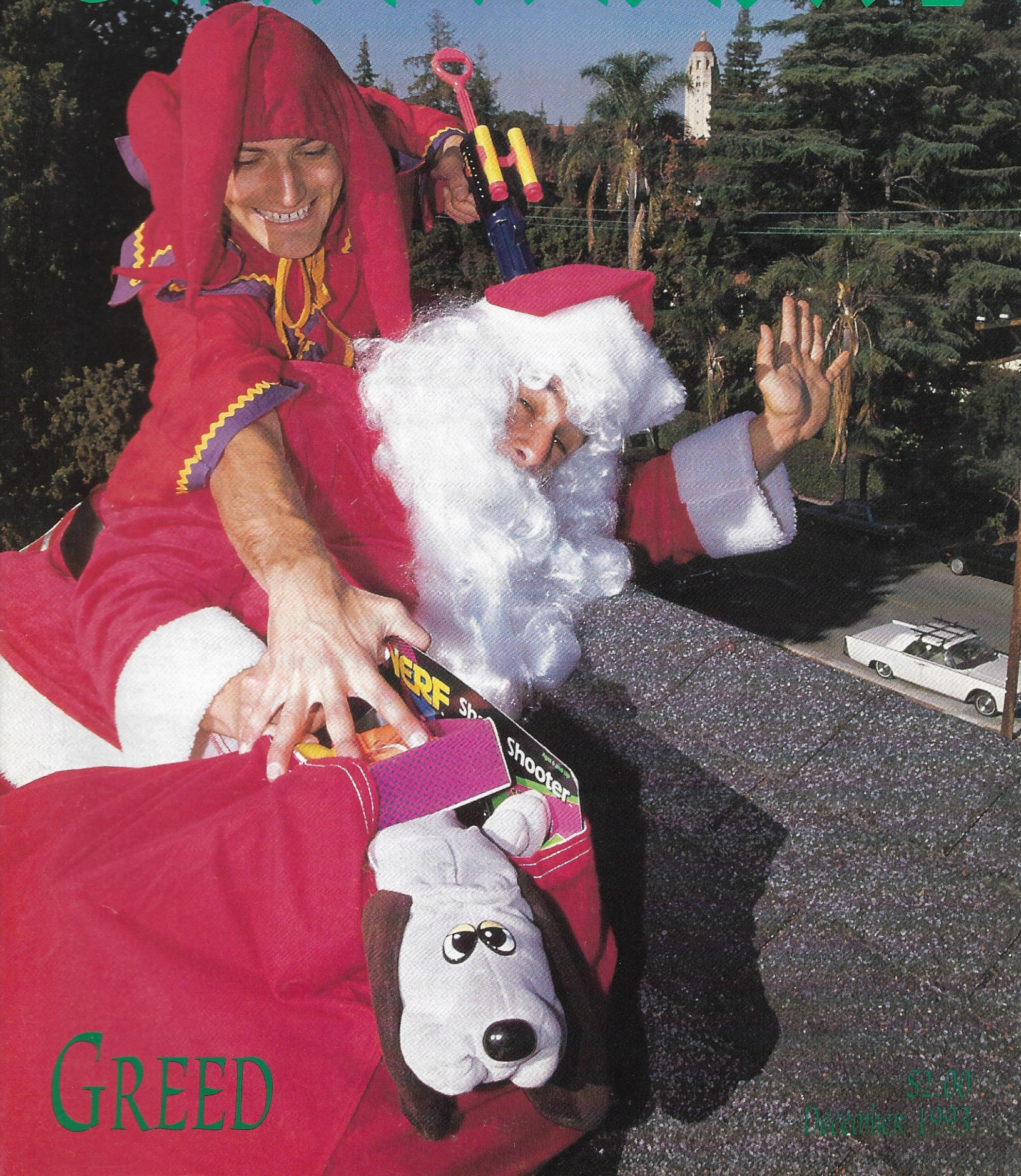
