

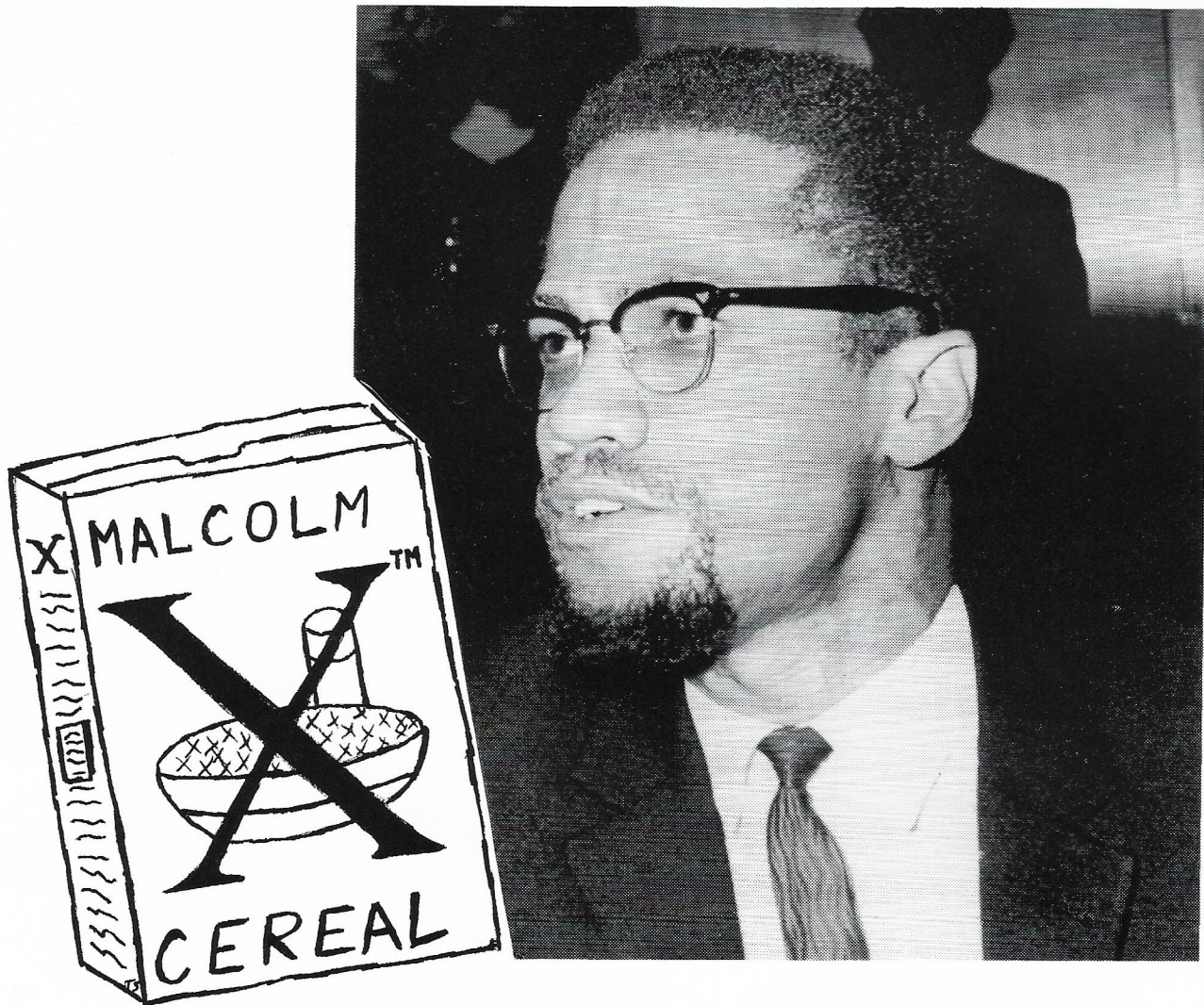
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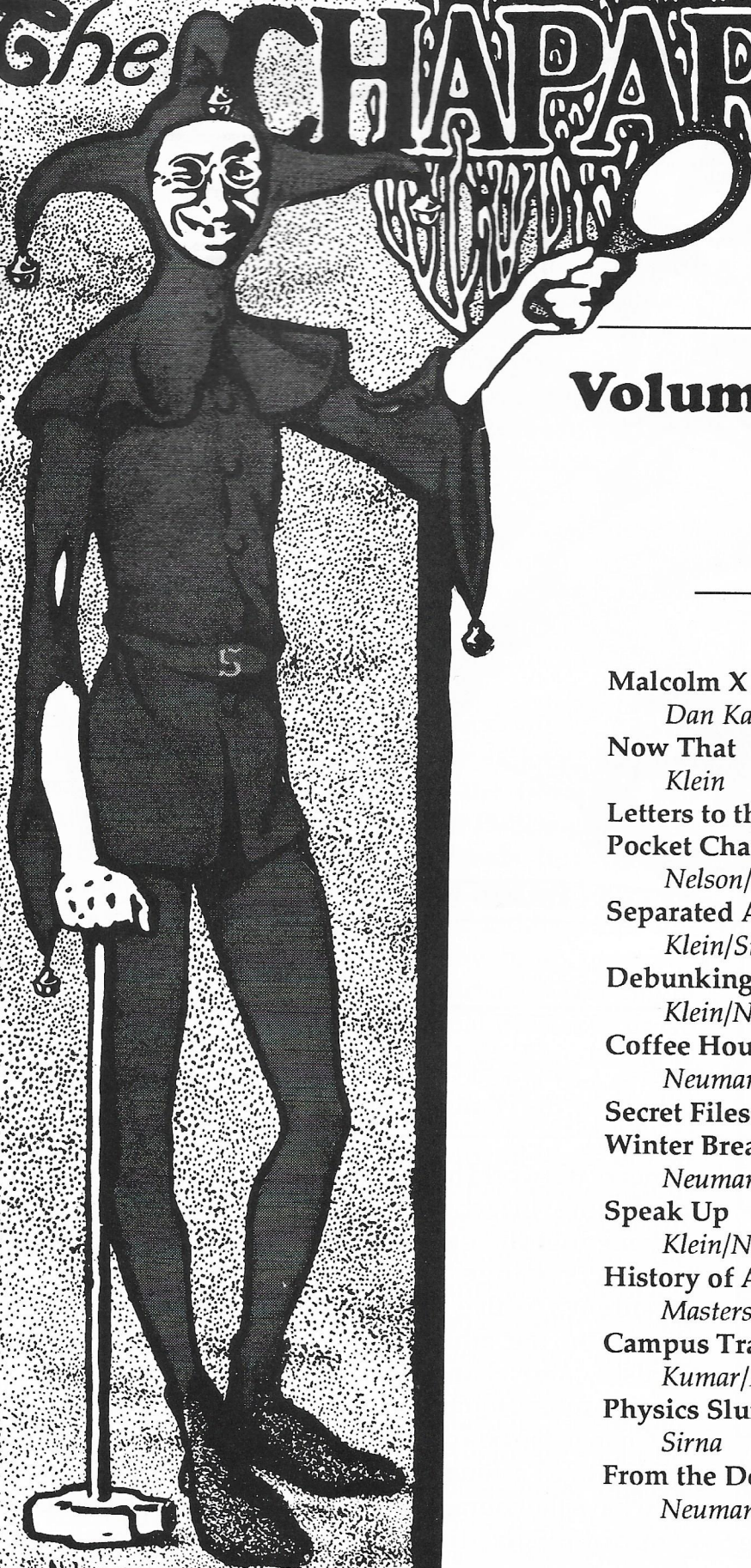
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The CHAPARRAL



Bristow Adams.

Volume 94, Number 2

Change

Malcolm X Cereal	(Inside Cover)
<i>Dan Karp</i>	
Now That	p. 2
<i>Klein</i>	
Letters to the Editor	p. 4
Pocket Change	p. 5
<i>Nelson/Klein</i>	
Separated After Birth	p. 6
<i>Klein/Sirna</i>	
Debunking Myths	p. 7
<i>Klein/Neumann</i>	
Coffee House Hits	p. 8
<i>Neumann/Sirna/Klein</i>	
Secret Files of LSJUMB	p. 9
Winter Break Primer	p. 10
<i>Neumann</i>	
Speak Up	p. 12
<i>Klein/Nelson</i>	
History of A Cappella	p. 13
<i>Masters</i>	
Campus Trading Cards	p. 17
<i>Kumar/Klein</i>	
Physics Slums	p. 21
<i>Sirna</i>	
From the Desk of SCBN	p. 24
<i>Neumann/Klein</i>	

S T A N F O R D
CHAPARRAL



Stanford University founded 1891
 Stanford Chaparral founded Oct. 5, 1899
 by Bristow Adams
 Published by Hammer and Coffin Society
 Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

The Band

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Lead Vocals / Rythm Guitar

Tony Sima
Lead Guitar / Keyboards

Jeremy Nelson
Backup Vocals / Bass Guitar

Aaron Racine Cathy Siciliano
Manager Promoter

Srini Kumar
Accordian / Penny Whistle

Moose Neumann, Jr.
Drums

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

RANDAL BOROUGH '04
 LINK MALMQUIST '29

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 Published quarterly by the Hammer and Coffin Society.

