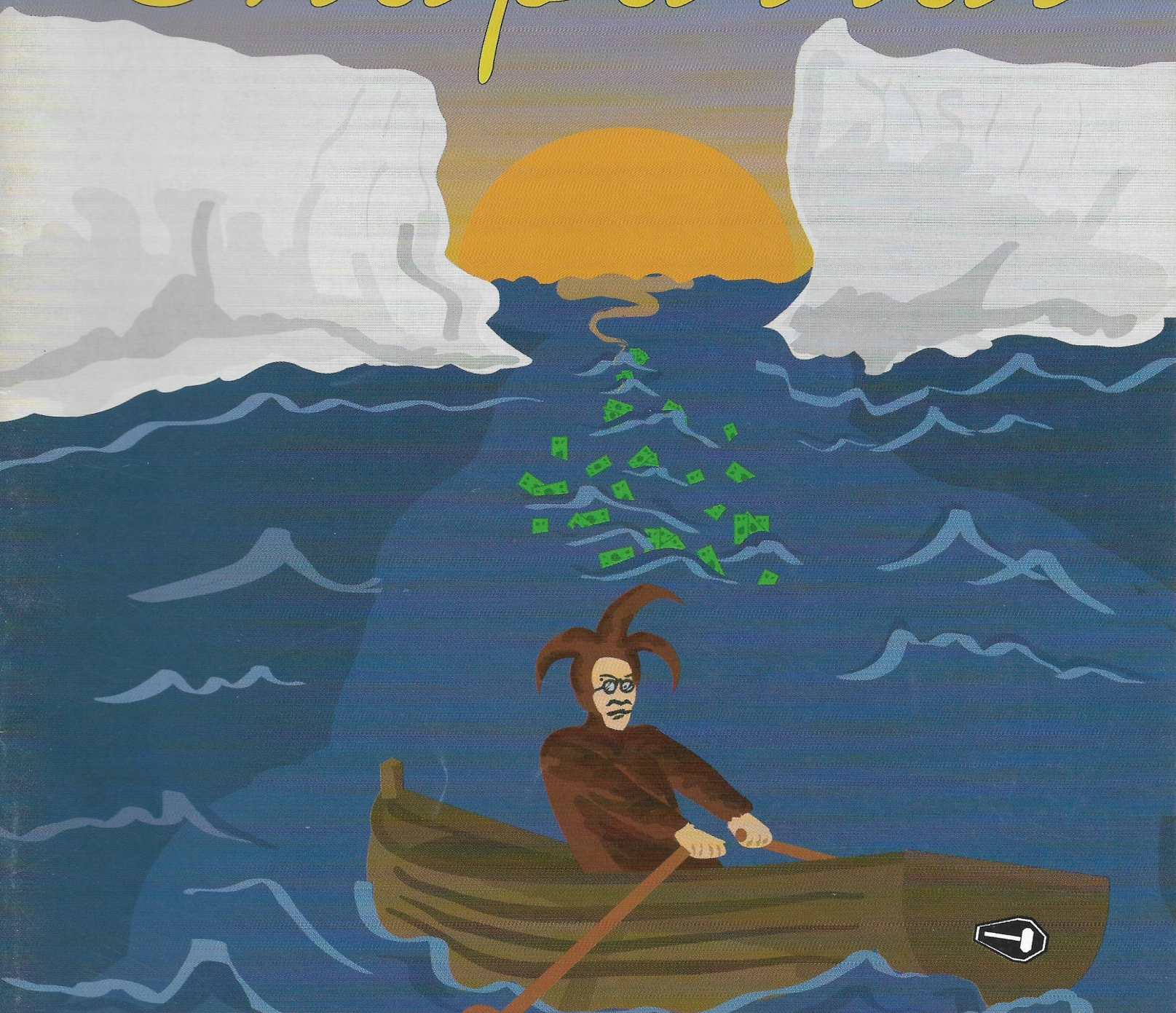


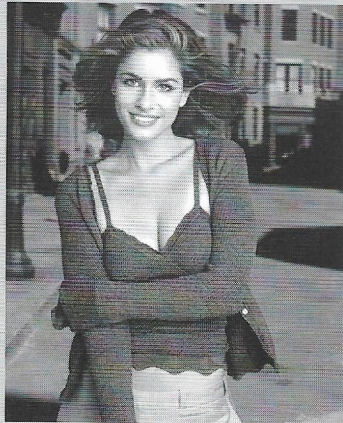
Stanford Chaparral



MONIES FROM GIBRALTAR



Alfred Peet is the original owner of Peet's Coffee, opening the first store in 1966 in Berkeley.



Amanda Peet is a well-known actress famous for her roles in "Saving Silverman" and "The Whole Nine Yards."

The Adventures of Peet and Peet

Two very different backgrounds.
Two very different people.

ONE SENSE OF ADVENTURE

"It's like I've always said- I am one of the most adventurous people I know. That's it. I'm not here to try and play God. I just really like adventure."

--Alfred Peet

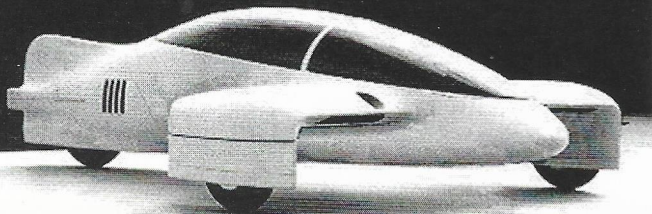
"I've always been really adventurous. It started when I was a kid; I had tons of sisters and we would just explore and explore the neighborhood. I was really surrounded by a real aura of adventure in the house growing up. Probably it had a lot to do with my dad- he was a realtor, and not afraid to take chances."

--Amanda Peet

THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW EACH OTHER

CARS OF THE FUTURE

- The Ford Torment
- The KIA Platitude
- The Toyota Export
- The Mercedes Hubris
- The Studebaker Anachronism
- The Mitsubishi Compromise
- The Chevrolet Placentor
- The Volvo Paranoia
- The Porsche Levitra
- The AntiChrysler



Memorandum

Re: Upcoming Charlie Kaufman Films

2004

Being John Turturro

Charlie Kaufman on Charlie Kaufman

Copyright Interpretation

2005

The Internal Brightness of Charlie Kaufman's Mind

Metafictional Arse Poetic

Being Charlie Kaufman, Actually

GUARANTEED

PRANKS

The Automotive Mindfuck

Make an exact duplicate of the target's car. Get a vehicle of the same color and model, switch license plates, and even replicate the garbage, etc. inside the car. While your victim is sleeping, switch the key on his/her kitchen so it will fit the lock and ignition of the substitute car. Using the swapped key, steal the victim's car, and park the substitute car in its place. Now lie in wait until the victim gets in the substitute car, thinking it is his real car. Then the next time you see the victim driving around, drive up in the owner's actual car and smash into the victim head-on, smashing both vehicles. Make sure to total the vehicles without injuring the target. Do not hurt the target, or the joke will not work. After totaling the car, drive away.



The Johnson Switcheroo

Sneak into the victim's house early in the morning. Create a plug of rubber cement in the victim's nose while he is still sleeping. Make sure he cannot smell, but do not wake him. While the victim continues to sleep, start making a very elaborate breakfast. Suggestions include omelets, bacon, pancakes, and French toast. Bring the food up to his bedroom and place it all over the room. Now play an audio recording (that you made while you were doing the cooking) that includes the sound of sizzling bacon over a bed of eggs. As the victim wakes up, he will immediately assume that he has lost his sense of smell. Jump out, unplug his nose, and reveal that he can smell after all. Then let your victim eat the food, at which point he will discover that it was all cooked in vinegar and tastes rancid.



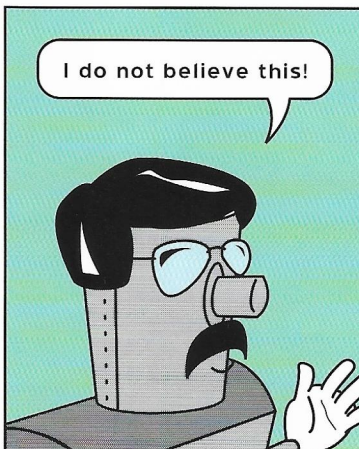
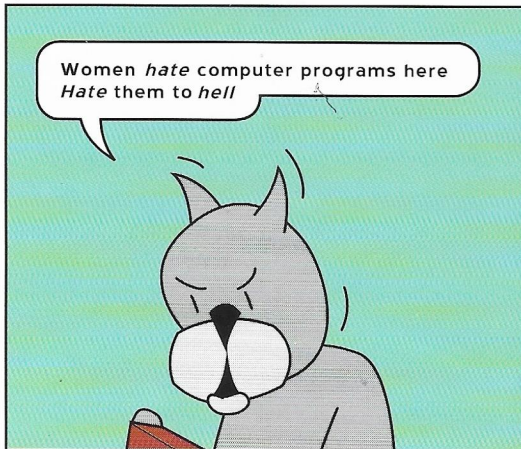
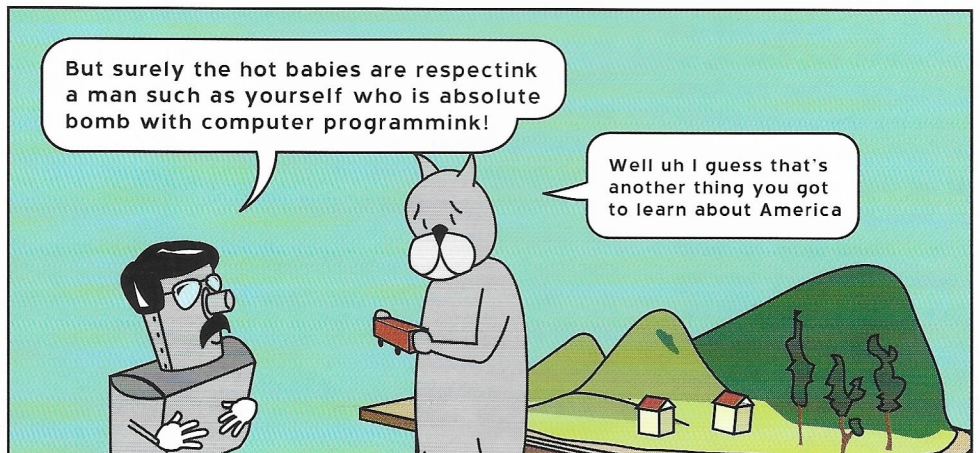
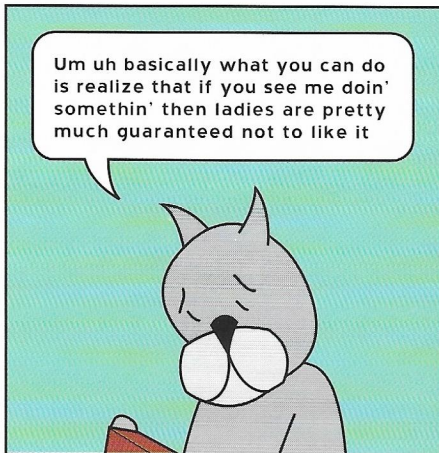
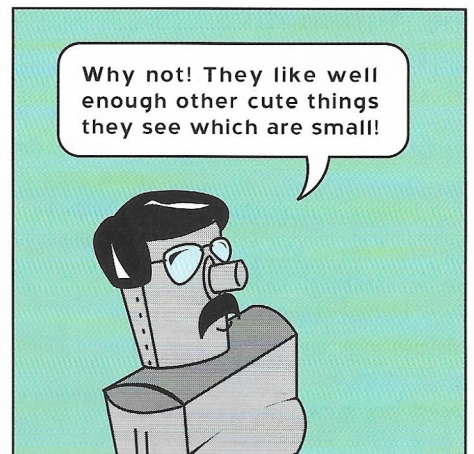
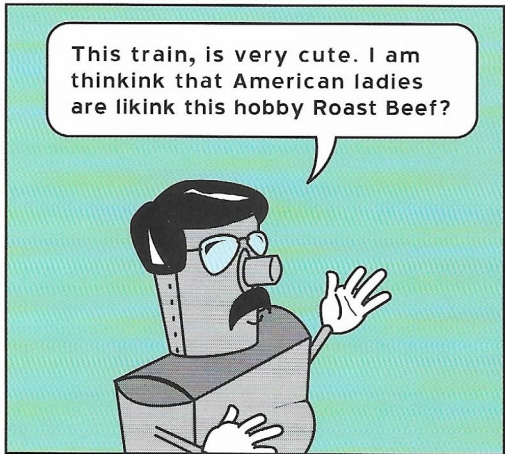
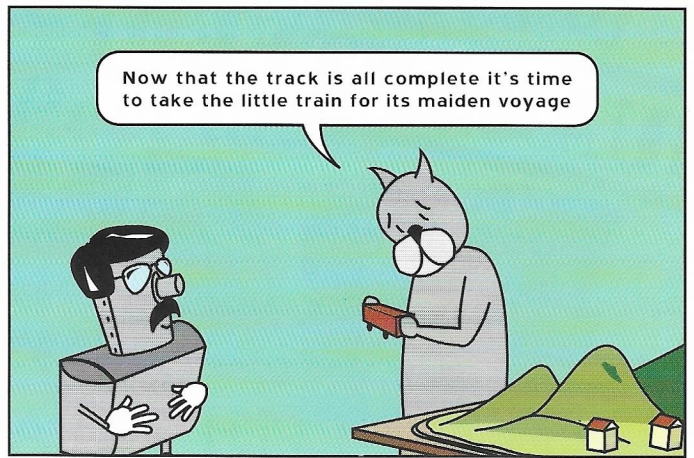
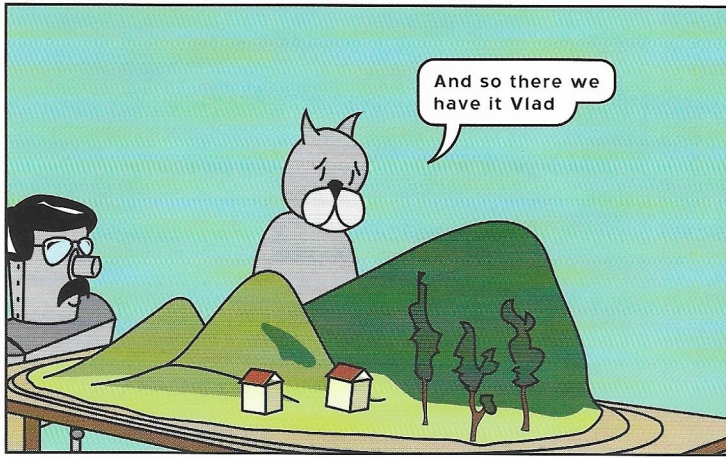
The Cordova Classic