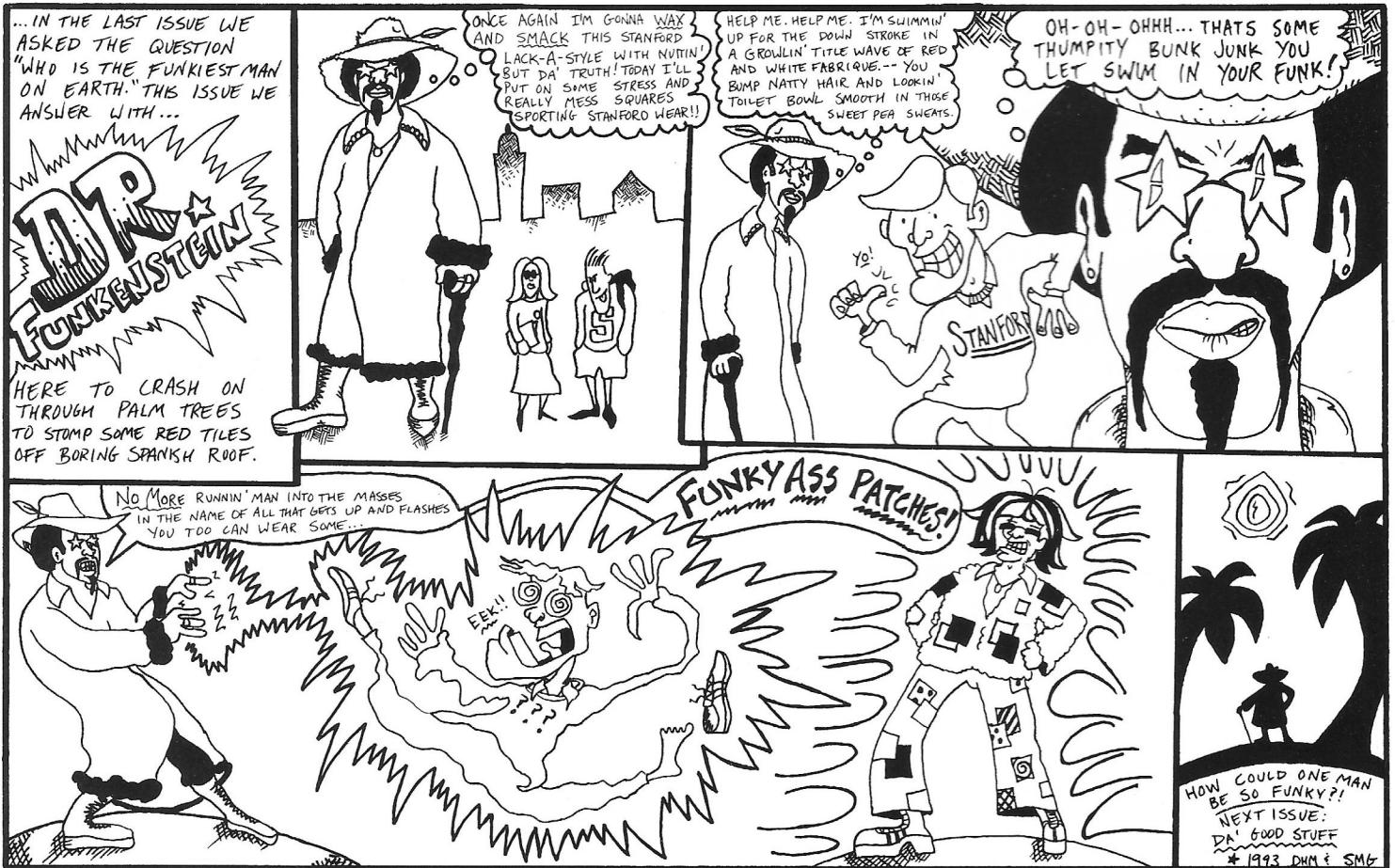