Now that Dan Quayle is scampering around the White House with a spackle knife, wishing he'd thought of putting down "lots of holes in walls (VP office, inner)" on that housing evaluation form four years ago, the word "change" seems to be on everybody's lips. And it's not just happening in Washington — change is sweeping the nation. Even our own little

corner of the world has gotten a fair dusting. In fact, there's lots of change right here at Stanford. There's change in the President's office (Casper), change on the athletic fields (Walsh), and change in the laundry rooms (quarters).

Change can be a good thing. There comes a time when we must have the courage to spurn comfortable tradition, and

stride forward into the bold and challenging world of the unknown. Often we learn something valuable from the experience. Take last weekend, for example. The Old Boy, feeling particularly spry in the brisk Autumn breezes, called together a few chums for a merry stroll over on Jasper Ridge. Of course these fine fellows could have been content merely to

follow in the footsteps of those who went before them (namely, the docents). But instead of bumping along in the same well-worn rut of a passive, limited tour, the jolly lads opted instead for a bit of a lark.

Gamely brandishing their CO₂ pistols, our boys marched forth to challenge nature on her own turf, pitting themselves against the elements and each other in a good-spirited romp of paint-ball warfare. As is often the case with true pioneers, the enterprising lads learned several interesting lessons from the experience. Among other things, it was discovered that squirrels will actually eat paint pellets, if they are covered with a moderately thick coat of brown dirt camouflage. And the perspicacious pals were not the only ones to learn a lesson that day — one could almost see the shrewd wheels of experience turning inside those fuzzy skulls as the little rodents pawed at the bright green goop dribbling from their chins.

So, green squirrels is a change. Squirrels are cute green. Actually, they look a little like Kermit the Frog. But they move faster, and they don't talk. The docents, on the other hand did not look cute green. They were slower than the squirrels, and although much easier to hit, they were a heck of a lot louder. They *did* talk. A lot. And some of the things they yelled after the retreating researchers were definitely "fighting words." But, it has always been thus. Those currently in power loathe and suppress the kind of intellectual freedom that leads to true

progress.

Now that is one kind of change. There are others. For example, there is the kind of change that you will soon need to scrape together to buy presents for your family this holiday season. But never forget that the most precious gift of all is the gift of knowledge. That's probably what your parents told you when you asked why you didn't get a car for your high-school graduation. So now you can hold them to their word. Instead of piling armfuls of shallow, pre-packaged presents under the tree/menorah/pentagram this year, take the time to show you really care by sharing what you have learned at Stanford.

This is especially true if you have younger siblings. You may think that the Descartes you read in your Philosophy CIV is over their heads, but you'd be surprised at how well even the youngest of toddlers can understand the basic concepts. Take scepticism. You might help your baby sister to grasp the notion by asking her how she knows that she's not adopted. No doubt at first she'll come up with all kinds of reasons. Show her that her justifications for what she calls "knowledge" are really inconclusive. Point out that all of this evidence could really just be an attempt to *deceive* her. Ah, *now* she's paying attention.

Now that she's listening, you can go on to talk about the existence of external objects. You might lose her if you start off right away claiming that her

dolls don't exist, so start off by talking about objects that are mostly theoretical or unobservable anyway. Like electrons. And gravitational fields. And Santa Claus. Watch how excited she gets once she really comprehends the implications of your well-reasoned argument. She'll probably be so lit up inside with the thrill that comes from education that she won't be able to wait to tell your parents. Better start brushing up on your moral theory... how did that argument against the morality of punitive measures go again? Oh well. You probably skipped that week anyway.

ROADIES

Tory Foster
Lindsay Kiriakos
Kelly Masters
Matt Meskell
Michael Meyer
Geoff Nilsen
Sarah Novasel
Rem Reynolds
Mary Ringhoff
Nathan Shewmaker

Video Stills

Tony Sirna

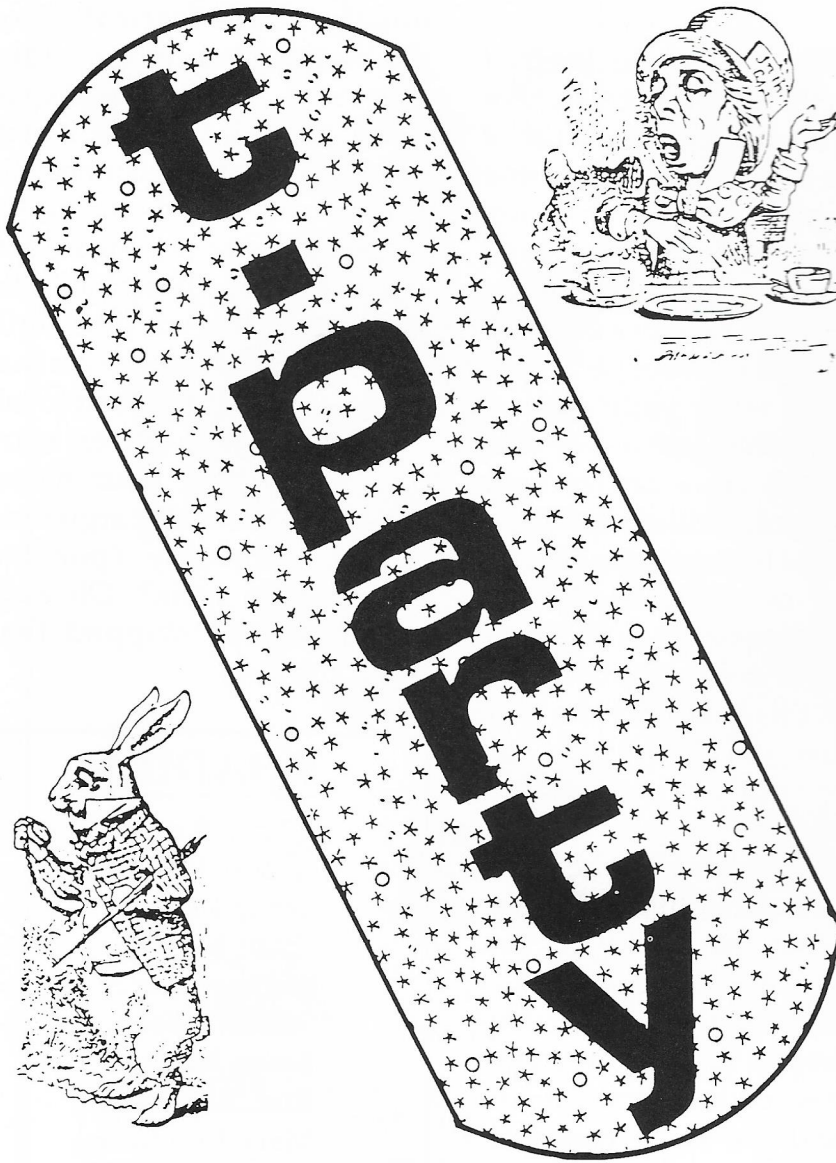
Jacket Cover Art

Jim Hsu

Special Thanks To:

Hatcher's Trade Press
ASSU Pub Board
ASSU Typesetting
Dan Karp

About the cover: It just goes to show that even if you change the lightbulb providing illumination, it's still the same old shit-hole.



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Letters to the editor

I just read a copy of your publication that my son mailed home. I can not believe that such filth is distributed on the campus of Stanford University. I'm sure you all think you're very funny, but this stuff is about as funny as a dead dog on the highway. I suggest you clean up your act.

Mrs. J. Regent

Q: What's the difference between a dead dog on the highway and a dead Mrs. J. Regent on the highway?

A: The dog was an accident.

Hey howcome U didn't put Lurker Child in the Freshman Issue? I am pissed because I love Lurker Child, and he is 2 cool 2 B believed. Anyway, let's have more Lurker Child!

Matt Childs

Sorry, Matt, but we don't take requests. Except fee requests, of course. Besides, we don't like people who use numbers for words. Who do you think you are, Prince?

And a hearty thanks to H.F. (yeah, we won't print your name but you know who you are) for the subscription check. But as you can see, all students living in Stanford dorms receive the Chaparral free of charge anyway.

It's wedged into the fold of the futon. It's lying around on the floor of your room. And maybe there's some in your pockets right now! It just keeps piling up all over the place, and you can never seem to get rid of it. No, we're not talking about soiled underwear. We're talking pennies, nickels, and dimes. Not real money. But there are a few

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\$85-90 /day	Get a Stanford education. (Depends on whether you buy books, make photocopies, or just use "reserved reading.")
\$75 - \$200 /night	Finally get a chance to use those goddam condoms.

FROSHBOOK

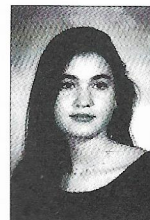
SEPARATED AFTER BIRTH?



Em Figdor
Harstdale, NY



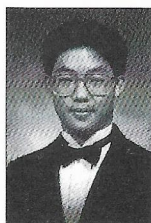
Sara DeWitt
Nashville, TN



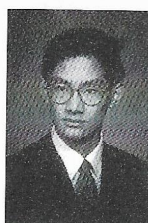
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Old Westbury, NY



Diana Fu
Starkville, MS



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Winter Park, FL



Dardy Chang
Plano, TX



Chloë Sladden
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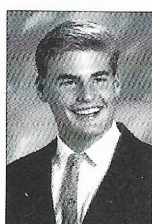


Andrea Chartock
Corton-on-Hudson, NY

Cloned on the cutting room floor!



