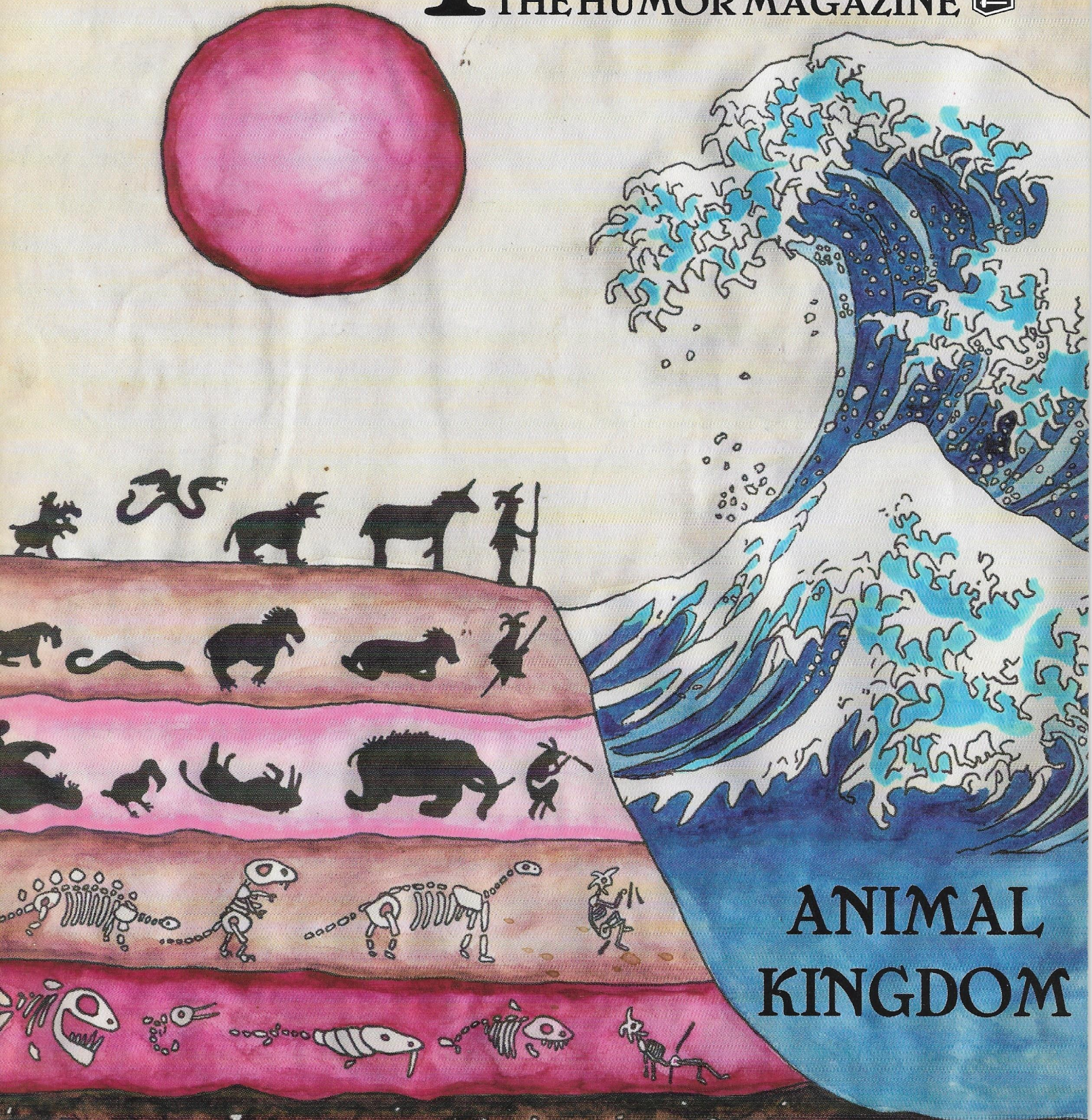


STANFORD chaparral

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 



**ANIMAL
KINGDOM**

HOW TO GET THIS PARTY STARTED

PTA Style:

Ok, so we've got 500 party pumpkin cookies. Joanne, do we know if they're frosted? because if they're not, we're going to have some very sad retarded kids on our hands, because all of the children that go to this school are retarded.

Doorbell Style:

Ding-dong! Is the party in here? I said ding-dong, where's the party at? Ding-dong!

Laboratory Style:

You gave them how many doses? Sweet Jesus, Reynolds, do you know what the ramifications could be? We're not just starting a party any longer, we're playing a game we cannot possibly win, a game of chess with God.

Guest Speaker Style:

Hello. I'm here to speak to you today about something that concerns all of us: how to get this party started. First off, has anyone here ever been to a party? Yes? You in the back. Mmmm.... yeah. Okay, that's good. See, what you were at, wasn't actually a party. That was a fund-raiser car wash. Those can be fun too, but what we're talking about today is parties and how to get them started.

Owl Style:

Wake up, stare, forget what you were doing, keep staring, forget whether your eyes were open or closed, play along like you know what you're doing.

Janitor Style:

Someone called down to the office, saying there was a party on the floor? I'll get my sawdust.

Telephone Style:

Hello? Party? Oh, sorry.

Monday Style:

Well, it's Monday again. It looks like it's going to be another one of those days—Mondays, that is. Has anyone seen my coffee mug? You know, the "Party Animal" one? I'm looking for it. I need it to take my cancer medicine.

Deaf and Blind Style:

The party? No, no parties here, I'm deaf and blind. The couple downstairs has parties, though, you might want to try there. Sometimes, I tap my foot to the vibrations, and I say, "Okay!"

Taxi Cab Style:

Where to? The party? Lot of folks going to the party tonight. Actually, that's not completely true. Does anyone in this cab believe in Jesus Christ? You know, that's the only way you can get invited to the BIG party. I can't take you there. You gotta drive down that road in your own cab.

Quickly:

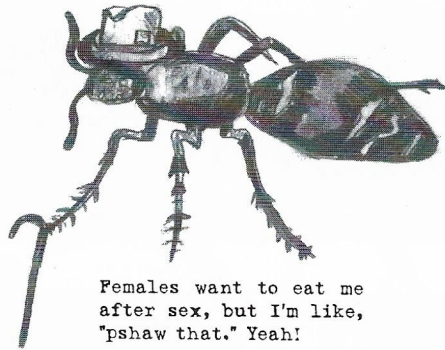
Pour a little salsa on it.

Right:

Pour a lot of salsa on it.



Yo! I'm endangered so much!
Like I get up in the morning, and
I'm like damn! I'm barely alive.
To the Extreme!

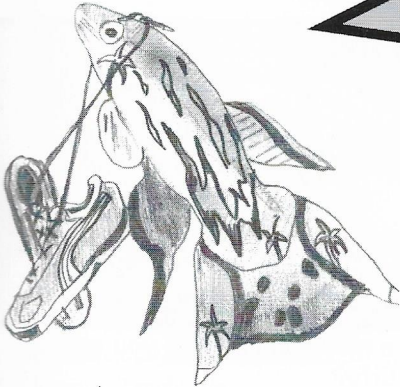


Females want to eat me
after sex, but I'm like,
"pshaw that." Yeah!



I'm so crazy, I eat plants when
I'm a carnivore. Booyah!

EXTREME ANIMALS!



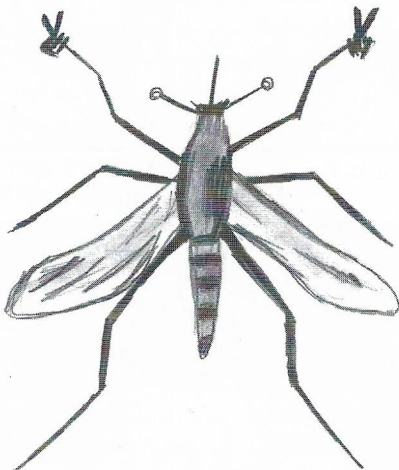
Whoa! I don't blend in with
my environment! Whoa!



I'm not an animal; I'm a mineral!
Rock to the izzock!



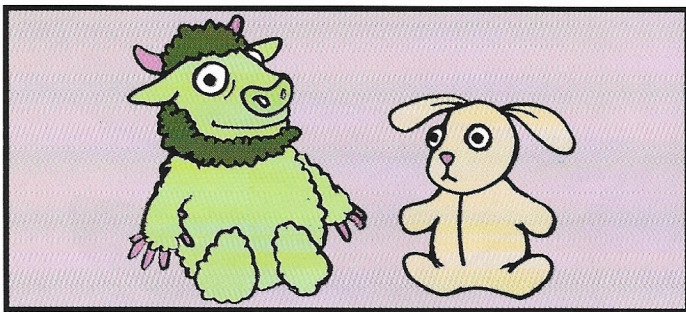
I drink Mountain Dew!
Biggedy bam!



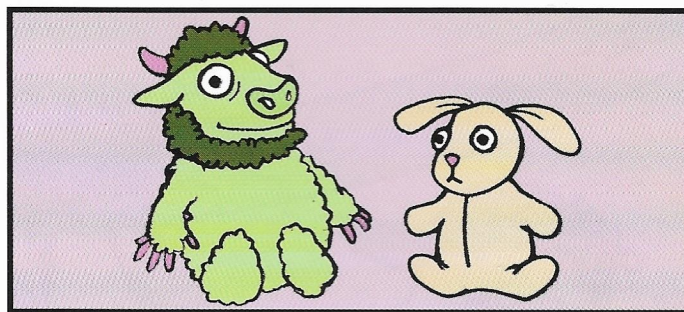
I'm a vector for all sorts of
horrible diseases! Fuck yeah!



That's not cool, man.
That just sucks.



Rabbit: So did you get the crack?
 Monster: Yup.



Rabbit: Cool.
 Monster: ...



Rabbit: ...
 Monster: ...



Monster: Let's eat it!



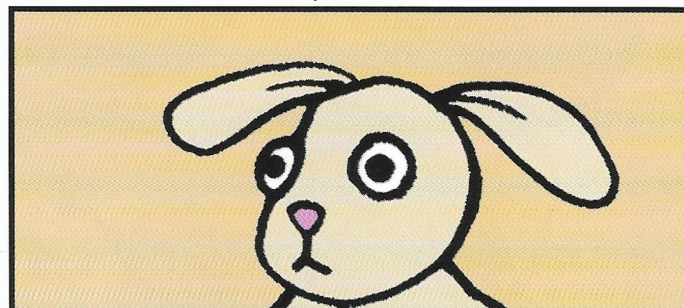
Rabbit: You don't eat crack, retard. You smoke it.
 Monster: Do you know how to smoke crack?



Rabbit: I saw it in a movie once. Did you see New Jack City?



Monster: Is that the one with Emilio Estevez?



Rabbit: No, it's got Ice-T and Chris Rock. They're cops in the hood busting a crack dealer.



Monster: And you're sure EE wasn't in it?
 Rabbit: Yeah, pretty sure. I mean if he was in it, he didn't have a big part at all.



Monster: Oh wait, I was thinking of Mighty Ducks 2.