S T A N F O R D
C H A P A R R A L



GREED

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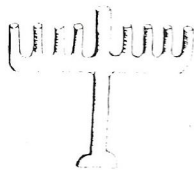
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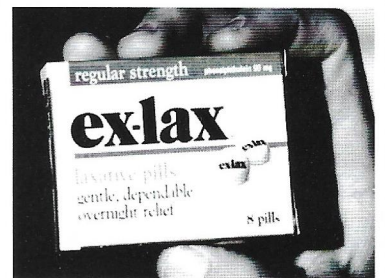
— Tom Gellato, PEOPLE

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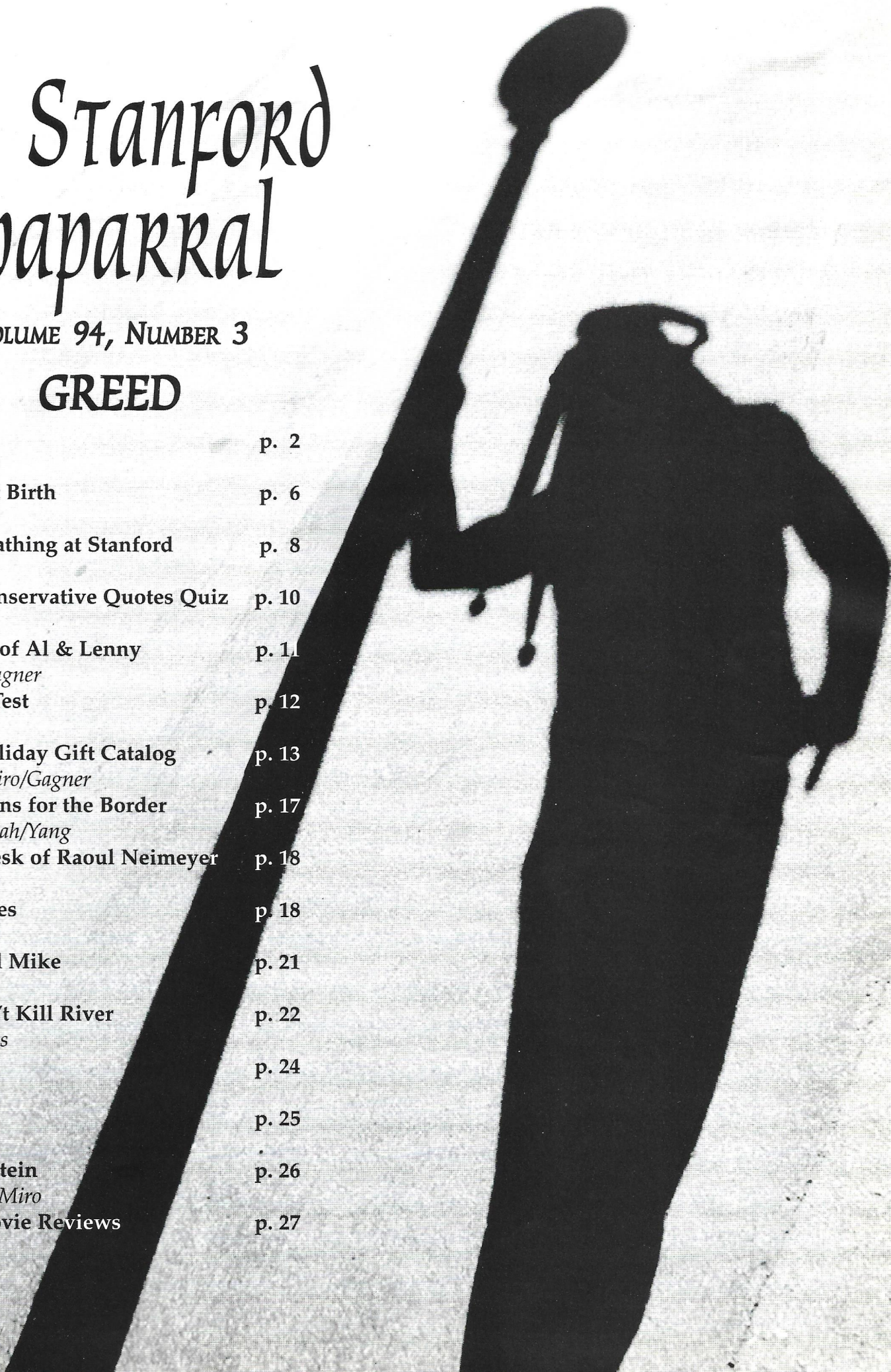
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The Stanford Chaparral

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S T A N F O R D C H A P A R R A L



Stanford University founded 1891
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THE CHAPPIES

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'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 twice a quarter by the Hammer and Coffin Society.

Now That it's Dead week and finals are just around the corner, it's time for the Chappie to come along and distract you from your studies. Ahhhh, Dead Week. With it's dearth of parties and publications, and it's plethora of papers and projects.

So, now, as the stress starts to build, and that 40 page paper you've been putting off starts looming like a noose over your head, think about this:

Incompletes. Everyone's doing it. Why rack your brains to turn in a half-ass paper or finish a shoddy project. Just scrap the whole thing and ask for an incomplete. It's that easy.

Professors are such push overs these days that a simple sob story or a note from your dental hygienist will get you an almost indefinite extension. Finish that final paper in your free time over break and they'll probably still give you a B, I mean we are Stanford students.

Plus it's a much better option than dropping classes, although don't shun that avenue too quickly. You've still got time to drop half your classes and come home with a respectable 9 units for your effort. So what if it cost your parents a pretty penny, your sanity's worth every cent. So...

Now That you've dropped your classes you've got plenty of time to peruse this new Chappie. Or you can just sit

back and start fantasizing about all those Christmas presents (or Chanukah presents, or Buddhamas, or Vishnuka, or whatever).

Because that's what the holidays are all about Greed. And not just the Greed of little kids as they dig into their presents but the kind of Greed found in only one place. The Mall. That hub of capitalism. The 9th circle of purchasing, plundering, and profiting. The center of the holiday spending extravaganza. The mall stands far above the rest as the truly American symbol of Greed.

So is it any surprise that Stanford has its very own mall?

Now That every one's talking about changing the Stanford mascot, we at the Chappie would like to suggest The Jester. Think about it. Cute little stuffed Jesters with their three coned caps. A happy, frolicking Jester mascot prancing on the sidelines. Its perfect. I mean it's worked for us for 94 years, and we're willing to let the university in on our good thing for a reasonable royalty.

I guess the real problem is that its hard to represent Stanford's most pervasive quality in a cute tangible and marketable mascot. Student apathy doesn't make a very good mascot. Maybe we can call ourselves the Stanford Bean Burritos? Or more realistically how about The Stanford Burrito Supremes. We've got a reputation to uphold here, and Stanford is definitely not on the value menu, in any

way, shape, or form.

What I want to know is why we can't get a falafel stand in Tresidder. They're just as cheap as Taco Bell, and you can often find a nice family of terrorists who want to settle down and open a falafel joint. Can you even get falafel in this town? Only, when the Dead are at Shoreline.

Now That you're all probably headed home, you've got to start thinking about how you're going to shock your parents this time. Will it be a beard, or an interracial relationship, or a radical shift in your political views or sexual persuasion. Or has it finally become impossible to shock your parents?

If you're an oldest child and a Frosh, let me tell you there's a long way to go before you've shocked them into submission. They'll probably be shocked if you've gained 5 pounds, imagine if you came home and told them you wrote for the Chappie. Egad!