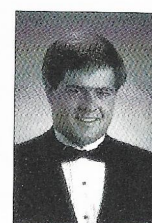
Mike Yurochko
Mountainside, NJ



Cale Carter
Orange, CA



Erik Herrling
Lake Oswego, OR



Doug Coleman
Saratoga, CA

THE DE-BUNKING of POPULAR MYTHS, URBAN LEGENDS, and MISLEADING MAXIMS



...with Chuck Sneedwort, Phil 53 Dropout

MYTH #1: "You can pick your friends, and you can pick your nose, but you can't pick your friend's nose."

RATING: *Empirically Unsound*
EXPLANATION:

Well, in Philosophy you learn to really study the structure of the argument, because sometimes stuff that looks right isn't, it's just wrong. Every argument has what are called premises, which is important, because if even one of them is wrong then you will get a bad grade on your paper. Unless it's like morality or Res-Ed or something, where you can pretty much say whatever you want and no one can say it's not right for *you*. Especially if someone famous said it before you, and you know who it was so you can say so in the paper.

Anyway, this argument has two premises and one of them is that you can pick your nose, which is pretty easy to show that it's true. The other is that you can pick your friends, which is apparently not true, or else Elle MacPherson would have returned my phone calls instead of telling the police that I was "harrasssing" her. That was pretty unfriendly of her, because I got in lots of trouble and if she'd been my friend like I picked her to be she would have cared more instead of saying things like "I hope

the little creep learns a lesson."

So the premise is wrong, and besides, my friend Vinnie has a video tape with him and me that is what we call in Philosophy a counter-example.

MYTH #2: "The early bird gets the worm."

RATING: *Overgeneralization*

EXPLANATION: I mean, what if the worm sleeps in? Then it's not around early, and some other lucky bird will find it. Because he went out and had a good time last night, and didn't get out of bed until after all the other birds woke up and made lots of noise in the nest and stuff, pissing off the late bird because he was trying to sleep and doesn't have some stupid-ass nine-o'clock class or job or whatever.

This kind of fallacy can also be found in adages like, "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." Which sounds good, but my roommate kept getting up at seven in the morning so finally I had to beat the shit out of him with a baseball bat. Now he's in the hospital, which means

he's not really healthy. Plus the bills are pretty steep too, so I guess he's not wealthy either. Which is too bad, because he was an otherwise nice guy.

MYTH #3:

"Dead men tell no tales."

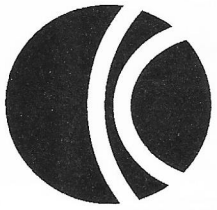
RATING: *Out-And-Out Falsehood*
EXPLANATION:

Why, just the other day I read this cool book about pirates and pirate ships and this cool kid, and a bunch of booty. They run around on the ropes on an island and on this row-boat with this scary captain dude who's only got one leg.

So, anyway, this book was really cool, and what's more, it was written by a dead guy! I forget his name right now, but I checked and he is dead. And he wrote some other stuff, too, and some poems and stuff. So, that's more than just one tale, even; that's a bunch of tales!

Plus, Ben Kenobi tells Luke Skywalker all kinds of stuff even after Darth Vader totally cuts him in half. And Yoda too, later on, but I guess he's not really a man. Still, I think it just goes to show that this is just another one of those things that everyone thinks is true but only because they haven't really thought about it yet.





K-TEL
Presents

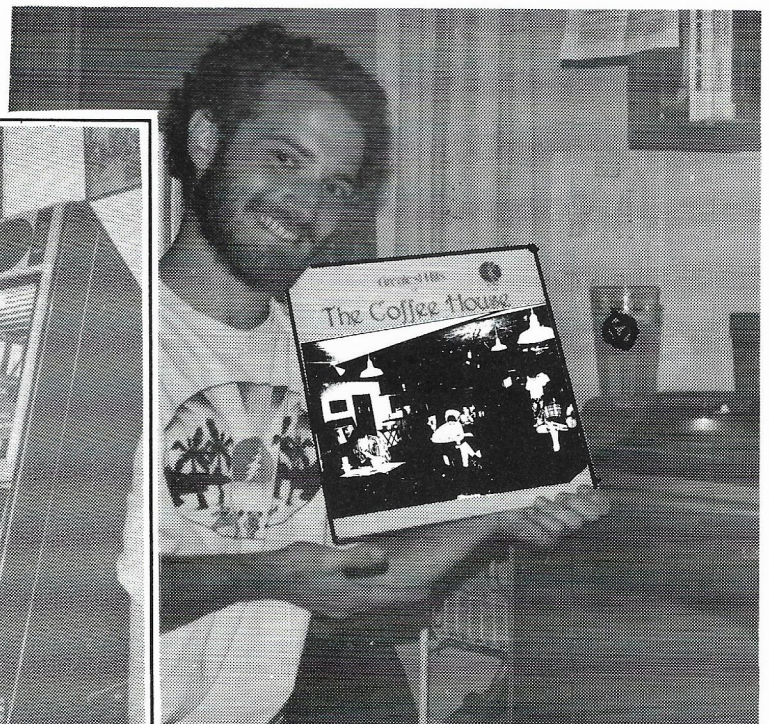
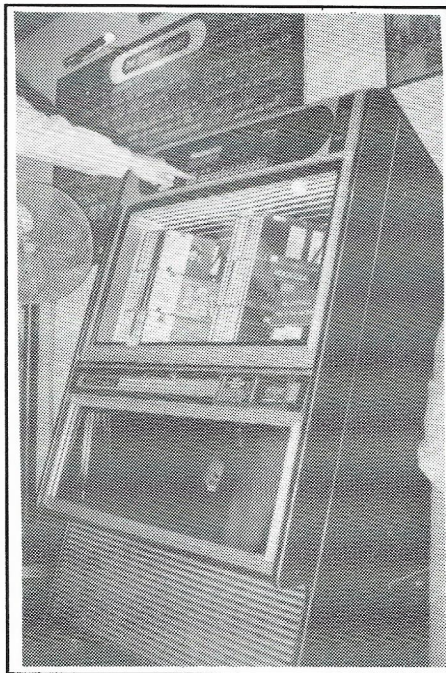
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GROUP A

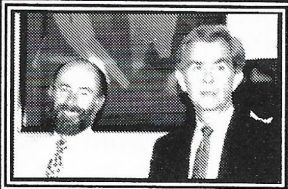
- Poster
- Rubber
- Tire
- Layer
- Caesar
- Sticker
- Hanger
- Lighter
- Patter
- Feeler
- Pincer
- Painter
- Locker
- Skipper
- Butter
- Better
- Tanker
- Batter
- Plunger
- Soccer
- Center
- Rapier
- Blender
- Stripper
- Mixer
- Filler
- Pressure
- Dresser

- Scrubber
- Holder
- Cellar
- Fender
- Radiator
- Pillar
- Shoulder
- Boulder
- Tinker
- Tailor
- Soldier
- Sailor
- Jailer
- Teller
- Potter
- Wilbur
- Branner
- Ricker
- Blackwelder
- Donner
- Dasher
- Dancer
- Prancer
- Toaster
- Juicer
- Washer
- Dryer
- Mower

GROUP B

- "You brought 'er, you ____!"
 "I don't even wanna look at 'er!"
 "Why do I always have to ____?"
 "She'll scream if I ____!"
 "I'm too old to ____!"
 "You want me to ____ right here?!"

Example: A friend says, "Hey, look! Isn't that Gerhard Casper?" You gleefully retort, "Casp 'er? I don't even know 'er!"

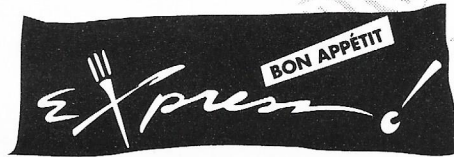


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"And By The Way..."

No doubt you're all looking forward to Winter Break. Visions of good food and carefree times with the hometown gang dance before your misty eyes. Well, in case you've forgotten the ennui of last winter already, here is a refresher course in more realistic expectations for the holiday hiatus. Read it carefully, nod your heads wisely, and keep away from razor blades.