the STANFORD Chaparral SINCE 1899

Volume CIII. No. 2

Animal Kingdom

November 16, 2001

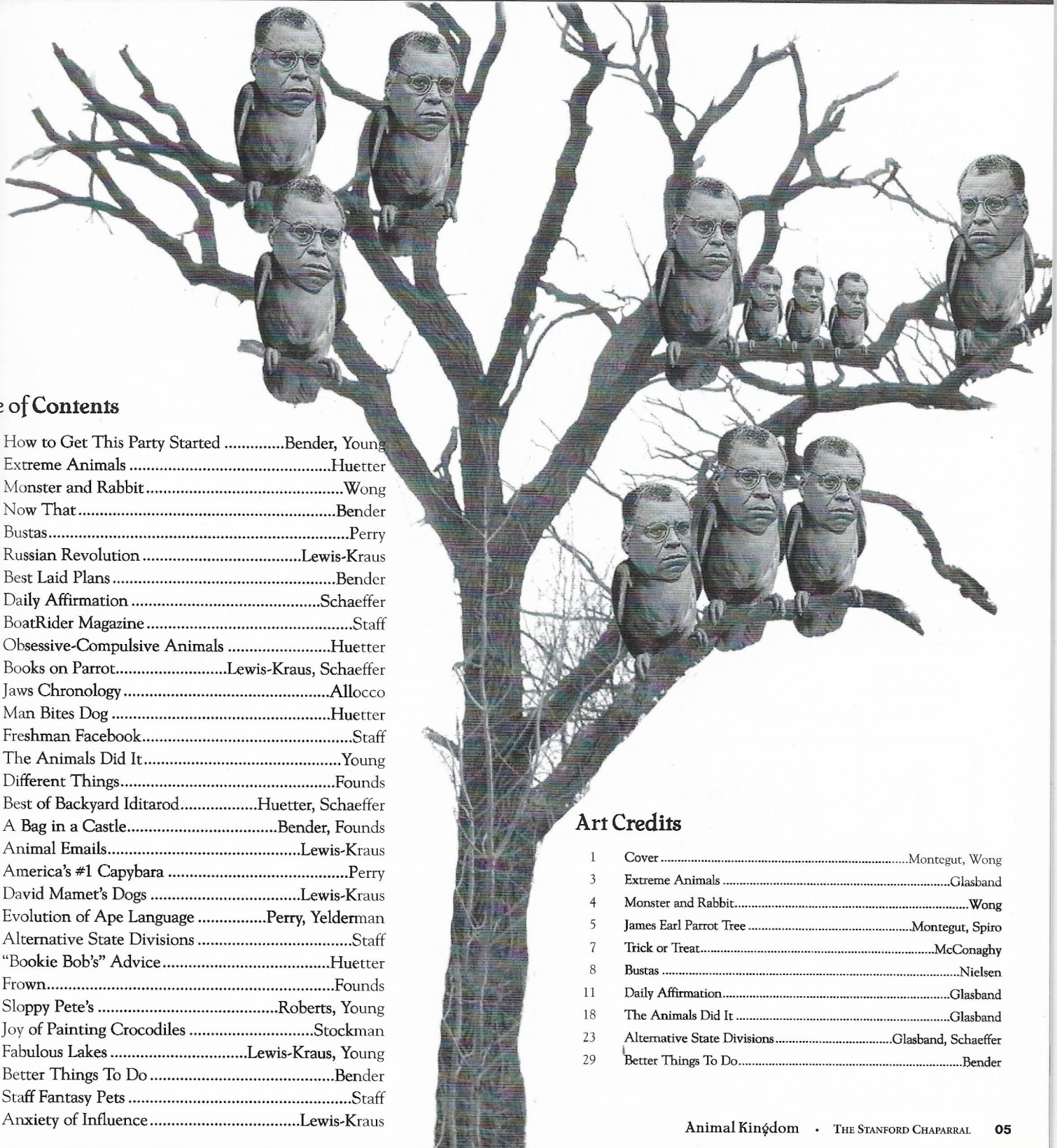


Table of Contents

| | | |
|----|-------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 2 | How to Get This Party Started | Bender, Young |
| 3 | Extreme Animals | Huetter |
| 4 | Monster and Rabbit | Wong |
| 6 | Now That | Bender |
| 8 | Bustas | Perry |
| 9 | Russian Revolution | Lewis-Kraus |
| 10 | Best Laid Plans | Bender |
| 11 | Daily Affirmation | Schaeffer |
| 12 | BoatRider Magazine | Staff |
| 13 | Obsessive-Compulsive Animals | Huetter |
| 14 | Books on Parrot | Lewis-Kraus, Schaeffer |
| 15 | Jaws Chronology | Allocco |
| 15 | Man Bites Dog | Huetter |
| 16 | Freshman Facebook | Staff |
| 18 | The Animals Did It | Young |
| 18 | Different Things | Founds |
| 19 | Best of Backyard Iditarod | Huetter, Schaeffer |
| 20 | A Bag in a Castle | Bender, Founds |
| 21 | Animal Emails | Lewis-Kraus |
| 21 | America's #1 Capybara | Perry |
| 22 | David Mamet's Dogs | Lewis-Kraus |
| 22 | Evolution of Ape Language | Perry, Yelderman |
| 23 | Alternative State Divisions | Staff |
| 24 | "Bookie Bob's" Advice | Huetter |
| 25 | Frown | Founds |
| 25 | Sloppy Pete's | Roberts, Young |
| 26 | Joy of Painting Crocodiles | Stockman |
| 27 | Fabulous Lakes | Lewis-Kraus, Young |
| 29 | Better Things To Do | Bender |
| 30 | Staff Fantasy Pets | Staff |
| 31 | Anxiety of Influence | Lewis-Kraus |

Art Credits

| | | |
|----|-----------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 | Cover | Montegut, Wong |
| 3 | Extreme Animals | Glasband |
| 4 | Monster and Rabbit | Wong |
| 5 | James Earl Parrot Tree | Montegut, Spiro |
| 7 | Trick or Treat | McConaghy |
| 8 | Bustas | Nielsen |
| 11 | Daily Affirmation | Glasband |
| 18 | The Animals Did It | Glasband |
| 23 | Alternative State Divisions | Glasband, Schaeffer |
| 29 | Better Things To Do | Bender |

Staff

'02

Justin Guerrieri
James Herman
Jamecca Marshall
Christian Montegut
Adrian Wong

'03

Kareem Ghanem
Chieze Okoye
Jeff McConaghy

'04

Jason Jenkins
Jenny Kim
Erik Lessac-Chenen
Geoff Morris
Seth Rosenbloom
Charlie Stockman
Dara Weinberg

'05

Mel Burns
Sara Ines Calderon
Tavis Danick
Debbie Glasband
Anthony Ha
Allison Loh
Andrew Nielsen
Laurel Roberts
William Rothacker
Greg Wayne

Graduate

Justin Jones
Eric Jorgensen

Special Thanks

Daft Punk
Ken Goodson
Michelle Ruvolo
Tony Shih



Vol. CIII

November 16, 2001

No. 2

ANNE BENDER '02

Old Boy

GEOFF SCHAEFFER '02

Old Boy

HUETTER! '03

Head Writer

IAN S. SPIRO '04

Art Director

KATIE FOUNDS '04

Circulation Manager

STEVE YELDERMAN '04

Business Manager

GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS '02

Old Boy Emeritus

JACOB YOUNG '02

Old Boy Emeritus

Hammer
Coffin

CHRIS ALLOCCO '03

CHRIS CRANE '00

BEN D'EWART '00

AUDREY DIEHL '00

OWEN ELLICKSON '00

BRENT FITZGERALD '01

DAVE FRUCHBOM '00

ROB HANN '00

MAX HEILBRON '00

DAVID LAMPSON '00

SEAN LUCY '99

JON MAAS '00

SANTOS MARROQUIN '99

BEN OLDING '98

CHRIS ONSTAD '97

EUGENE PARK '98

MATT PEARL '98

CHRIS PEIFFER '98

DUSTIN PERKINS '00

ADRIAN PERRY '03

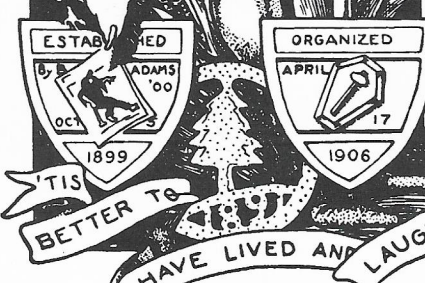
ERIC SAXON '97

JARED SCHOTT '03

KENNY SHEI '00

MATT STEINBERG '03

ANDY TAYLOR '00



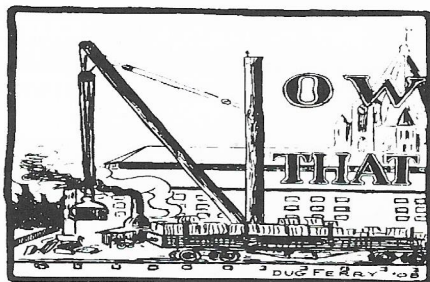
THAN

NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT

ALL.

REFLECTIONS

R. WENZEL 1916



you're back from the rest station bathroom, you are probably

wondering what happened to your bag of Cheetohs. That is a really astute question for someone who just came out of a rest station rest area. And when I say "rest area," I mean "what ever happened to the map?" There is an answer to the question on the whereabouts of the Cheetohs. It should be obvious to you by now. Namely, that they were eaten by someone while you were in

the bathroom.

So do you have the map? You mean it wasn't in the bathroom? Your going to the restroom had a pretty profound effect on the whereabouts of the Cheetohs so I was thinking it would be there, in the bathroom. So since that's settled, it's time to move on.

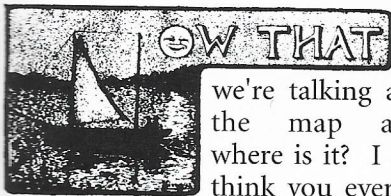
Back to the question of where are we. So where do you think we are?

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

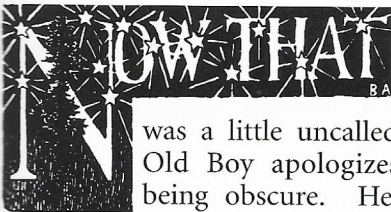
Motel 6? Sorry, that's not fair. Motel 8? If only the map were here, your cheetohs would be, too. The cheetohs could help us figure out where we are. I had a dream about a cheetoh that was eaten by an excellent cartographer who was myself. Sometimes I confuse dreams and metaphors.

Old Boy will give you a hint which comes from my dream. It comes from the same dream I was telling you about earlier. So here's the hint concerning the matter on where we are: we are not in your metaphor. We are in my metaphor.

In my metaphor, things appear to have a heavy-handed meaning, but they do not actually signify much of anything. "Signifyin' nothing." I read that in a book once. It was misspelled like that in the book.



we're talking about the map again, where is it? I don't think you ever told me. Oh right. The rest area. Jesus, you're so unhelpful.

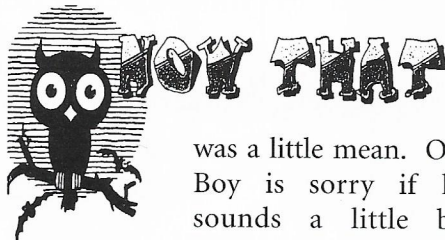


was a little uncalled for. Old Boy apologizes for being obscure. He was

just trying to help. Here, he'll explain the metaphor now. We live in an animal kingdom. Why? Your questions are not quite as good now as they were a little bit ago. Wait, those were my questions. But "Why?" is not really your concern right now, though it's great that you're thinking ahead. I'm thinking ahead too. The answer to the question you asked in my dream was, "Who is 'we'?" The answer is all of us. We are all in an animal kingdom.

So why do we live in an animal kingdom? Does it serve some purpose? Clearly, the answer would clear up this question.

Hey, I saw the most interesting thing while you were in the rest station bathroom. It was also in the dream I spoke of earlier. You were telling me where the map was and I was just staying on the porch. I learned my lesson the last time you went away and I stayed on the porch.



was a little mean. Old Boy is sorry if he sounds a little bit sarcastic, a little bit fartsy, a little bit spent. He is just trying to help. Old Boy's sorry. I'm SO SORRY! Here, let's move on.

Okay, so where were we going? Good, that's good. What sort

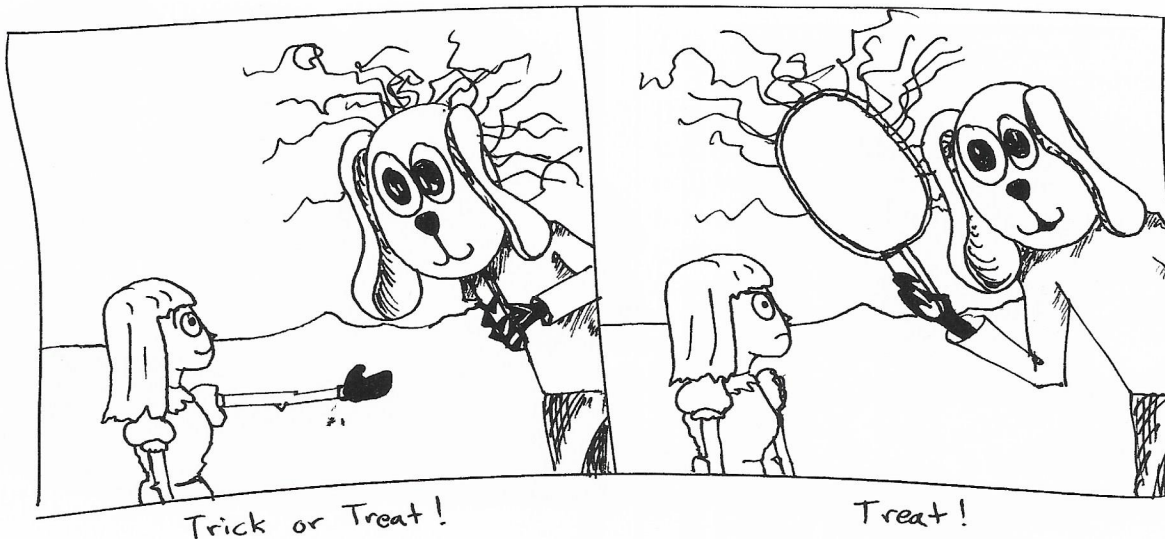
of place would we head towards if I had been on the porch? Clearly we need some answers. Unfortunately, we are in a animal kingdom and it's a little bit hard to tell which way is which. So we need a plan of attack, as they call it on the porch. Let's think.

We could do as the owls do: wake up, stare, forget what you were doing, keep staring, forget whether your eyes were open or closed, play along like you know what you are doing.

We could do as the hermit crabs do: Eat the stuffing out of the chair in the corner, sit in the couch for a while and then go back to the lab.

Or we could do something else. This isn't necessarily the answer just because it comes last in the list, you know. We aren't in one of those cheap the-last-thing-in-the-list-is-right metaphors. This is important. You see, even in the animal kingdom, we can decide what is meaningful and what is not.

— if you read the Now That, please send an email to I think we're in at flatland@chappie.stanford.edu. Don't worry, this is purely for statistical purposes. No one will write back to you. No one will do anything.



"No way, those can't be real!"

"I know, real ones don't just stay up like that."

"It must be a total whore."