So, watch out for those political arguments. You'd be amazed how different your parents' input is from your own now that you're at Stanford. First off they don't get nearly as much Res Ed. But they also don't get to hang out with thousands of idealistic people their own age who are willing to debate the morality of feeding feral cats or discuss their favorite southern Senator.

You've been warned, don't bring up NAFTA at home. It's not worth the trouble.

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Pound Puppy
SF Chronicle
Sam Tuohey
ASSU Type and Design
Sherwood Schwartz
Oh, and God

Letters To The Editor

Dear Chappie,

Please don't let them open a Taco Bell in Tresidder. I'm fat already. I mean real fat. I mean I can't even ride my bike to class anymore. It's this fucking food service. And then if they put Taco bell in. Ohhhh, the Value Menu. And the pimples. And God will I fart. I'm serious. They'll have to give out gas masks to the whole school and I'm gonna have to buy more underwear.

Flounder Fadinski

Ed: I hear Bloomingdales is having a sale.

Dear Chappie,

This Taco Bell thing is proof that this school is run by greedy capitalist pigs. The students should unite in protest against this bourgeoisie establishment which oppresses the masses with fried beans and rice. All you true marxists are being misled by the value menu. Its a farce, they are still making tons of money off the stuff. They have to be. It's not real, its all synthetic capitalist crap.

Karl Gallupski

Ed: Yeah, let's go eat some cake.

Dear Chappie,

I like hated the whole multiculturalism thing until they decided to put in the Taco Bell. I mean like Mexico meant nothing to me except for tequila and good pot, but now it means 59¢ burritos. Right on Casper. I mean like we were paying \$50,000 dollars to learn about other cultures; now we only have to pay 59¢.

Chad Green

Ed: You realize Res Ed can prevent you from getting housing don't you?

Dear Chappie,

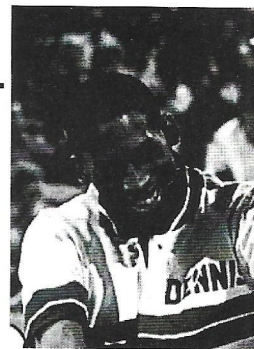
My dad is a professor and he won't let me have toys. Sure he let's me have dumb stuff like Abacuses and *New York Times Crossword Puzzle* books. The best games I get are Speak -n-Spell and fucking Scrabble. NO G.I. Joe. NO Sega. I asked him for a NERF nuke for Christmas. He chuckled and gave me a slide rule to play with. What am I gonna do? Bobby says I can't hang out with him if I don't have Sega games to trade. I love going to his house, it's the only place where I can eat doughnuts, Cocoa Puffs, and play Super TECMO bowl. Why did I have to get a smart guy for a dad?

Ed: It's a travesty. It's time for these intellectuals and professional people to stop denying true American culture. Educational toys are the worst thing since George Wallace.

Dear chappie,
I was very, very disappointed when my mom told me about that Brady Bill. I thought they were making that cute Cindy president. I like her. But then I found out what it really means. Those jerks. My dad says I can get a gun when I turn 9. I don't want to wait an extra 5 days. I like guns. They can kill things, like girls. When I get mine I'm gonna kill suzy she bothers me. Whats the Brady Bill say about that?
mike

GIVE UP THY SELFLESS WAYS

GARNER WENG



I want it all. I want cold hard cash, control of the world's economy, a harem of young nubile nymphomaniacs, and big money spins on the Wheel of Fortune. I want 3000 copies of *The Stanford Review* all to myself. I want blonde hair like Demolition Man. And I want more.

I won't stay in the closet. Oppress me and my brethren no more. I am a *greedy* human being. I crave, I covet, I live by life's eternal tenet—*get while the getting is good*. Don't look at me like I'm crazy. You're a greedy bastard just like I am.

I'm just willing to admit it. You were like me once, you know. Remember tripping little Billy Hoyle into that leech-infested creek so you could get to those last Easter eggs by the bougainvillea bush? You learned that trick watching dear old Dad trample petite housewives underfoot to get that cabbage patch kid at Toys 'R' Us.

But now this '90s baloney has scared all of you into the corners. You put up façades of selflessness and P.C., think about social equality, and worry about doing enough public service. Sure, even *I* do public service. It looks good on my resume. And when I promote public service, what charity can I recommend more than my "Find a Home" Fund? Of course, I don't mention that I'm looking in Atherton.

Oh, don't tell me that you don't think just like I do. I'm working towards my high-powered master's degree to double my earning power, and you're all here at Stanford for the same reason. Education is about greed too, you know—the 3Rs—Riches, Robbery, and insider 'Rading.

You can conquer the world too, you know. *Carpe diem*. Someone, somewhere has dropped a wallet on the ground

waiting for you to come claim it. You can be joyously greedy just like you've always wanted to be. It's simple; just send away for my "I'm a Greedy Man" video by sending \$19.95 to me, care

of this publication.

Learn to divest yourself of guilt and morals. Learn to swindle your closest friends out of holiday care packages. Learn to ensure that your Secret Snowflake gives you more than you give out.

It's all in my easy four-step plan.