- You will finish your last final, and you will mistakenly believe that all your troubles are behind you. You will be terribly wrong.
- You will drink. Then you will try to pack. You will fail.
- You will miss the airport shuttle. You will be alone at the Oval, baggage in hand. It will be six in the morning, but you will think it is only five-thirty. You will use a bad check to pay for a taxi to the airport. You will not be able to transfer money to cover the check. You will be screwed.
- You will sit next to a fat person on the plane. He will have the aisle seat. He will sleep for the entire flight. This will be a mixed blessing, at best.
- The headset will cost four dollars. You will watch *Batman Returns*. It will suck.
- Your parents will forget you were coming home today. You will have to take another taxi to get home. You won't have a key. You will write another bad check. Then you will shiver miserably on the back porch for three hours. This will cause you to catch a disease that is ordinarily fatal. Instead, you will be inexplicably fatigued and phlegm-ridden until classes begin again in winter quarter. You will have relapses every weekend.
- Your parents will yell at you for not letting them know you were coming home today. They will scribble notes while you relate the details of your fall quarter. They will compare them to the notes they took while they spoke to you on the phone. They will confront you when they find the discrepancies.
- Your parents will have nothing to eat in the house but bran cereal, Lean Cuisine dinners, and banana chips. Your mother will go shopping for you and



- return with a six-pack of soda. It will be diet. You will have to pay for it.
- Your parents will yell at you for sneaking off to Burger King at every meal. You will see some remote high school acquaintances working there. You will tell them how great things are. You will promise to give them a call over break. You will have just lied, twice.
- All the roads in your town will have changed. You will get hopelessly lost. Your parents will make you pay for the gas.
- Your mother will have scheduled a dentist appointment for you. You will have two teeth pulled. Big ones. The dentist will forget where the anesthesia is. It will be wholly unpleasant.
- Your dog will have vanished. Your parents will refuse to talk about it. Your room will have been converted to the "sewing room." Your parents will buy an artificial tree. You will win no praise for your faulty and eventually inflammatory wiring of Christmas lights.
- Your best friends will be vacationing. In the Caribbean. No one will want to look at your pictures of Stanford. Neither will you.
- The VCR in the living room will be maddeningly blinking "12:00" over and over. You will watch television every night. Your parents will have cancelled MTV, ESPN, and every movie station except the Disney Channel.
- Your father will constantly remind you to get a jump on your winter quarter reading. He will do this in an entirely unfriendly tone of voice. Your grandparents will visit. Their incontinence will be of remarkable proportion. This is now seemingly their primary character trait.
- You will forget everyone's phone number.
- You will regret accidentally leaving behind all those Stanford gifts you bought for everyone. You will only discover your gaff once it is far too late to get

A Winter Break Primer

anything good. Everyone gets novelty candies. They will throw them away once you leave. Except for your father. He will throw them away immediately.

- Everybody will then think bad thoughts about you, and you in turn will think bad thoughts about yourself. This is probably due to the fact that you are a bad person. You must be a bad person. Only bad people get coal in their stockings. Your only other gift is half of your winter quarter tuition. Your financial aid package does not cover the other half.
- There will be a blackout during the annual airing of "The Grinch Who Stole Christmas." Everyone will want to watch the claymation Rudolph Christmas special instead of the Stanford bowl game. There will be a vote, and you will lose.
- You will do something loud and awkward during Christmas Mass. It will be plainly apparent to the congregation that you have not been to church once while at school. Many people, most of whom you will not know, will express their grave disappointment to your parents. Your parents will relay these comments to you. They will do this very loudly and very publicly.
- You will be assigned snow-shoveling duty. It will snow every morning. It will not be soft, fluffy, fun snow. It will be wet, slushy, grey, mean snow. When you finish clearing the driveway in the afternoon, it will snow again.
- New Years Eve will be a total disaster. Your plans will fail. You will watch Dick Clark. You will go to sleep at 12:30. Happy 1993.
- You will go sledding by yourself. You will not find matching mittens. Smaller kids will beat you up and take your sled.

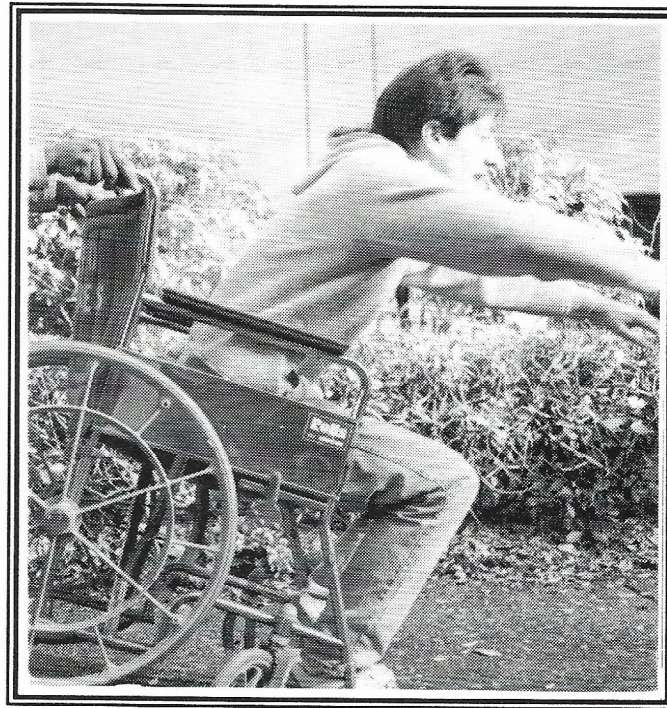


- You will walk in on your parents having sex. They will also walk around naked. They will make it more than clear that they were leading much better, more fulfilling lives before you returned.
- The only peer you will spend any time with will be precisely the one you were hoping to avoid. They didn't want to see you, either.
- You will get so bored that you will contemplate committing suicide by doing a handstand in the fish tank. The only thing that will stop you will be that you do not know how to do a head-stand.
- Finally, you will go back to school. Your room will have been invaded by thieves. Facilities will find your hidden refrigerator and will confiscate it and slap you with a heavy energy usage fee. It will also take them two weeks to repair your window.
- Your old roommate will never return. You will be reassigned to live with a thirty-five-year-old electrical engineering graduate student from somewhere very, very far from the United States. You will never know exactly where for sure. You will never quite master the pronunciation of their name, either.
- Your bank statement will fully reflect your new status as an incorrigible scofflaw. You will not get a credit card until you are too old to remember where you last put it. Then you will use it to pay off the interest that has accumulated on the bounced check charges.
- Your TA's will have lost your blue books from your fall finals. You will have to retake these tests. You will be screwed.
- Your new classes will be terrible. Your bike will have disappeared. Your plants will be dead. You will read this article again, and weep copiously.
- You will foolishly look forward to Spring Break.

When they came for the mopeds,
I didn't speak up.

When they came for the skateboards,
I didn't speak up.

They took the rollerblades away,
and I still didn't speak up.



Finally, when they came for my
wheelchair, there was nobody left
to speak up for me.

Recently discovered off the coast of Africa at Discord Point: a slab of stone with the title *The History of a Cappella*, buried among the ruins of a sunken English prison ship heading to Australia. This mysterious tablet, now being heralded among the academic community as The A Cappella Stone, relates the history of the form of music from near the dawn of time through the late eighteenth century. From this point the history is fairly well known and we can carry on the story. The stone was shattered when found, so parts of the tale are still obscured or missing completely. Released to world renowned historians, theologians, music theorists, anthropologists, and the Chapparal, the Old Boy now proudly presents the definitive account of. . .

The History of a cappella

.Horrible... singer... stop.... hell..... .please...
...horrible[song].mercy.....God.....

...In the beginning the men who walked the earth were coldbarren and without song.

Their language consisted mostly of grunts and gurgles... [here a large portion of the tablet has been roughly gouged out, obliterating all text] ...invented song. The man who Invented song was given honor among all others and named Cappella

which is thought to Mean talent or gifted. The men began to sing and give praise to Cappella for inventing... Beautiful song. Soon a group of renegades corrupted song and began to sing only one or Two over and over so that the rest of the men could not bear to listen. Cappella heard of This and decreed that these... *pthetien** be brought before him to explain themselves. When they did so they sang their one song before Cappella and his court... nausea and pain... No mercy...

After one hour of the same song Cappella collapsed and died mumbling "a Cappella... a Cappella" which is thought to be lamentation of his death and literally translated Means "without talent". So the men of the earth named this group "a cappella" after their fallen King and banished them from the realm of known history for hundreds of years.

...The men wandered the earth... set up their ultimate monument ... Stonehenge.† The last Leader of the banished a cappella singers realized that their breed was doomed to death Alone and so on the island of England erected a memorial to their singing that it might not Be forgotten... Each block represented a note in their song and the blocks were placed in a Circle to signify the neverendingness of the one song, Stonehenge.



Artist's conception of a cappella man, as he must have looked some several million years ago

* This word has no direct English translation and was reproduced as found on the stone. It is thought to be roughly equivalent to today's "annoying" or "pathetic," with connotations of inferior mental capacity.

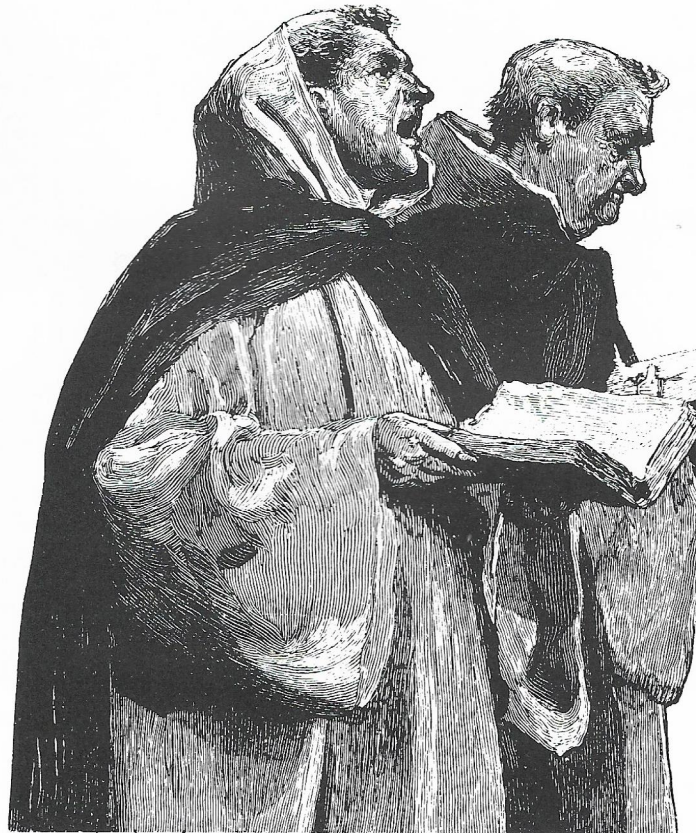
† The title of the lone composition. Translates as "Brown Eyed Girl."

