

CHAPARRAL

Fall 1976



CONNER

Honest People Have Rights, Too

A short article by one of America's foremost thinkers and writers, L. Ron Hubbard*

After you have achieved a high level of ability, you will be the first to insist upon your rights to live with honest people.

When you know the technology of the mind, you know that it is a mistake to use "individual rights" and "freedom" as arguments to protect those who would only destroy.

Individual rights were not originated to protect criminals, but to bring freedom to honest men. Into this area of protection then dived those who needed "freedom" and "individual liberty" to cover their own questionable activities.

Freedom is for honest people. No man who is not himself honest can be free — he is in his own trap. When his own deeds cannot be disclosed, then he is a prisoner; he must withhold himself from his fellows and is a slave to his own conscience. Freedom must be deserved before any freedom is possible.

To protect dishonest people is to condemn them to their own hells. By making "individual rights" a synonym for "protect the criminal" one helps bring about a slave state for all, for where "individual liberty" is abused, an impatience with it arises which at length sweeps us all away. The targets of all disciplinary laws are the few who err. Such laws unfortunately, also injure and restrict those who do not err. If all were honest, there would be no disciplinary threats.

There is only one way out for a dishonest person — facing up to his own responsibilities in the society and putting himself back into communication with his fellow man, his family, the world at large. By seeking to invoke his "individual rights" to protect himself from an examination of his deeds, he reduces, just that much, the future of individual liberty — for he himself is not free. Yet he infects others who are honest by using their right to freedom to protect himself.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a guilty conscience.

And it will lie no more easily by seeking to protect misdeeds by pleas of "freedom means that you must never look at me". The

right of a person to survive is directly related to his honesty.

Freedom for man does not mean freedom to injure man. Freedom of speech does not mean freedom to harm by lies.

Man cannot be free while there are those amongst him who are slaves to their own terrors.

The mission of a techno-space society is to subordinate the individual and control him by economic and political duress. The only casualty in a machine age is the individual and his freedom.

To preserve that freedom one must not permit men to hide their evil intentions under the protection of that freedom. To be free, a man must be honest with himself and with his fellows.

If a man uses his own honesty to protest the unmasking of dishonesty, then that man is an enemy of his own freedom.

We can stand in the sun only so long as we don't let the deeds of others bring the darkness.

Freedom is for the honest men. Individual liberty exists only for those who have the ability to be free.

Who would punish when he could salvage?

Only a madman would break a wanted object he could repair.

The individual must not die in this machine age — rights or no rights. The criminal and madman must not triumph with their new-found tools of destruction.

The least free person is the person who cannot reveal his own acts and who protests the revelation of the improper acts of others. On such people will be built a future political slavery where we all have numbers — and our guilt — unless we act.

It is fascinating that blackmail and punishment are the keynotes of all dark operations. What would happen if these two commodities no longer existed? What would happen if all men were free enough to speak? Then and only then, would you have freedom.

On the day when we can fully trust each other, these will be peace on Earth.

L. Ron Hubbard

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The staff of Scientology, Palo Alto, invite you to explore the possibilities for your own freedom.

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That's right, rather than pay the exorbitant tuition that we normally charge struggling young artists lusting to see themselves in print, you can attend the Chaparral Conservatory of Comic Art at no additional charge to yourself. We can even help you find people who are willing to pay us to see your art work. Think about it. Why work for the *Daily* and wind up like Oliphant, shoved into some dank, anonymous corner of the typically erroneous *San Francisco Chronicle*. Why not call us now, 324-8814, before we change our minds and decide we really don't want you around the office at all.

CHAPARRAL CRASH COMICS

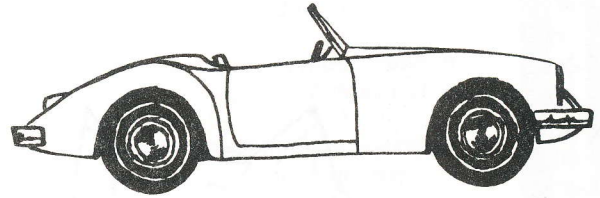
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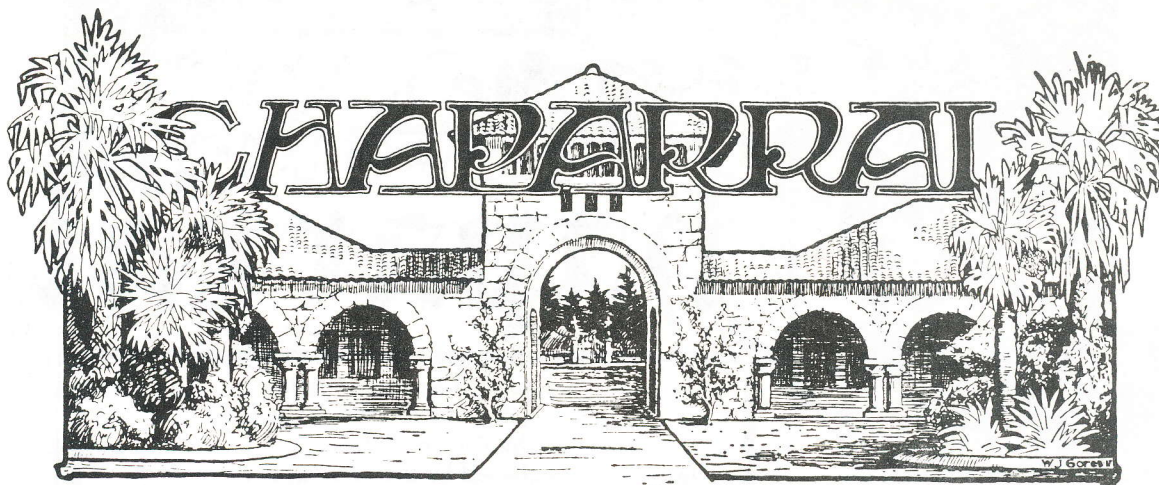


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KIRK's has enjoyed the patronage of Stanford students for the past 27 years.

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Volume 78, Number 2

Fall 1976

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Letters to the Editor.....	Jim Sarina.....	page 5
Mindless Clone?.....	Roy Skogstrom	page 6
The Stanford Story.....	Bruce Handy.....	page 8
Auto-Eroticism.....	Roy Skogstrom	page 10
Space Cadet.....	Bruce Handy.....	page 11
Games at Stanford.....	Jon Barth.....	page 13
Hindsight.....	Barry Parr	page 14
Stanford Typology.....	Ray Thomas.....	page 15
So Was Agnew's Son.....	Penrod Vladika.....	page 18
Let's Make a Deal.....	"Monty" Hall	page 21
ASSU Whispers	"Senator X"	page 23

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The Stanford Chaparral

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5 October 1899
by Bristow Adams

Owned and published by the Chaparral Chapter of
Hammer & Coffin National Humor Society
Founded at Stanford University, April 17, 1906

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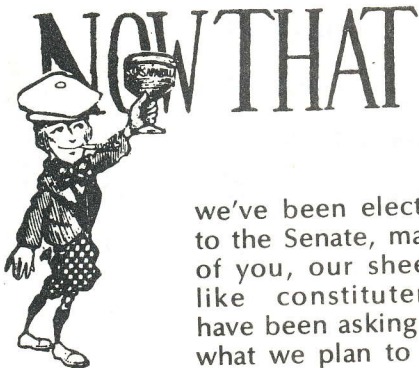
ESTABLISHED OCT 5 1899
B. B. ADAMS '00

ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

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

REFLECTIONS

R.N. WENZEL 1916



we've been elected to the Senate, many of you, our sheep-like constituents have been asking us what we plan to do therein. We are astonished at the su-

preme audacity of anyone who would countenance such a query. After all, the mere fact of our cataclysmic victory (achieving the overwhelming mandate of 4.7 percent of the student body) is but another of the multitudinous indications of the all-consuming self-contempt of the Stanford student body. Let's be frank, you didn't vote for us, you voted against those other lesions,

those "representative" Stanford students.

Who the hell do you think you are? Remember, you voted for us, we didn't. We all voted for "Representation Personified." It's what you deserve. And you want to know what we're going to do on the Senate? You're lucky we'll even serve on your goddamned Senate.

Letters to the Editor

Sir:

I finally found the light at the end of the tunnel and, goddamn, is it hot down here!

Lyndon B. Johnson

Editor:

That Jew Rabin staged the entire Entebbe raid for political purposes and was paid off by American film interests. He is just continuing the chicken soup politics of Golda Meir. There were no commandos and no hijacking. He brewed it up himself. It won't help you boy.

Idi Amin

Editor:

Hey Idi! My name ain't Roy and I know you ain't calling me goy. Besides, it couldn't hurt.

Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin
Brownsville, Texas

Editor:

As you're reading this I am the President-Elect. Over the past several months various statements were made by Brown which I feel were shocking, extremely damaging and unworthy of a high ranking American public figure. Therefore I am severely reprimanding Gov. Brown for his "support" during my campaign. I will have an honest, moral administration dedicated to the highest principles of human dignity no matter what demagogue tries to stop me. I will offer no excuses, no rationalizations, and no vacillations or vaccinations. There will be no ifs, ands, or buts in my administration.

Jimmy Carter

Editor:

I would like to say a few words so as to clarify the comments made by former President Nixon concerning the naming of children in China. Mr. Nixon correctly reported that the names of children in that ancient land are chosen by placing the family silverware in a paper bag and throwing it in the air. The noise made when the cutlery strikes the ground is the name given the child. Specifically, many people have expressed disbelief at

this procedure citing the fact that many people of the Oriental persuasion have names which are in no way metallic. As a noted anthropologist I have had opportunities to investigate this first hand and will now proceed to clarify Mr. Nixon's observations. In China many people are very, very poor; in fact, so poor that they eat with wooden sticks which they quaintly refer to as chopsticks. This name is utilized to alleviate their shame at not being able to afford real knives. Therefore many poorer Chinese have names which are more attuned to the wooden sounds of chopsticks. Instead of the metallic "Bing Ting Sinh" or "Chi Min Toing" you have "Clunk Twong Twap" or "Clap Trap Much" which happens to be the name of the elderly gentleman who related this information to me. By the way, this information provides an easy method of establishing the social standing of a Chinese. The more metallic his name, the higher his economic strata.

Margaret Mead

Editor:

Frazier was a war, man
Young was a bore, man
Norton was a sore man
So I'll make George
Three out of four, man.