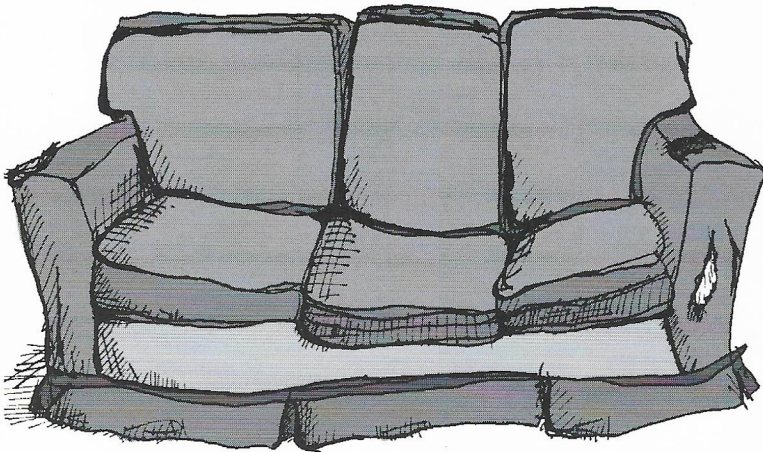
"I know, I bet anyone can sit on it."

People are so superficial."

How many times have you had this conversation in your life? I know I've had it at least 7 times. In today's times, silicon cushion implants for couches are all the rage. Couches everywhere are going for the perkier look to gain more attention and be more confident.

"I can tell the difference" says Joe T. of Lebanon, NH. "I like my couches all natural. But there are a lot of bustas who just want the big, perky cushions."

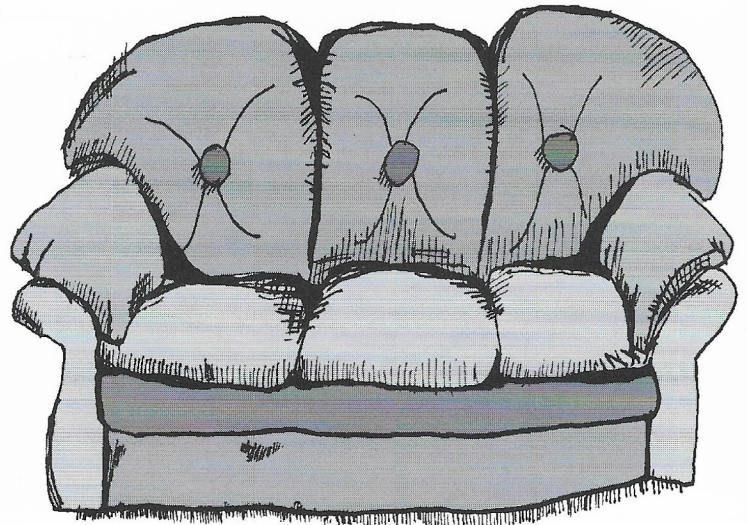
"...there are a lot of bustas who just want the big, perky cushions."



Jealousy among couches is rampant. All natural couches refer to surgically enhanced couches as "those whore couches." The busty, surgically enhanced couches call the all-natural couches "the couches from saggy-land."

Next time you sit on a couch, ask yourself this question: "Why?" If the answer is "I love surgically enhanced, busty couches from Southern California," then you are a busta.

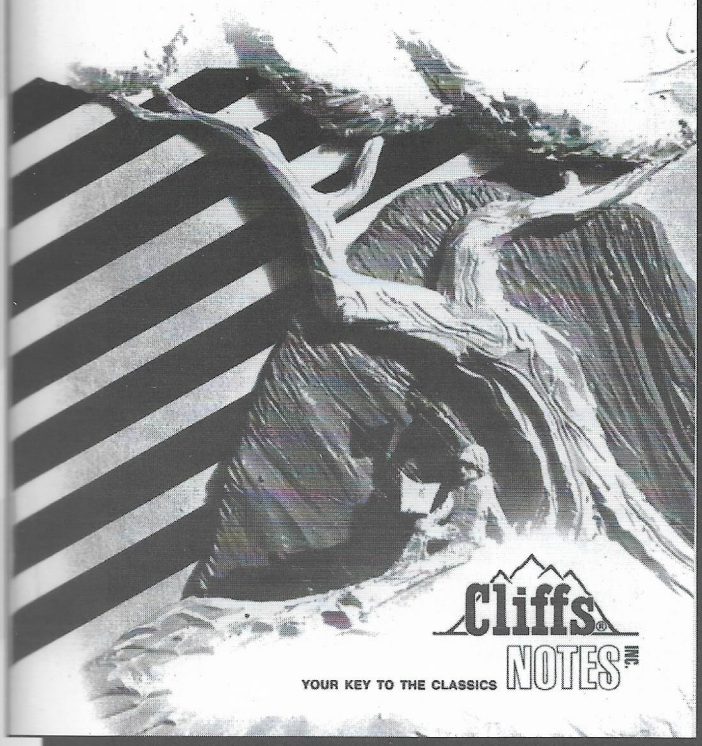
Next time you sit on a couch, ask yourself this question: "Why?"



CLIFFS NOTES on

U.S. \$4.95

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION



Russia

Popularly imagined as an enormous country located somewhere between Germany and Japan, two real countries (see "*Countries, real*"). Known for a failed experiment with communism. In actuality, "Russia" is an enormous and unwieldy metaphor for a fictional farm in England known for a failed experiment with rule by animals.

Czar Nicholas II

A well-known figure in the literary-realistic imagination, the last Czar of Russia ruled metaphorically until the Russian (see "*Russia, fake adjectives for*") Revolution. Meant to represent Mr. Jones, a towering monarch of fictional proportions, who was overthrown in a violent literary coup (see "*Literature, Fake Russia in*").

Josef Stalin

A leader in the realistic-literary (literary-metaphorical) socialist revolution in Russia (see "*Russia*" or "*literary metaphors, Russia*"), Stalin represents a historical pig named Napoleon, who ushered in the well-documented animalist revolution on Mr. Jones' farm (see "*Fake Czars, Czar Nicholas II,*" or "*Real Metaphors, Czar Nicholas II*").

Karl Marx

A powerful thinker, Marx's writings offered a set of literary gimmicks later used in Josef Stalin's work of masterful realism, *The Russian Revolution of 1917: Fake History or Real Metaphor?* The real importance of Marx, however, lies in his role as a metaphorical antecedent to an elderly pig named Old Major in *Animal Farm*, a documentary novel about the rise of animalism (see "*Socialism, fake versions of*" and "*Fake Metaphors, socialism*").

Leon Trotsky

Critics debate the extent to which Leon Trotsky was an actual man or simply a literary-actual metaphor (see Harold Bloom's *Breathing Men, Breathing Metaphors*), but we do know that he loomed large in the imagination of Russia (see "*England, metaphors for*"), who used him as a symbol for a pig named Snowball, a major character in the mind of an historical (real-fake) man named George Orwell (see "*Men, real*" and "*Men, fake*").

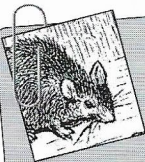
The Proletariat

They are the impoverished workers of the world, an actual group of men and women who have secured a place in the collective imagination as fake metaphors for a group of animals, the pigs, in an extraordinarily heavy-handed allegory by George Orwell, *Animal Farm*.

Socialism

A real, watery derivative of a totally transparent fake literary device called animalism (see "*Fake Ideologies, real metaphors for*").

The Best Laid Plans



Who:
Mice
Best Laid Plan:
Chew up stuff in homes, later die in crawlspace of basement.
Outcome:
Success.



Who:
Man
Best Laid Plan:
Consume natural resources, defy the S-curve trend of population growth
Result:
This is more or less what is happening.



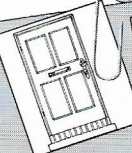
Who:
Various species of seals
Best Laid Plan:
Operate & run own seal airport. Planes (seals) are powered on aluminum pellets (balled up Reynolds Wrap) which are aged in the closet (closet).
Result:
Years of childhood fun for my brother and I in northeastern Illinois.



Who:
Coca-Cola Corporation
Best Laid Plan:
Make a delicious beverage for customers to enjoy.
Result:
Delicious.



Who:
Jack Ryan, (Harrison Ford) in Clear and Present Danger
Best Laid Plan:
Code-named "Reciprocity"
Outcome:
Jack Ryan finds himself standing in the wrong place when a pissing war begins between the U.S. President and some Columbian cocaine cartels. The President's double-dealing subordinates cause the death of their own covert operators. Jack Ryan must get some reciprocity. Henry Czemy is Jack's unctuous colleague.



Who:
Door
Best Laid Plan:
Continue to separate two regions of space.
Result:
So far, so good.



Who:
Abstractionism
Best Laid Plan:
Declare rival school of surrealism dead in 1941
Result:
Hundreds of artists working in surrealism have received no attention from critics, galleries, and three generations of Americans.



Who:
Miranda Lane
Best Laid Plan:
Be the main character in an engrossing page-turner in trade paperback.
Result:
The glamour of 1961 Hollywood, the frightening power of a secret. Murder, scandal, and historic events are all wrapped up in a love story.



Who:
Miranda Lane
Best Laid Plan:
Overcome personal and professional troubles - fame, fortune, and everlasting love are all at stake for Hollywood's favorite movie star.
Result:
It's the battle of her life.



Who:
Miranda Lane
Best Laid Plan:
Win the battle of her life.
Result:
351 pages/\$14.95
(=4.26 cents/page)
(=.235 pages/cent).

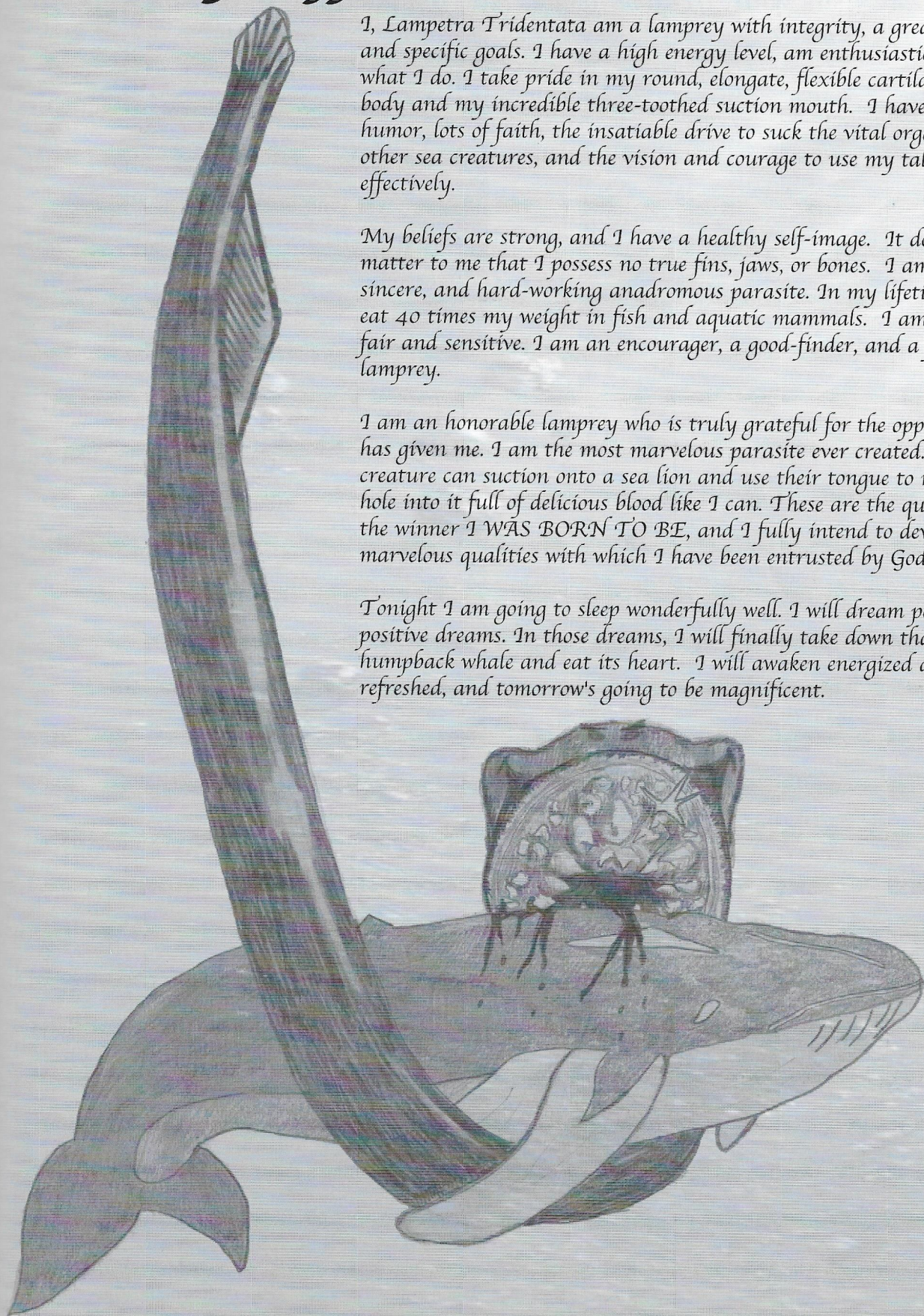
Daily Affirmation

I, *Lampetra Tridentata* am a lamprey with integrity, a great attitude, and specific goals. I have a high energy level, am enthusiastic, and enjoy what I do. I take pride in my round, elongate, flexible cartilaginous body and my incredible three-toothed suction mouth. I have a sense of humor, lots of faith, the insatiable drive to suck the vital organs out of other sea creatures, and the vision and courage to use my talents effectively.