Alone and cold the Last of the original a cappella singers here died singing..... nausea and pain...

...In the age of Caesar of Rome, the men of the earth were mighty and strong. A cappella Had been silenced for a thousand years and no one had discovered the song Stonehenge. Yet the men of Rome were not satisfied with their peace and they stretched ever outward the boundaries of their empire until it reached the ends of the known world. Upon the taking of England, The explorers did first spy the ancient song of a cappella. They read and understood the Song and upon return to Rome did spread the Art. Soon Rome began to fall to a state of Decadence and disorder... angered Augustus Caesar.

The song of a cappella had risen from its grave of silence to torment the citizens of Rome.... Demanded Caesar stop song... horrible... Please.... death and pain... song... And so Caesar did decree that no longer could anyone in Rome sing the Hated Song. The new a cappella singers did persist in Singing and when Caesar himself could no longer bear it he sentenced them to Death.. Went into hiding... still singing.. Caesar called together the senate to determine how to rid His city of these singers, not knowing that the men of the senate were in fact a cappella... the traitors rushed Noble Caesar, each singing Brown Eyed Girl and stabbing Caesar in turn... Caesar looked to Brutus who was singing with the rest... a tear in Caesar's eye.... "Et tu Brute?" ...Fall of Rome... .La... la..... ..eyed girl.....

....Lost until the time.... Martin Luther... In the sixteenth century of the Year of the Lord The church had adopted the tradition of a cappella...



"The church had adopted the tradition of a cappella... Every Mass, the same song over and over."

Every mass, the same song over and over. Never new lyrics. This tradition of repetitive singing became so identified with the Church that peasants even began to refer to the holy building as a "capella." (To



Martin Luther strains his eyes and his imagination, penning new lyrics to be sung at Mass

this day, "cappella" is used to mean "chapel" in Italian.) The pope had decreed that only one song be sung and that no other.... Many people were disgusted with the Church and Demanded Reform yet the Church remained Corrupt.... same song.... nausea... Martin Luther tacked new lyrics on the doors of the Church and demanded that more than one song Needed to be sung to get to Heaven.... the A Cappella Reformation..... Protestants and the Catholics began to struggle for power. Henry VIII married eight wives who

constantly sang the same song... [here a fine network of cracks renders the tablet unreadable]... death and.... had them killed. He declared the Catholic Church to be abolished and that many songs should be sung... Puritans were sent to America To spread many songs to the New World... a cappella singers.... hidden on ships.

Many colonies were set up and the hidden a cappella singers practiced their Singing in Secret at night. The lost colony, Roanoke, had many of these singers and their numbers Grew..... Tried to resist the singing....

nausea and death.....death and pain.... a cappella too powerful for them. Women and children were never endingly seranaded... the town was being overrun by the a cappella singers. Sensing their doom, the leader of the resistance prayed that God might destroy the town and stop the Plague of a cappella! ... rain for forty d a y s n i g h t sdisappeared without a trace.. ...one Survivor...



Sir Walter Raleigh, who founded the colony on Roanoke, was another famous historical figure whose life is curiously entwined with the a cappella sage

Greatness. They gathered to discuss the founding of the Nation and work out the Problems... Franklin and Hamilton... ..Jefferson.. ..gathered to solve the Problems of the Country... decide whether the First Ammendment should... and allow the singing of a cappella music. This was the main issue of debate about.... The convention and it remained uncertain as to whether the country would be able to Agree whether the song.... nausea and... allowed to be freely sung.... The first draft of the ammendment read: "Congress.... make no law prohibiting the...freedom of Expression.... except in the case of a cappella".... Anxious to get the Constitution passed.... Founders erased the last part and instead America was founded with Tolerance of the a Cappella singers....woe.... death..... mistake..... ahh shi.....

Here ends the text of the A Cappella stone as it was recovered. The story and history of this art form are now here for all to read. Let it be known that none - not even the famed Knights of the Templar Order - dare cross the enormous power that is a cappella. Some will no doubt dispute the accuracy of this chronicle, but they will be the ones with the most to gain from an illicit cover-up. If you doubt the incredible power embodied in this art form, just ask yourself: why is at that all the popular people - all the really cool folk on campus - are in a cappella groups. Coincidence? I think not.

In the time of the founding of America.... the Constitutional Convention brought together... from all partsmen of



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APARTMENTS

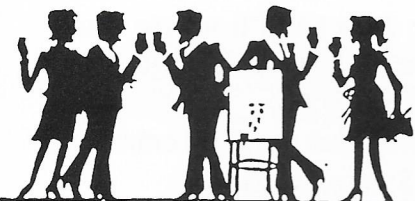
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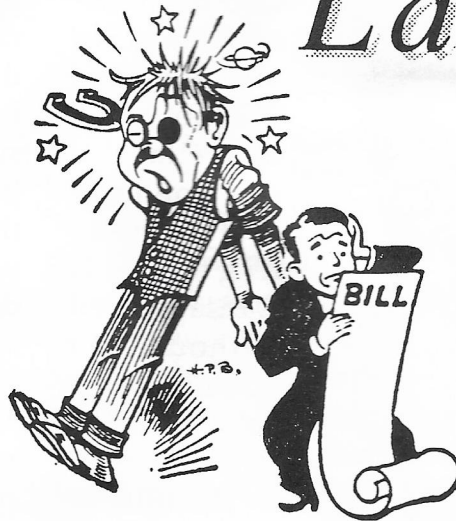
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Alpine Inn Beer Garden

"A Stanford Tradition"

3915 Alpine Road
 Portola Valley



Meghan Jeffries



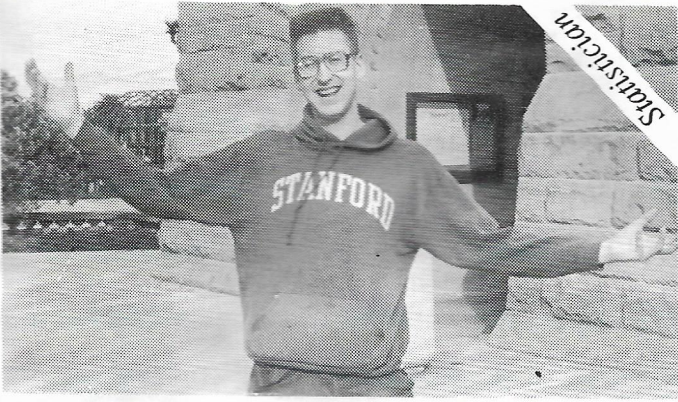
"Shred" Pedersen



Quentin Rothschild



Steven L. Bernd



Pat Frech



Thomas Werd



Sunshine Mackenzie



Ian Venkatesh

The Old Boy Presents...
At last, your very own
Campus Trading Cards!

24 Tri-Delts - Meghan Jeffries - 1st Base

From "The Valley", southern California. Meghan was one of the Tri-Delts' "top scorers", and led the league in 1991 in Runs Batted In. Public service work with small children also is on her agenda - her services were among the highest draws in the Tri-Delt Auction for the Children's Hospital in Palo Alto in November 1992.

	boyfriends crushed	scooters owned	homework copied	classes dropped	daddy's \$ spent
1990	21	1	344	15	55,000
1991	35*	2	276	7	34,000

* led league

3.141 Math Majors - Pat Frech-Statistician

email - function@csll.stanford.EDU

Chose Stanford over Harvey Mudd when she saw Terman. Wants to teach math professionally. Favorite curse word is "chaos". Recently wrote program that calculated the probable classification of major language groupings had humanity live on Venus rather than Earth by creating an evolutionary model based on the different gravitational flux on that planet. Wears those M.C. Escher tshirts all the time.

	ExWW	f(x,y, q)	numbers patented	GPA	social skills	units per quarter
1989	N/A	N/A	31	4.3	0	25
1990	3 dx/dy	f(xyx) dx	489	5.0	i	35
1991	2.23E21	34xy	93	5.1	i	got tenure

18 Skaterz - "Shred" Pedersen - shortstop

Attends Palo Alto H.S., Palo Alto. Rides everywhere on skateboard, and due to team's recent losses to teams like the Stanford Police Department, has been finding more time to lead sing in his band, the Fukkin' Shitz. Speaks in highly discriminated-against accent, 'coz it's cool. His 365 ollie with double-hand twister and what he calls "extra mayo" is a sure hit with, as he so eloquently puts it, "th' babes".

	ollies logged	broken bones	road rash	intel- ligence	curfew	age	attitude
1988	3,641	5	343	N/A	9 pm	13	"yes, mother"
1989	4,011	3	213	N/A	9 pm	14	"skate or die"
1990	4,128	2	119	N/A	10 pm	15	"fuck d'cops"
1991	3,114	1	88	PSAT: 103	feh!	"21"	"got any pot?"