Muhammed Ali

Editor:

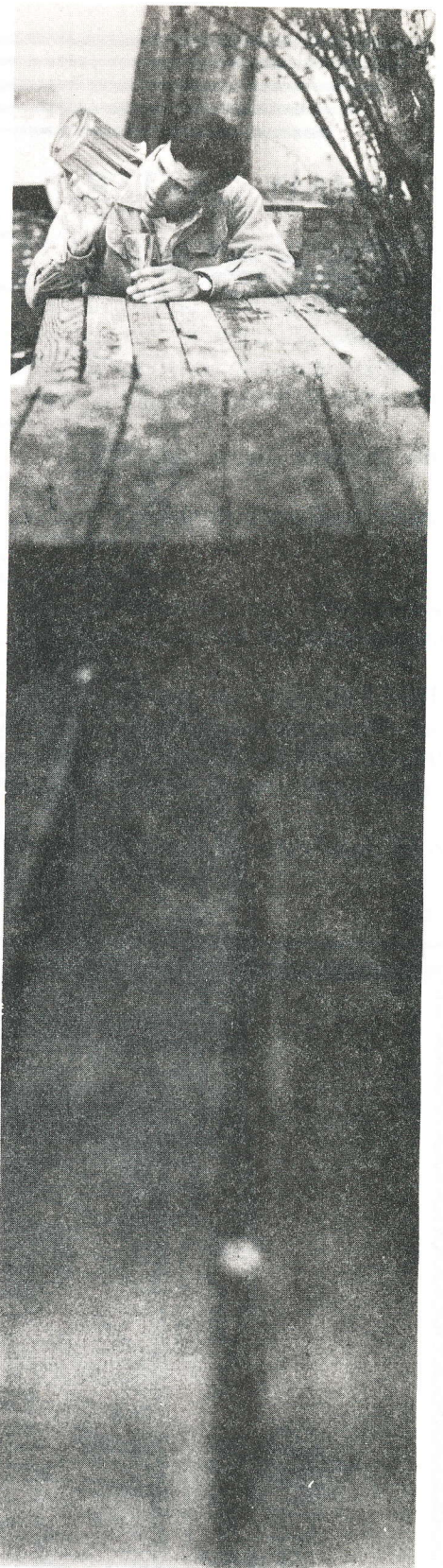
Old truck drivers never die; they just get a new Peterbuilt.

C.W. McCall

Editor:

I have a whole bunch of new jokes, guys. What do you get if Tony Orlando crosses the Golden Gate Bridge? Spic and Span. Or a late news report: Air Force One has just landed in Planes, Georgia. Gerald Ford is so dumb he thinks that the national interest is 8 percent. Why not, unemployment is. Good enough? Huh? How about it? Am I in?

Chevy Chase
Andyorenot, Maryland

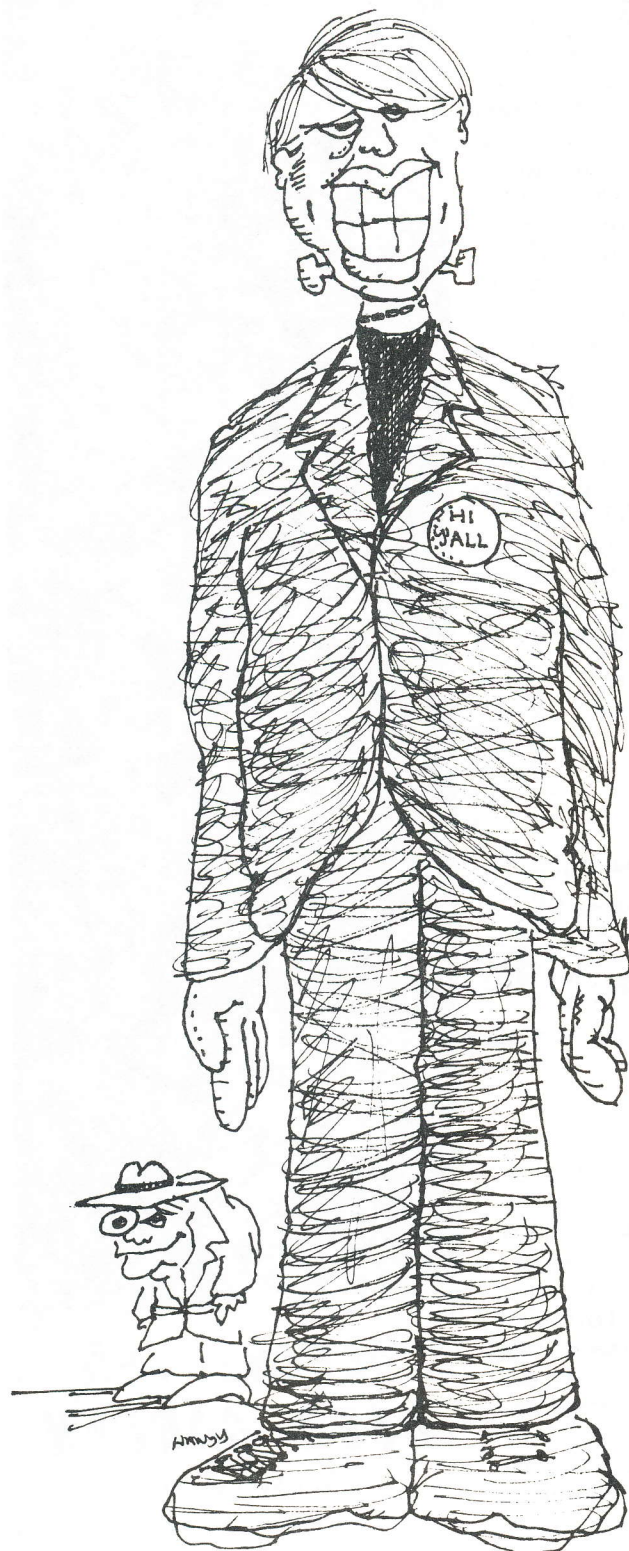


**ALPINE INN
BEER GARDEN**

3915 ALPINE ROAD
PORTOLA VALLEY

JIMMY CARTER:

Faceless Drone or Mindless Clone?



Ambulate with me, a few hundred cautious steps down a dimly lit, slimly-widened stairwell into the dank abdomen of America's bellyache, the C.I.A. The sign on the door says, "Department of Molecular Genetics." It's an old sign. Wait, Department of Molecular Genetics? What would the C.I.A. be doing with molecular genetics? Shit, it's weird in here - I shouldn't have come. I've got to get out of here. . . .

"It's complete, Doctor, it's absolutely complete. Every constituent arranged precisely. We must place it in the activation medium immediately."

"Physiological monitors show all functions activated and assuming normal levels."

"This one's got to work! The last three were dismal failures. I don't think I could cope emotionally. I could be driven to indiscriminate vivisection."

"Calm yourself, Doctor, the cell is metabolizing efficiently. What could go wrong? We have done every compatibility test between the chromosomes of the peanut, the hyena, and the Millard Fillmore. We have painstakingly calculated the composition and arrangement of the proper host cell, and have placed it in the precise medium necessary for optimal growth. We will get a good president this time!"

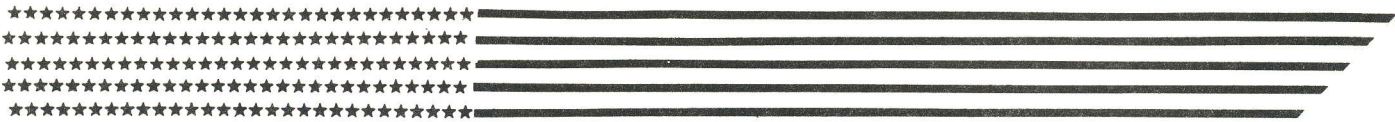
Fat chance, right? If he was any good he'd be dead before he took office.

Anyway, the above-mentioned cell was cloned one or two hundred billion times and the resultant conglomerate patiently taught to differentiate into foetal tissues and organs, using simple techniques of classical and operant conditioning. When the foetus was five months old it was surreptitiously injected into the uterus of a Mrs. Lilliam Carter in Plains, Georgia.

"Honey, I think I'm five months pregnant."

"No shit? Musta been that wet dream I had."

The young Jimmy Carter was raised in a patriotic environment under the careful supervision of the C.I.A.



His bedroom was peppered with tiny receivers playing the national anthem at subliminal volume, and by a series of planned "accidents" he was kept from seeing the color red until he was fourteen years old, when he began to menstruate.

"Doctor, I knew those two X's in the hyena chromosomes meant trouble."

"Shut up and keep that vacuum pump going!"

When he was fifteen Carter met his lovely wife-to-be, Rosalyn McGuernsey. They met by "chance" on thirty-four separate occasions, each one culminating in a more intensely meaningful love. Soon it was off to the chapel, there to be absolved of certain gaping moral lesions involving violations of Mrs. Carter.

The I-do's done, Carter set his sights on the Georgia governorship, prompted by four million dollars in anonymous cash contributions labelled for the "Carter for Governor Fund."

"Rosy, it must be God's will. There's another four foot cube of one dollar bills out here. That makes four Mondays in a row."

Anyway, when nomination time came along, strangers started coming up to Jimmy all the time, saying they thought he'd make a really good President, and

that he ought to give it some thought.

On June 14, 1974, a battery-powered microreceiver was surgically imbedded in Carter's cerebral cortex while he slept. For the next thirty months this receiver was to play three seconds of "America the Beautiful" concurrent with three seconds of electrical pleasure center stimulation each time Carter heard or spoke the word "President."

"Oh Jimmy, oh, oh, Jimmy, nnggh, aahhhh, oh, deeper, deeper. . . ."

"President! President! President! President! President!"