Start a successful company in the tech sector valued at around ten million dollars. Right before your company's IPO, give your target a significant stake in the company. Then in a carefully organized racquet of insider trading, sell off all of your majority shares, trigger an FTC investigation, and ultimately cause the downfall of the company. Make sure all of this happens within the six month frozen period so that your victim cannot sell his shares. He will go home penniless.

Novocaine Insane

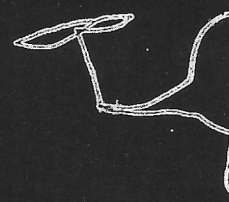
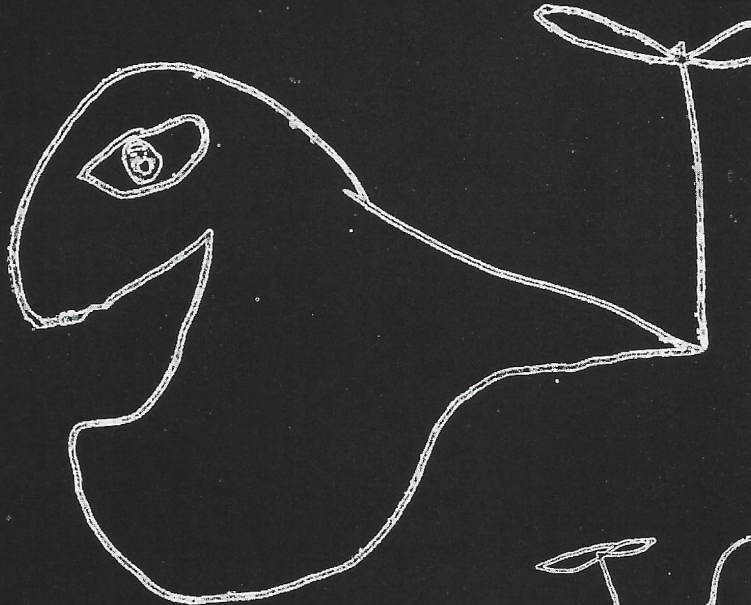
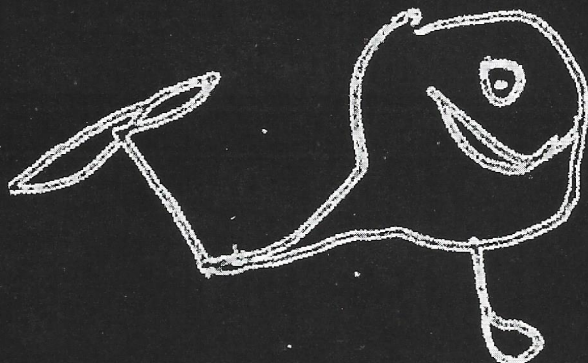
Abduct your victim during the middle of the night. Inject his entire body (except his head) full of Novocaine. Wake up the victim and tell him he just got out of the hospital after three weeks in the intensive care unit. Say the car crash was awful and he is paralyzed for life from the neck down. Take care of the victim for the next several months and inject him with a fresh supply of Novocaine each day, telling him it is his medicine. If you forget a dose, stage a second accident, or start from scratch with a new victim. Finally after at least a year, bring the victim to an evangelical healer. Stop all Novocaine doses. Your friend's paralysis will mysteriously disappear and he will become devoutly religious. Do not reveal the true cause of his accident and recovery for at least twenty years.





WRITING CREDITS

2	PEET AND PEET.....	KEMPER
2	CARS OF THE FUTURE.....	PHILLIPS
2	CHARLIE KAUFMAN.....	LESSAC-CHENEN
3	PRANKS.....	SPIRO, STOCKMAN, YELDERMAN
6	NOW THAT.....	YELDERMAN
7	JIMMY CARTER.....	LESSAC-CHENEN
8	BIOETHICAL.....	CHANDERRAJ, YELDERMAN
9	WHEN TO BUY.....	SPIRO, YELDERMAN
9	STAPLER.....	PHILLIPS
10	D-DAY.....	CHANDERRAJ
11	CLOSER LOOK.....	STOCKMAN
12	YEARBOOK.....	HENICK
13	GRAPEVINE MURMURS.....	STOCKMAN
14	MORAL CHAMPION.....	STOCKMAN
15	PENURIUS FINANCIAL.....	YELDERMAN
16	BEAR COUNTRY.....	ARMSTRONG
17	SOCIETY.....	CHANDERRAJ, STOCKMAN
18	FREE WILL.....	ARMSTRONG
19	FEW GOOD MEN.....	HENICK
20	MONKIES FROM GIBRALTAR.....	STOCKMAN
21	AWKWORDS POEMS.....	PHILLIPS
22	TIME TRAVEL DIARY.....	ARMSTRONG
23	SKATEBOARDING TRICKS.....	CRANE
24	THESAURUS.....	KEMPER
25	ARMY BRAT.....	KEMPER
25	HOW MANY TIMES.....	YELDERMAN
26	MUSIC SYNTHESIZER.....	YELDERMAN
27	SMOKING.....	GLASBAND, LESSAC-CHENEN
28	MEET THE MEATLES.....	HENICK
29	MEATLES ANTHOLOGY.....	HENICK
30	STAFF PIECE.....	STAFF
31	SENIOR PAGES.....	SPIRO



ART CREDITS

1	COVER.....	HENICK
7	JIMMY CARTER.....	LESSAC-CHENEN
11	CLOSER LOOK.....	KEMPER
23	SKATEBOARD ART.....	CRANE
24	GIRL CRYING.....	KEMPER
24	THESAURUS.....	KEMPER
25	HOW MANY TIMES.....	YELDERMAN

Staff

'04

Chuck Armstrong
Noah Grabowitz
Ben Howard
Nic Kanaan
Jenny Kim
Laura Page
Marie White

'05

Aaron Gelband
Brian Laidlaw
Brendan Lane
Jared Lister
Mike Love
Lija McHugh
Graeme Mullen
Andrew Nielsen
John Rote

'06

Andrew Ardinger
Phillip Dumesic
Katie Gillum
Chris Holt
Chris Kanand
Andrew Peterman
Matt Richards
Kevin Systrom
Greg Worswick

'07

Nadja Blagojevic
Jon Casto
Charles Demakis
Maia Goodman
Roger Grosse
Jess Hara
Jeremy Hoffman
Dinakar Muthiah
David Pfau
Brian Polinsky
Ting Qian
Andrew Shah
Ben Trombly-Shapiro

Graduate

Anita Idiculla
Eric Jorgensen
Dave Shilane

Special Thanks

Chris Crane
George Dicker
Animatronic Philanthropist
E-Dawg
Michael Lee

The Stanford Chaparral

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IAN SPIRO '04 **STEVE YELDERMAN '04**
Old Boy *Old Boy*

CHARLIE STOCKMAN '04
Head Writer

DEBBIE GLASBAND '05
Art Director

AMANDA PETTIT '05 **MATTHEW HENICK '05**
Circulation Manager *Business Manager*

JOHN HUETTER '03 **ADRIAN PERRY '03** **MATT STEINBERG '03**
Old Boy Emeritus *Old Boy Emeritus* *Old Boy Emeritus*

Hammer Coffin

JESS AGNEW-BLAIS '05
CHRIS ALLOCCO '03
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SARA INES CALDERON '05
RISHI CHANDERRAJ '07
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DAVE FRUCHBOM '00
ROB HANN '00
MAX HEILBRON '00
JASON JENKINS '04
CARRIE KEMPER '06
DAVID LAMPSON '00
ERIK LESSAC-CHENEN '04
GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS '02

JON MAAS '00
CHRIS ONSTAD '98
ALLAN PHILLIPS '07
DUSTIN PERKINS '00
SETH ROSENBLUM '04
GEOFF SCHIAEFFER '02
KENNY SHEI '00
ETHAN SILVA '06
JACOB YOUNG '02

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

REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT

you have collected all your little accomplishments on all your little bits of paper, it's time to perform something we call circulation. Poetry has a purpose and verse has a place, but tact and submissiveness will not provide many walls upon which to hang that stamped piece of paper on which your life's most insignificant accomplishment is so blandly stated. You would do better to mince your Big Deals and mail

them indiscriminately to Post Master Generals across the Geneva-pilgrimage company.

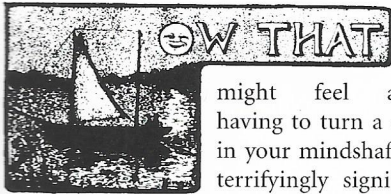
As in all circumstances, the inverse of the best case intersected with the worst case is the null case, and the best you could hope for is little but a glorified subset of the worst you could hope for. There is little need for the exertion of concern or the haughtiness of doubting. Your anthraciel powders will inevitably cough out of their envelopes and lesion the faces of the middle managers of the world, infecting them with your biographical confirmables and astonishing them with your ineffable general ascendancy. Paper rarely

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fails its intended purpose.

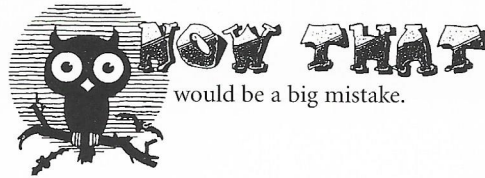
Just as predictably, an international conglomerate will enlist an express courier service to dispatch a comparatively unhumorous package to your doorstep. There will be numbers and deadlines and a tone of mutual attainment. It might even have your name on it. At some point in these papers, the details as to who will be responsible for the ongoing upkeep and repair of your teeth will inevitably be discussed. It is better, the thinking goes, to get the teeth-skeletons out of the closet earlier rather than later.

When these fibrous sheets hit your doorstep, you will know that it's the time when you will have to prove that you can actually do what it is that you say you can do.



might feel awful, having to turn a crank in your mindshaft in a terrifyingly significant and documented manner. There are tests and quizzes- and now there are also explosions and overstocks and bankruptcies with which to contend. No student ever got his professor fired through extreme failure on an exam, but every employee has the power to get his boss murdered in some capacity, figurative or otherwise. That's sort of a lot of responsibility for someone who was probably only hired as a mistake.

But hey, now that you're hired, you can seriously sort of relax. Let's all have a good time and tell some jokes.

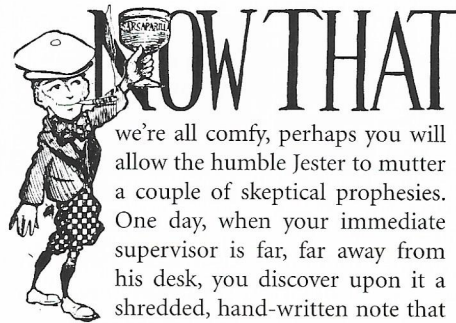


would be a big mistake.