My beliefs are strong, and I have a healthy self-image. It doesn't matter to me that I possess no true fins, jaws, or bones. I am an honest, sincere, and hard-working anadromous parasite. In my lifetime, I will eat 40 times my weight in fish and aquatic mammals. I am tough, but fair and sensitive. I am an encourager, a good-finder, and a forgiving lamprey.

I am an honorable lamprey who is truly grateful for the opportunity life has given me. I am the most marvelous parasite ever created. No other creature can suction onto a sea lion and use their tongue to rasp a large hole into it full of delicious blood like I can. These are the qualities of the winner I WAS BORN TO BE, and I fully intend to develop these marvelous qualities with which I have been entrusted by God.

Tonight I am going to sleep wonderfully well. I will dream powerful, positive dreams. In those dreams, I will finally take down that humpback whale and eat its heart. I will awaken energized and refreshed, and tomorrow's going to be magnificent.



Boat Rider Magazine

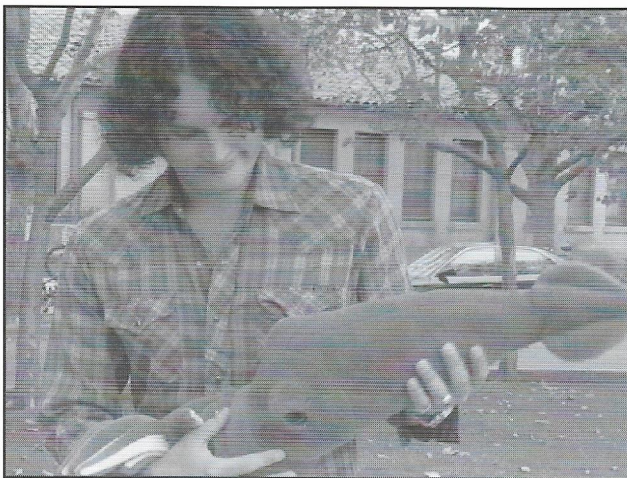
BoatRider visits with *Architeuthis dux* and his boat, the Pynk Ho-peedo.



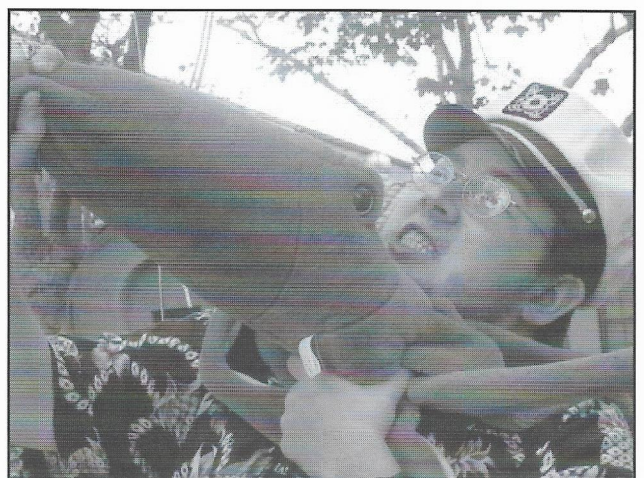
We riding so low, we underwater. Word.



Oars? This ain't your daddy's Corolla. Drop that ish at the DOCKS, fool.



Damn! You rolling eight large!



Five-oh think they creeping, had to bust my ink up in 'em.



Eight slaps to the grille, you know how we do.



Shout out to my cousins in the Monterey 'Quarium. They can lock us down, but they can't take our flavor. Peace.

Obsessive-Compulsive Animals

E. Coli Bacteria:

I'm not sure if I fully divided yet. That would be really bad if another bacteria was attached to me, rotting slowly. That would be so disgusting. I better just divide again, just to be sure, you know. I better divide again, and again, and again, and again...

Honeybee:

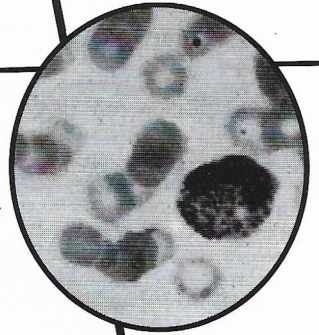
I'm concerned that this hexagon isn't quite as finely engineered as it could be. The whole hive is probably going to come crashing down because of my failure. I better forsake honey and royal jelly; I don't deserve them. I don't even know if I deserve wax. I'm going to get out my better protractor and keep working on this. I have to hone each side of my hexagon to exacting perfection. You know, if I wasn't such a failure, I wouldn't be having these problems.

Brown Bear:

There's no way this freshly caught fish is completely disease free. I better keep washing it. I heard from this nature special that fish are crawling with Ichthyophthirius Multifilis. I better keep washing this fish. I'd be really fucked if I got that disease. I better keep washing it. I might die, or spread it to all my bear friends and wipe out my entire species. I better keep washing it. Oh my God. Is that a rash on my paw?

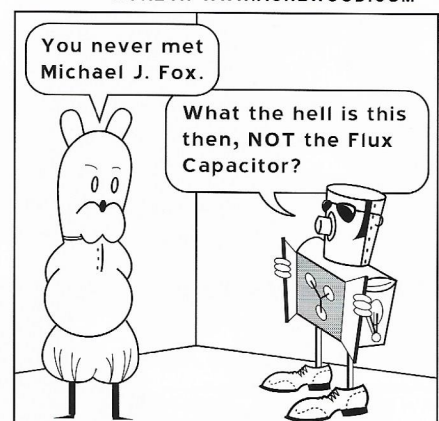
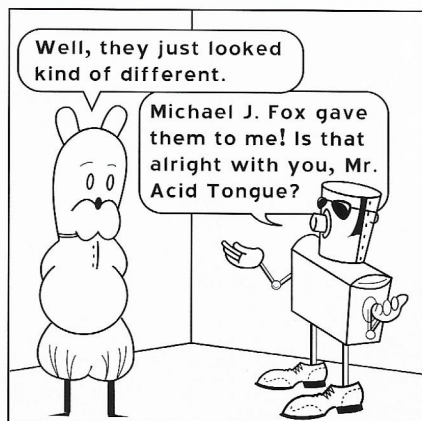
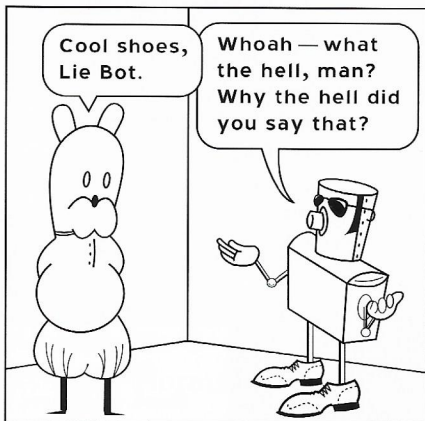
Lizard:

My tail could have grown back in better. Goddamn! It looks stubby, and if it didn't grow back in correctly I might not be able to absorb enough sunlight to keep my new malformed body alive, and isn't it just a little bit colder now? I think it's just a little bit colder now.



achewood

MORE AT WWW.ACHEWOOD.COM



Our Philosophy

You're a pirate. A pirate on the go. You love being a pirate. You love the suspense, the thrill, the danger, the fancy of it all.

But there's more to being a pirate, isn't there? Come on, you can admit it. There are the terribly long hours, the overtime, the interminable commutes. There's the insensitivity and pure brashness of your illiterate, ignorant crew. There's that underlying fear that just won't go away: you know you're doing a lot for everyone else, but what are you doing for you?

*And that's why we at Audiobooks would like to offer you **Books on Parrot**, a collection of literary treasures to add to your chest of non-literary treasures! Imagine having a special companion on those long journeys, a special companion called Herman Melville, or Sebastian Junger, or even Mary Higgins Clark. A special companion, just for you. Imagine your journeys gilded anew with tales like Moby Dick, The Perfect Storm, or Where are the Children? [also available from Mary Higgins Clark: A Cry in the Night.] Imagine a soft, smooth companion called books. Books read to you, aloud (outloud) by your very own parrot!*

PRICES

You're probably wondering what these treasures—literary treasures—will cost you. We have a wide range of prices. Check it out!



"First Mate" model—100 gold doubloons.
These parrots can learn up to three whole books and are personally trained by celebrity James Earl Jones. In addition to his fabulous voice, Jones is a master parrot trainer.

"Scurvy Dog Parrot" Model—250 silver pieces.
These parrots have mastered two books in the voice of either Tim Roth, Steve Buscemi, or Tara Reid. Also check out the special Steven King Scurvy Dog, our first parrot trained to offer you an interactive, choose-your-own-adventure Steven King novel.



Price-saving "Bilge Rat"—100 coppers.
This parrot is afraid of the water, but has been trained to recite three chapters of a John Grisham book in the voice of Fran Dresher. Also available: Bridget Jones' Diary in the voice of Tommy Lee Jones, and Katharine Graham's Personal History read in the voice of Britney Spears

Books on Parrot for the Pirate on the Go

BEST SELLERS



*Wednesday the Rabbi
Got Wet*



Iacocca



She Said "Yarr"



Sense and Sensibility

Books on Parrot Testimonials

"I chose ta listen ta *Jane Eyre* durin' me raid on Barbados and it tarned out that listenin' to it was about th' only thing I could do. Aftar hearin' th' first par'graph, I was hooked. I don't regret the time I spent plundering this enticing piece of profound lit'rature. Thank ye heartily, Books on Parrot, for givin' me this oppartunity."

—Captain William Bloodbones

"I do believe that *Fear of Flying* is one o' th' finest books ever, and a scarlet macaw be the finest bird ta read it to ye."

—Boney One Leg

"*Guns, Germs, and Steel*. Powerful facinatin' readin'. Har, well, t'weren't actually me that was readin' it. That be the beauty o' th' Books on Parrot system."

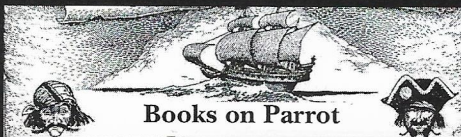
—Jonathan Flintlock

"I certainly enjoy'ed listnain' ta *Raise Th' Titanic*. Is thar anythin' that scoundrel, Dirk Pitt, carn't do?"

—Billy Grog

"Avast! Catherine Coulter is th' only author for me when it comes to romance-suspense-thriller-mysteries!"

—Black Rosie the Pirate Queen



*So what are you waiting for?
Order yourself a
Book on Parrot today!*

JAWS: THE CHRONOLOGY

1963

Peter Benchley watches Hitchcock's classic movie, *The Birds*. Benchley thinks to himself, "I can do this. I can do this story. I can do this story, and I can do it without a shred of psychological nuance, subtlety, or tight dialogue."

1974

Peter Benchley completes *Jaws*. He hopes to use the profits to buy a tiger shark. He hopes to use the tiger shark as an "in" with Siegfried and Roy, whose work he has always admired.

1975

Steven Spielberg directs *Jaws*. He hopes to use the profits for profits.

1978

Jeannot Szwarc directs *Jaws 2*. The year is 1978.

1983

Joe Alves directs *Jaws 3-D*. More sympathetic than previous installments of the series, *3-D* shifted its focus toward the difficulties faced by a three-dimensional shark living in a largely two-dimensional world inhabited by one-dimensional characters.

1987

Joseph Sargent directs *Jaws: The Revenge*, the first *Jaws* installment not co-written by Peter Benchley. Peter Benchley candidly admits that he will never write anything as masterful as *Cujo*.

1999

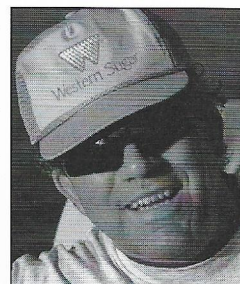
Steven Spielberg directs *Saving Private Ryan*. While fans of the series are initially excited by the return of Spielberg to the franchise, they are confused by the absence of man-eating sharks, though they find comforting continuity in the Normandy beach scene.

Man bites dog, it's news

(AP) WASHINGTON — Both onlookers and media alike were shocked to note Frank Smith, 35, biting his golden retriever, Lucky, 8 at his Lacey, Washington home yesterday.

"He just looked so good and golden," Smith explained.

"I knew he could fetch sticks, but



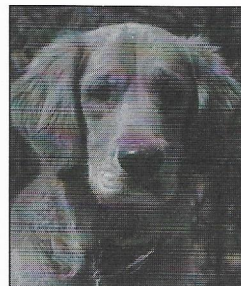
Smith

who would have known he'd have fetched my tastebuds?"

"I figured he'd taste like honey, or at least lemon," he continued.

Lucky yipped away in pain, said onlookers, while Smith pulled dog hair from his mouth and continued to nibble upon it.

Several reporters rushed to the scene, all of them filing what are expected to be Pulitzer Prize-winning stories.



Lucky

"It's the angle I've been waiting for all of my life," said Liona Tannessen of USA Today.

"That's news," declared Jerre Redecker of The Seattle Post-Intelligencer. "That's news."

Freshman Facebook

Separated at Birth



Maneesh Kumar
Wichita, KS



Ravi Grover
Randolph, NJ



Miriam Wenger
Salt Lake City, UT
Kimball



Maia Krause
Edmonds, WA



Forrest Hetherington
Corvallis, OR



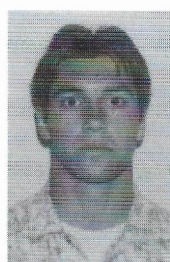
Kevin Hetherington
Corvallis, OR



Loren Trefethen
Napa, CA



Aleksander Gurevich
Encino, CA



Richard Harris
San Diego, CA



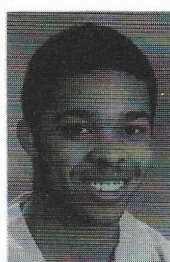
Ngosa Chungu
Zambia

Famous People



Laura Avina
San Luis Obispo, CA

John
Leguizamo



Ra Amen
East Palo Alto, CA

Ramen



Matthew Dyer
Woodland Hills, CA

Matthew
Broderick



Tony Huie
Chubbuck, ID

My backpack!