And the people spake of him:

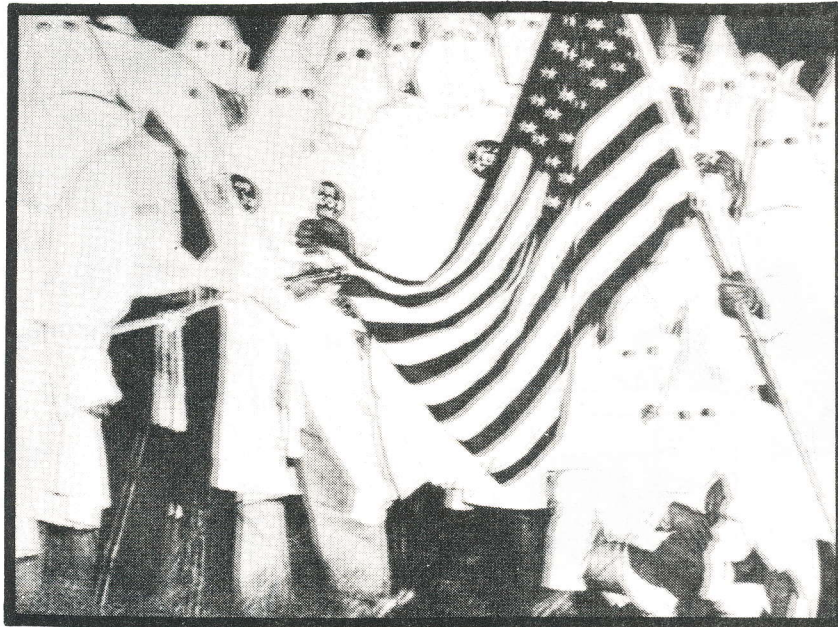
"But Jimmy's a fine, affectionate man. He has the firm hand this country needs, and the fine resplendent heart we've longed for."

"Right. And my mother sits on Van de Graaff generators. He's a fascist sledgehammer wrapped in the guilded wool of mindless bleating masses. Now do you see your foolish inconsistencies? If not, I have many more incisive metaphors."

Batteries leak, and power goes to a man's head. Who knows what the hell he'll do?

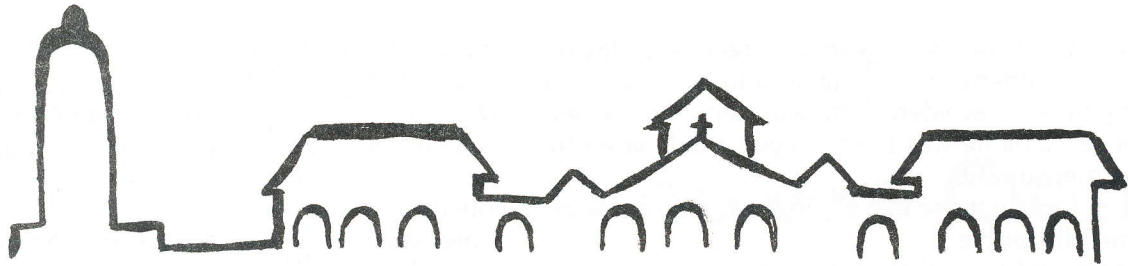


Commemorating Our Centennial



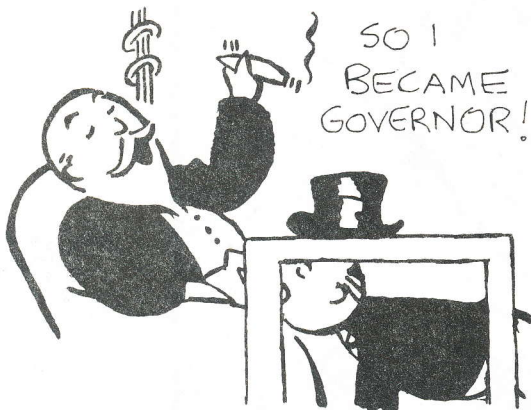
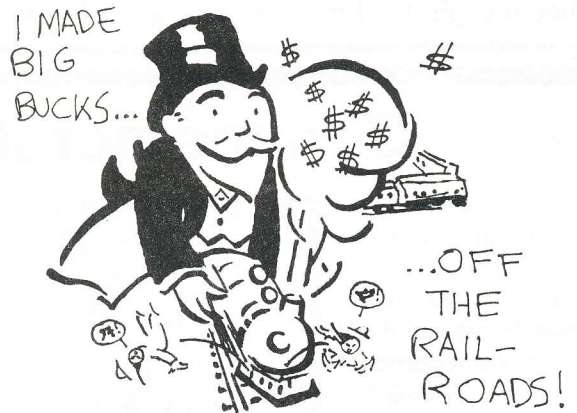
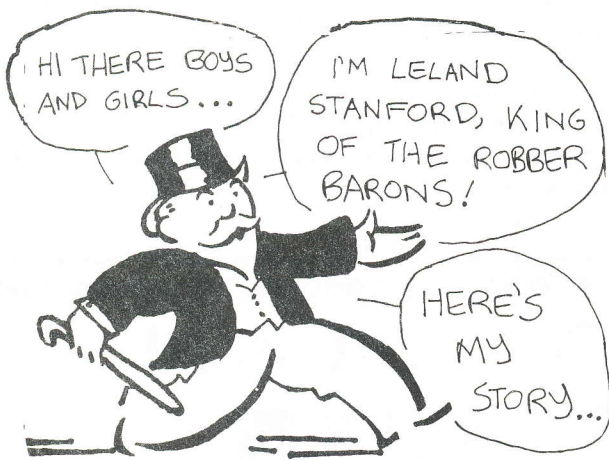
National Linen Service

1876-1976

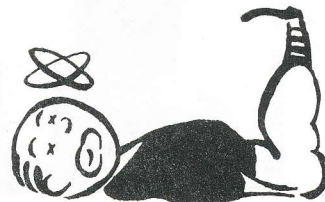


Senator Stanford Explains

The Stanford Story



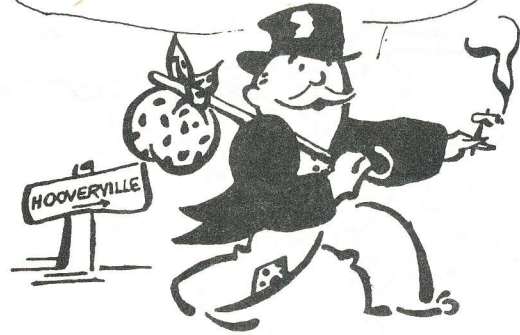
BUT THEN MY SON, LELAND STANFORD JR., DIED!



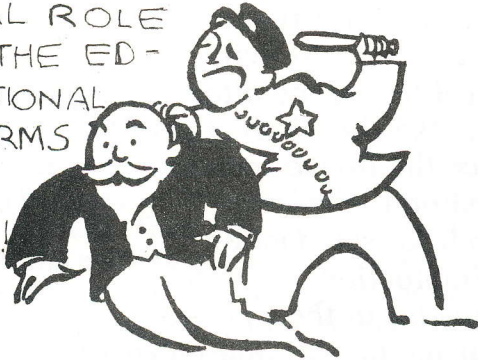
SO I FOUNDED
A UNIVERSITY
IN HIS
MEMORY!



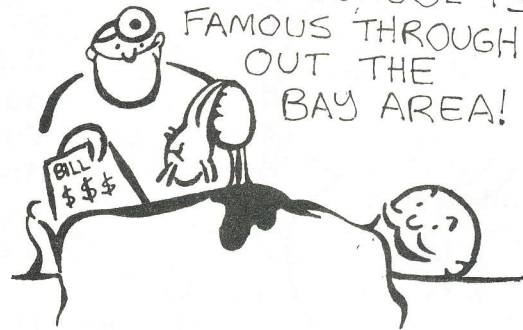
ONE OF OUR ALUMNI
BECAME PRESIDENT!



STANFORD PLAYED A
VITAL ROLE
IN THE ED-
UCATIONAL
REFORMS
OF
THE
'60s!



AND OUR MED SCHOOL IS
FAMOUS THROUGH-
OUT THE
BAY AREA!



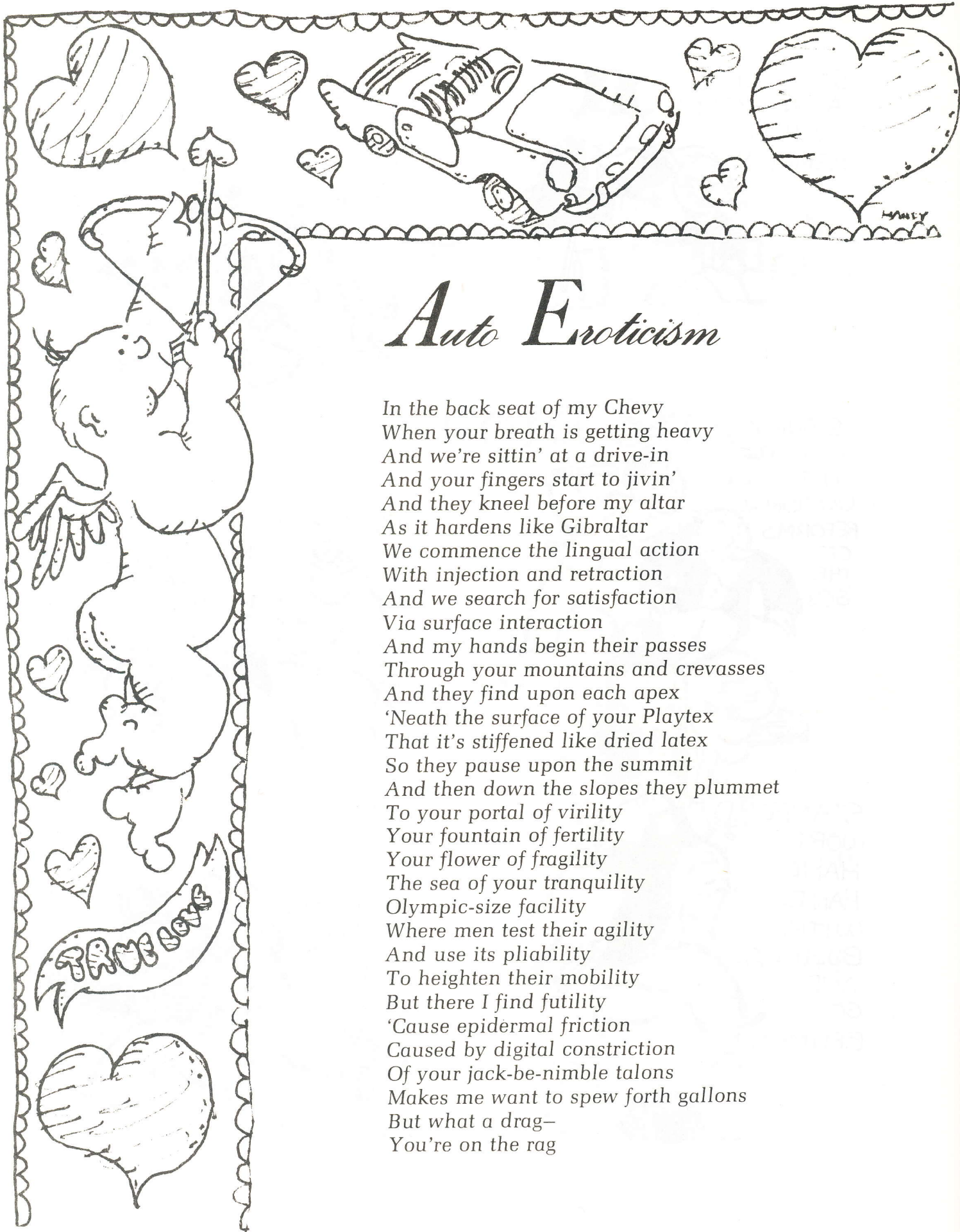
STANFORD
WORKS
HAND IN
HAND IN
HAND
WITH
BUSINESS
AND
GOV-
ERNMENT!