42 Artsies - Thomas "Kant" Werd - catcher

First concert - Triumph and Twisted Sister, 1984, but he tells everyone that it was Bauhaus and the Cure, 1983. Cannot resist buying black clothing. Has read Being And Nothingness in German, even though it was written in French. Seen in CoHo more than is healthy. Considers Babak "beneath him". Smokes expensive foreign cigarettes, cloves. Composes poetry: "Art is dead, but I am a necrophiliac." Loves biscotti.

	lungs -% useful	makeup budget	books owned	major	father's income	CoHo logged
1989	85	\$100/qtr	89	Phil.	\$595,000	4,933
1990	76	130/qtr	140	German	730,000	4,395
1991	61	154/qtr	208	undec.	755,000	3,004

35 Young Republicans - Quentin E. (forecon.) Rothschild, Esq. - manager

Wrote the "Kill The Poor" column in last year's Review. Father is the sole heir to the immense Hormel fortune. Gave "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous" a quickie campus tour that highlighted the yacht that got Donald Kennedy in trouble. Owns gold-leaf Ayn Rand collection. Has job lined up with RJR Reynolds after graduation. Never lends out jet-black Beemer. Flew out to Houston to attend the convention. Has maid.

	taxes dodged	net worth	cars owned	father's contribution	alumni size	size of screen	freshet gadget
1989	\$54 K	\$399 K	2	\$2 million	17"	cordless fax	
1990	25 K	\$383 K	4	Kimball	see Haus Mitt	RoboDog™	
1991	61 K	\$240 K	5	Manzanita II	see BladeRunner	RoboBabe™	

41 Co-Op Folks - Sunshine Mackenzie - far outfield

From Marin County, CA. Quote: "I've dosed so much, I've got no short-term memory, I've got no long-term memory... I've got no short-term memory..." People call her "Blib" for no apparent reason. "Hug manager" at the Synergy house. Dabbles in clothing, usually tie-dye. Convinced that the trees are dying, she has been trying to spiritually exhort them to action in their own defense through meditation. "Trees are people too!"

	meat eschewed	crystals healed	Tarot indicator	country imagined	drug of choice	G.P.A.	hai
1989	115 lbs.	315	IX-wands	Moldavia	'shroom	1.8	long
1990	145 lbs.	411	The Moon	"Bob"land	polysorbate-80	ø	long
1991	204 lbs.	808	Ace-cups	Pelé	"you have?""huh?"	long	

17 Frosh - Steven L. Bernd - bat boy

Hometown: Urbana, IL, "Ranch Dressing City". SAT: V750 M610; H.S. class rank 13/180. Doesn't drive stick. Major interests - Tetris, e-mail, Susanna down the hall. Big Game ticket was stolen. Shower-curtainless Soto has not been kind to this young man's sense of manhood. Calls Mom twice a week "'coz I hafta." CIV - Great Works, which he calls "Mo' Better Works". Considers the fact that he's lost his virginity already an accident. Likes R.E.M. and Billy Joel. Doesn't understand how he got in. Not allowed to drink at frat parties.

	alcohol tolerance	hurl'd in dorm	Tetris roommate	his score	injuries:
1992 (year to date)	80 cc's	3	hates him	1,312,328	square dancing at Orientation, headbump

54 Hindü PunkRockers - Ian Venkatesh - designated slammer

MVP, 1990 and 1991; led his team to victory for the last two years running, mostly by being a perpetual motion machine and in direct contact with "a God-like being, smoking and smiling" and teaching him direct-marketing techniques. Patron Gods are Ganesha, God of Luck, and Zippy the Pinhead. Main opposition, the Conspiracy, has been defeated in every showdown since 1989. Sees the future, walks on the Vaseline, tinkers with the forces of Time Itself. Just add coffee.

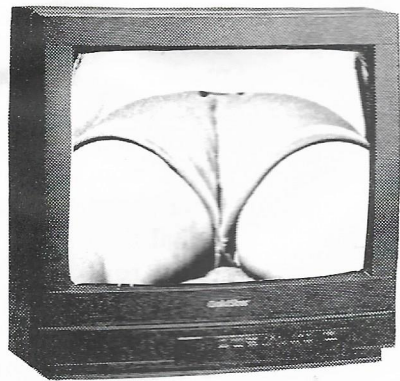
	enemies smited	worlds conquered	Slack keyword	coffee quotient	yeh! quaffed	yeh! factor
1989	some	5	loud	3/5	3 tons	yeh.
1990	most	11	destiny	4/5	4 tons	yeh!
1991	all	aleph-null	faith	5/0	all	YEH!!!

Hey, Kids! On the facing page, you'll see an advertisement for a store called "The Stereo Hut." This is not a real ad! So don't go combing Los Altos looking for the store. (You won't find it.) We just thought it would be funny to make up an advertisement for an audio/video retail outlet. See, already you're giggling! You're thinking, "Those Chappies sure are a ball!" But we just wanted to remind you that this advertising parody is for *humor* value only. Because we wouldn't want you to cut out the ad along the dotted line near the margin. Or take it down to some local store with one of those "lowest price guarantees" and show it to them. Because that wouldn't be funny. At least not to the salespeople. And if you do, we'll tell your parents. They will send you to your room for all of Winter Break. So behave yourselves!

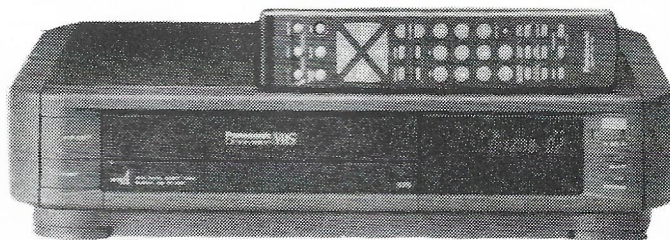
P.S. Especially don't take it to "the good guys," because they carry a lot of the stuff that's in the ad. Thanks for your cooperation.

THE STEREO HUT

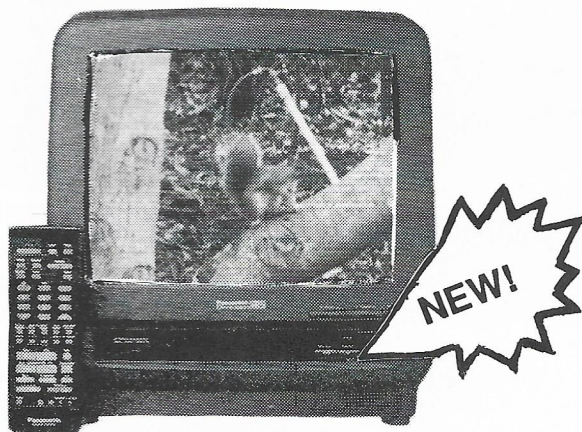
... "IF WE DON'T HAVE IT, IT'S PROBABLY NOT ANY GOOD ANYWAY."



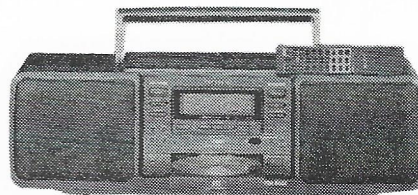
GOLDSTAR 13" Color TV — A solid value with excellent picture resolution and contrast. Auto picture control system remembers all of your settings. A remote control offers added convenience. CN14A10 **\$109.99**



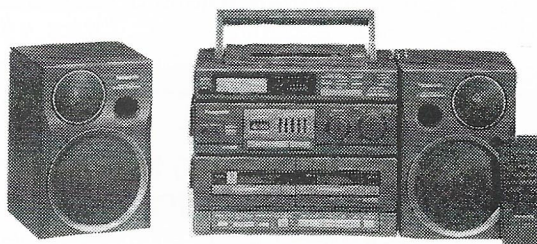
PANASONIC 4-Head VHS VCR — Panasonic's revolutionary video head system delivers a super crisp picture, even in stills. The auto head-cleaner protects your investment from dirty rental tapes, and the on-screen messages can be displayed in either English or Spanish. Remote control included. A fantastic value! PV4210 **\$129.99**



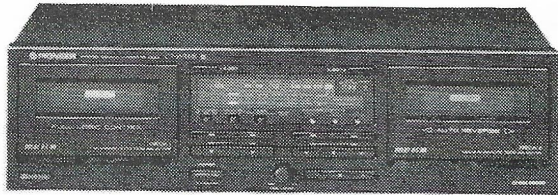
PANASONIC 13" TV/VCR — Leave it to Panasonic to combine a full featured VCR (sporting features like auto head-cleaning, variable speed slow-motion playback, and 181 channel capability) with a reliable 13" color television set. Includes 54-function remote, so you can control everything without ever leaving the sofa. PVM1321 **\$229.99**



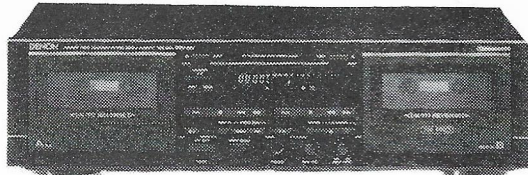
SONY Portable Stereo System — This system really rocks! Two cassette decks, CD player, and AM/FM tuner are all packed in to this powerful performer from SONY! CFD260 **\$169.99**



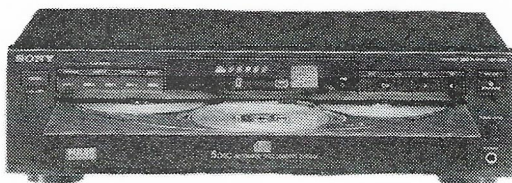
PANASONIC Portable Stereo System — A huge bundle of sound in a conveniently small package. AM/FM tuner, auto-reverse cassette deck, CD player with MASH D/A converters, and a 5-band graphic equalizer. Whew! Detachable speakers make this an ideal system for the bedroom or dorm room. RXDT680 **\$189.99**