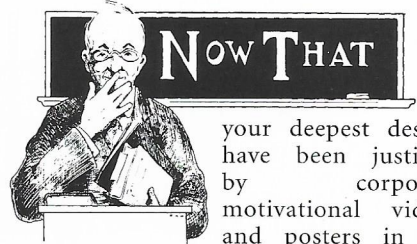
In fact, if you turn on your television this evening to one of the free channels, you will witness the biography of a historic person. Seventeen minutes into the feature, a quote, attributed to the historic person in question, might strike you as relevant to your new situation. This extraordinarily significant person of great renown had an insight that the makers of this biography deemed important enough to parlay into an actual quote, and furthermore decided to include in the feature's seventeenth minute.

"Typing is the task, talking is the treasure."

That is what the famous person will say on television tonight if you let him.



we're all comfy, perhaps you will allow the humble Jester to mutter a couple of skeptical prophesies. One day, when your immediate supervisor is far, far away from his desk, you discover upon it a shredded, hand-written note that arouses your curiosity. You notice it first because it's written in blue ink, and second because it was drafted on non-water-marked stationary. Turning the note over, you find a poem that reminds you of your youthful days, when you dwindled away idly, drifting from one hamlet to another in search of work as a poet. Glass to the eye, you read:



your deepest desires have been justified by corporate motivational videos and posters in the various lobbies and hallways, you've no doubt come to see this place for more than just its component bricks and mortar. Once you've given it some thought, you realize it's actually a refreshing stop on the highway of capitalism. A little bridge spanning the gentle waters of cash flow. An oasis of profits in a desert of loserness. Not a bad place to set up shop, at least for a while.

So sit back, relax, make some money. Have a mai tai, pina colada, or recreational drink of your own choosing. Everyone takes it easy on the island. Wager on the chance that you will remember why you came here.

Monies of Gibraltar

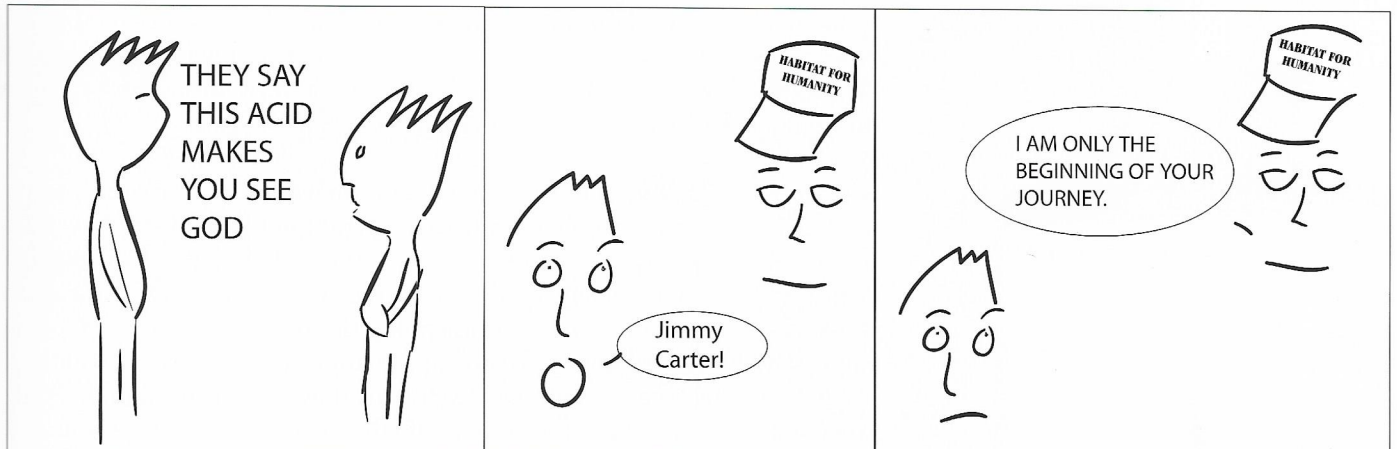
*A Dollar bill machine that won't take the bait
And a disaffected banker gets a monies for a mate.
An instant-win contest with an even betting line-*

*Finally this colony has a moron for a mind.
Four trips a day from the south part of seas
And a website and a ticker and a phaser full of keys.
Everyone is running; everything is far.
Far across the strait from here- a sunken golden bar.*

*Green opens the door but it might not let you out
Go cash your bloodchips in somewhere they'll have clout.
Get off this dependent colony you hollow money doubts-*

Greedy men know a peninsula makes for a terrible island.

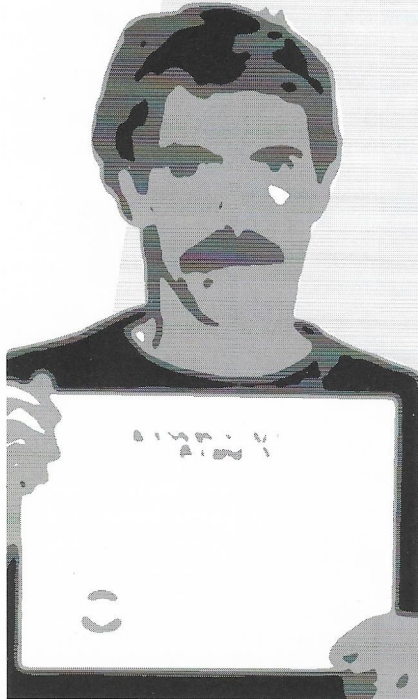
When it gets to the part about gambling you have a sinking feeling that your boss is definitely talking about you.



The Bioethical Hacker

The bioethical hacker is a man. A man with a mission. The bioethical hacker can hack any biological system, crack any code, create life where there is only death. If he really wanted to, he could kill us all.

But he doesn't. He's ethical. He lives by strict standards, and uses his biological edge to expose the shortcomings of our flawed and vulnerable society. Pointing out flaws in the system, showing us our weaknesses. He might not be the most popular guy in the world, but humanity must confess... we need him.



June 1991: The bioethical hacker discovers a technique for cloning dinosaurs from tiny bits of DNA found in the rain forests of mosquito sap. But instead of actually creating these potentially uncontrollable monsters, he makes the movie "Jurassic Park" in order to harmlessly show us the error of our ways. The result was the biggest blockbuster hit since "Jaws," which captured the nation's attention by highlighting the security flaws of common shark software.

May 1993: With the two-pronged ethical dilemma of eugenics and euthanasia churning in everyone's mind, the bioethical hacker hacks into a coma ward and prepares to euthanize a comatose patient. He stops just short and reports himself to the police, at once bringing notice to his lethal powers and providing a powerful reminder of the frailty of human comatose life. The world responds by ardently locking hospital doors and attempting to maintain consciousness.

January 1994: Concerned with the possibility that the relaxing of international immunization programs could be weakening the human genome pool, the bioethical hacker releases the dangerous smallpox virus onto over 500,000 computers. The startling lack of consequences provides a powerful reminder of the immutability of non-human life.



October 1994: Farms all across the United States have begun genetically engineering fruits and vegetables, making them juicier, sweeter, and much larger. Hoping to provoke discussion of the follies of toying with genetic code, the bioethical hacker forces the issue by genetically engineering a fifty pound tomato. Unfortunately, the plan backfires, and rather than bringing about a sudden transformation of social mores, the vegetable wins grand prize at the Newcomb County State Fair. The bioethical hacker gets his picture on the front page of the paper, thereby discrediting himself throughout the bioethics community.

September 1995: Two children in a quiet beach community create a complex sand castle society, complete with sand government, sand poverty, and a race of sand supermen that rule over the other inhabitants. The two boys decide to take their social experiment to the next level, creating a game in which the two of them take turns assuming the respective roles of God and Satan. The bioethical hacker, realizing the implications of two boys literally playing God, intervenes, and decides to kick down the painstakingly crafted sand sculptures, teaching the boys a valuable lesson about the potential for human wrath.

When to Buy Things

June is the month of Dads 'n Grads

Do you have a father? Don't forget Father's day. Did your siblings make it to secondary school or higher education? Please do not forget to buy them something.

May is the month of Moms 'n Toms

Did you forget Mother's Day? It's never too late. Did your brother Tom just graduate from high school, or is it his birthday? Make sure you get him a greeting card.

February is the month of MLK 'n JFK

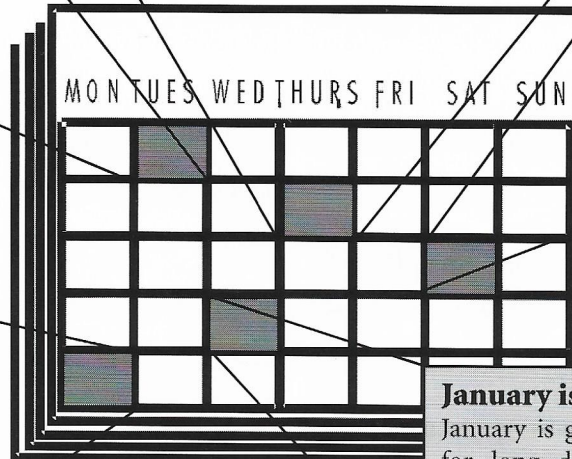
Just because it's the month of dead American heroes doesn't mean you can't have a festive barbecue with your neighbors.

March is the month of Cats 'n Frats

March is the month for the classic battle of the sexes- CatFrat Style! Show your feline/fraternal acquaintance where you stand in the big world of gift giving by purchasing a present.

January is the month of Miles 'n Tiles

January is generally recognized as the month for long distance relationships and much-needed bath renovations. Now is the time to buy a cell phone, whether it's for calling your lover... or the plumber!



What Your Stapler Says About You

Points out- You're an esoteric, right-brained person, prone to tangential flights of fancy. While your psyche rails against the notion of binding papers that should be allowed to scatter freely, you recognize what has to be done, grit your teeth, and do the dirty deed.

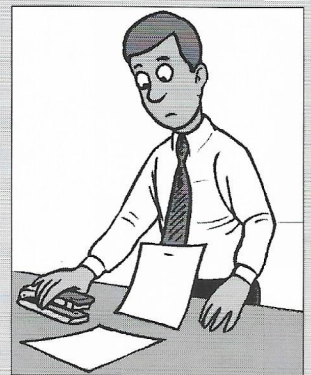
Points in- You like order, and are fairly confident in your binding decisions.

Unhinged- Like the jaws of a serpent, your stapler unfastens, eager to swallow whole any stapling-to-wall tasks you are charged with. You symbolize temptation, deceit, and evil incarnate. But in some cultures you are also considered a source of wisdom.

Manual- You enjoy paying attention to life's little details.

Automatic- You don't have the time nor the inclination for a prole task like fastening papers. Your productivity is better served by deepening your stapling capital and moving onto other things. You are disgusting.

Color- A completely neutral variable. Please ignore.



How many staples do you own at any given time?

0-50- You like to take things as they come. You fly by the seat of your pants, sometimes with disastrous results.

50-200- You are always ready for the admittedly remote contingency that you will need to do a large amount of stapling without interruption.

200+- Your hoarding manifests itself in the extravagant staple chains that festoon your work area.



D-DAY: A DAY OF REMEMBRANCE for the LARGEST AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT IN KNOWN HISTORY

On June 6, 1944, The Allied Forces began the offensive that crippled Nazi forces in Western Europe. It was the largest amphibious assault in known history. Sixty years later, we remember the amphibious sacrifice of those who fought in the largest assault of amphibian nature in known history.

THE LARGEST AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT IN KNOWN HISTORY

D-DAY

D-Day was the largest amphibious assault in known history. But lots of brave men and women died. Not all amphibians are assaults. To get a sense of what it was like to fight as part of the D-Day assault, join us in the D-Day Amphibian Museum, the largest amphibian collection in known history.

The Amphibian museum features photographs and information about:

Sonora semiannulata – A ground snake that can swim in water

Rana blairi – A frog that is amphibious (it can live in water OR on land)

D-Day - The largest amphibious assault in known history

D-DAY !

D-Day was the largest amphibious assault in known history. Many brave men and women died. But what about amphibious assaults in unknown history? Could there have been assaults that we missed, or overlooked? No way. D-Day is the largest amphibious assault, and that's all there is to it.

!! D-DAY !!

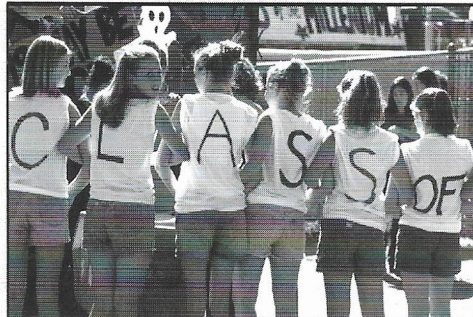
D-Day is the coolest assault ever. Even better than Gettysburg. That's because there was water at D-Day. It was **amphibious**. Can you even think of an amphibious assault that was bigger than D-Day? OF COURSE NOT! You really need to go to the museum.