AND THAT'S
HOW CAP-
ITALISM
WORKS!



PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE PRESENTED BY
NEW FOUNDER'S LEAGUE



Auto Eroticism

In the back seat of my Chevy
 When your breath is getting heavy
 And we're sittin' at a drive-in
 And your fingers start to jivin'
 And they kneel before my altar
 As it hardens like Gibraltar
 We commence the lingual action
 With injection and retraction
 And we search for satisfaction
 Via surface interaction
 And my hands begin their passes
 Through your mountains and crevasses
 And they find upon each apex
 'Neath the surface of your Playtex
 That it's stiffened like dried latex
 So they pause upon the summit
 And then down the slopes they plummet
 To your portal of virility
 Your fountain of fertility
 Your flower of fragility
 The sea of your tranquility
 Olympic-size facility
 Where men test their agility
 And use its pliability
 To heighten their mobility
 But there I find futility
 'Cause epidermal friction
 Caused by digital constriction
 Of your jack-be-nimble talons
 Makes me want to spew forth gallons
 But what a drag—
 You're on the rag

Space Cadet



David Cremblish ran his comb through his hair a couple of times and looked into the mirror. His dark brown hair was short, parted neatly to the side. Blue eyes peered back at him through thick lenses of heavy black-framed glasses. There was a trace of mustache on his upper lip and a few bright red pimples scattered on his cheeks and forehead. His Stanford windbreaker was zipped all the way to the top and conservative blue slacks hung down to just above his ankle revealing bright yellow socks and Hushpuppies. I really look sharp tonight, he thought as he undid his belt and took off his calculator. He wasn't going to need it tonight. Tonight was special. Tonight was their second anniversary. . .

"Hey, where you going, you shit-headed twirp?" David's massive roommate Ted was sprawled on an orange vinyl bean bag chair, flowing over the edges, almost an extension of the chair. His chubby fingers, at the end of his blubbery, quivering arm, grasped a Coors.

"Out," David replied.

Ted farted. "Fuck you . . . I know. I bet you're gonna go out and get buttfucked by some faggot. Wouldn't you know I'd get stuck with a screamin' faggot for a roommate?" He drained the rest of the can, his triple chin flopping on his chest with each swallow.

Ted never understood anything. And David didn't want him to understand. It was their secret. "Why don't you grow up, Ted." That would put him in his place.

"Fuck you, faggot. 'Why don't you grow up, Ted,'" he slobbered mockingly. "Fuckin' double-E faggot."

David opened the door and left.

Ted farted again. "Fuck you."

David opened the door to the Stanford Coffee House

and was overpowered by the musty odor as he stepped inside. Before his eyes could adjust to the dark, smokey haze, a young man bumped into him.

"Shove it up your cunt . . . Oh wow man . . . I was talking to those dikes over there." The young man stared at David and then stumbled out the door.

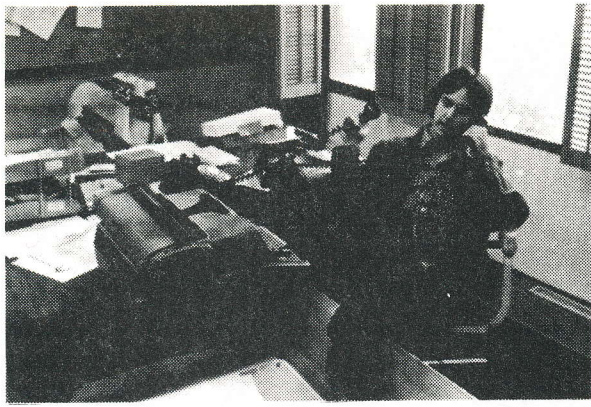
It was a typical night at the Coffee House, with the usual hordes of mellowed-out, laid-back Stanford students and Palo Alto locals, drinking espresso, eating high-priced avocado sandwiches, studying, rapping, and grooving on the middleaged woman with long blonde hair and a moratorium button pinned on her faded sweater who was playing Joni Mitchell on her acoustic guitar. Every other person was smoking, filtering the already dim lights. In one corner a group of people concentrated on every move of a chess game. Some foreign students conversed loudly in Arabic. One man paced back and forth between two tables, staring straight ahead with no expression on his face. Just pacing. Sound was everywhere. "I'm getting into Karl Marx." "Really man . . . really." "Intense."

But squinting through his thick glasses, David ignored the sights and sounds, intent on one thing only . . . the Galaxy Game.

It was empty, none of the usual math majors and high school students clustered in front of the glowing television screen, feeding in their quarters, trying to blast each other's space ships into tiny arrays of light. The classic computer-television game, far out-classing Pong and Tank. Or at least David liked to think so.

He walked over and around all the people lying on the floor and was about to sit down on one of the funky wooden chairs in front of the Galaxy Game, when two kids sat down in front of him. David groaned mentally.

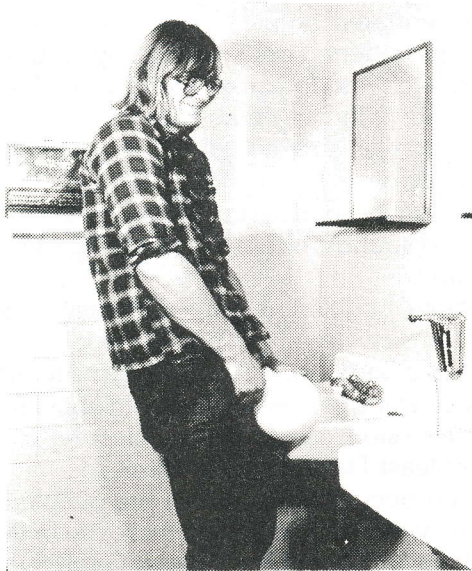
(Continued on Page 22)



Need a late night study break? The telephone is your best friend in the wee hours. Call other students, and tell them that their parents just died.



A quicky game of bicycle dominoes can perk up the dullest of Monday mornings.



Soap dispensers aren't necessarily for soap! And only you're-in the know!



We guarantee a "good trip" level. See how many pre-game.

Games at Stanford

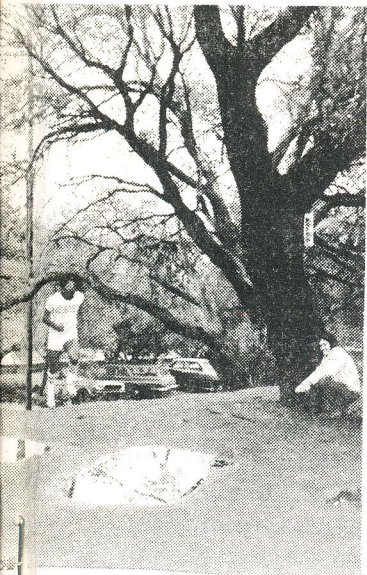
It is autumn. As the cool, crisp bay breezes swoosh across the peninsula in a rhythmic incantation of the beckoning winter, one can't help being deterred from his chosen field of study to gambol on the verdant field of pleasureable distraction that is known as Games at Stanford.

Stanford is a fecund forest of leisure time loveliness. From the sloping fairways of the golf course to the cavernous excitement of the stadium, from the rolling splendor of the adjacent foothills to the shopping convenience of El Camino Real (a Spanish nomenclature), one is literally swept away by the broom of variety.

The whispering sequoias will soon be drop-



Pre-nuptial ceremonies? Perhaps a problem of keeping guests happy like foot patrol. "Foot patrol" Goren.

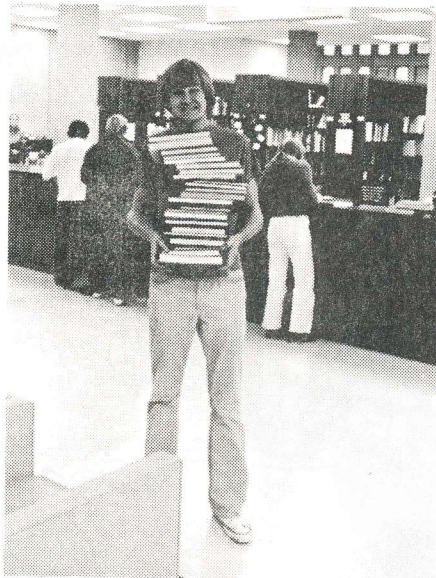


trip" with invisible wire at ankle
re-occupied joggers fall for this

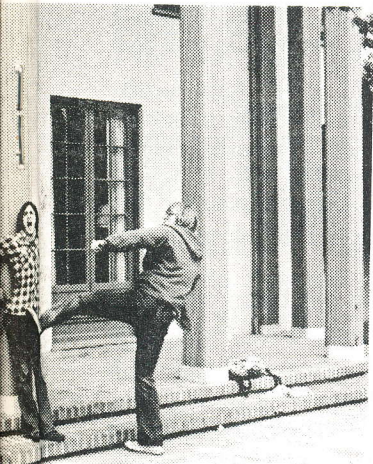


The folks at SLAC find practical jokes a useful diversion. Show them you care by cutting their cables. Practical? No. USEful? You bet!