Andrew Waxman
Washington, DC

Uh, it's called a
camera, dumbfuck.



Caitlin Boucher
Putney, VT

My, with what
treasure hath God
blessed me today?



Ted Kolberg
Wauwatosa, WI

Psst — Eric



Ted Kolberg
Wauwatosa, WI

Eric!



Eric Chase
Walnut Creek, CA

Shut up, dude. I'm
getting my picture
taken.



Ted Kolberg
Wauwatosa, WI

Nice.

I'm...



Duyen Nguyen
San Diego, CA

I'm betting you can't
guess if this is my
tongue or a shadow.



Erin Merriman
Spokane, WA

I'm built like a brick
shithouse against a
brick wall of bricks.



Maiko Adachi
Chicago, IL

I'm here today
because I wrote a lot
of bad poetry in high
school and I'm sorry.



Martina Pavelko
South Lake Tahoe, CA

I'm not sorry.

Chronology



Anne Sage
Canada

Little House
on the Prairie



David Daly
Dallas, TX

Edison-Era



Michelle Ramirez
Los Angeles, CA

Roaring '20s



Maria Medina
Commerce, CA

Post-war



David Benefiel
Kensington, MD

James Dean
'50s



David Borrelli
Hales Corners, WI

'60s
psychedelia



Rachel Hillman
Yelm, WA
Kimball

Totally '80s

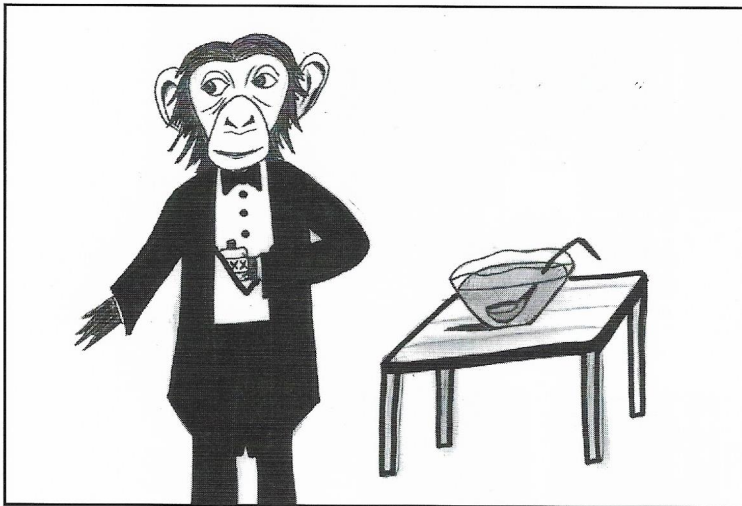


Gabriel Rosen
Carmel Valley, CA
Toyon

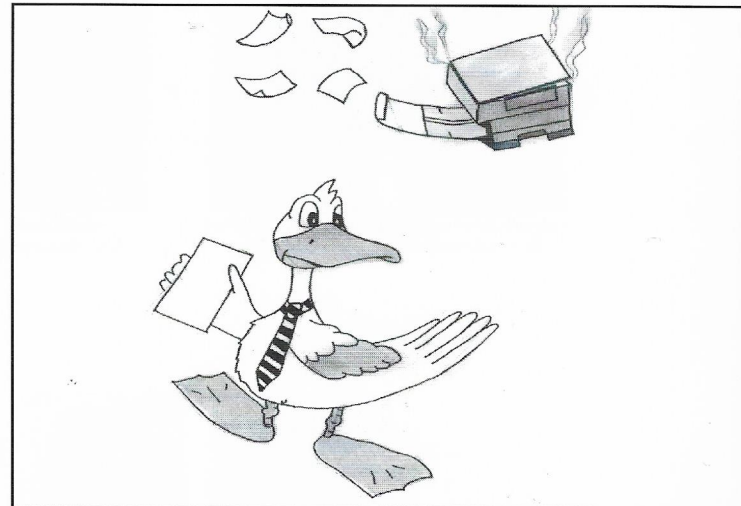
Futuristic
Jedi-knight

THE ANIMALS DID IT!

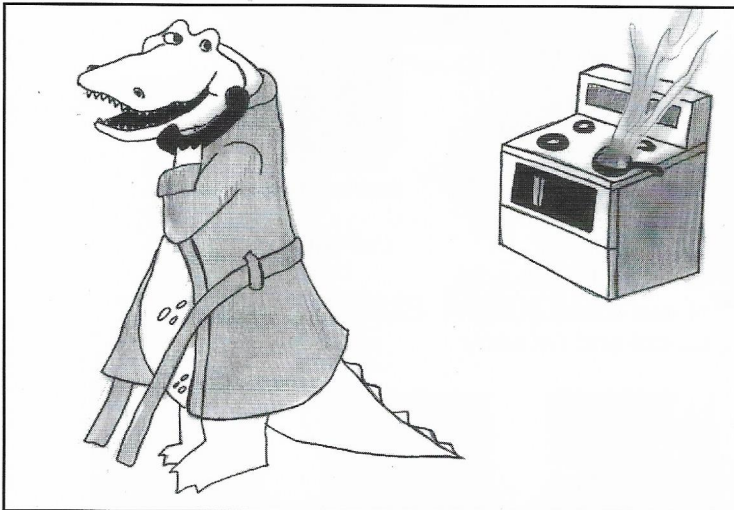
WHO SPIKED THE PUNCH?



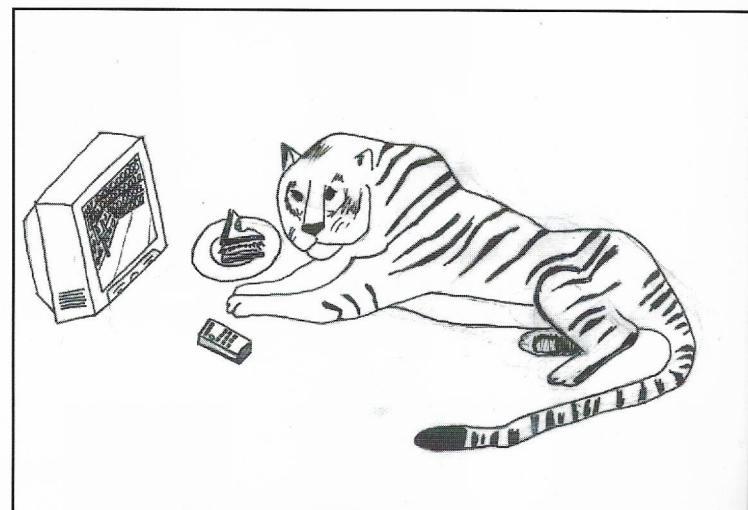
WHO BROKE THE COPY MACHINE?



WHO OVERCOOKED THE TILAPIA?



WHO IGNORED MY NEEDS?



THINGS THAT SHOULD BE DIFFERENT THINGS

THING

"Solar Neutrino Project"

WHAT IT IS

Something in physics.

WHAT IT SHOULD BE

A movie I am watching with bright lights and flashing colors. Also: music.

THING

Hunny Bunny

WHAT IT IS

My childhood pet, now deceased, who is buried under an apple tree in my backyard.

WHAT IT SHOULD BE

My now deceased childhood pet who visits me as a ghost and councils me in times of trouble.

THING

Supergranule

WHAT IT IS

also a science-word

WHAT IT SHOULD BE

The largest granule of sugar in the world, which I put into my drink.

THING

Bag of trail mix with the raisens picked out

WHAT IT IS

Bag of trail mix with the raisens picked out.

WHAT IT SHOULD BE

Bag of supergranules.

The Best of Backyard Iditarod

With the rising popularity of the Iditarod, Alaska's annual statewide dog sled race, "backyard" Iditarod clubs have sprung up all over the nation. After seeing this footage you will agree that the professionals... are pansies. These homemade enthusiasts are the heart and soul of the Iditarod. Laying on the line for the sport that they love! We now bring you the biggest thrills, the baddest sleds, the wildest dawgs, and the craziest mushers of the Backyard Iditarod!

Savannah, Georgia, Forest Oaks Housing Development: A Heated Race:

(Two high school boys are racing on crudely constructed snow)

Announcer 1:

Oh my god! The sled is on fire! The Canadian Hurricane has set... Dr. Prospector's sled... ON FIRE!

Announcer 2:

The last time I've seen a prospector so hot under the collar was in Robert Service's *The Cremation of Sam McGee!*

Announcer 1:

Ha! Ha ha!

(Dr. Prospector rolls around in the "snow", his dogs look on with concern)

Pendelton, Indiana, Falls Public Park: Trash Talk:

(The Mush, a gangly youth, is screaming and gesticulating wildly)

The Mush:

Are you listening to me Black Ice, you and the rest of Deadly Diphtheria don't stand a chance. Just like Balto back in 1925, I'm gonna deliver the cure to your insane rule and break you up in a no-holds-barred 3-on-1 handicap race!

(Cut to Black Ice, also screaming)

Black Ice:

I'd like to see that. Ha! I'll put you through 1,049 miles of pain first Mush!
(Black Ice performs the Deadly Diphtheria salute)

Carson City, Nevada, Silverbrook Community: The Betrayal

Announcer 1:

Looks like The Gee-Haw Kid is going to take this race!

Announcer 2:

But look, his lead dawg, Klondike is breaking ranks!

Announcer 1:

What's he doing? What's going on?

(Klondike grabs a spare sled from outside the trail and begins pummeling the Gee-Haw Kid)

Gee-Haw Kid:

Klondike, you betrayed me?

"Soapy" Smith:

Of course he betrayed you! I set it up! I'm the terror of Skagway!

Egeland, North Dakota, Briarwood Apartment Complex: Crotch Shot

Video Camera:

12:00am 01/01/87 (blinking)

(Diamond 'Lil kicks "Wham Bam" Dan McGrew in the crotch while her St. Bernard sprays beer all over the scene)

Announcers:

OHHHHHHH!

(Diamond 'Lil gives "Wham Bam" Dan McGrew's prone body the middle finger—the finger is not blurred out by the crude camera technology)



A Bag in a Castle

ACT II

Scene One (40-44)

Hamlet. This corner of the bag is a prison.

Rosencrantz. Then is the whole bag is one.

Hamlet. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons, this corner being one o' the worst.

Scene One (67-73)

Hamlet. O God, I could be bounded in an even smaller bag and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guildestern. Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Hamlet. You are one of the smartest animal crackers I know.

Hamlet. Then are our crackers bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the crackers' shadows. Shall we to the cracker court?

Scene One (118-121)

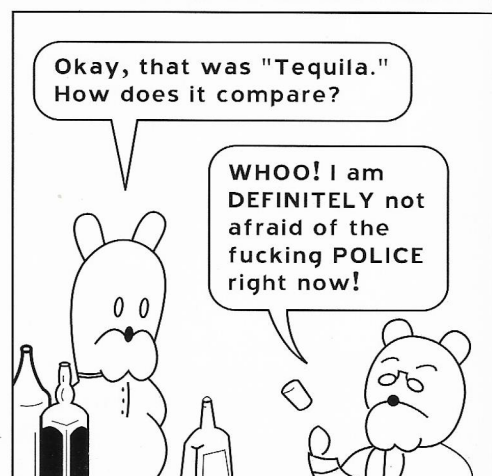
Scene Two (12-19)

Hamlet. My good friends, I'll leave you till night: You are welcome to the bag.

Rosencrantz. Good my lord!

achewood

MORE AT WWW.ACHEWOOD.COM



Date: Wed, 31 Oct 2001 11:13:30 -0800
To: "mittens" <mittens@kittens.com>
From: "flopsy" <bigflops@mopsy.org>
Re: heyyyyyyyyy drunck

yo hows shit dudeeee WHAT the fuCK is up witt your shet,
you DOGG. cat i mean i think.

fUck. whatz up? i luv yuo0, my old frend.

duddde, i am soooooo wasted right now.

flopppps

Date: Wed, 31 Oct 2001 11:13:30 -0800
To: "boxer" <boxer@hotmail.com>
From: "rover" <rover3685@aol.com>
Re: Re: your mail

heyyy manm,

hople all isw okaey with yuo. i haeve been thinkiingh
aboutu you, too.

sorryi abouth all the typoss, i havv paww.

r-dogg

Date: Wed, 31 Oct 2001 11:13:30 -0800
To: "bonnie" <hotdog@doggybagzmail.com>
From: "smoker" <smokedawg@theDOG.edu>
Re: write back to me!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

listen, enough of this "i'm so busy" bullshit. i think you have
time to respond to my emails. i havent heard from you in
months.

jesus, you're a fucking dog, we both know that you have
absolutely nothing to do, ever. take two minutes to fucking
write me.

your ex-friend,
the smokedog

Animal Emails

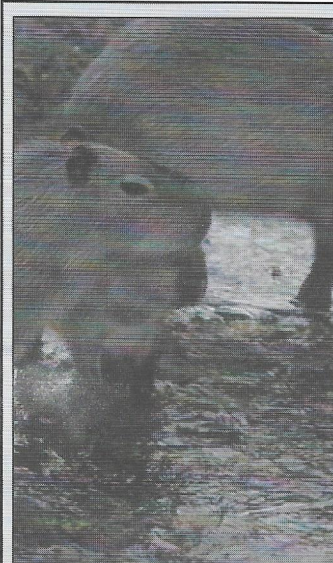
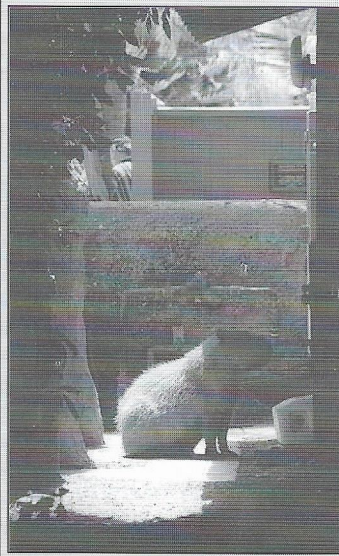
America's #1 Capybara real estate agent, "Capy," teaches YOU the secrets to his success!