First, baptism—dunk your head in a bowl of melted down gold bullion. Second, communion—put a copper penny on your tongue until you can taste Lincoln's breath. Third, confirmation—look in the mirror and say, "I'm a greedy sunuvabitch, and I'm proud," one thousand times. Finally, if you're lucky, you get a bar mitzvah, and you get to keep *all* the presents. Voila! Now go forth with your cross made of dollar bills and proclaim the Eighth of the Ten Demandments—"Hey neighbor, give me your clothes, your money, and your wife."


I'll even help you put your newfound greediness into action. Start with the practice exercises—the parents. Can you bilk them out of a new car? Here's the approach—your parents can't let you starve, eating food service, right? You need to be able to drive to Safeway, and you need to be able to do it in a new Porsche.

Soon you'll be ready to move on to the advanced exercises. Join the College Republicans. Hell, become their President and embezzle money from alumni support. Alumni'll give you money *because* you're a young greedy bastard, just like they were. "Oh the cute little Reaganites," they'll coo.

Then go independent. Take your pro contract to arbitration. Do a stint as a televangelist. Set up a 1-900 number that rivals the Psychic Friends Network. You could even sell your own video—just don't take my idea.

But do you know what happened while I was finishing up my masterpiece of a video? This lovely sweetheart of a person came by to give me a holiday color Hershey's kiss and a note of joy and inspiration. She had written a note and attached a kiss for every single person on campus. She made me feel warm. She made me feel fuzzy. She made me realize that there are truly good people out there. And I wanted to kick her ass.





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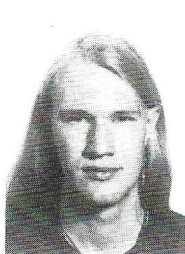
Abbie McBride
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Kate Harding
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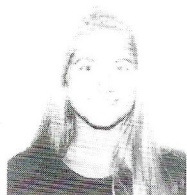


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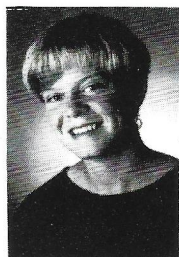


Thomas Willeke
Cincinnati, OH

The Youngest One In Curls...



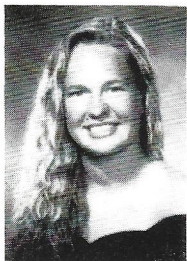
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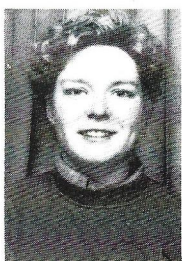
Tracey Schultz
Minneapolis, MN



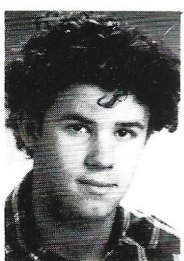
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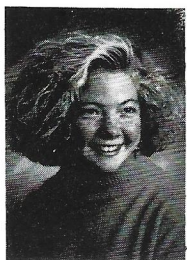
Sarah Archibald
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Mhairi McKay
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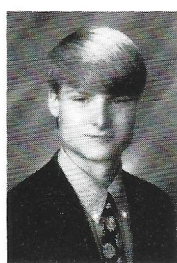
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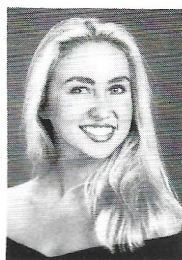
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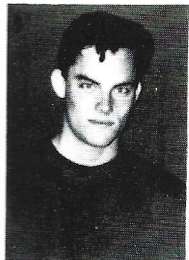
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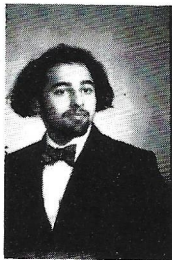
The Devil Inside



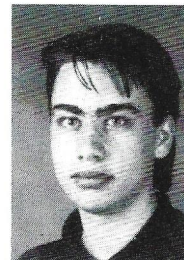
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Lisa Scadron
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Celebrity Corner

Michael Jackson
Then and Now

River Phoenix
Lives On



Adlai Alexander
Reno, Nevada
Reno H.S.



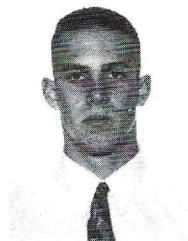
Leti Madrigal
Paramount, CA



Roddy Dart
England

Frosh 1975

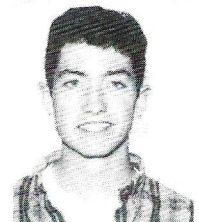
The Ear Club for Men



Brad Fullmer
Chatsworth, CA



Nick Thompson
Chestnut Hill, MA



Colin Cahill
Kentfield, CA



Matthew Dilligan
San Diego, CA



Gil Serrano
San Diego, CA

FEAR AND LOATHING AT Stanford

*A Savage Journey Into the
Heart of American Academia*

Chapter 4. Awful Music... and The Specter of Greed...

Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose... Jesus Christ, was someone really playing that song? The ether had long worn off by now, the roar of the acid a pleasant hum. The mescaline was beginning to take hold, twisting reality as I took in the scene. Good thing I brought my medicine with me. Good God, how could I be expected to *work* in a such a twisted place as Stanford without proper medicinal stimulation? Just remember – got to *cover the story*.