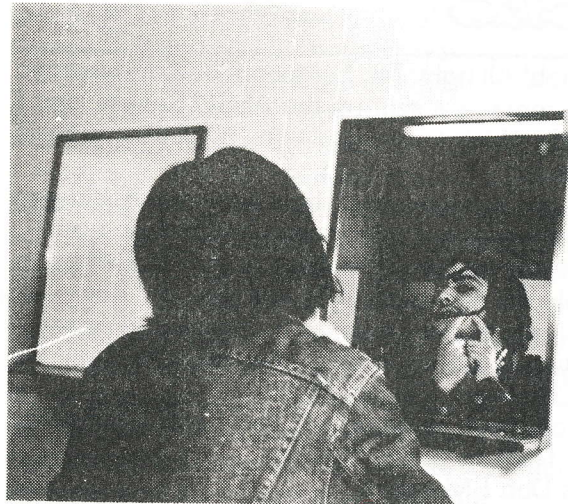
ping their annual load. As the proverbial bard said:
*"When he who is serious
 Looks in the mirror he is
 Confronted by his reflection."*
 This has never been truer than on a brisk autumn evening at Stanford. As the playful drizzle tickles the soft, down-like hair at the nape of one's neck, studies are abandoned for the pursuit of joyful, heartfelt release, and the heavens sing a song of praise to the ingenuity (and downright cleverness) of humanity. As the proverbial bard concluded:
*"Games are fun
 For everyone!"*



Midterm doldrums? Borrow a friend's ID to "get tickets." Then check out zillions of reserve books!!!



haps you have delt with the appy. You can't beta game sun beats bridge," admits



Why handle dangerous darts when you can play target zits?!!

Let's Make a Deal

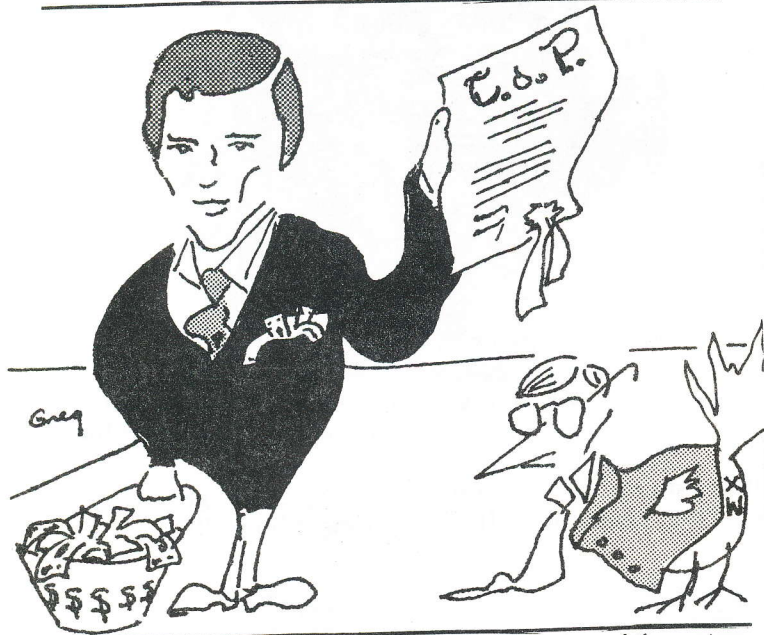
By Pat "Monty" Hall

Welcome to the premiere of the new ASSU Political Game Show, Let's Make a Deal. This is Pat "Monty" Hall, this evening's host. For those of you in our studio audience who aren't familiar with our show, members of the ASSU are elected beforehand and admitted to the Senate floor where they can trade what they brought from home for prizes ranging from zonks like listening to a committee reports to the Big Deal of the day, a check for \$15,000, signed by financial manager Chris Mathe. And here is our first contestant. Could you stand up and tell us what your name is?"

"Uh, Tim W. Ferguson."

"Okay, Mr. Ferguson, what did you bring to trade tonight?"

"Well, I brought a case of beer and two joke resolutions insulting half the Senate."



"Good job! All right, Mr. Ferguson, one of these two envelopes contains a seat on the ASSU Senate, and I get to decide which one to give you. What do you have to say to that?"

"I thing you're really an asshole and you should give me the seat because I'm so much better than you."

"What have we here? Oh, I am sorry, Mr. Ferguson, but it's only the first alternate's seat. We do, however, have a column in the Daily as a consolation prize."

"Who would like to trade in the next deal?" "Oh me, Mr. Chairman, I mean Monty."

"Yes, could you stand up so I could read your name tag, those feathers are in the way."

"It says Dan Livingston."

"Alright now, Mr. Livingston, what did you bring to trade on the floor tonight?"

"I brought three votes."

"Okay Mr. Livingston will you trade those three votes for all the money in my right front pocket or for what's behind the curtain which the lovely Carole is now showing us. And to help you decide, we'll show you a little of what's back there. It looks like a chair. Jay, tell us about the chair."

"Okay, Monty, that's not just any ordinary chair. That is the Finance Committee Chair. Upholstered in mahogany colored velvet, it has pure silver armrests and a built-in tiny finger massager which gives you that special feeling of power. The retail value is seven votes. And that's just part of what's in store for you. Back to you, Monty."

"Okay Mr. Livingston, there you have it. The choice is yours. What will it be, the curtain OR all the money I have in my right front pocket."

"He aint got no money in his pocket."

"Oh no, I'm sorry sir but I heard someone in the studio audience reveal part of the answer. I'm going to have to disqualify you for that. The deal is off! But just so you don't feel cheated, I'll give you a By-Laws amendment which will give you the chance to win that beautiful chair later on in the quarter."

"And now it's time for the Big Deal of the day. Behind one of these three doors stands the Council of Presidents, valued at half-load, half-tuition with an extra bonus of unlimited use of the ASSU lobby. Roy Skogstrom, highest vote-getter in the election, do you want to trade for the deal of the day?"

"Hey lookit you anal. . ."

"Great, we have our first dealer, and Brad Krevoy, number two man on the pole, do you want to trade your votes for what's behind one of the three doors?"

"I believe I could interest myself in an opportunity for political advancement. But first let me tell you some of the great ideas I have. Can I buy you lunch? Do you like baloney?"

"Which door would you like, Mr. Krevoy?"

"I'm sorry Monty, but due to the nature of the game, I feel that there's no way I can possibly win. For that reason I feel I must turn down this opportunity for the Council of Presidents, even though I've already accepted it."

"Wow, what a move! The crowd has been whipped into a frenzy of love and political admiration. They have drafted the Kreves into the COP even though he's already turned down his own nomination!"

"Well, that's it for tonight folks. There seems to be no question that Brad Krevoy is the Biggest Dealer on campus. As a consolation prize for Mr. Skogstrom, we have a home version of our game so that he can enjoy the excitement of ASSU Senate at any time. This is Pat "Monty" Hall saying good night and Big Deal!"



What's Wrong with this Picture?

An odd question? Perhaps, but as you will see, one which bears some consideration. If you saw nothing wrong, examine the photograph again, carefully. You probably see a college-age couple casually caught by the camera in this affectionate pose between classes. A typical scene of young love on the campus of a major university.

Yet isn't there something about the couple that fails to stir those softly/sweet images of romance usually associated with such a pair in the spring of their years? Isn't there something about the couple that is not quite normal? Does something that you can't quite put your finger on, call it instinct, tell you that one of them is different? And this difference although barely perceptible, is enough to raise that primal loathing in your consciousness; making you suspect that maybe, just maybe that the guy is a NERD!

Introduction to

Stanford Typology

When the first men emerged from the caves into the brilliant light of prehistory, they all looked the same. True, they were quite ugly but they were all ugly in the same way. This universally conformative ugliness caused a great identity crisis among them. They longed to be different, to be unique. They began to paint their bodies in an attempt to distinguish themselves but this proved to be only temporary and somewhat sticky in warm weather. They began to contort their faces and limbs into different positions and soon began to make radical permanent changes in their facial and anatomical structure through the use of large stones and primitive tools. Limbs and organs were discarded, traded, and arranged in new, exciting combinations. Most of these combinations were quickly abandoned as they were unpleasant and impractical. However, one idea did catch on: by discarding a portion of the brain, subtracting specific organs, making a few basic biological adjustments, and adding a rib; Woman was created. Finally, here was a means of producing variations rela-

tively painlessly through genetics. So gene pools were quickly formed and the newly-developed women were impregnated and soon, Diversity was born.

With diversity, society became possible and society created institutions to regulate diversity into various distinct types which in turn serve its ends and perpetuate its existence. We at Stanford are fortunate in being attached to one of the more successful of those institutions. Stanford's record in producing doctors, lawyers, business men, bureaucrats, engineers, faculty, and dropouts is admired by all and equaled by few.

It is also here that we learn the intricacies of types. We study type interaction, type management, typesetting, type casting, stereo-typing and all the other aspects of type science that go into maintaining a social system based on typical ecology. We learn to distinguish different types and treat them according to their position in society. In addition to our studies we are also given the opportunity to put into practice what we learn by actually engaging typology in our daily lives. We have been

encouraged to become types ourselves and establish our own archetypal socio-ecological system which we all work to maintain by keeping our places and respecting those of others. A secure, comfortable society has resulted, in which we all live in understanding and harmony.

Because we are so pleased with our little society and the native typology it is built upon, it has recently caused concern among many of us that many of the newly entered students are not learning the typical structure satisfactorily. It is a sad fact that the average freshman has almost no familiarity with campus types. One notices them constantly in the university's many dining halls, their little ears perked intently to the fast-flowing conversations of upper-classmen, and one sees them tilt their chubby heads in puppy-like bewilderment at such terms as, "frat-rat," "bio major," and "schmuck." Through no fault of their own, baring innate infantilism, they have no understanding of such types as "coffee-house resident" or that decorous being euphemistically known as the "Stanford girl."

This simplicity on the part of our youngsters is in itself only cause for passing amusement, but the implications for the future give cause for serious concern. First of all because of unawareness of the workings of Stanford typology, the freshmen often refer to the wrong sources in their never ending search for information. We have, in the course of one day, witnessed several of these earnest ignorants: asking an art history major to explain nucleophilic aromatic substitution; asking a Delt, directions to the Old Firehouse; and asking a Dolly for the name of a good beauty salon.

The short term effects of this situation have caused many hapless freshmen to give excellent critiques of Carravaggio on their Chem midterms, enjoy all-expense-paid excursions to Cowell Med Center, receive mud packs with large sacks of wet nickels.