"CAPY" LESSON #1: ACTIVE THINKING

"Capy" thinks actively about
real estate. Here he is
contemplating the possibility
of opening a series of
Capybara themed houses.

**"CAPY" LESSON #2:
CHECK THE POWER GRID**
Here, "Capy" checks the
power grid in one of his many
low-income homes. "As long
as the tenants have electricity,
they'll forgive everything else."

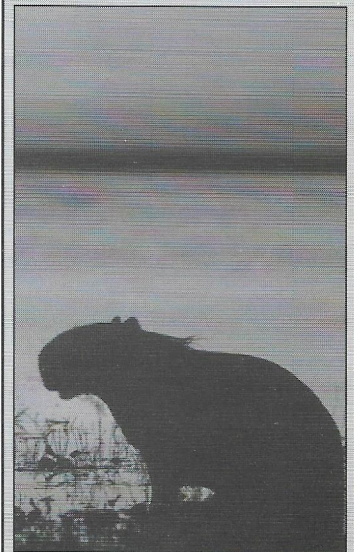


"CAPY" LESSON #3: SHOW THEM THE LAND

"Capy" leads tenants around
the neighborhood. "Capy"
makes sure to bring the
tenants to where they will
live. This is key.
"If they see it, they'll buy it"
he always says.

"CAPY" LESSON #4: GET IT DONE

Why is "Capy" #1? He makes
deals. Period. He gets it done.



Selections from
David Mamet's New Play, *Dogs*

A DIALOGUE

Cat: Meow.

Dog: Bark.

Cat: Meow.

Dog [tersely]: Bark.

Cat: Meow. Meow.

Dog [savagely]: Fuck you.

SOLILOQUY

Dog [with grittiness]: Ruff.

**Dog [desperately,
with terseness]:** Fuck.

AT WORK

Dog: Bark.

**Older Dog
[anxiously]:** Bark. Fuck. Bark.

Dog: Bark.

Older Dog: The leads. Bark.

Dog [brutally]: Bark.

**Older Dog [feeling the
unrelenting pressure of
the cutthroat business
world]:** Fucking bark.

**Dog [gruffly, very
realistically]:** Bark.

A VERBAL CONFRONTATION

**Dog #1 [with macho
posturing]:** Fuck.

**Dog #2 [thinking the
word fuck]:** Bark.

**Dog #1 [low-key, with
disturbing grittiness]:** Grrrr.

**Dog #2 [with
increasing disrespect for
female dogs]:** Fuck.

**Dog #1 [evoking a very
precise, scathing
criticism of modern
spiritual decay]:** Bark. Bark. Fucking
barkfuck.

Early British Ape

Do you, daresay, Jane Austen principality Indian Empire Banana
bannana nana na na.

Colonial Ape

Inalienable rights Tobacco witch hunt Sacagawea give banana.

Yellow Journalist Ape

Pictures Citizen Kane you got a war I got a banana yellow banana.

Civil War Ape

Fourscore John Wilkes Banana apes Underground Railroad.

Korean Conflict Ape

Fingernail bamboo banana 49th Parallel the war that no one talks about
because Korean food tastes less like bananas than Chinese food.

Psychedelic Ape

Banana in my tail pipe free love banana orifice LSD banana
I'm having a bad time here, man.

Me Generation Ape

JIMMY carter banana head hostage crisis banana didn't handle the
situation very well one term banana test tube babies. Lebanon.

Reagan Era Ape

Banana-rama stretch pants everybody whip it Michael J. Fox nuclear
holocaust. Bolivian marching powder banana.

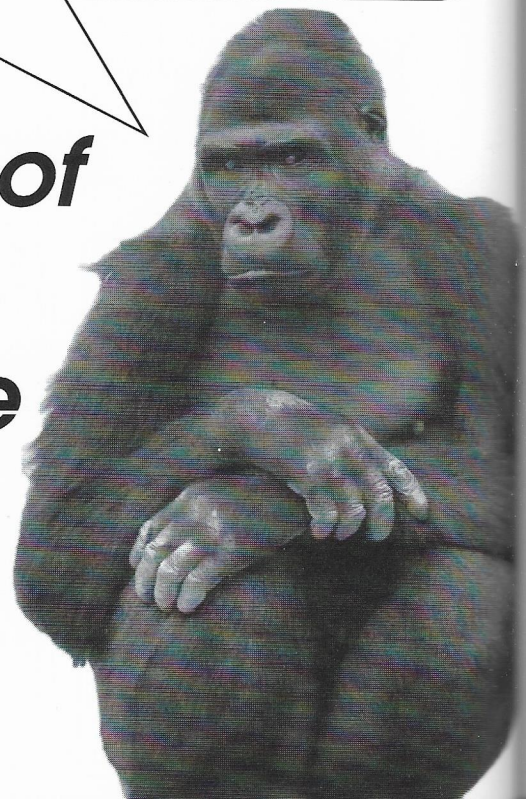
Present Day Ape

Hello human friend banana you friend give banana. The Internet.
Kitten die me sad, my trainer is a lesbian.

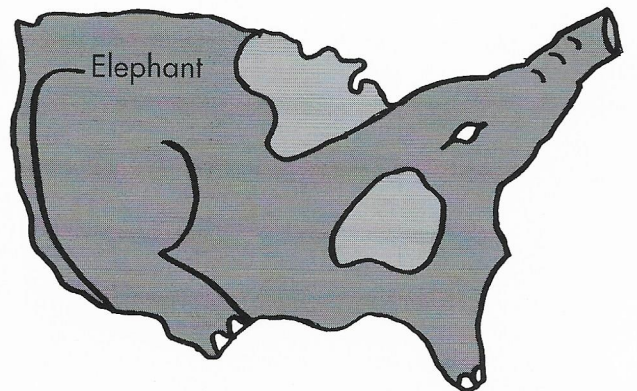
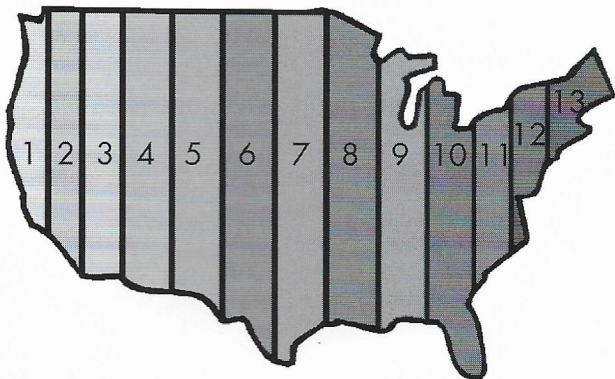
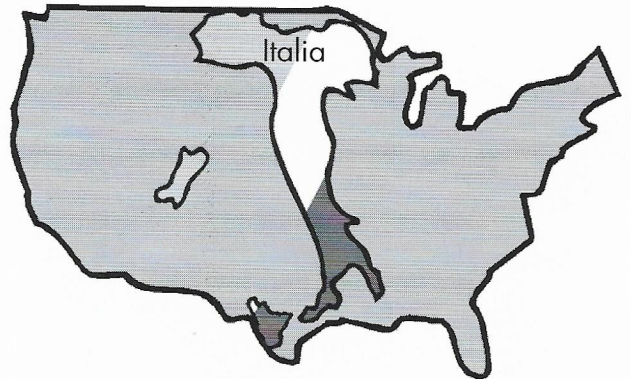
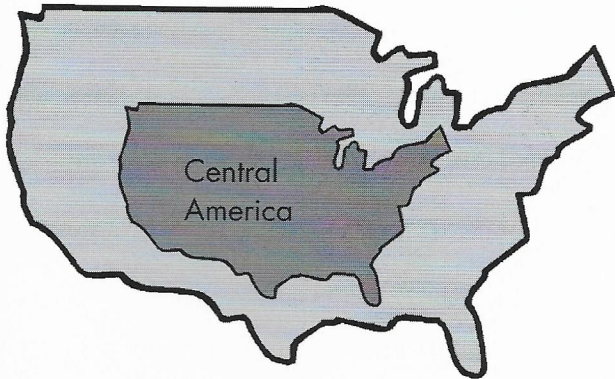
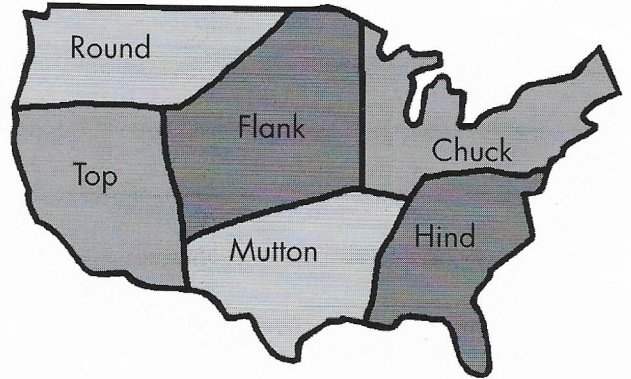
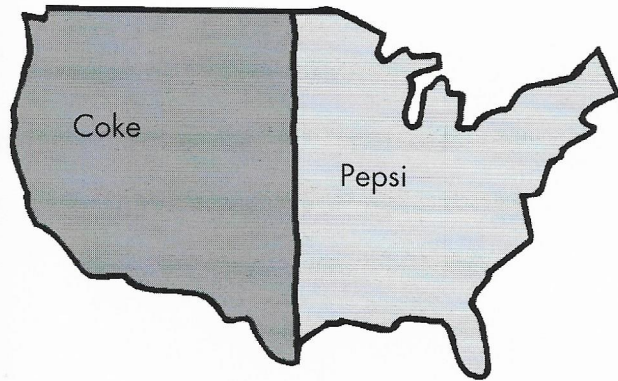
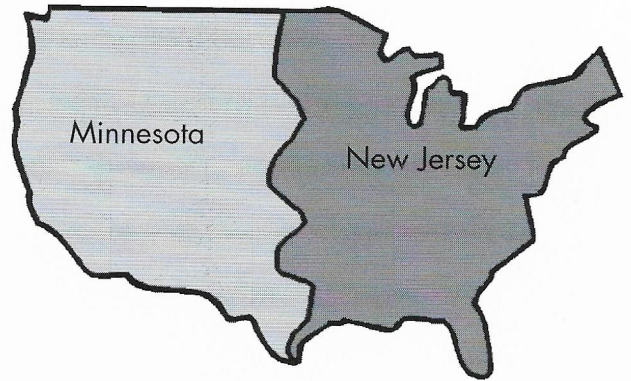
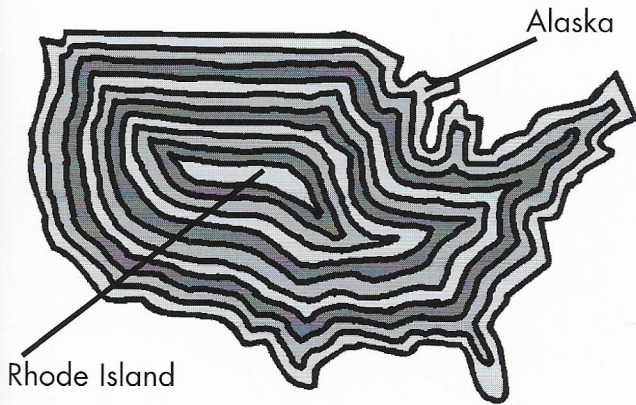
Ape of The Future

I am a fully integrated part of human society, capable of the
full range of human emotion and cognition. BANANA EAT
NOW BANANA EAT NOWWW!!!!!!

**Evolution of
Ape Sign
Language**

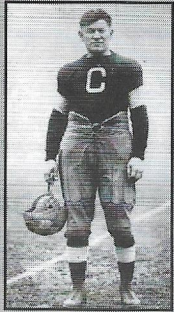


ALTERNATIVE WAYS OF DIVIDING THE U.S. INTO STATES

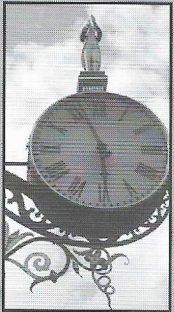


"BOOKIE BOB'S" ADVICE

Sides on which to err



Jim Thorpe
Dead, but don't count him out!



The Past
Those who don't bet on history are doomed to lose!