The classroom I visited earlier was disgusting. A lecture hall full of lithe, sinewy bodies, all drooling blood and feces from their mouths. How could they talk such shit? The professor didn't even notice. He just kept babbling, oblivious to the pool of bile collecting at his feet. I would never have been able to cope if I hadn't swallowed that blotter. Still, the fluids were too repulsive. "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" I screamed, and ran out of the hall. I needed a beer.

Nothing ain't worth nothing, but its free... Jesus, that song really *was* playing. What kind of coffee house was this? Yes, that scene in the classroom really straightened me out. I sat down with my Newcastle and tried to calm down. Was this really the state of American education? I tried to focus on the pages of the newspaper. A front page story said some crazed Nazi was ranting about three-year trade schools as the way of the future. My god, what would Papa say? My shorts were clinging to my thighs. I was stuck to the chair, sweating profusely. I

glanced around to observe this institution at work. Vaguely reptilian creatures were flicking their tongues at their books. I think they read by sense of smell.

My heart was fading fast. I cracked an amyl under my nose and felt invigorated. Yes, now I was really *working*. It was high time I interacted with one of these creatures, *to get to the heart of the matter*. I pried myself from the seat and got another beer. I saw a young man studiously smelling his deTocqueville. After studying his habits, I decided it was safe to approach.

"Anyone sitting here?" I blabbered, my heart pounding and a grin plastered to my face that I couldn't shake off.

"Uh, no, go ahead."

"Thanks, boy," I stared at him. His eyes darted about for a second, then returned to the page. "You do realize that I am an *attorney*?" What was I saying?

Oh, of course, this was serious *undercover* work. My employers had stressed the need for secrecy.

"Oh, really?" He was confused but tried to gain his composure. He was a liar, I could see it. Stanford bastard. No, don't lose your temper, they'll hang you for sure. They'd never tolerate an angry criminal here. I couldn't afford to get caught now. This boy must be your *friend*, I convinced myself.

"Yes, of course. I am a master of journalism, but a Doctor of the Law. Yes, the Law School. I am a professor of ethics, and occasionally teach a course on narcotics enforcement." Yes, he understood. He nodded approvingly and lowered his book.

"Law School? Really? My name is Karl Swanson. I'm an undergrad, a junior."

"Well, Karl, just call me Dr. Raoul. Let me ask you, what do you think of the *future*?" I smiled broadly, this boy was my friend.

"Future, well, I guess, I, like, think the Law is interesting. Actually, I was thinking of going to Law School."

His tongue darted out of his mouth. My god, he was smelling me. Yes, of



course, he *needs* me. This was what these bastards did. The edge of the mescaline was wearing off, so I fumbled for my pipe and lit it. I had found it: The American Dream alive and well at Stanford. Greed.

"My God Karl, We are *Soul Mates*. Yes, you and I are the last of the true intellectuals. I noticed that before I sat here. I had to meet you. You, my boy, are in need of a mentor. I am ready to take you with me. Are you prepared?"

"Uh, I guess so. You mean, like, to the Law School? Uh, I don't think you're allowed to smoke here, Dr. Raoul."

"Yes, yes. You are indeed ready. I will personally see to it. Everything is perfectly in order. I have all the papers right here." I tapped my kit bag, which I noticed was dripping tequila. I sucked my fingers and stared at the boy.

His eyes widened. Yes, he wanted it badly. The claws on his hands extended. He nervously scratched at the table, shredding deTocqueville. Was that blood dripping from his lips? They were smacking wildly. What had I done? Driven this boy to bad craziness. Yes, this was

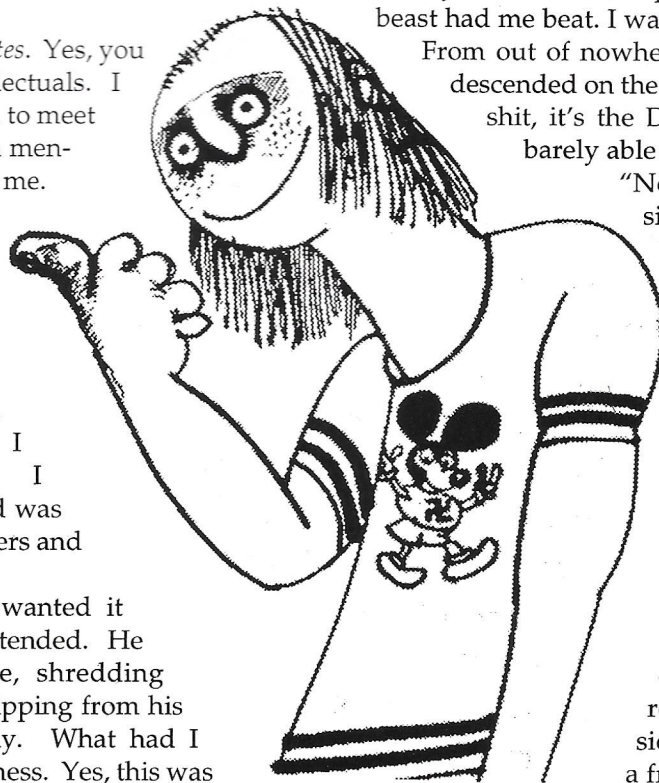
what these bastards did. Had this asshole ever read *Hemingway*? I should've shot him right there. My magnum was in my humvee. His appetite was too voracious, this beast had me beat. I was full of fear and loathing.