But the long term effects come as this muddle of misinformation is gathered into the hamper-like minds of the lower classmen and retained there. Then when it is time for them to become dwids, jocks, and "ladies," themselves and take their rightful campus roles, these roles will have become so obscured as to cause irreparable damage to the hallowed Stanford Status Structure with far reaching and disasterous consequences.

Imagine, if you will, a nightmare campus; roving bands of pre-meds incessantly swill beer, while engaging in riotous living and gross debauchery. Imagine the Big Game bonfire, blazing in unequalled fury, fueled by its bearded sponsors in Columbae and Synergy, which have become respectively, campus headquarters of the Young Republicans and Junk Food Theme House. And most horrifying of all, imagine the muscular frames of varsity football players being displaced at "Zot's" by horn-rimmed engineers who have succeeded in brow-beating them into forsaking the fairer sex for the relative security of calculators and study carrels.

Such is the fate of our beloved university if this la-

The Stanford Man:

Varsity Man, He-Man, Frat Man (except Dekes), Fresh man, Ladies Man, and Pilt-down.

Habits:

Likes to roam wide-open spaces such as the many campus athletic fields, the minds and bedrooms of Freshman Girls. Usually lives and travels in groups composed of others of his type in order to facilitate partying, sports and the relating of rude stories. Avoids bright artificially lit areas as classrooms and libraries.



1. **Necklace**
2. **Rugby Shirt**
3. **Beer & Gut combination (courtesy of Adolf Coors)**
4. **Hair**
5. **Wristwatch (tells time, date(s), and sperm count)**
6. **Stanford gym shorts w/optional codpiece**
7. **High striped tube socks**
8. **"Sneaks" (Adidas, Puma, "Tigers," etc.)**

The Stanford Female:

Money Bunny (Richy Bitchy), Western Jewish American Princess, Punaho Pineapple Princess, Stanford Queen and California Girl ("and the 10th one goes to Stanford")

Habits:

Often giggles and smiles during conversation but rarely contradicts as it is highly unusual for her to entertain an original thought. Known for modest but contradictory behavior such as publicly lamenting poor performance on a mid-term and later receiving an A plus in the same class. Her favorite pastimes are trading cookie recipes and fad diets.



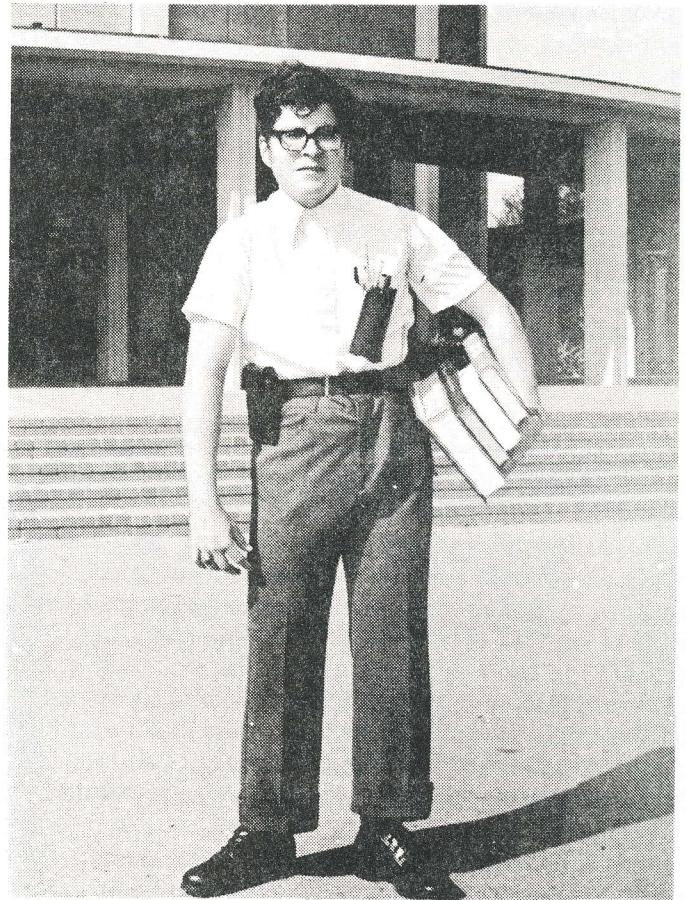
1. Low pH, sun-drenched hair
2. Dazzling smile (courtesy of the California Association of Orthodontists)
3. Puka shells
4. Torso display ensemble (A T-shirt usually worn in conjunction with an elastic undergarment that lifts and separates)
5. Stanford gym shorts
6. Backpack w/tennis racquet handle growing from it
7. Golf socks w/pastel pom-poms
8. Tennis shoes (Head, Nike, etc.)

The Nerd:

EE major, Math Science major, Mech E major, Geology major, Exchange students, Faculty offspring, De-kes, General dwids and jerks, and Pre-Meds.

Habits:

Only seen in bright artificially lit areas such as classrooms, libraries, and computer terminals. Known widely for his uncanny ability to recite problem sets, chem formulas and computer programs whether asked to do so or not. For a long time it was thought that they were incapable of thinking about anything else, but further research has determined that nerds are vast repositories of Star Trek dialogue, Guinness World Records, Sports Trivia, and other such highly useful and sought-after information.



1. Black horn-rimmed glasses
2. Collar Buttoned
3. Ring (around collar)
4. The new HP67 calculator w/89 functions, 256 steps programmable, magnetic card reader; data or program
5. High school class ring
6. Assorted writing styluses
7. Plain white undershirt
8. Textbooks
9. Skindiver wristwatch
10. Trousers (note the regulation 3 inches above-the-ankle cuff)
11. Functional Footwear

So Was Agnew's Son



The slim figure shot through the night like a putty knife sinking into a can of spackle. A car passed. The headlights beamed and a multicolored light began to flash. He leaped into the nearest bush, a briar patch. "Oh shit, I should have brought my stiptic pencil," he thought . . . Shivering in the bushes, he thought of the wet suit he had given away: "God, I wish I had my wetsuit. Joe can't even swim. I bet he's using it in an aquarium display in some shopping mall. I could really dig exposing myself in a wet suit, but that's another story." A pale blue Mercedes 280 SL pulled into the driveway next to the bush where he was prostrated.

"I'm a peeping tom and I've got a problem." The crowd began to applaud. The speaker gesticulated wildly behind the lectern. "I started when I was 4 years old. My nextdoor neighbor would come over and bring me to his house. I'd say, 'Hey, buddy, let's peak at your father changing little sis' diapers.' 'Man, you crazy,' he'd reply. See, it became like a game to me. I used to climb to the top of the jungle gym to peek as the girls did monkey rolls, their dresses falling about their waists. But I needed newer and more unique ways of peeping. While all the kids were collecting baseball cards, I was trading for nude playing cards with the bums behind the Toppley Too Bar: 'I'll trade you an Ann Margret and a Valeria Perrine for a Mama Lion,' I'd plead. 'You little runt. Give me Seagrams, I'll give you anything,' . . ."

A firm looking creature opened the door of the Mercedes and stepped out. She walked by the briar bush where Tom lay, coming within an inch of stepping on one of his most vital props, his chin. Since his neck was laid out flat against the ground and the rest of his body was suspended in the bush, at the moment she crossed his path, he took in the entirety of her form: 5'7", bright red lipstick, a tight form-fit evening dress revealing a Raquel Welch-like cleavage, a very well-formed but larger than average posterior, and a corsage in her blond permanent with a ribbon reading "Kiss Me, I'm a Shiksa." He began to salivate. He thought about his own attire: "Uh, oh, where's my green hat." Wrenching one of his hands free, he grabbed furiously for his head. "Phew, I thought I had left it at the office."

" . . . Higher and higher I climbed." The voice beamed throughout the auditorium. "I would reach all of my goals. I would be the first living male who would peep in on the Shah's harem without being made a eunuch. I'd fall asleep every night in a state of ecstasy after studying the latest issue of *Peeping Tom* and finding shocking pictures in print, yes, in print! of my most mind shattering feats: ogling Jane deep in the heart of Africa while swinging like Puck past Johnny Weissmuller; or disguising myself as a snake to nip a view of Cleopatra before the necrophiliacs could take over. I used to smother myself to sleep, burrowing my face into my nude goddess pillow, until the feathers started to

make me dream of barnyard animals, and then it happened . . .”

After she went into the house he waited. A light went on upstairs. “Nyuk, Nyuck,” he thought. “I’m going to do all right tonight.” He got out his Uncle Sam Bicentennial Stilts that he had used at the park last Fourth of July, and started walking to the window. Before he could reach his destination he was knocked over by an unusual looking pine tree that stood near the window. “Goddam son of a bitch pine tree.”

The speaker looked out at the audience after a moment of reflection. He continued with his speech. “. . . It was the night of my last expedition. I had just finished a rather satisfying exposition. High atop the Taft Hotel in a penthouse suite, I huddled in the closet and peaked through the key-hole at a picture perfect scene. Two lovers, both of whom were familiar as if they had been immortalized in celluloid, or maybe in plastics, lay on the bed. Flood lights glared and the dialogue came to life: “What about Elaine,” he said, a slightly teathy sound permeating his voice. The lady turned quickly, a cold glare of disdain in her eyes. “Ben, you must promise me never to think of Elaine again,” she said. “Oh, so I’m not good enough for your own daughter, Mrs. Robinson,” shrieked Ben. The lady — determined — steadily pulled up her stockings. “Oh, Mrs. Robinson,” he replied, slightly bamboozled. Just then, I stumbled out, my green hat prancing across the video screen. ‘Cut!’ yelled the director as I scampered down

the fire escape into the night . . .” The speaker stared off, lost in another world.

He stood up and surveyed the scene. Finally, he came upon a note which was taped onto the side door, addressed to the Sparkletts Man.