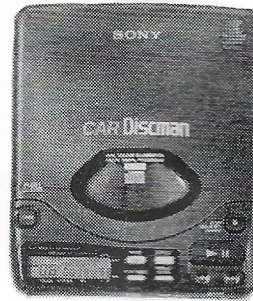
PIONEER Dual Cassette Deck — Solid performance from a respected name in the audio industry. Features a CD synchronization option to allow easy recording from your CD collection. Dolby B&C NR. CTW351R \$119.99



DENON Dual Cassette Deck — Supports both Dolby B and C noise reduction standards, as well as HX Pro headroom extension. Your recordings have never sounded better! High speed dubbing lets you make backups with ease, and relay play lets the music play on twice as long without changing tapes. DRW660 \$139.99



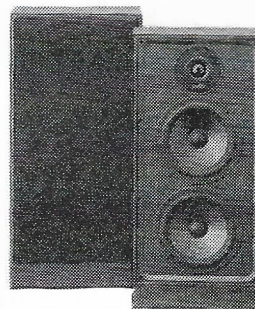
SONY 5-Disc CD Changer — High-tech features at a low, low price! This unit has 8x-oversampling, a 32-track memory, direct digital synchronization, and peak level search. Five CD bays let you enjoy hours and hours of varied listening pleasure. CDPC225 \$99.99



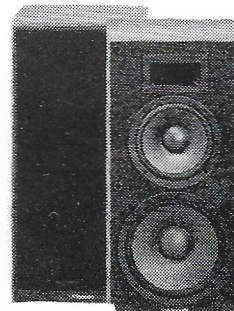
SONY Discman — Includes car battery cord and cassette adaptor to let you bring the tunes with you when you hit the road. Features 22-track memory, random play, and traditional Sony quality. D808K \$129.99



DENON Portable CD Player — Incredible digital sound in the palm of your hand! This new player takes advantage of a 20-bit digital filter to give the truest reproduction of your music, with extended dynamic range. 16-bit dual D/A converters and a 3-band graphic equalizer to let you shape the sound. DCP30 \$89.99



POLK AUDIO Speakers - Part of Polk's new "S" series of performance loudspeakers. Crisp, clear audio delivered with low distortion and smooth frequency response. A great speaker, now at a great price! Available in either traditional oak or modern black finish. S6 \$99.99 ea



KLIPSCH 2-Way Speakers - Hook these up to your system and feel the earth move! A special spike and foot combination improves bass coupling with the floor, and even at high volume levels distortion levels are minimal. Sparkling high-frequencies are delivered from the horn loaded tweeters. KG3.2 \$159.99 ea

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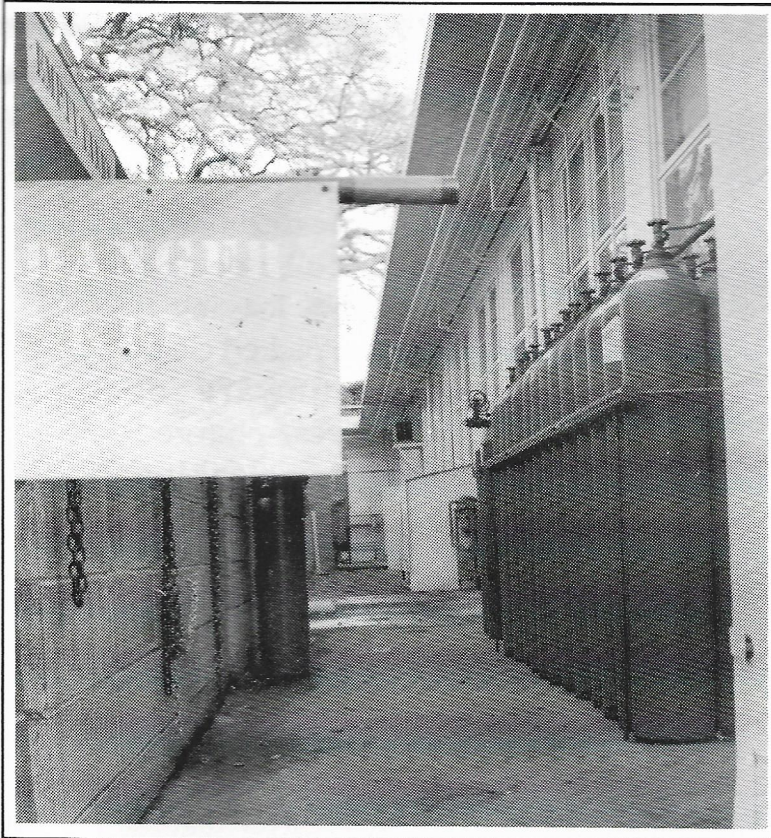


SEGA Genesis - Blast into the incredible world of 16-bit gaming with Genesis! The core system includes game machine and one controller. Choose from our huge selection of Sega cartridges, including Sonic the Hedgehog 2, and Cindy Crawford's SportsTalk Mud-Wrestling. GENCORE \$69.99

When most people think of Stanford they picture the lush green oval, the majestic arches of the main Quad, or the prowess of Hoover Tower. But what they don't realize is that Stanford has a seedy underside that is seldom seen and rarely talked about. Yes, Stanford's less glamorous side will now be exposed, starting with...

The Shameful Slums

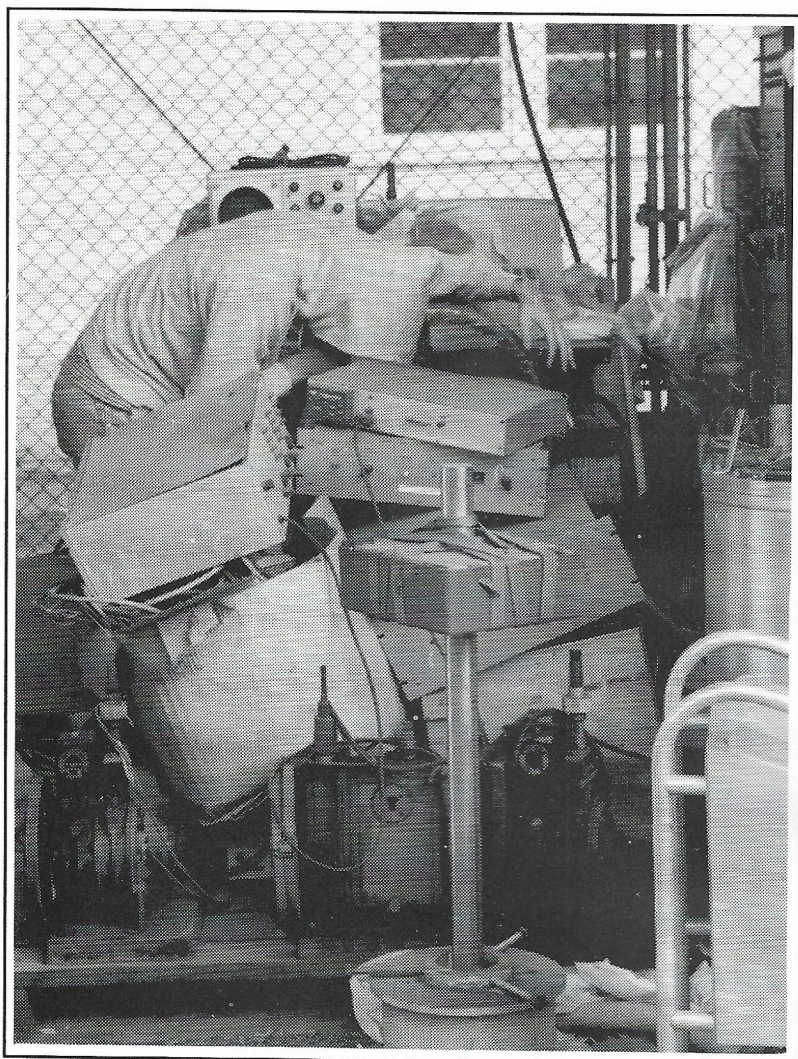
of the Physics Dept.