From out of nowhere, an angry, panicked woman descended on the table, arms flailing wildly. "Oh shit, it's the Dragon Lady," whispered Karl, barely able to speak through the blood.

"Nosmoking nosmoking jesu-sisthatpot getthehelloutofhere!"

Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans... that song again. Was it on constant repeat? How long had I been here? The sweats returned as I left Karl, balls blue with greed, scratching at the table.

"Yes, I'll just bring the car around. We'll fraternize with the faculty, Karl. Yes, yes, I'll gladly write you a recommendation. Stay right here. Be right back." I trotted out into the night, following the roving packs of nubile, impressionable young women. Ah yes, a fraternity party....



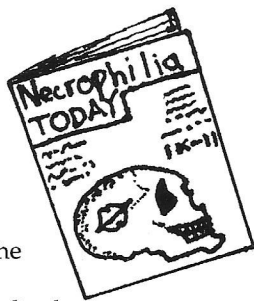
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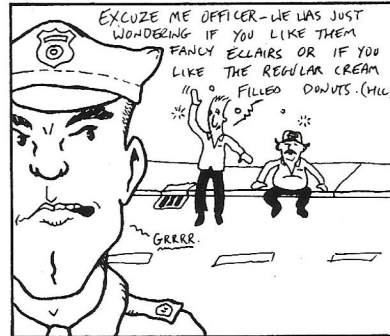
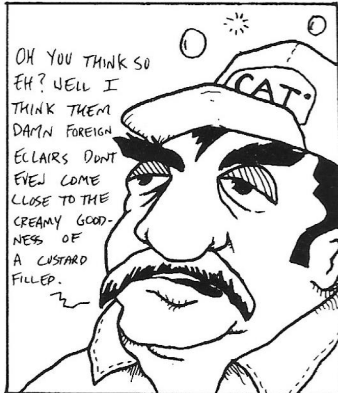
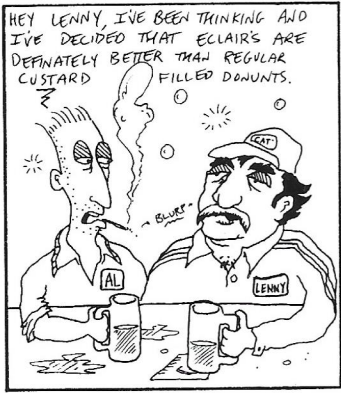
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Resume/Applications
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AL AND LENNY

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Dump Your Hometown Honey

Did you leave for college with lots of baggage: a TV, a stereo, boxes of clothes, and a *Hometown Honey*? Well, we can help you unpack one of your bags. **– For Just \$4.95**

We at Dump 'Em Inc. understand what it feels like to have a ball and chain stretching back home, and we can take that monkey off your back. Our team is composed of over 2000 experienced dumpers who have developed a five letter plan, guaranteed to rid you of your High School Sweetie. We offer a full refund if your faraway flame doesn't 'get the message', after just five letters.

Have you been exhibiting those classic break-up warning signs. Are your sweetheart's pictures falling off the walls? Has your relationship been labeled "open"? Have you been exhibiting more than warning signs on the way to the shower? If so then **ACT TODAY**, to start your college sex life off right!

Choose from one of our 3 cheap and easy plans:

- **The 5 letter plan (or your money back) : \$19.95**
(Includes five letters that let your Hometown Honey down easy)
- **The economy plan – one short letter : \$4.95**
(Available in Personal, Distant, and Cruel – not responsible for any violent repercussions)
- **The vindictive plan – flower arrangement : \$9.95**
(Send your Ex a single rose with a terse, yet poignant poem, "I loved you, once")

Special Bonus: If you act now, we will send your Sweetie a tape of these classic break-up songs, *absolutely FREE!*

Songs include: "How Am I Supposed to Live Without You", "Heartbreak Hotel", "Achy Breaky Heart", "Keep Me Hanging On", "Back Off Bitch", an anthology of Barry Manilow hits, and much, much more!

Call 723-1468 Today

Please have your victim's name, address, and pet names ready. Be prepared to give a brief but explicit recount of your relationship (including intimate activity).

Letter Five

Dear
I feel that my love
for you has limited your
growth as a person. We
need to grow apart. If
we ever plan to grow
together, in the future
I hope we can still
be friends. Don't
contact me - it will
be too painful.
Your Friend,
[Signature]

Remember *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*? It's a popular handbook – a collection of snappy sound-bites for Western Civilization. Scan it before leaving home, sprinkle a few judiciously selected entries throughout your cocktail party conversation, and you can easily create the illusion that you're a well-read, sophisticated intellectual. Of course, all this adds up to just one thing in the mind of a prospective employer: "fuckin' liberal!" After all, if you were really the kind of passionate, motivated individual to whom the phrase "successful financially" is redundant, you wouldn't have been wasting your time on sissies like Walt Whitman or James Joyce. If you want to impress the big boys, you've got to push a different set of buttons. To get an idea of how well you're tuned in to fat-cat philosophy, we invite you to score yourself on...