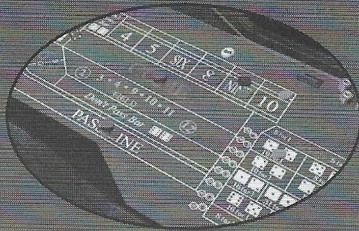


Bookie Bob
1-10000!

Bob's Dog's Pick of the Week!



Fries!



It is always best to err on the side of caution. If you gamble too much on one roll of the dice, all may be lost.

CAUTION: 2-1

DANGER: 5-1

It is always best to err on the side of Joe Montana, if it were during the 49ers dynasty, especially during the 1989 Super Bowl against the Cincinnati Bengals. Niners down by 3, 3:20 left on the clock, Montana drives for 92 yards to score with less than a minute to go, winning the game 20-16. Truly, a god among men, especially in the clutch.

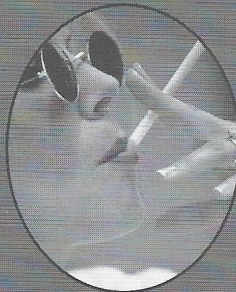
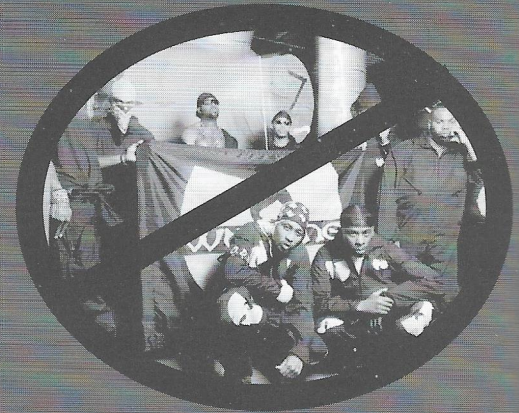
JOE MONTANA: 5-2

THE 1988 BENGALS: Not 5-2

It is always best to err on the Side of the West, as it is home to Warren G, Dr. Dre, Snoop Doggy Dogg, Tupac Shakur, and many other talented rappers and labels. The East Side, in comparison, boasts the Wu-Tang Clan (now dissolved), and Jay-Z (see terrible song, "Girls") The death of Tupac should not influence this one iota.

WESTSIDE: Even

EASTSIDE: 10000-1



It is always best to err on the side of women, for they form 51% of the American population now, and who knows what the future may bring? (A longer lifespan, if you're a woman—see current medical journals and actuarial tables.)

WOMEN: 2-1 (with modern childbirthing methods)

MEN: 2.000001-1

It is always best to err on the side, instead of the front. The front is more vulnerable to attack, as organs are concentrated in the ventral versus the proximal. When was the last time anyone said "I took one in the elbow! Tell Mom I love her! Aaaargh!" Indeed.

PROXIMAL: 4-1

VENTRAL: Dead.

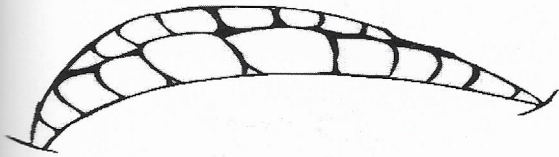
It is always best to err on the side of fries, versus the side salad, because you don't know how long that dressing has been out there, but fries will never let you down. In a pinch, the baked potato will work, too (with chives). If a restaurant doesn't offer either, demand to see the manager and then upend the table in a clattering huff.

FRIES: 2-1

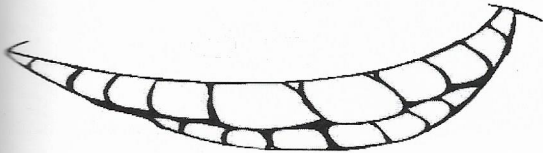
SALAD: Let you down.



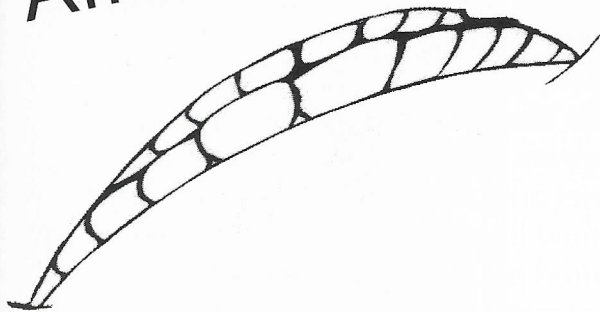
Frown!



Upside Down!



And Around!



Frown: Ceramic animal friends cannot talk.
Upside down: They can dance!
And around: They are too ashamed.

Frown: No one came to the party.
Upside down: Goody bags for YOU.
And around: They are filled with broken and unpopular toys.

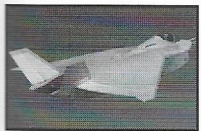
Frown: Wheat thins are soggy.
Upside down: Fine wheaty soup!
And around: Rather grainy.

Frown: Not asked to prom.
Upside down: Prom was the prom in the movie "Carrie."
And around: You missed a magical, fiery, night.

Frown: Stranded on a desert island.
Upside down: Plenty of free breadfruit!
And around: Not so much companionship.

Frown: Marshmallow you are roasting catches fire.
Upside Down: Waved around above the campfire, it is an asteroid of the night--a fiery orb of fiery fire.
And around: The poem you write about it stinks.

Frown: You are balding.
Upside down: You can buy a T-shirt that says "It's not a bald spot, it's a solar panel for a sex machine."
And around: You are despised.



Some things cost millions and millions of dollars.



And some don't.



**At the Stanford Flying Club,
We know the difference.**

Join us to Learn to Fly. Our exclusive Integrated Flight Training System is backed by the highest level of Cessna Factory Support, with direct access to field service engineers to keep our aircraft in top shape.

Most members complete our Solo Pilot License course with only 15 to 25 hours of flying time. Lessons are \$250 per 2-hour session, including aircraft, fuel, instructor, etc.

Where do you want to fly today?

Call us: (650) 858-2200
<http://www.FlyStanford.com>

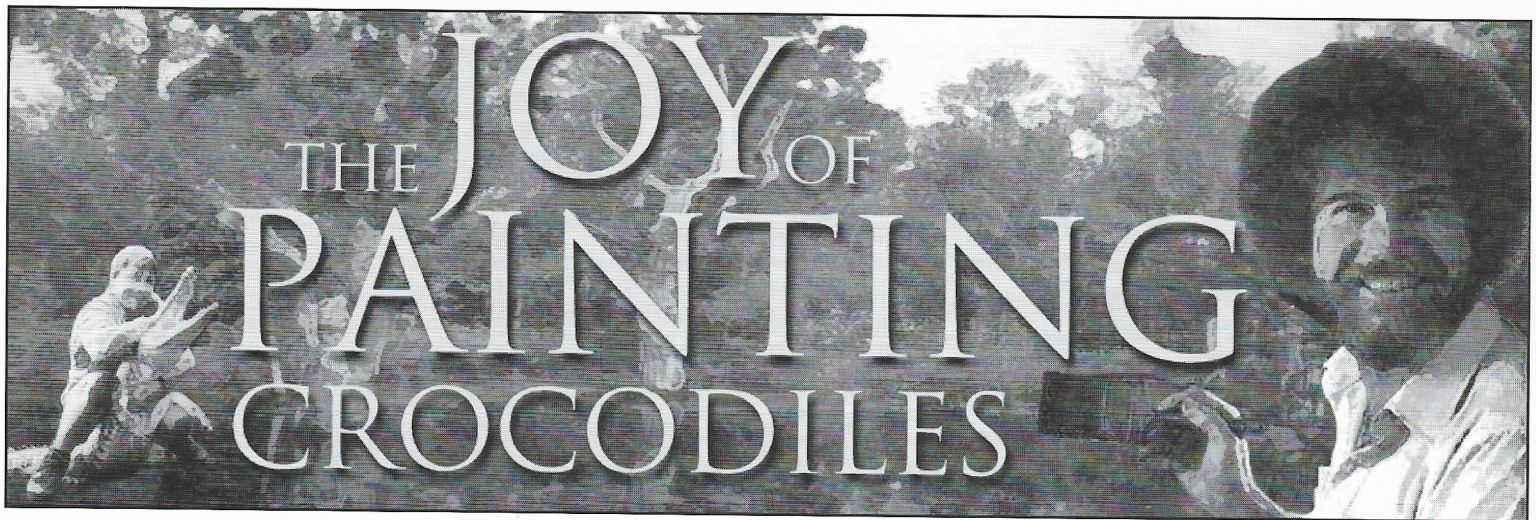
ARE YOUR PETS SLOPPY PETS?



*Send them to me, Sloppy Pete.
I will clean them and dress
them in a proper fashion.*

Cleansing Headquarters located at:
2246 East Bayshore Road
Palo Alto, CA
(415) 856-8697

Dressing Headquarters located at:
2248 East Bayshore Road
Palo Alto, CA
(415) 856-8698



Crocodile Hunter Steve Irwin:

What we ave eer is a full-grown south-eastern croc. It's a Shelia by the look of it, from the way she olds er tail. Real beaut too.

Bob Ross:

Beautiful, indeed Steve. First we'll paint the swamp in the background. Just make some light vertical strokes with you Burnt Umber, dabbing a little here and there with some Everglade Green.

Crocodile Hunter Steve Irwin:

Crikey! How'd yew do that?

Bob Ross:

Just let the paint flow. For instance, let's say you want to add a mountain range. Just take a little smear of your Titanium White and kind of dash it across the top.

Crocodile Hunter Steve Irwin:

Gettin' a wee bit ahead of me there mate.

Bob Ross:

And by using our Burnt Umber again and making just a couple short strokes... Viola, happy little reeds.

Crocodile Hunter Steve Irwin:

Look ere Ross. I've got green, red, blue, and yella, that's eet.

Bob Ross:

Now it's time for us to put in the crocodiles, mix some Pacific Blue with your Everglade Green...

Crocodile Hunter Steve Irwin:

It appears, boys an girls, that this very rare, wet-on-wet artist, does not notice we are ere. Let's see how he responds, when attacked by a two-hundred pound human crocodile!

Bob Ross:

OUCH!! Steve, why are you biting me!? OW!

Crocodile Hunter Steve Irwin:

Oh, and that croc is really feasting. But not to worry, Ross's adrenaline is just pumping thru his veins, he's not feeling a thing.

Next Week on *The Joy of Painting Crocodiles*



Bob will teach tips on the proper use of gessos and liquid basecoats while painting of picture of Steve taunting a 500 pound monster crocodile.

What would the names of the Great Lakes be if they were called the "Fabulous Lakes"?

Blake Michigan

Lake Yurontop

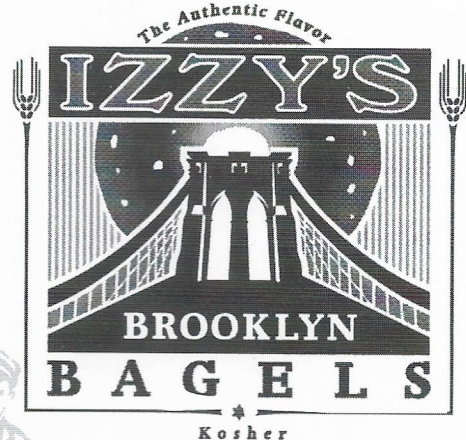
Lake Antonio Sabato, Jr.

The Lake of the White Tigress

Lance Broadwaters

Lake Mitch's Fan

*Lake Sugar and Spice and ...
oh what the hell —
I'm a bitch and I love it!*



Welcome Students!

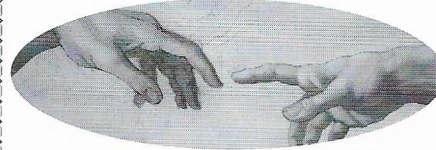
**Bring in this ad
and receive a FREE BAGEL!**

*All students with Stanford ID get
10% off breakfast and lunch.
(\$2 minimum purchase)*

Business Hours
MON-FRI 6am - 4pm
SATURDAY 7am - 2pm
SUNDAY 7am - 3pm

447 California Avenue Palo Alto, CA

Phone: (650) 329-0700



Pregnancy Care Centers *Of San Mateo County*

Care Net and NIFLA Affiliated

**Offering Support for Pregnant Women...
And information for men with pregnant partner**

ALL SERVICES FREE AND CONFIDENTIAL!

- * Free Pregnancy Tests — immediate results
- * Information and Education . . . pregnancy, abortion, alternatives
- * Support Through the Pregnancy
- * Pregnancy and Relationship Counseling — for clients, partners, parents
- * Referrals - for medical care, paternity testing, child support, housing, child care, legal services, infant care and parenting
- * Baby and maternity clothing
- * Post-abortion Counseling
- * CARE Program — youth and singles outreach

Pregnancy Care Centers of San Mateo County is a non-profit organization committed to offering emotional, practical, and spiritual support to anyone faced with the possibility of a pregnancy ... planned or unplanned.