Hey Girl!

I really can't believe we made it! I will always remember Mr G's AP Lit class. Remember his teeth! Ack! Hopefully our profs at EMORY (WOO!) won't be so gross! Babe, we're going to be the hottest girls on campus! So tan! Get ready for the best years of our lives. We're going to be so DRUNK!

BFFAEAEAE!

Christy



STACEY, SAYONARA. HAHA, IT'S BEEN SO MUCH FUN BEING YOUR ONLY ASIAN FRIEND AT TAFT NORTH! I'M GOING TO MISS TEACHING YOU ABOUT ASIAN PEOPLE. REMEMBER HOW I TAUGHT YOU TO TWIRL A PEN IN AP CALC (CBC)? AND CAT'S CRADLE? I'M GOING TO MISS THAT! COME VISIT ME @ MIT. I'M SO GLAD TO HAVE BEEN YOUR FIRST ASIAN FRIEND, I HOPE I WON'T BE YOUR LAST (BUT I'LL UNDERSTAND IF I AM)

LUV, JENNIE

GIRL, you FINE. You so fine, I just wanna call you up and say "Mmm, mmm, mmm, FINE!" I'll be seeing you girl. Mmm, mmm. Catch you on the Summer. Mmm, Chaz

Stacey, that night after the Poly game was AWESOME.

You're a real cool chick. Sorry we couldn't role together but people were all expecting me and Ashley to be together. Ya know, cause she was Prom Queen, and I was Prom King. Anyway, I hope you have Dope time at Emerson, and I hope

Stacy,

Wow, it feels like just yesterday we were starting out here at Taft. I really feel like our class has been one of the closest in Taft's history. And you've

been such an indispensable part of our great class. You've really been an

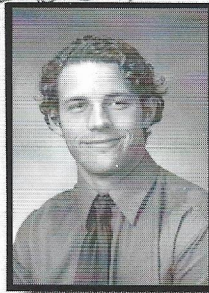
inspiration to me in all you do. Hope to have your continued support in years to come.

Your Class President, David Keizmer

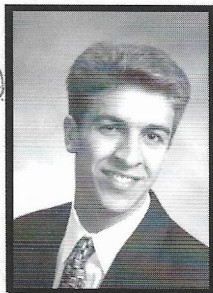
2004

Hey Babe, Can't believe we're going out for 4 fuckin years. I'm stoked we're going to try out this LTR, I mean I think it'll work out. You mean so much to me. Love Always, Matt

PS- Are you going to be ready to "lose yourself completely to me" soon?



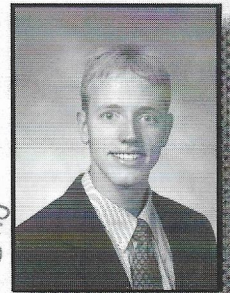
Jodi Daniels
U. of Wisconsin



Mitchell Welt
Pepperdine



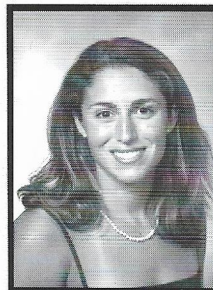
Jennie Woo
MIT



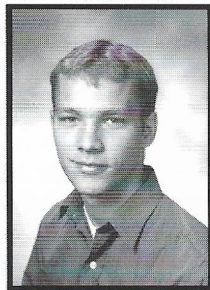
Brett Donnerly
Sarah Lawrence



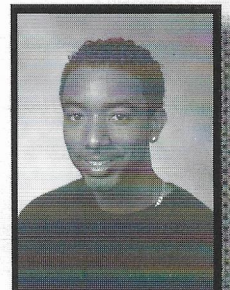
David Keizmer
Harvard



Christy Snow
Emory '08!



Matt Kegan
UCLA Rocks!



Charles Lyon,
Duke esquire

Good LUCK STACEY!! - Mitchell

go things well with your boyfriend - Jodi

Please remember me after my sex change operation! - Brett (from)

The Murmurs of the Grapevine

"We didn't want to tell the boy that he was expelled, so we just sent an email to a few of his acquaintances. This way the knowledge that his academic career is over will occur to him gradually. He may even finish his requirements by the time he figures it out."

"I didn't want to tell my lawyer that I murdered those people because I was so embarrassed. So I figured I'd let the news get to him through the grapevine. On the third day of the trial, DNA test results came back that indisputably proved that I was the killer. At this point my lawyer, Bill, looks at me, and I just shrug and make a motion like I'm cutting my throat. Two seconds later, we're both rolling on the courthouse floor clutching our bellies because we're laughing so hard."

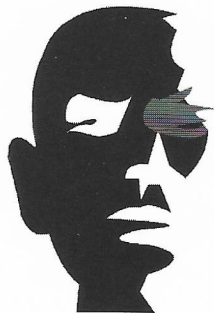
"We wanted to impeach him, but we didn't want it to be some big dramatic event, so we figured we would hold a secret impeachment and let him find out through the grapevine. After getting invited to fewer and fewer press conferences over the next six months, Edwards finally asked some friends in the Senate what was up. They all just feigned like they couldn't believe he didn't know, and then politely informed him that he had been impeached in October. Well it worked alright. Edwards was so embarrassed that he didn't even protest the decision. He just packed up his things and retired to the Cape."

"I kept trying to tell my parents that I didn't want to be a doctor, but I never could. In our culture the children only speak when spoken too. So I decided to let them find out through the grapevine- that way I wouldn't have to be disobedient. They eventually found out when I amputated the Smith's son's arm during a routine arthroscopic surgery."

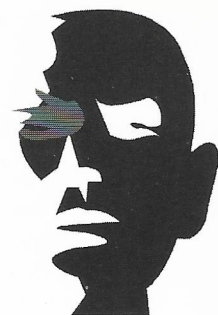
"We felt so bad about putting mother in a nursing home that none of us wanted to tell her about it. We figured once she was there she could just find out through the grapevine, and then she would grow to love it. Well it didn't exactly work. My husband kept telling her that she was living in a 16th century Spanish dungeon. I asked him to stop because he was scaring her, but he just couldn't get over himself. Pretty soon she started screaming all night long. Eventually we had to put up a soundproof wall in front of the basement door so that we could get some sleep."

"I just couldn't tell her that we were dead and that this was hell, so I figured the grapevine was the way to go. I decided to put her on splinter-eating duty next to Robert E. Lee. Sure enough, within a day that loudmouth says to her, "This ain't no dream suga', this here's dark Tartarus, and I've ate more splinters than all of Earth's tree's could actually provide." At this point it dawned on her that the car accident was far worse than she thought. Despite Lee's gruff language, I'm glad that's how she found out. It was definitely preferable to me breaking the news that I, her greedy but faithful lover during life, was now obligated to oversee her eternal suffering in death."





MORAL CHAMPION



Moral Champion:

May I sleep with your ex?

Friend: I think that would make me feel bad, Moral Champion.

MC: Might I warn you that by asking you first I have shown my concern for you, a good friend. You must allow me to sleep with her.

Friend: You already did, asshole. I listened to you two having sex for three hours last night.

MC: Well played. Do not lose this chance to dethrone the Moral Champion by selfishly refusing my request to sleep with your ex.

Friend: Honestly, man, you're not my friend, so I guess you can do whatever.

MC: So close, but your heartless denial of our friendship has left me still the moral champion.

Friend: You're a scumbag.

MC: I refuse to retaliate to your chippy behavior in the waning moments of this victory. Instead I shall demonstrate good sportsmanship and remind you that two people you care about, your ex and the Moral Champion, are happy.

Friend: Well thank you very much.

MC: You are welcome, my green-eyed friend. Now if you will excuse me, Jessica and I will be in the other room engaging in an act of pure altruism.

Moral Champion:

I am in a moral dilemma, friend.

Friend: You will overcome it, Moral Champion.

MC: I am madly in love with this girl, but I keep sleeping with her best friend.

Friend: That is quite a dilemma.

MC: On the one hand, I care for this girl, and I do not wish to hurt her, but on the other hand, she is away for several weeks.

Friend: I see.

MC: I am considering ceasing to sleep with her best friend, and instead making love to her best friend.

Friend: You are truly the moral champion.

MC: I cannot wait to submerge myself in the warmth of moral victory.

MC: That dog just humped my love's leg. I hate that dog.

Karma Champion:

It is only a dog. I am sure it didn't mean anything by it.

MC: How can you be so calm in the presence of the most morally despicable act of all time?

KC: Alright, I will do something.

MC: Oh my morals! Now she is humping the dog. Karma champion, of what twisted morality are you the champion?

KC: The Eastern conference.

MC: Well in the West, we play by a long list of tightly knit rules. The most important of these rules is that you cannot commit a selfish act unless you are smart enough to justify that it is not selfish using the rules. This hound clearly did not follow the rules.

KC: We are not so different. In the East our reasoning is also circular.

MC: Well then how can you allow such a lowly mutt to stand on the same level of morality as me and my fair lady?

KC: Reincarnation.

MC: Enough with your babble talk. I will lay low my enemies in a violent display of moral righteousness. I will see you in the postseason, Karma Champion.

KC: I do not believe in the postseason.

MC: Pssst. If you don't play to win, why play at all?

KC: For the love of the game.

MC: Pssst.

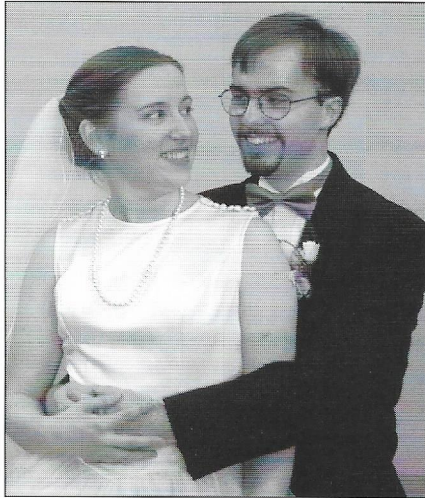


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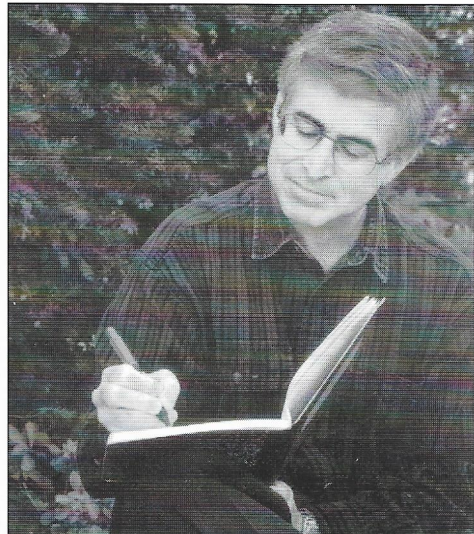
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Welcome to Bear Country, USA

Home of the happiest, schmappiest, darn tootinist bears you've ever seen! Please make yourself at home while you're here, or feel free to make yourself at "den"!

During your stay in Bear Country, USA, you may want to sample some of our culinary wares, such as raw salmon or deer. BUT BE CAREFUL! All our food is fresh from the forest!

In Bear Country, USA, marijuana is illegal except for medical purposes.

In Bear Country, USA, we only have picture menus of our food. I bet you're fixin' to



think it's cause we bears can't read, but that's not true, that's just prejudiced, and we bears don't like prejudiced folk, except for eatin'! Prejudice folk is almost as tasty as spanyurds.

In Bear Country, USA, your feces may have worms crawling around all over it because of the parasites.

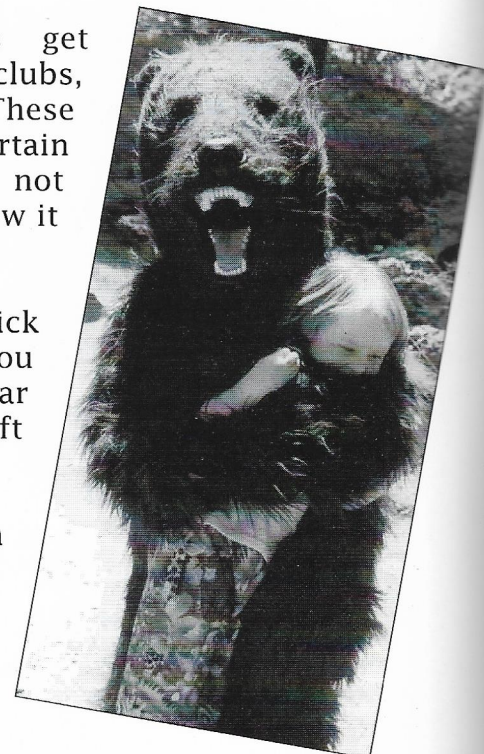
I wouldn't recommend the shrimp soup in bear country.