Dear Sparkletts man,

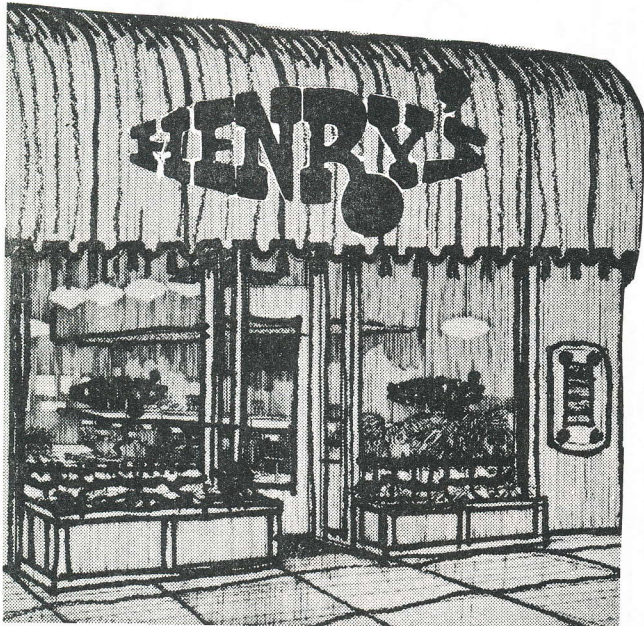
Don’t break the water bottle this time, you creep, and put the ladder back in the garage after you’re done. We wouldn’t want any Peeping Toms finding it.

Joey

He secured the ladder in place and started to climb toward the window. A rang cracked and gave away. The ladder swung out from the wall so that he performed a balancing act. He held on in desperation, with one leg held back like Lauren Bacall used to do while kissing Bogart. The ladder thumped back against the wall. “What’s that! Oh, my goodness!” He heard the voice and saw the blond permanent sprout out of the window. He tried to bob his green hat in and out of the pine needles. “Good camouflage,” he thought. “A green beret. God, her perfume smells like Ben Gay. I wish I were Zoro. I could wear a cape and fly around on a rope. That guy would have been a great flasher.”

(Continued on Next Page)

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“ . . . I was almost caught before I even got a chance to peep. This was just a routine mission but I should have known the cards were stacked. My eyes burned from the Ben Gay, I dropped my book of Monkees portraits, but I continued to climb . . . ”

He made his way up the ladder and peaked in the window. His green-clad head bobbed up and down around the borders of the pane, sort of like an apple in water but not really — no, it was more like Lawrence Welk’s hand bouncing in front of his band. “Hm, I haven’t seen falsies like that since that stripper in Nevada dared me to pull off her pasties.” The girl began to undress in front of him. First, the zipper in the back. He would have offered his assistance for he knew how difficult it was to do that alone. Then, a little wriggling motion to loosen the tight hold of the dress. “Like a penguin,” he thought. The dress fell to the floor. He looked at her legs. “Yecch! They’re hairy! Haven’t you ever seen the Lady Schick commercials?” He became depressed. All that was left were the bra and panties. “I wonder how Agnew felt when he found out his son was a peeping tom,” he pondered. “I guess he would have pleaded nolo contendere.” First, unbuckle the bra. “I was right — toilet paper! That’s the hairiest chest I’ve ever seen. Quite.” Now the panties and . . .

“ . . . It was a guy. I peeped on a guy. Suddenly our eyes met, and glint in his eyes. In a high, shrill voice he

screamed, “Peeping Tom! Peeping Tom!” I felt like screaming “Homo!” at him but he rushed at me, grabbed the top of the ladder and pushed off. The ladder fell to the ground but I was suspended in mid air. My green hat head hooked onto a branch of the pine tree and I held on to the hat with both of my hands. There I was dangling from the tree right in front of the window. If I hadn’t made the hat out of a special material I had seen advertised in *Peeping Tom*, I’d have been a gonner for sure . . . ”

The man grabbed for the telephone. “May I have the police,” he said in a frightened voice as if he had the willies. “I’d like to report a peeping tom at 558 Mayfield. He’s dangling right outside my window.” Our friend watched helplessly as he saw *his victim* get back into drag. “What will my wife say. I told her I was going out to pick up some Q-tips.” He dangled from the tree, cold as the table at the doctor’s office, thinking about food, especially the fresh bagels he’d have for breakfast the next day. He saw the reflection of the multicolored lights against the house. He looked at the beautiful drag queen screaming ‘PEEPING TOM! He heard the wail of the sirens.

“ . . . And that’s why I have dedicated my life to Peeping Tom’s Anonymous.” The crowd stood up in thunderous ovation. Rows of green hats dotted the arena. A band began to play. 

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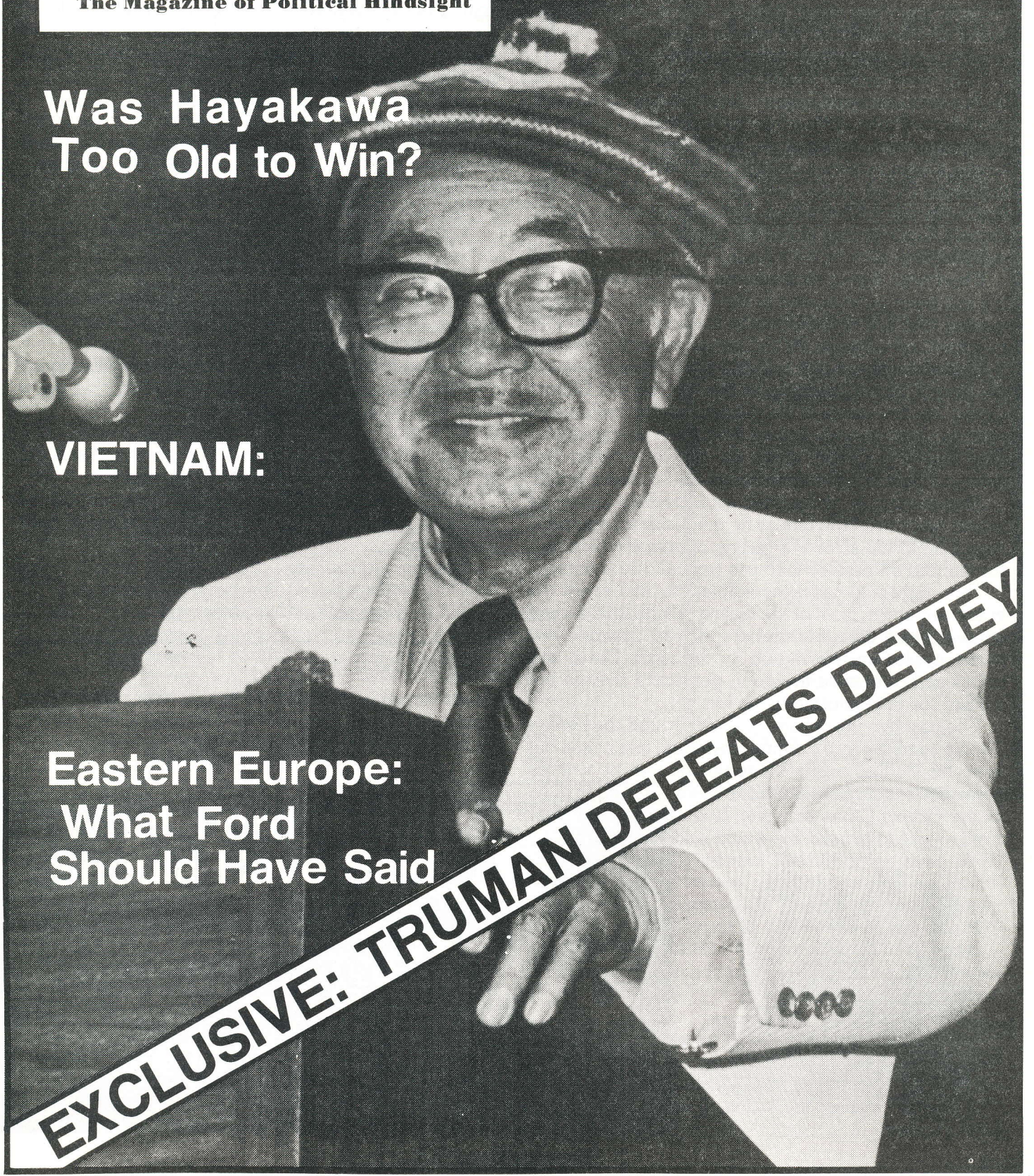
The Magazine of Political Hindsight

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VIETNAM:

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EXCLUSIVE: TRUMAN DEFEATS DEWEY



Space Cadet. . .

"Hey what is this shit? Huh, Looey?"

"It's a space game. You blow up the other guy."

"Blow?" The two kids laughed.

"Yeah, it's a pretty shitty game." Looey spit on the screen. David cringed. "C'mon Wilso, let's go get fucked up." Looey gave the Galaxy Game a vicious kick before they left.

David sat down, controlling his urge to yell at Looey. Using the handkerchief he always carried with him he gently mopped the slowly dripping saliva off the screen.

They were alone. David almost lost his breath. A tingle ran up his spinal column, slowly radiating out over his chest and then settling into his abdomen, a feeling of excitement and anticipation. Watching the television screen, David became entranced by the rhythmic manipulations of the word "Galaxy." His mind began to float with the mathematical distortions until he found himself daydreaming about his first time, exactly two years before . . .

It had been during his freshman year. He never knew if it had been pure chance or the fulfillment of a logical destiny that had caused him to inadvertently stumble into the Coffee House. At first he had felt out of place in the hip atmosphere. But he had found himself inexorably drawn, like a lemming to the sea, by the Galaxy Game. His first caress of the voluptuous control handle, with its cool, smooth texture had been unforgettable. The inviting green glow of the television screen . . . David's lips had softened and become moist.

After putting in his quarter, an incredible feeling of power had overcome him as he maneuvered his space ship around the screen, a feeling of power which had turned into an ecstasy that was sexual in its intensity.

That night had been incredible. He had spent the entire evening in front of the Galaxy Game until he had been dragged away by the long-haired, bearded dishwasher who was closing up for the night. David had collapsed just outside the door, physically drained but fulfilled for the first time in his life.

The past two years had revolved around the Galaxy Game. Almost every evening David had taken time out from his studies, telling his roommates that he wanted some fresh air, and visited her. He always liked to think of the Galaxy Game as a she. She was his "Gal," he liked to joke to himself. He would wait patiently until he could have her to himself, watching the other players violate his Gal, and feigning interest in their games of intergalactic warfare — "Hyperspace, hyperspace," "Oh no, you're almost out of torps!"

It had been a match made in heaven, David thought, except for the time when she had been out of order. He had gone into a state of—

"Hi there."

David jolted into the present. There was a girl sitting next to him. A pretty girl, with long red hair that curled around her face and fell over her shoulder. And big tits that strained against the lacing of her denim bodice. David tensed.

"Wow man, space-cadet. You were really gone. You back now?"

"Uh, yeah." The girl was messing things up.