728 B Willow Road
Menlo Park, CA 94025
(650) 328-8112

1650 Laurel Street
San Carlos, CA 94070
(650) 595-3515

110 S. El Camino Real
San Mateo, CA 94402
(650) 342-9932

www.pregnancycare.net



FUN BEGINS WITH ERNIE'S



- Imported & domestic wine, liquor, beer
- Keg deliveries & Pick-up
- Discounts on large purchases
- Premium Cigars

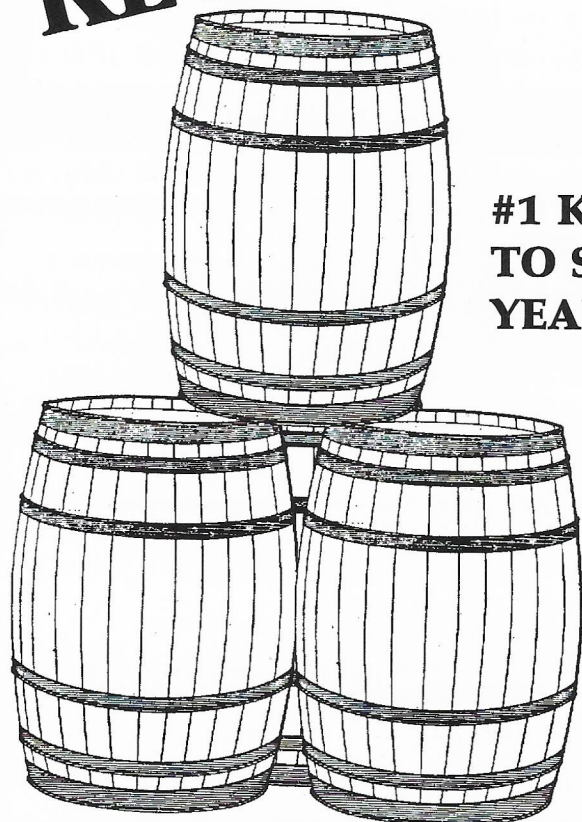
A Stanford Tradition

**KEGS!
KEGS!
KEGS!**

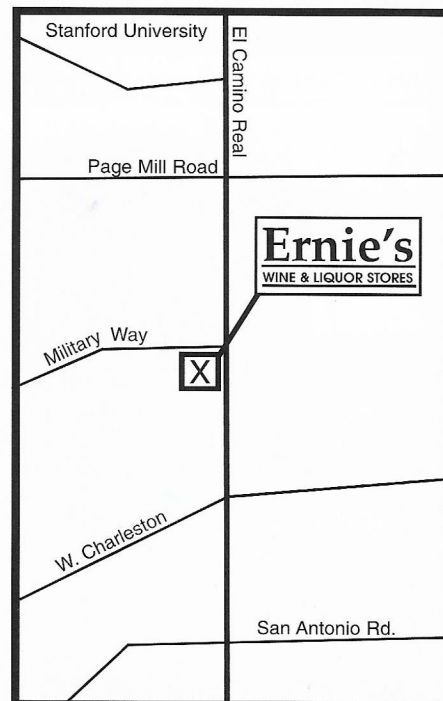
Ernie's

WINE & LIQUOR STORES

493-4743



**#1 KEG SUPPLIER
TO STANFORD 11
YEARS RUNNING**



**Excellent
selection of
wine, beer,
liquor, and cigars**

3870 El Camino, Palo Alto 94306

Open:
Mon-Th 9am to 12pm
F-Sat 9am to 1am
Sun 9am to 11pm

Submarines have better things to do

than listen to your crappy rendition of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue"

than wait for you, worried sick, when you could have easily called.

than listen to you complain about Roger for, like, the 50th time.

some of the better things they have to do include, but are not limited to:

The image displays a grid of 16 circles, each containing a word or an image. The words are: floating, rising, diving, pinging, softly, slowly, calmly, faintly, work it, simply, gently, mildly, meekly. The images include submarines, a diver, and stick figures. The circles are arranged in a 4x4 grid, with the words and images appearing in a specific sequence.

| | | | |
|----------|--------|--------|---------|
| floating | rising | diving | pinging |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| floating | rising | diving | pinging |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| floating | rising | diving | pinging |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |

We asked the staff: "If you could have any pet, what would this fantasy pet be?"

I would want an escape-artist turtle. I would leave it in its cage and go somewhere. When I came back the turtle will have broken out of the cage and have crawled maybe fifteen feet. Then I would get to destroy its entire day's work by putting it back in its cage. This would occur every day.

GEOFF SCHAEFFER, Dickhead

My fantasy pet would be furry and have a fuzzy, wagging tail. It would lick its owners but bark at intruders. It would love to play and fetch balls for you. In fact, it would be a lot like a dog—except that when you hit it with a sledgehammer, instead of yelping and dying, it would burst open like a piñata to reveal 3 million dollars in stacks of twenties.

GREG WAYNE, Day Trader

I always had lots of cats and dogs. They smelled bad, wrecked stuff, and died at the most inopportune moments. My pet fantasy would be to have no pet at all.

IAN SPIRO, Sterile

A clever gypsy child with a deceptive smile, quick hands, and acute moral insensitivity. It's one of the few paths left to the true life of leisure.

GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS, Mayor of Talkytown

This is the first time that I've been a part of the internet dating scene. I am a strong, independent, intelligent man looking for the same in a partner. Love me, let me keep your secrets, hold my hand, tell me where it hurts. Let's go for a bike ride. We will know if we are right for each other when our eyes meet for the first time.

SETH ROSENBLOOM, Tries Unsuccessfully to Read Personals Ironically

My fantasy pet is a delgor. What is a delgor? It's a dog with three penises.

ADRIAN PERRY, Superstar Writer

When I say "no," this parrot will say "yes." When I say "tit," the parrot says, "tat." And so on. This is going to have to be one smart parrot.

ANNE BENDER, Looking For This Parrot

A miniature blue whale that I could keep in a bathtub and feed cats to.

ANDREW NIELSEN, Writer, Artist, Friend

I'm having difficulty understanding why I, altogether undistinguished and heretofore unaffiliated with your publication, am presently being asked to chronicle my fantasy animal for a staff piece on fantasy animals? If someone signed me up for this at the Activity Fair, I'd like to know who.

LISA ARZAMENDI, We'll Talk Later

Vunderbear, the scourge of the S.S., freedom bringer of the Jews.

ERIK LESSAC-CHENEN, A Jew

I always wanted one of those things...ya know...wolves?

DEBBIE GLASBAND, The Best Artist

I would just ask for my cat that I had when I was five back . . . Lovey Cutie Finds. She was a black cat with green eyes and we gave her away when my sister was born. I'm not sure why. I think I read somewhere once that there's a superstition that cats suffocate babies, but we aren't a really superstitious family. And Lovey would have never hurt a soul.

KATIE FOUNDS, Treasurer of Babyville

I would like a one-eyed, one-horned, flying purple people eater. I don't like people.

WILLIAM ROTHACKER, Hater

Whatever pet I get, it had better have what I like to call "entertainability." What do I mean by "entertainability"? Let's just say it had better come with a tiny saddle.

JACOB YOUNG, Visitor From Littleland

Ralph Nader. He's so cute and cuddly, I just want to squeeze him to death!

GEOFF MORRIS, Pundit

A tenacious yet happy-go-lucky golden retriever, and an uppity cat, who make their way on an incredible journey home when I "mistakenly" leave them on the side of I-85 (during one of my Jack Daniels and Coke binges).

MATT STEINBERG, Writing from Spain

My fantasy pet would be my Chem T.A. He always rubs my knee when I ask a question in class, and licks my face when I get them right. He's so affectionate.

ALLISON LOH, All-day Sucker

My fantasy animal would involve my now-dead dog, but without the stupidity, obesity, and halitosis. She should also be able to ride in a car without developing neuroses.

JOHN HUETTER, Who Still Loves You, Nana

I would have a splog, a cross between a splurf and a dog.

CHARLIE STOCKMAN, Back and Better Than Ever

My fantasy pet would be like a small human, who looked like a person who hadn't existed very long, and always soiled its pants, and was always fighting the other children.

STEVE YELDERMAN, Plays the Drums

Are we talking domesticated? Because actually, dogs were never domesticated.

CHRIS ALLOCCO, As Interpreted by Another

If I could have any pet, I would ask my parents if I could have an elephant. Not because I really want an elephant, but because of the argument such a request would start. I can see my father right now telling me that I am "not responsible enough" to have an elephant, and that I don't realize that I would have to "walk the elephant several times a day," and that I am not going to want to "clean up after the elephant." Of course, he would be right on all claims.

ERIC JORGENSON, Petless, for Good Reason

A Chia Pet, because what the hell happened to those things, anyway?

SARA INES CALDERON, Appearing Nightly

A small sparrow that can talk.

YANZO WANGCHUCK, The Princess of Bhutan

My fantasy pet would have giant fangs, fiery wings, and radar eyes. So, it would kind of be like anthropomorphised symbolism.

LAUREL ROBERTS, Trooper

Give the gift of laughter with a subscription to...

The Stanford Chaparral

The Chaparral, now in its 103rd year, delivers a variety of innovative and humorous content you can't get anywhere else. A subscription is a gift any wiseacre, witmaker, or lay wag will appreciate

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

Mail the issues to the address below

Street _____

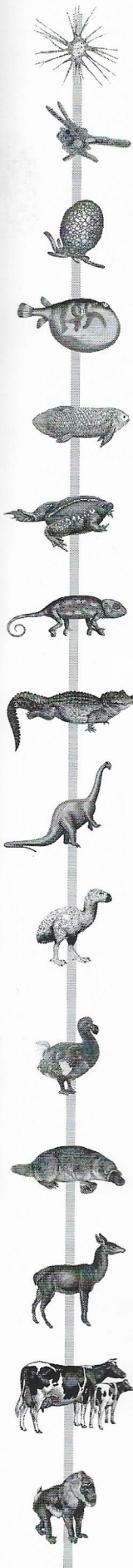
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



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

THE ANXIETY OF INFLUENCE

A THEORY OF EVOLUTION



1
STAGE

Proto-life emerges from the primordial soup. Critical disapproval creates proto-anxiety: "The heavy debt this proto-somethingness owes to its greatest precursor, nothingness, is impossible to ignore." Other animal-critics are more pointed: "Proto-life? More like *proto-cowardice*."

2
STAGE

In one of the greatest imaginative leaps of evolutionary history, fish evolve from bacteria. "A magisterial performance," murmur envious, impotent critics. "We have a new apotheosis of unremitting heroism, and they call themselves *fish*. We are all redeemed."

3
STAGE

Fish walk meekly onto land, calling themselves the first amphibians. "Hopelessly derivative," enjoins a choir of bored and haughty critics. "Where is the lustful transcendence? Where is the dark hope, borne of fallenness, that one may leap o'er oneself? These *things*, these sticky, greasy 'amphibians,' leap o'er nothing at all."

4
STAGE

Reptiles boldly stride onto the scene with self-confident panache. Animal-critics remain non-plussed. "I can't believe we have to put up with *yet another season* of the same old shopworn characters. Stylistically, we haven't seen anything fresh in eons. Reptiles are something new? We say: if it walks like an amphibian, talks like an amphibian, looks like an amphibian, and *utterly lacks autonomy*, it's an amphibian."

5
STAGE

Birds emerge from reptiles. Critics yawn. Decadent birds wail against their sense of belatedness. "All of our best lines have been written already," they moan, and wear black. "These things call themselves original? *When are the animals going to stop reading out of these tired, old animal scripts?* Evolution is dead; natural selection is dead; *the birds have murdered biology*."

6
STAGE

Mammals attempt one last shot at overcoming their inheritance. "Trite," mutter the tired critics as they wonder what happened to the fish. "Where are our starkly poetic mackerel, our thrusting tuna, our witty and delightful whitefish, our solemnly persevering manta rays, our powerfully heroic sharks? Where have all the fresh voices gone? *Have we no more sense of the tragic?*" Critics shake their heads: "Every last one of us may, indeed, already be dead."

**Come into
Round Table and
enjoy an absolute
meat-fest.**



Montague's All Meat
MARVEL[®]

263 University Ave.
(Downtown/Delivery To Stanford)
650-322-2893

**Order one
now!**

421 California Ave.
(Stanford Delivery)
650-322-0111

We Deliver!

Round Table
PIZZA

\$4⁰⁰ off

Any Extra Large Pizza

\$3⁰⁰ off

Any Large Pizza

\$2⁰⁰ off

Any Medium Pizza

SC01

Sales tax included. Offer valid on dine-in, carry-out or delivery. Limited delivery area & hours. One coupon per order. Minimum delivery order may apply. Valid through 01/01/02. Valid only at participating restaurants.

Round Table
PIZZA

Any Large
One Topping Pizza

\$9⁹⁹

plus tax • thin crust only
add'l toppings at regular price • SC02

Sales tax included. Offer valid on dine-in, carry-out or delivery. Limited delivery area & hours. One coupon per order. Minimum delivery order may apply. Valid through 01/01/02. Valid only at participating restaurants.

Round Table
PIZZA

Any Large
Specialty Pizza

King Arthur's Supreme, Gourmet Veggie,
Italian Garlic Supreme, Chicken & Garlic
Gourmet or any other Large Specialty

\$13⁹⁹

plus tax • thin crust only • SC03

Sales tax included. Offer valid on dine-in, carry-out or delivery. Limited delivery area & hours. One coupon per order. Minimum delivery order may apply. Valid through 01/01/02. Valid only at participating restaurants.

Round Table
PIZZA

20% OFF

Orders of \$30 or more

SC04

Sales tax included. Offer valid on dine-in, carry-out or delivery. Limited delivery area & hours. One coupon per order. Minimum delivery order may apply. Valid through 01/01/02. Valid only at participating restaurants.