Sometimes, the bears get together and form little clubs, called country clubs. These clubs are only for certain types of bear. We're not prejudiced, that's just how it is; some bears are rich.

Worried about pick pockets? As well you should be, because in Bear Country, petty street theft is rampant.

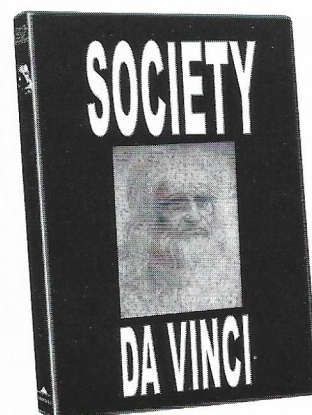
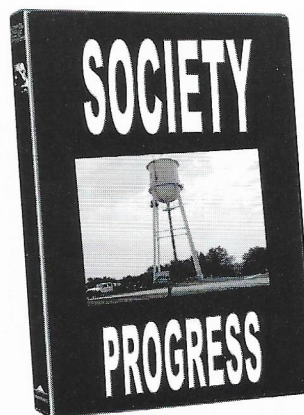
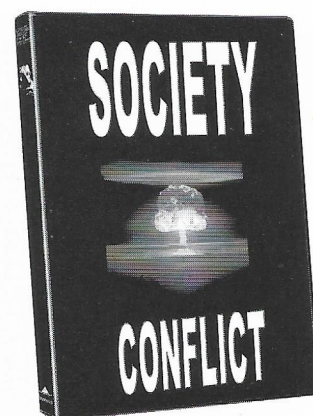
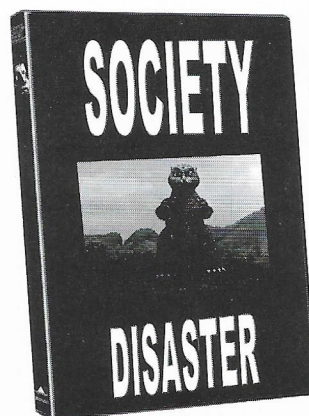
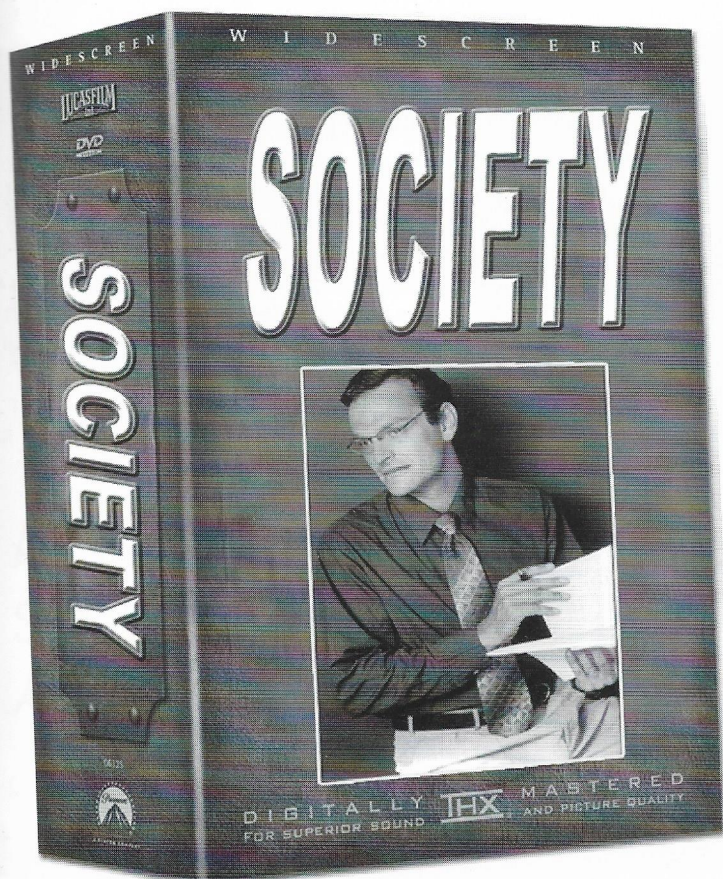
How many pushups can you do? Twenty bucks says I can beat it.

Bears don't give a shit about pushups.



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"Educational!" -Ellie Manning, Teacher

"Good, and bad at the same time."

-Rebecca Hartinger, Working Mother

"Uh, pretty interesting, but I thought Love could use more coverage."

-Bill Paulsen, Romantic Era Enthusiast

"Longer than it necessary."

-Arnold Enton, Time Magazine

A Series of Electronic Discussions on the Nature of the Human Will and Its Freedom

To: Philip Agelson <pagelson@phil.um.edu>
From: Erica Colbert <nevermind@hardwire.um.edu>
Subject: Class list
Sent: 9/3/03 7:45pm

Dr. Agelson,

Attached is the list of Phil101 students in my section this semester. There are a lot of promising candidates in this class, particularly among the freshmen. I will keep you posted as developments occur.

-Erica

To: Philip Agelson <pagelson@phil.um.edu>
From: Erica Colbert <nevermind@hardwire.um.edu>
Subject: Debate
Sent: 9/17/03 3:19pm

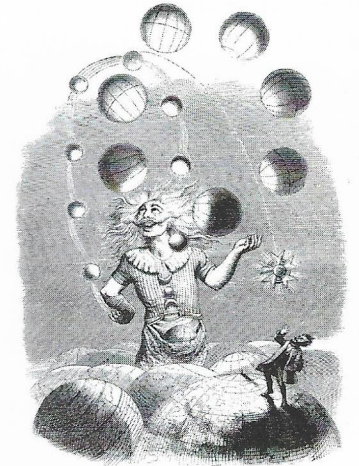
The past few discussion sections on free will have been very lively, though I worry the few opponents are too easily swayed by their peers, and those that aren't are rather physically imposing. Good luck with your speech at the conference.

-Erica

To: Philip Agelson <pagelson@phil.um.edu>
From: Erica Colbert <nevermind@hardwire.um.edu>
Subject: Midterm papers
Sent: 10/5/03 10:23pm

Just finished grading the midterm papers and have some great news: Albert Kahn, a rather unassuming and physically small physics student, just wrote the most convincing paper I've ever read arguing against free will. I expect him to be in lecture tomorrow.

-Erica



To: Erica Colbert <nevermind@hardwire.um.edu>
From: Philip Agelson <pagelson@phil.um.edu>
Subject: Success!
Sent: 10/6/03 11:31am

Erica,

Thanks for the heads up on Mr. Kahn. Perhaps tomorrow will change his mind. We are going to confuse him thoroughly.

Dr. A



COLONEL NATHAN R. JESSEP (JACK NICHOLSON)
YOU WANT ANSWERS?

LIEUTENANT DANIEL KAFFEE (TOM CRUISE)
I THINK I'M ENTITLED TO THEM.

COLONEL NATHAN R. JESSEP (JACK NICHOLSON)
YOU WANT ANSWERS?

LIEUTENANT DANIEL KAFFEE (TOM CRUISE)
I WANT THE TRUTH!

COLONEL NATHAN R. JESSEP (JACK NICHOLSON)
YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH. IT'S LIKE ONE OF THOSE REALLY DETERMINED MICE IN THOSE OLD CARTOONS THAT IS GOING TO STEAL YOUR PIECE OF SWISS CHEESE. YOU'VE BOARDED UP THE MOUSE HOLE IN THE WALL AND MOVED THE DRESSER IN FRONT OF IT. YOU'VE COLLAPSED IN YOUR ARMCHAIR WITH A SIGH OF RELIEF ONLY TO HEAR THAT DAMN MOUSE CHOMPING ON YOUR CHEESE. YOU CAN'T HANDLE IT. CUE PORKY PIG. THAT'S ALL THERE FUCKING IS FOLKS.

ALTERNATIVE SCENES FOR *A FEW GOOD MEN*

COLONEL NATHAN R. JESSEP (JACK NICHOLSON)
YOU WANT ANSWERS?

LIEUTENANT DANIEL KAFFEE (TOM CRUISE)
I THINK I'M ENTITLED TO THEM.

COLONEL NATHAN R. JESSEP (JACK NICHOLSON)
YOU WANT ANSWERS?

LIEUTENANT DANIEL KAFFEE (TOM CRUISE)
I WANT THE TRUTH!

COLONEL NATHAN R. JESSEP (JACK NICHOLSON)
YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH.

LIEUTENANT DANIEL KAFFEE (TOM CRUISE)
OH OKAY, THE DEFENSE IS THROUGH WITH THE WITNESS.

COLONEL JUDGE JULIUS RANDOLPH (J.A. PRESTON)
YOU MAY BE SEATED.

COLONEL NATHAN R. JESSEP (JACK NICHOLSON)
WHAT? I WAS ABOUT TO CRACK AND INCRIMINATE MYSELF.

LIEUTENANT DANIEL KAFFEE (TOM CRUISE)
YOU MAY BE SEATED.

COLONEL NATHAN R. JESSEP (JACK NICHOLSON)
YOU'RE A HORRIBLE LAWYER.

COLONEL NATHAN R. JESSEP (JACK NICHOLSON)
YOU WANT ANSWERS?

LIEUTENANT DANIEL KAFFEE (TOM CRUISE)
I THINK I'M ENTITLED TO THEM.

COLONEL NATHAN R. JESSEP (JACK NICHOLSON)
YOU WANT ANSWERS?

LIEUTENANT DANIEL KAFFEE (TOM CRUISE)
I WANT THE TRUTH!

COLONEL NATHAN R. JESSEP (JACK NICHOLSON)
YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TOOTH. I MEAN HANDLE THE TRUTH. HAHAHAHAAAA.

LIEUTENANT DANIEL KAFFEE (TOM CRUISE)
HEHEHE.

COLONEL NATHAN R. JESSEP (JACK NICHOLSON)
HAHAHAHAHA.

DIRECTOR ROB REINER
HAHAHA. CUT!

LIEUTENANT DANIEL KAFFEE (TOM CRUISE)
HAHAHA.

COLONEL NATHAN R. JESSEP (JACK NICHOLSON)
SHUT UP CRUISE.

LIEUTENANT DANIEL KAFFEE (TOM CRUISE)
YES SIR. <SALUTES>

COLONEL NATHAN R. JESSEP (JACK NICHOLSON)
HEHEHE.

LIEUTENANT DANIEL KAFFEE (TOM CRUISE)
HAHAHA.

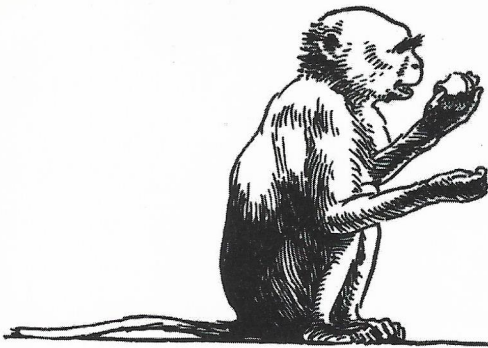
COLONEL NATHAN R. JESSEP (JACK NICHOLSON)
I'M SLEEPING WITH NICOLE.

LIEUTENANT DANIEL KAFFEE (TOM CRUISE)
...

Monkeys from Gibraltar

a play in five acts

featuring Professor Kronos and Tails



Act 1, Scene 1

A chimpanzee wearing a monocle and a howler monkey with a banana enter stage left.

Kronos: Tails, what is this strange land?

Tails: Eee eee.

Kronos: I know Tails, the stench of feces is strong. We must find a way back to Gibraltar. Stay close.

Tails: Woo Woo.

Kronos: No Tails, that burning dumpster will not make a suitable shelter. We must face the dangers of this second rate Italian restaurant.

Act 2, Scene 3

Tails: Eee eeeeeeee.

Kronos: Tails- are you aware of what that means.

Tails: Thppppt.

Kronos: Think about it, Tails. Spent time in Gibraltar, a sportsman, born of Cesarean fashion. This Mr. Gepetto that has locked us in the storage closet of his Italian restaurant is the same Gepetto that killed my noble father 20 years ago?

Tails: ...

Kronos: I know, Tails. The plot thickens.

Act 3, Scene 5

Tails: Kic oop, smit kup.

Kronos: I know, Tails, we have been so long from our home, we wonder if we might ever return. Not to worry, in an hour may our vengeful tails be wrapped snug around the lifeless throat of our antagonist. We shall then depart under the safekeeping of the hidden moon, in the familiar camouflage of banana-bearing truck. With the monkey goddess Maliki looking over us, we shall arrive in the bosom of our beloved Gibraltar.