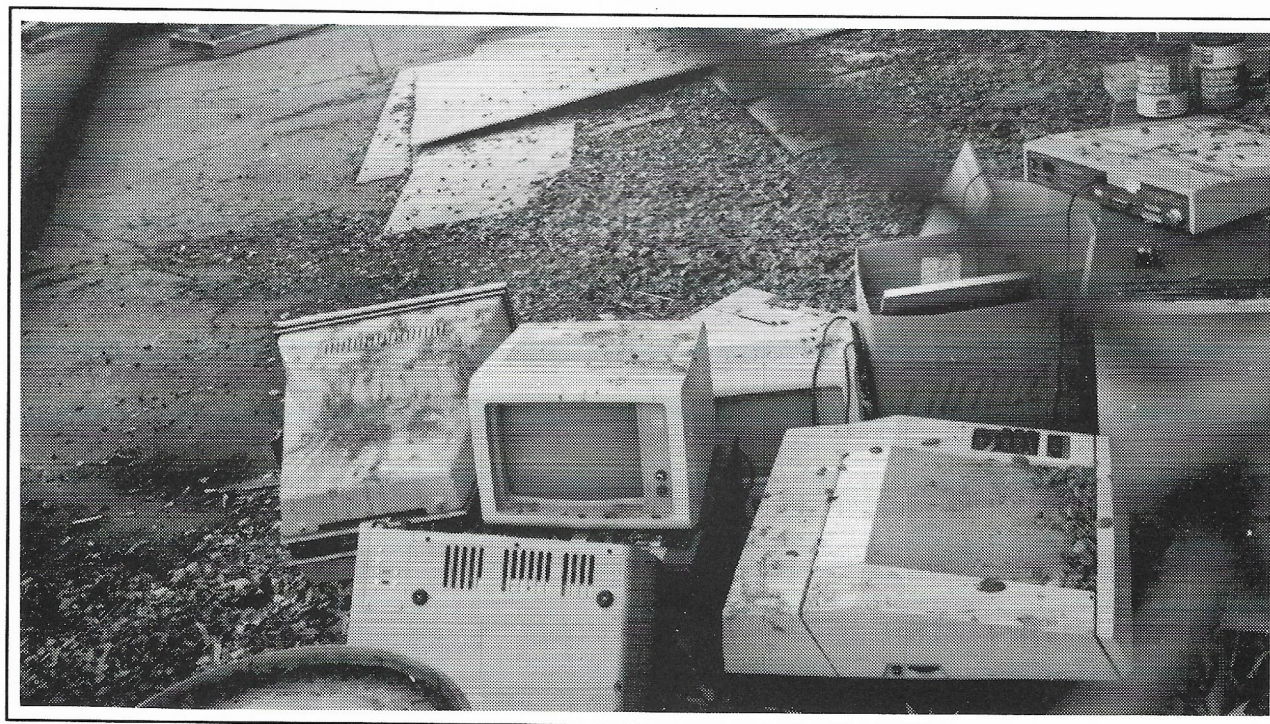
Behind the façade of the Physics tank with its nonsensical architecture lies the the real heart of the Stanford Physics Department. Where high energy x-rays bounce down dirty alleys and half empty tanks of flammable gases sit huddled in every corner. Who knows what bizarre and exotic and even deadly particles are being released into Stanford's serene atmosphere? Who knows what kind of evil experiments are taking place behind closed doors? All we can see is what is dumped into the streets. And it makes you wonder...

Its not uncommon to see homeless Physics grad students forced to sleep on the streets between endless hours of research and test grading. Its also not surprising that this street person is slowly being poisoned by the chemicals leaking from the tanks beside him. Who knows how many brilliant minds have been warped this way?

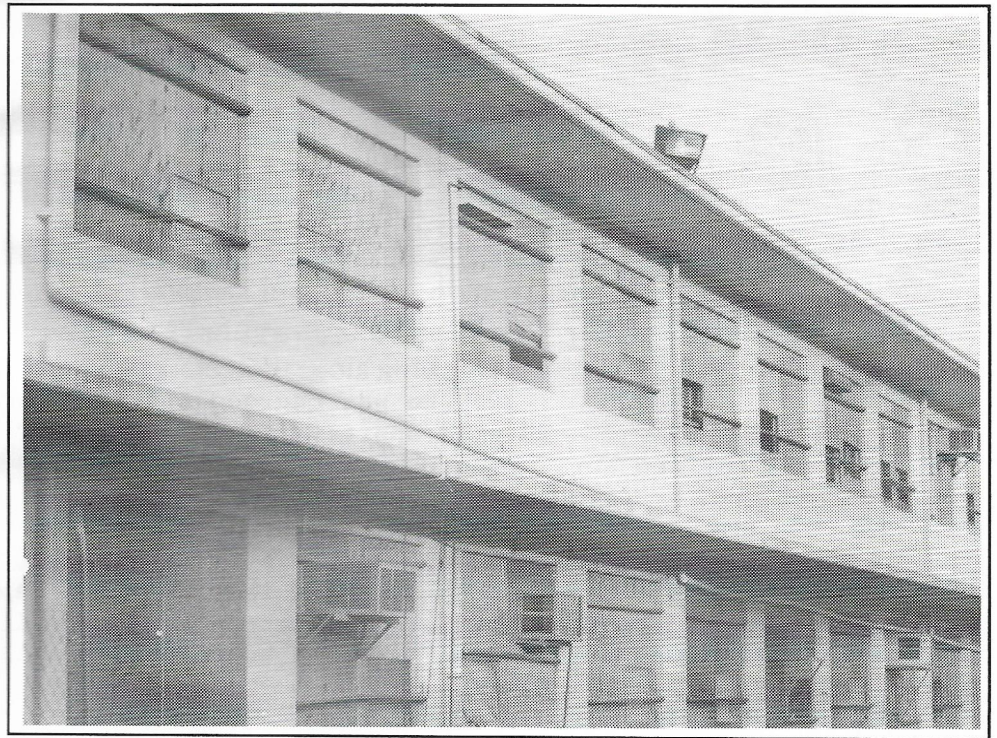




Often, just before dusk, beggars or thieves will come to the alleys to rummage through the discarded bits of technology. This faceless gnome will probably go home with an old oscilloscope and maybe an old PC clone. Each year the Physics department trashes thousands of pounds and millions of dollars worth of equipment, leaving it outside to be picked clean by those unwary of shorted wires, charged capacitors, or leaking fluids.



Windows are often broken by explosions or vandals, but they are easily boarded up. Often times whole wings of buildings must be abandoned while noxious fumes clear, radiation dissipates, or melted equipment is allowed to cool. These abandoned buildings and passage-ways soon become the breeding ground for stray cats and mutant insects alike.



So while piles of outdated equipment rust in the alleyways, and monstrous tanks of what are supposedly inert gases bake in the sun, ignorant and innocent Stanford students take classes just on the other side of a brick wall. How long will it be before the grunge and grime and depravity of Stanford's back alleys invades its more greener pastures? How long before the History or Philosophy departments go the same path, leaving tattered treatises and dangerous skeptical ideas lying unused in the colonnades of the Quad? How long can we take classes in safety while these shameful dangers lurk just around the corner? Something to think about the next time you're wondering: "Just why is it so goddam hot in the Physics tank, anyway?"

FROM THE DESK OF X-TV

SCBN MINUTES

Dec. 4, 1992 (cont.)

y. He was charged two counts of indecent exposure, resumed shortly after. Next on the agenda was proposals for new series and or specials:

1) Oh, F*ck!

Chronicles the lives of 'exotic dancers' working at the fictional "O'Mitchell Theater" in San Francisco. If you can't laugh at the thought of two-hundred erect Japanese tourists with cameras, you need to have your funny bone examined. Other side-splitting episodes: "Here Kum the Kops," "HIV What?!?" and "Waiter, There's a Fly in My Soup."

2) Name That Novel

A game show for the PBS crowd. Contestants bid to identify famous works of literature, from "La Morte d'Arthur" to "The LaToya Jackson Story." Their answers are based on passages randomly selected by computer and read by host George Plimpton. Bonus round finalists face off in a game of "Ghost" against that clever, charming, and disarming blonde kid from the Encyclopedia Britannica ads.

3) Eat Me!

Imagine if food could talk! Now you're thinking of Eat Me!. Building on the astounding success of "Look Who's Talking" and "Look Who's Talking, Too," Eat Me! makes you sit up and shout "Look WHAT's Talking!" You'll laugh and laugh at bad breath and the wonders of the human digestive tract. Eat Me! chronicles the fates of the singing Mr. Banana (Joel Stein), fiery Ms. Pepper (Daily columnist Andrea Parkes), and that crazy quick-tempered Mr. Onion (Keith Rabois), as each sits in the refrigerator discussing their impending deaths. Astounding special effects will have you believing that food actually CAN talk! The audience learns about life and good nutrition at the same time.

4) Totally Hidden Pledge Video

What are those crazy naked boys really doing behind closed doors? Secret cameras placed in strategic spots capture the action up close and personal! Watch the hilarity as poor, slow Ted has to eat the "frosted cookie." Wackiness leads to serious injury when silly Preston knocks away the sturdy blocks set up on the windowsill, and forgets to put them back before the big night! Other possible episodes: "Streaking Flicks," "Paly High Cheerleaders," and "Hey! Who Puked in the oven... again!?"

5) Dial 7-HELP

Another "reality" show, in the tradition of "Rescue 911" and "Cops!" Listen to the exciting exchanges between Stanford Operators and real-life students. Exciting action ensues when a caller realizes

Now That Stanford has cut summer storage you're probably wondering what student services will be cut next...

Current Service	Reason For Cutting	University's Suggestion
Custodial Service	The administration is worried about a minority labor uprising against its bourgeois students	Clean up after yourself. Or get your mom to come and do it.
Res-Ed	Pressure from the right	Goon believing whatever they taught you in high school.
Food Service	Rising costs of government-issued grade "D" meat by-products.	There are many sources of food around campus; students should easily be able to forage for themselves. (Check out those oranges by the Post Office!)
Heat	Many universities (like U. of Hawaii, for example) do not provide heat for student residences. In this time of serious economic hardship, Stanford must focus on providing essentials only.	Start putting on weight in September or October. Also, try bundling up, and burn textbooks for warmth.



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THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL



“Oh, I give the same old questions
Just change the answers, you know.”

The Four Professors first appeared in *The Stanford Chaparral* in 1941. The philosophical comment printed in red above showed up in 1985. It figures. The magazine is very big on epigrammatic philosophy, having told us, “’Tis better to have lived and laughed than never to have lived at all” for nearly one hundred years. Pretty heavy stuff. You could build a not-half-bad religion around it.

SINCE 1899

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