"I'm glad . . . I see you around here alot, you know? You're really into this computer shit, huh?"

"Yeah, it's uh—"

"Yeah. I've tried it. It's kind of fucked up, you know man? But I like it here. The people are pretty mellow, you know, and the music's usually pretty alright. I can't stand this fucking Joni Mitchell shit." She started laughing. "Shit, man."

I wish she'd leave, thought David.

The girl moved her chair closer, so that her thigh, encased in faded denim, touched his. David smelled marijuana. "You know, man, you look like a swimmer. You swim alot, huh?"

"No, not really."

"Oh c'mon man, you look like a swimmer. You're shitting me, huh?"

"No, I'm uh . . ."

She smiled and leaned over. The tits were fighting to escape. "I used to swim. For exercise, you know? But now I fuck for exercise."

David swallowed hard and looked down at his shoes.


"Wanna come see my waterbed? Man, I've got a really spaced-out waterbed."

"I . . . uh . . ."

"Well shit man, if that's like where your head-space is at, I guess that's cool." She stood up and left.


David exhaled slowly and wiped the sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand. Once again, they were along.

"It's our anniversary," he cooed as he put in his quarter, fondling the control handle. "I love you."

And they became one in video space. 

Stanford Typology. . .

mentable state of affairs continues. Yet such a grim future need not come if we but take action to: (1) acquaint the present underclass with the basics of campus typology and (2) refrain from allowing the continued existence of the imperceptive dullards who are the result of Mr. Hargadon's calamitous admission's policy. However, as it has been argued that many of the dullest, most slow-witted freshmen often become RA's, "Daily" staffers, and ASSU officials; that eliminating them might adversely affect the delicate balance of Stanford's social ecology; only the former solution will be discussed in the present article.

A basic introduction to campus typology begins with the three basic Stanford types; the Stanford Man, the Stanford Woman, and The Nerd. Plus there is also the Special Category. Until recently there was a fourth type, the Stanford Radical, but due to the decline of "meaningful" causes and massive CIA co-option, this once-flourishing type has dwindled to a mere sub-type of a Special Category (see nostalgia freaks). 

ASSU Whispers

How Now, Mao Chao? Sources inform me that Mao Tse-Tung's widow recently arrived at Stanford to "work on the railroad." She was spotted tete-a-teteing with Senator **J.J. Chao**, who obviously recognizes a golden political opportunity when he sees it. She is apparently adept at laundering funds. . . .

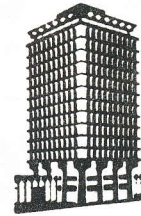
I Wish I'd Said That Dept. — Senator **Devine**, when Senator **Hole's** name was called for role: "Is that **A. Hole** or **B. Hole**?" . . . **Chairman non-elect Krevoy**, to his mother during birth, "Let me take you out to lunch and we'll talk about it". . . . **Senator Livingston**, head of the **Livingston et clone** slate: "I'd like to replace **Sharp's** toothpaste with super glue". . . . **Creative Senator Warzburg**, upon hearing **Livingston's** statement: "Replacing **Sharp's** toothpaste with super glue is what I'd like". . . . **Vice-president Houck**, after hearing **President Petroff's** latest proposal: "Get your fat, grubby hands off of me, you disgusting blob!". . . .

Scenes We'd Like To See Dept. — Senator **Hole**, abstaining on role call . . . **Charlie's Angels** . . . Good movies on Sunday night. . . .

Chairman Hall tells me "It is bad that I am a big shot and still can't get any good nooky." Senator **Devine** seconded the motion. **Senator Krevoy** doubted **Hall's** statement, but conceded "Well, I am a lot better looking" . . . **Senators Barth** and **Skogstrom** tell me that they can't believe how anal everybody is. . . .

BIG SCOOP! The **Chaparral** has learned that several senators are registered students! The potential conflict of interest is enormous. It is hereby suggested that those senators who are students not be allowed to vote on matters concerning students.

See you next issue, and remember: The penis mightier than the sword.



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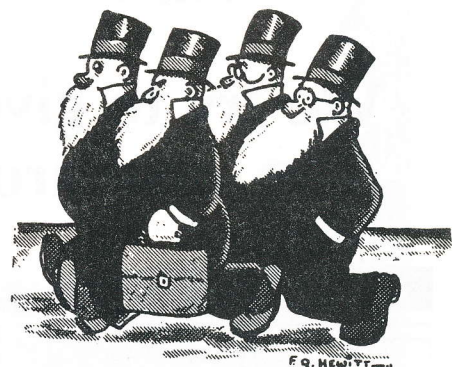
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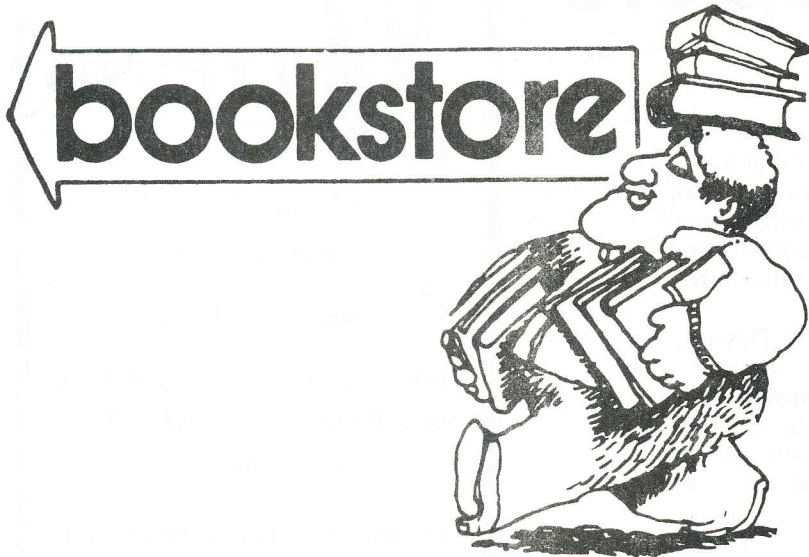
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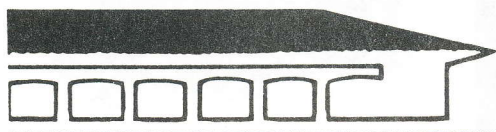




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Apartments

Spacious Rooms . . .

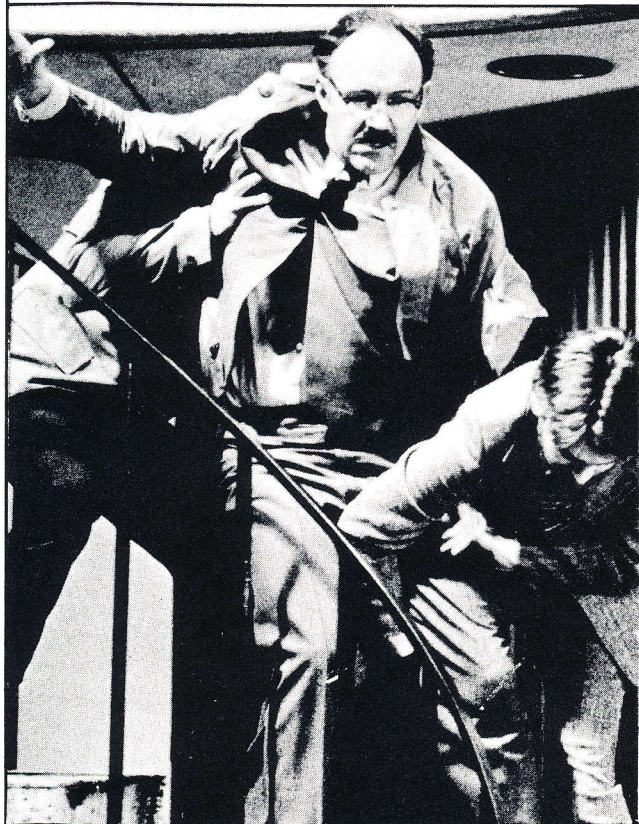
Luxury at Moderate Prices

3941 EL CAMINO REAL

PALO ALTO, CA 94306

(415) 493-6611

SATURDAY NIGHT FILMS

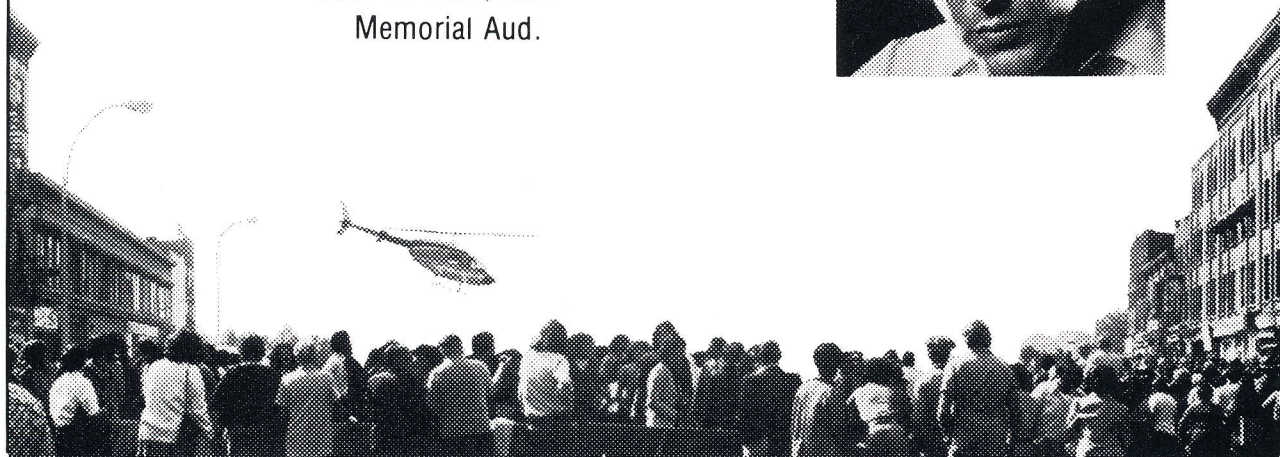


GENE HACKMAN THE CONVERSATION

Dec. 4
6:00, 8:15, 10:30
Cubberley Aud

AL PACINO DOG DAY AFTERNOON

Dec. 11 7:00, 9:30
Memorial Aud.





Frankie, Johnnie, & Luigi Too
939 El Camino Real West
(Mountain View)
967-5384