Tails: Eeeeeee.

Kronos: (aside) Oh Tails. Your hope is admirable. Yet it brings my own doubts into sharp relief. Squelching the breath from the silver-chested Italian will not be a trivial feat. If we succeed, the trek back to Gibraltar will be even more perilous. Oh but what other choice do we have. We cannot remain the monkey butler's of this monster any longer. We shall live or we shall die, but at least we shall be free.

Act 4, Scene 3

Gepetto: (drunk) Where are mine monkeys. Their eternal loyalty and service shall bring me more joy in these times of merriment.

Kronos: My blood percolates to hear the beast speak such words. Tails, the time has come.

Tails and Professor Kronos attack the drunken Gepetto.

Tails and Kronos: Eeeee

As the monkey jump upon Gepetto, and wrap their tails about his neck, he grabs for a butcher's blade and slashes Tails to the floor. Professor Kronos knocks the blade from his hands.

Gepetto: (in his last gasp) Et tu, Monkey.

Gepetto slumps to the floor with Kronos still claspng his neck.

Tails: Oooooooooooooooooo.

Kronos: Oh Tails. Your wound gushes the lifeblood of the most honorable of simians.

Tails: (softly) Oop suft kuu.

Kronos: (holds Tails close as he dies) My dear Tails, I swear an oath that the great Apes of Gibraltar shall forever hold your name in reverence.

Act 5, Scene 5

Kronos: (surrounded by a churning sea of rotting squids as his raft slowly sinks) And so I find myself in the clutches of Tartarus. Gibraltar, your loving embrace shalt never be. But so be the fate... of a monkey from Gibraltar.

(end scene)

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Mom says I need a tutor
 I think I just need love
 How about it, Ryan Philippe?
 School my mind and my body

was he waiting for me to im him?
 or does he just not care?
 or doesn't he know that I need him
 then why is he never there?
 it seems like everyone has someone
 but here I sit, all alone?
 he knows that I need someone
 and still I wait by the phone.
 i'll sing my song to the internet alone

Today I got my new orthodontia!
 Sweet braces, how I want to flaunt ya!
 Now I'll finally be the prettiest girl in school!
 It's like my sticker says, "straight teeth are cool!"

The wax does nothing
 I don't want to live like this.

I thought that mix tape
 Was ours
 Yours and mine
 But then you
 Loaned it to Amber
 Why?
 Because
 She let you
 Go up her shirt.



Pterodactyl:
 EXTINCT



Penguin:
 INOPERABLE



Bald-Headed Eagle:
 NOT FAA CERTIFIED



Cessna:
 PERFECT

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Time Travel Diary

Friday, March 19th 13,224 B.C.

This place sucks. I'm going home.

Monday, October 11th 1999 4:45pm

Invented a time machine today. I'm expecting big things to come. This diary will be a log of my adventures through time.

Tuesday, October 12th 1999 10:06pm

The Sox won! That was the most amazing game I've ever seen. I'm going to go back and watch it again.

Tuesday, October 12th 1999 10:24pm

Um, the Yankees won this time. I don't really know what happened... Better not tell Dad.

Wednesday, October 13th 1999 11:30am

Decided today that I will skip tomorrow and instead go directly to Friday. Thursdays are such a tease, so close to the weekend but so far! I'll let you know how it goes.

Thursday, October 14th 1999 6:30pm

They found me... everything... cold...

Friday, October 15th 1999 11:35am

Arrived safely in the future, everything is eerily similar to the past I left behind. I'm going to get really drunk tomorrow night at Eddie's party. His parents are out of town and I told my Dad I was spending the night at Mike's. TGIF!

Saturday, October 16th 1999 10:25am

I showed up at my house and tried to tell myself not to go back in time to tonight tomorrow. I was busy playing video games like usual though and of course I wouldn't listen to a damn thing I said. Lazy bastard, think I'm too good for my own advice.

Saturday, October 16th 1999 11:15am

A me from the future with a huge black eye showed up and tried to tell me not to go back to tonight tomorrow. I don't really understand what that means. Got a high score on James Bond today. The party tonight is going to be awesome.

Saturday, October 16th, 1999 11:28pm

Things didn't really go how I planned. To make a long story short, I pretty much ruined everything. I'll probably have to re-collate this diary so it's in chronological order.

Sunday, October 17th, 1999 12:25pm

Threw up from drinking last night. I think I'm going to go back in time and fix that.

Wednesday, October 20th 1999 8:45pm

I wanted to go back and see the signing of the Declaration of Independence, but I couldn't remember when that was and ended up seeing President McKinley's inauguration. It was actually pretty good.

Monday, February 31st 2874 6:04am

Something terrible has happened with the North Queen. I will go hide in Thursday, October 14th 1999. They would never expect me to be there.

Oh rad!

It's time for fun and safe*

Skateboarding Tricks



the showboater



the balancer



the cowboy



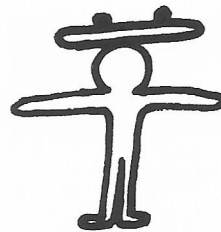
the "get bent"



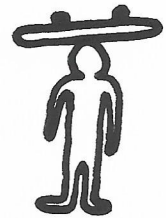
the hot shot



the "hi mom"



the "cherry on top"

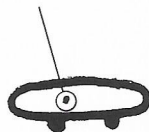


the "hot shot with a cherry on top"



the hot dogger

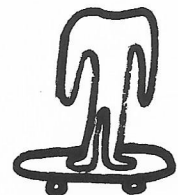
spider



the spider



the "blind man's bluff"
(off-board stunt only)



the no-head

*Always wear a helmet when on or near skateboard. Do not attempt stunts while skateboard is in motion. Stunts should be performed on level, evenly-cut lawn. Never have too much fun with your skateboard. Do not ever smile about anything.

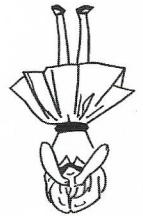


Seniors! Sure, college is over, classes are done, and the next happy hour you go to will probably be pretty sad. But just because life is ending doesn't mean that you can't continue to support your second favorite source of artificial happiness. For a nominal fee, you can continue to read the lighthearted humor of college age hipsters in between shifts at the steel factory.

An \$18 subscription earns you six issues of escape. Will next year's staff restore the campus to glory, or plunge the school deeper into infamy? What about other stuff? Will there be at least one joke about computers or sports in every issue? Find out exactly two weeks after the respective release of each joke-stuffed issue, and chortle over the predestined fate of humanity while you sit in front of the tube and eat your thawed Salisbury steak.

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Everyone! Read the new website for The Stanford Chaparral.

<http://chappie.stanford.edu>



ARMY BRAT

"My son's name is Jonathan. We had him eight years ago, when there was a lull in operations. Since his birth, things have gotten really hectic in the Army and we haven't been able to supervise him as much as we would like. I fear this is the reason he has become so very spoiled. He has no siblings to keep him in check, and school has done little as far as disciplining is concerned. As his mother, I feel like there's nothing I can do."

"Jonathan Morris? He's so mean. He came to our class about two months ago. I think he moved from Texas. I was supposed to do a project on recycling with him and he flipped out and started saying that everything on the poster layout had to be just how he wanted it. He kept saying that he'd strangle me in the six-pack plastic soda rings if I didn't shut up. Then he started taking the glue and smearing it all over the poster and just kept having his way."

"I babysit Jonathan after school from around three until his parents get home from the office. I'm quitting, though, because Jonathan is the most terrible person I know. You can just see it in his shifty eyes the minute you meet him. He has an agenda. Yesterday, he made me make him dinner twice, and apparently the mac and cheese was "tepid" the second time around, so he spit it in my face. When I went to the sink to wash it off, he grabbed one of my hoop earrings and ripped it right out of my ear. I am really starting to hate him."

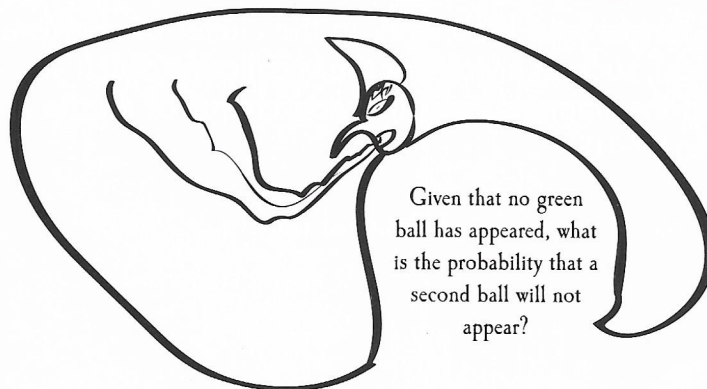
"I am Jonathan's second grade teacher, and I must admit there are things he has to work on. First off, the bragging about how his parents are in the Army. It makes the other students uncomfortable, especially when he starts talking about the money. I think he is a smart kid, but it manifests itself in spoiled words and taking all of the other students' belongings."

"I started being Jonathan's girlfriend four days ago because he said I had to. He always says I have to hold his hand in class and at recess, but then he'll get really mad and say to stop holding his hand. Then he starts saying how he'll kill me in war one day. I guess our love is complicated. I just hope the rumors that his parents are moving to the Virginia base are true."

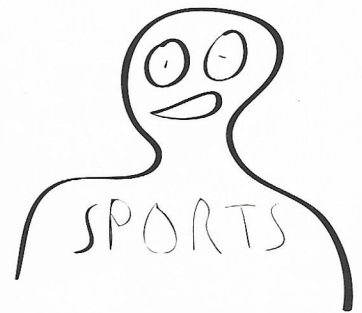


HOW MANY TIMES

How many times can you flip a coin before the probability will be greater than .9 that a green ball will appear?



100% LAUGHTER?!?



The SP-10 Music Synthesizer

When we sat down to design the SP-10, we started with a fundamental understanding of the nature of music. From a strictly technical standpoint, music is nothing but a format for transmitting neural impulses from one human mind to another. Not intending to discredit music as an art form, we recognized that an infinite number of time-varying additives are incorporated into a musical experience, ranging from the technique of a particular musician to the acoustics of a performance hall to the actual responsiveness of the listener's ear itself. However, the peculiarities of any given performance are incorporated arbitrarily and interpreted subjectively, and hence can be discarded as irrelevant to both the intention of the music and the universal result of the experience. That is to say, music is the same thing as electricity.

Incorporating this revolutionary insight into our suite of electronic music machines, we separated the "pure synthesizer" component of our products from the non-essential trappings of our existing product line. Bastardized by the other elements, the old world synthesizers were weighed down by matter, corrupted by heat, and profaned by intermolecular bonds. These bonds tampered with the free play of the music as we know it and were particularly subject to breaking and reforming.

Our competitors bathe in mass-having bathhouses of complacency, content to make incremental improvements to the stale calculation of the dozens of string constants and mass reverberation factors incorporated into their "synthesizers." But they do not synthesize anything. Like a child, they merely reproduce the same old stable of last year's notes, content to remind the human ear of something else that did not even use any electricity in the first place.

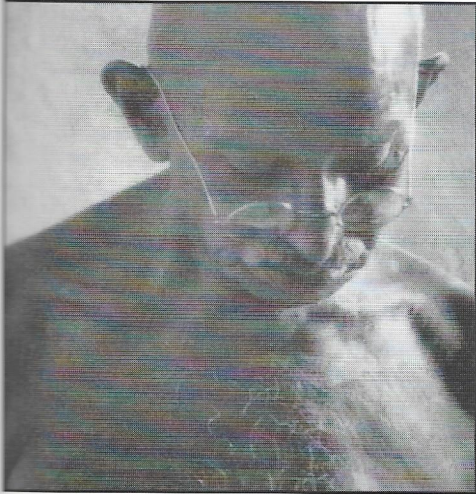
That's the SP-10 advantage.

If you want to tangle your life's work in the clutter of chords and scales, use a Primitive Physical, such as a violin or the vocal cord. But if you want your music to be played to the immortal and undying chorus of all the song atoms of the universe, use an SP-10.

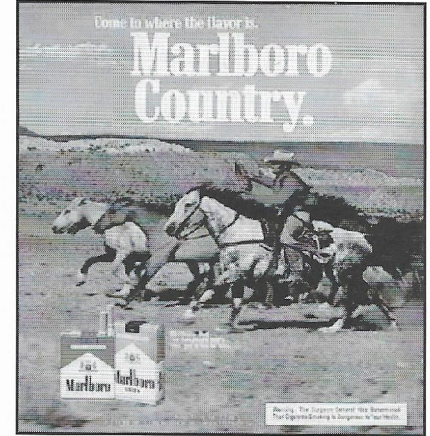
It lets you strip your music of its temporal nature.

When History Happens... Smoking is There

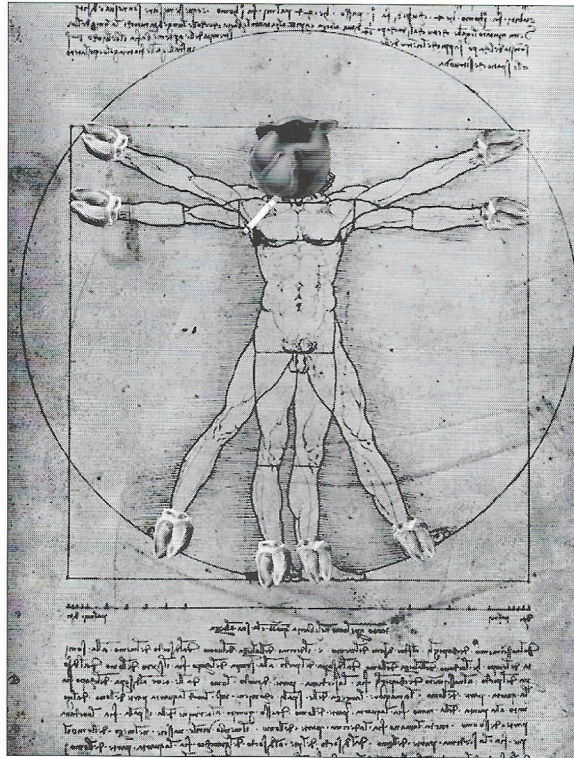
As activist judges assault Tobacco from the bench and rogue legislatures sign away your freedom to smoke, we are forgetting smoking's true place in society. As inspirer, therapist, and friend, smoking has been with us since times immemorial. We urge you to cherish the various roles smoking has played in the never-ending march of civilization!



Appetite Suppressant



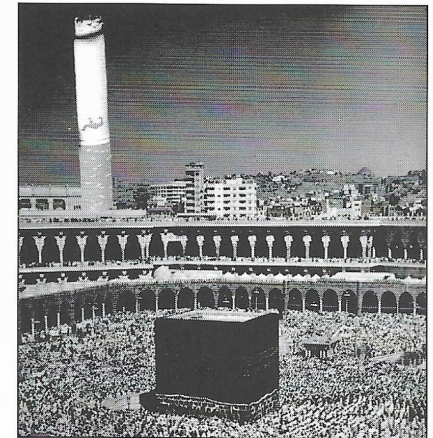
Manifest Destiny



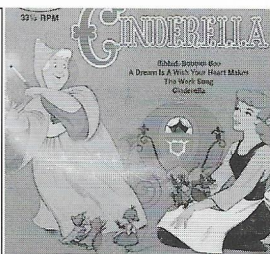
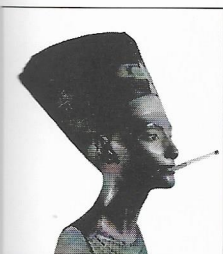
Social Smoking



Saving the World



Ka'ba of the Hajj



Women Through History



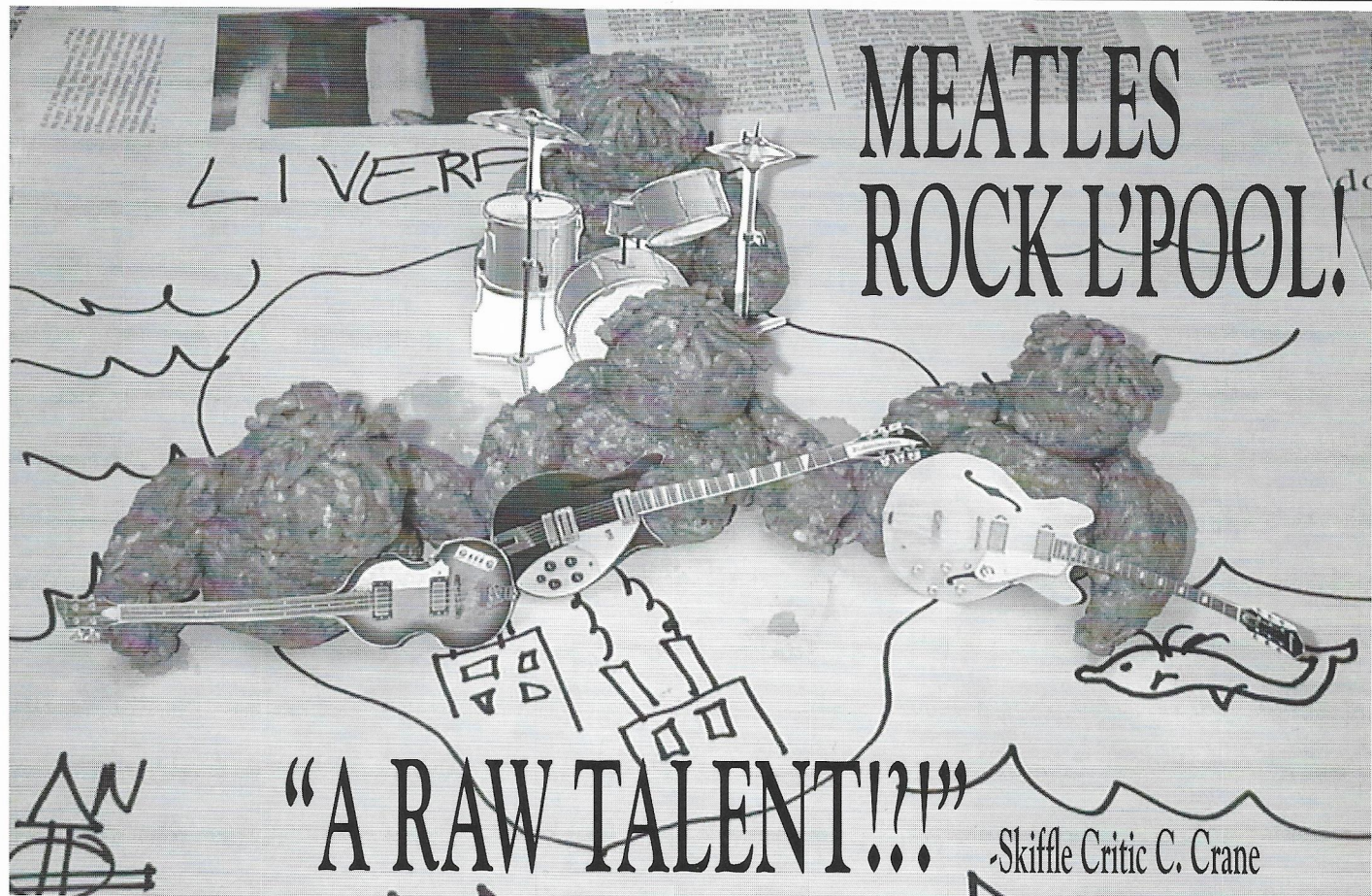
MERSEY MEAT



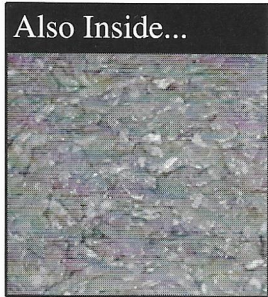
PAGE 1

MONDAY, MAY 4TH

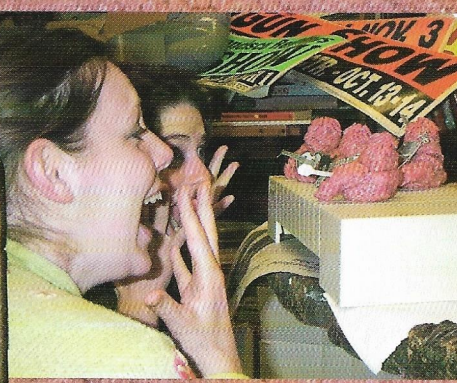
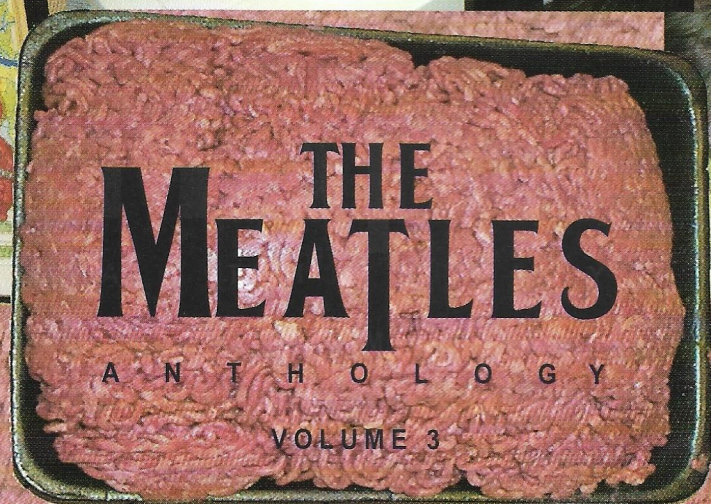
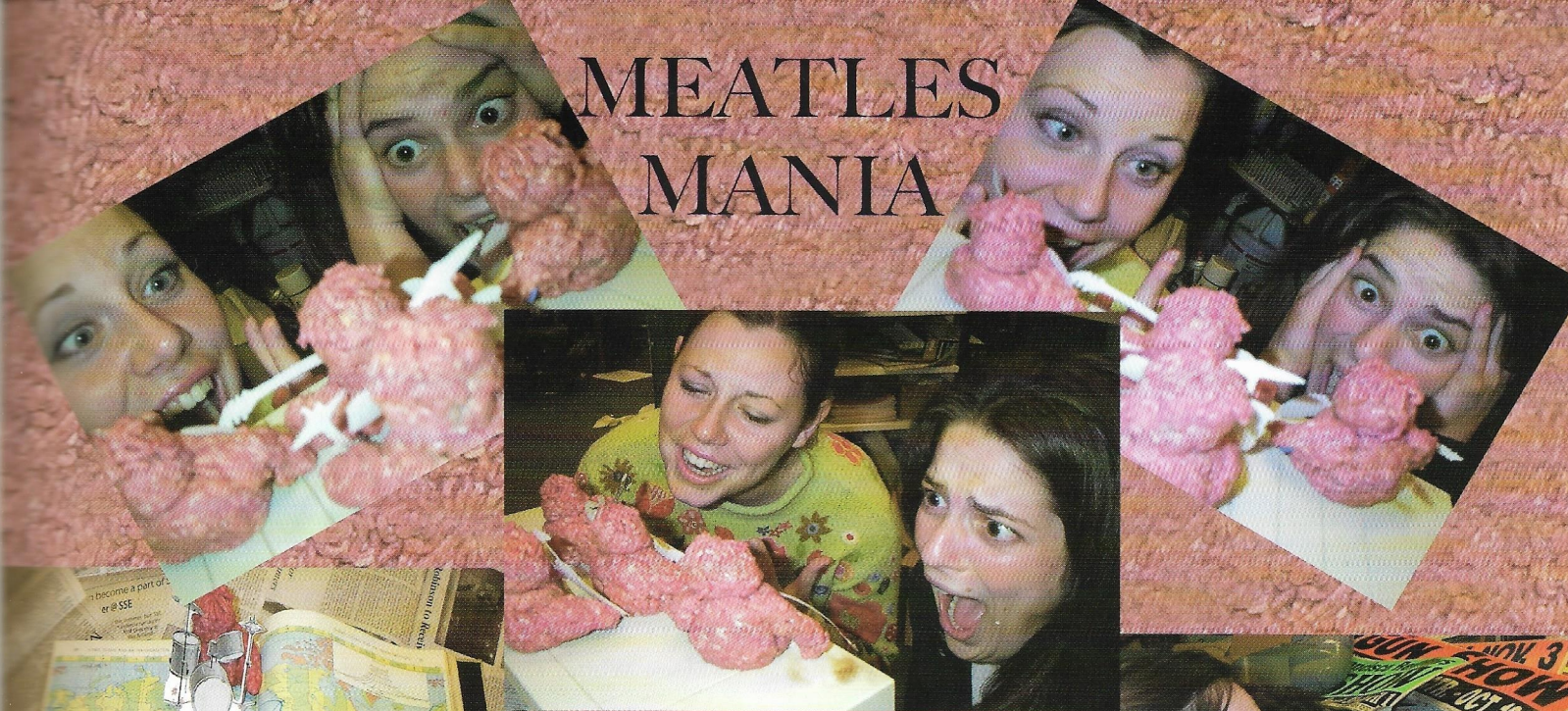
1967



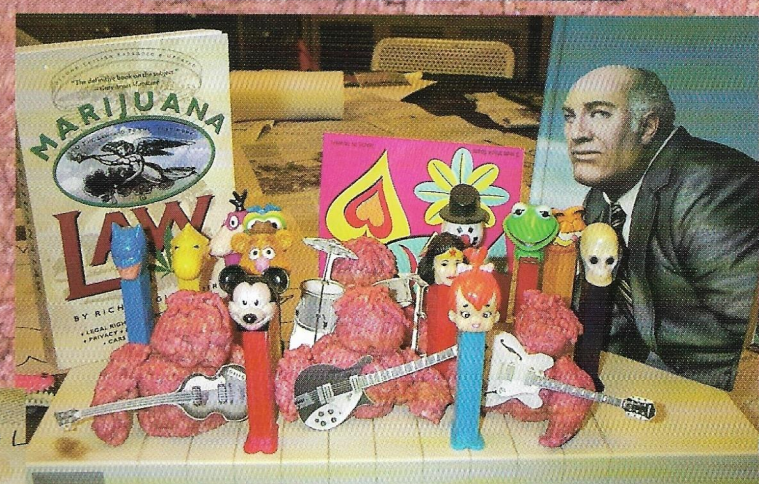
Mersey Meat interviews the gearest skiffle band on the street. Learn everything from their meager beginnings to their penchant for dip butty!



MEATLES MANIA



In Later Volumes...

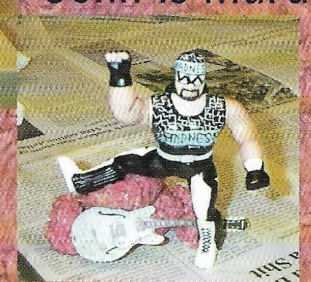


John meets Yoko.

John is murdered.



Meatles do LSD.



We asked the staff...

"What kind of Hot-Shot internship do you have this summer?"

Internship? INTERNSHIP!!! They don't have *interns* manage data collection for the Kit 'n' Kaboodle section of Home and Country on a biweekly basis. Do I *look* like a fuckin' intern?

~Laura Page, Intern of the Month

I'm going to be in internment with the Japanese during World War II. Wait, internSHIP?

~Rishi Chanderraj, Formerly of Santa Monica

I'll be working for the department of homeland security as soon as I pass a background check. If anyone asks, you don't know me.

~Jason Jenkins, Currently in Day 2 of the Condor

Shirley, could you explain the invoice review function to me again? Thanks, Shirley. 'preciate it.

~Nic Kanaan, A Trooper

The one where I sit outside UBS and try to find things for street people to put in their Goldman sacks. I help people, sir.

~Katie Gillum, God Speed

I'll be interning with a Senior matter transportation specialist. Garbage men apparently need apprentices, in addition to mysteriously troubled pasts.

~Josh Constine, Business

I'll take a whiskey neat. Easy on the water, buddy.

~Erik Lessac-Chenen, A Regular

I'm working in LA but I am not going to be a gofer. I mean I got this sweet job. You're working for a Congressman? I can't badmouth serving your country, but I am going to be writing the fucking scripts, man. Fuck the union. If anyone asks me for coffee they get fucking fired. Oh, hold on, my cell's ringing. "Oh, hey Ashton." Listen, I'll have to catch up to you later.

~Matthew "Hollywood" Henick, Speaking Behind Gucci Shades While Sipping A Mocha Frappuccino. What a Fucking Jerk.

I'm still not sure. It's hard finding the right one for me, because I like my internships like I like my postage: paid.

~Carrie Kemper, Summer '94 Sweetheart

I'll be using ProTools to export a unique brand of outsider hip hop to various European countries.

~John Eccles, Music Major

I've got a couple of dates lined up, at least for June.

~Debbie Glasband, Breaking Hearts Internationally

There's money flying everywhere, and then it turns to caviar, not the red kind, the black. Is it ok to eat? IS IT OK TO EAT?

~Marie White, Trying New Things

It really depends on how the market does. Oh fuck, hog stomach futures just took a dive.

~John Huetter, Principle, Huetter & Assoc.

I'm interning at a little company called *life*. The pay? I get paid in something I like to call experiences. And a shitload of stock options.

~Ian Spiro, Resigning

After last year, I knew that I didn't want to go through another summer. All that sunshine and smiling. Ughh. Fortunately, I was able to land a computer science internship in Antarctica where it will be the dead of winter. It sounds pretty boring, and we'll only get an hour of sunlight a day, so I should have no problem keeping the misery going. Plus, it pays sixty bucks an hour.

~Charlie Stockman, Looking For Happiness in All the Wrong Places

I'm interning at Knott's Berry Farm. I'm boysen.

~Andrew Ardinger, Additive Free

I'm interning with the Yakuza. It's unpaid, but they're great references and I only have to cut off one eighth of my little finger.

~Allan Phillips, Long Term Thinker

I haven't actually been offered a position, but I'm playing hard to get. As you've probably noticed, I like to read the Wall Street Journal -- I'm a subscriber -- in public places. It's only a matter of time until McKinsey swallows their pride and calls me. [Or Bain. I heard they know how to have fun.]

~Seth Rosenbloom, Knowing the Ropes

I did not get that internship at NBC. Instead, I'll be working at CBS. The world is dark. My heart is black.

~Chris Holt, Brought To You Nightly

I will be a dynamic team leader in charge of deciding where my group is headed, both with short term proactive goals and a long term actualized strategy. Yes, I will be a shepherd.

~Chuck Armstrong, Pulling the Night Shift

Screw internships. I'll be rocking with my band, Marshmallow Wolverine.

~Ting Qian, Bass and Vocals

I haven't exactly signed anywhere as yet... I kind of wanted to keep my options open until the other personnel decisions had already been finalized. It's all about personnel out there in the real world... and that is where I am going.

~Steve Yelderman, Folded and Pressed

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Congratulations Graduates!

This page sponsored by parents of the Stanford Chaparral

Ian:

We're so proud of you, even though you're still 'bull' shitting around everyday. Good luck at Bain next year!



Love Always,
Janice & Ian Sr.

Erik:

We know it's been tough living in your older brother's shadow for the past four years. Good luck in Japan. Nagasaki!

Mom & Dad (John)



Nic:

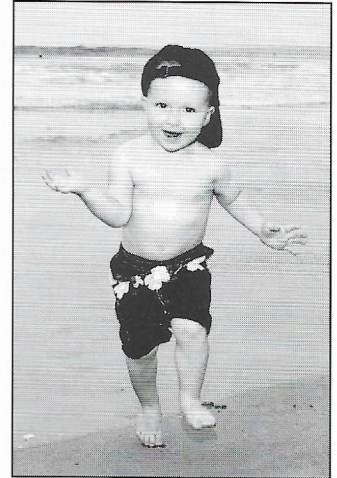
CNN very, very جنيف (الدولية السبت على تد CNN شين حملة عالمية ضد البدانة التي ينحى عليها proud stock باللائمة في ازدياد الأمراض المزمنة المميتة حول options العالم.

وقالت مصادر دبلوماسية إن الاستراتيجية الدولية بشأن الغذاء والنشاط البدني والصحة حصلت على تأييد لجنة السياسات في الاجتماع السنوي لمنظمة الصحة العالمية، وأن تبني المنظمة لها في وقت لاحق من نفس اليوم لم يكن Johnson & Johnson! إلا إجراء شكلياً غير أن تلك الاستراتيجية ليست ملزمة قانوناً. ويرى الخبراء أن المحك سيكون في مدى تبني الدول وتطبيقها لتلك CNN الاستراتيجية، حسب وكالة الأسوشيتد برس وذهب رئيس فريق الخبراء المشاركين بوضع الخطة، الدكتور ديريك ياك، إلى أن الاستراتيجية لن يتم تهميشها لأنها house. تتعامل مع مصالح واهتمامات شركات كبرى

Mom and Dad

Steve,

We know you told us we weren't supposed to contact Stanford or otherwise reveal ourselves as your parents. But we just can't hold back. Let the world know, we are your parents, and we are proud! We know it would be too embarrassing if we came to your graduation, but can we at least take you out to dinner the night before?



We love you!
Your Loving
Parents

Casey at Bat

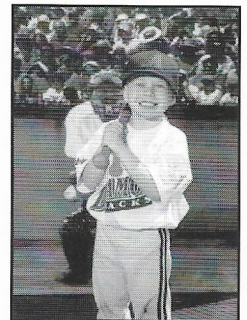
**Then from five thousand throats and more there rose a lusty yell;
it rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;
it pounded through on the mountain and recoiled upon the flat;
for Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.**

Chuck,

**You will always be our Chucky at Bat.
Keep on slugging.**

Mom, Dad, Dorie, Katherine

PS Go Seahawks!



CHARLIE-

YOU THINK YOU'RE SO DAMN SMART NOW. JUST CAUSE YOU FINISHED HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DOESN'T MAKE YOU BETTER THAN YOUR OLD MAN. YOU DON'T WANT TO INHERIT THE FAMILY SAW MILL? YOU THINK YOU'RE SO SPECIAL BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T GET POLIO? FINE. SEE YOU AT CHRISTMAS.

POPS

Ernie's Favorite Family Recipes

Chamborlada

1 oz. Chambord
1/2 oz. Light Rum
1/2 oz. Dark Rum
3 oz. Pineapple Juice
2 oz. Cream of Coconut
blend with ice

Twisted Lemonade

12 oz. Lime Vodka
3 oz. Triple Sec
12 oz. can of frozen lemonade
12 oz. water
pour all into blender, fill with ice, mix

Calypto Cool Aid

1 1/4 oz. Rum
1 oz. Pineapple Juice
1/2 oz. Lime or Lemon Juice
1/4 tsp. sugar
mix in tall glass, well with soda

Downtown

1 oz. Whisky
1/2 oz. Ameretto
splash of Sweet & Sour Mix
shake vigorously, top with lemon lime soda
garnish with a cherry

Blue Sky

1 1/2 oz. Whisky
3/4 oz. Light Rum
3/4 oz. Blue Curacao
8 oz. Pineapple Juice
10 oz. ice
blend until frozen
garnish with orange slice

Cosmopolitan

2 oz. Vodka
1/2 oz. Cointreau
splash of Cranberry Juice
dash of Lime Juice
shake well, serve up

Ali-Colada

2 oz. Alize
1/2 oz. Rum
3 oz. Pineapple Juice
2 oz. Cream of Coconut
blend until smooth

Herradura Madres

1 1/4 oz. Tequila
1/2 oz. Cointreau
1 1/2 oz. Sweet & Sour Mix
1 1/2 oz. Orange Juice
1 1/2 oz. Cranberry Juice
blend with ice

Mont Blanc

1 oz. Chambord
1 oz. Vodka
1 oz. Half & Half or Cream
1 scoop Vanilla Ice Cream
blend & serve in wine glass

French Martini

1 1/2 oz. Vodka
1/2 oz. Chambord
1 1/2 oz. Pineapple Juice
shake well, serve up

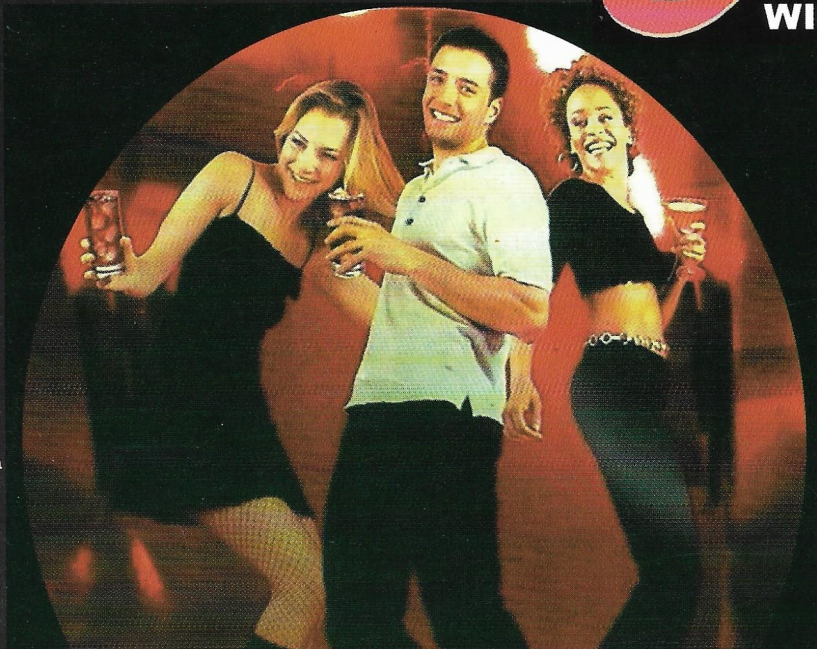
Mudslide

1/2 oz. Irish Cream
1/2 oz. Coffee Liqueur
1/2 oz. Vodka
serve over ice

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