Chappie's Conservative Quote Quiz

- "Numberless modern women have rebelled against domesticity in theory because they have never known it in practice."

a) Rush Limbaugh, 1993 c) Ike Turner, 1966
 b) G. K. Chesterton, 1910 d) Gerhard Casper, 1982
- "Once a people no longer appreciates its own cultural expression, or even begins to feel ashamed of it, and turns its attention to other expressions...it becomes torn apart, unsure of its judgment of the world picture, loses its perspective, and sinks into a confusion of multicultural ideas, conceptions, and the cultural hodge-podge which springs from them."

a) Adolph Hitler c) Malcolm X
 b) Dan Quayle d) Shoebox Greetings — a tiny little division of Hallmark
- "While physically there is no loss of life, our young people are being felled by cultural bullets. And this cultural corruption makes our young impotent to rebuild the nation."

a) Dr. Ruth Westheimer (licensed sex-therapist)
 b) Ali Reza Afshar (Iranian fashion vigilante)
 c) Jesse Helms (United States Senator)
 d) Mikhail Gorbachev (actor and former Soviet big-wig)
- "America has within her borders many of these so-called hyphenated Americans. There is only one kind of true American: one who wouldn't bear for a moment any prefix to 'America.'"

a) Jurasso-American, "Barney" (Tyrannosaurus Rex)
 b) Alzheimer-American, Ronald Reagan (former U.S. President)
 c) Franco-American, Chef-Boyardee (culinary maverick)
 d) Ku-Klux-American, (A Great Titan of the Realm of Illinois)
- "The only excuse for today's school-teachers is that their modern ideas are so half-baked and hypothetical that they can't convince themselves enough to convince even a child."

a) Pony Boy (in "The Outsiders")
 b) Ross Perot (in response to a caller on the "Larry King Show")
 c) Pythagoras (in Greek)
 d) G.K. Chesterton (in "What's Wrong With the World Today")
- "For some of us, this continual obsession with condoms and contraceptives is disgusting. For those of us who have yet to make a decision on the role of sex in our lives, these pamphlets and flyers ... [have] cheapened sex and transformed it from a beautiful act of love into a vulgar bodily function — like brushing one's teeth."

a) The Campus Crusade for Christ c) The Stanford Review
 b) Four out of five dentists surveyed d) Amy Fisher
- "Perhaps Stanford could add another distribution requirement: Humor, to be fulfilled by such classes as History 987: The Chaparral, from 1945 to the present."

a) The New York Times c) The Stanford Review
 b) "Good Morning, America!" d) None of the above; this is just a pathetic attempt to plug ourselves.

Answers (in alphabetical order): a,b,b,c,c,d,d

Are YOU a Greedy Bastard?

To find out answer the following questions and give yourself 1 point for each affirmative answer (and no more than 1 you greedy bastard!)

1. Before starting this test, did you ask "What's in it for me?"
2. Have you ever sold drugs to vulnerable young children for profit?
3. Have you ever sold vulnerable young children for profit?
4. Did you not have any fun when you raised chinchillas "for fun and profit?"
5. Are you a Stanford Alumnus?
6. Have you ever voted against the Chaparral's fee request?
7. Have you ever been a pimp?
8. Have you ever been pimped?
9. Have you ever had a pimple?
10. When you went on Wheel of Fortune, did you refuse to "buy vowels," insisting that you be rewarded for correct guesses (like with consonants)?
11. Have you ever cheated on your taxes?
12. Have you ever recommended "taxing those cheats?"
13. Have you ever joined the Graduate Student Tea Party?
14. Have you ever had tea?
15. Have you ever had a party?
16. Have you ever had a Graduate Student?
17. Does the word "Money" give you an erection?
18. Do you masturbate to Money Magazine?
19. Do you take more than one copy of a newspaper after only paying 25 cents?
20. Do you take more than one copy of free newspapers?
21. Do you complain when someone takes all the copies of your free newspaper?
22. Does the word "Free" give you an erection?
23. Did you vote for Reagan?
24. Twice?
25. Did you "see yourself" in any character in the movie "Wall Street?"
26. When they said "making love to her is like reading the Wall Street Journal," did you get an erection?
27. Do you think that there should have been a Greedy Smurf?
28. Did you root for Gargamel?
29. In general, would you say that you prefer more to less?
30. In your opinion, have you never had too much of anything?
31. Is too much never enough?
32. Have you ever been an Indian Giver?
33. Have you never given anything to an Indian?
34. Do you wish you were Jewish so that you could get "eight days of presents?"
35. Do you wish you were Christian so you could get "twelve days of presents?"
36. Especially all those cool birds and maids-a-milkin'?
37. Do you think that the Maids-a-Milkin are related to Michael Milkin?
38. Did you notice that his name was misspelled above?
39. When you use a condom, is it because *She* shouldn't get to keep my sperm?
40. Have you ever contemplated transferring to Cornell and talking your new roommate into suicide so that you could get that elusive 4.00?
41. Have you ever consumed more than two whole zucchini in one 24 hour period?
42. Do you want to have your cake and eat it too?
43. Do you want to not only have your cake and eat it but also smear it all over you like a sugary sun screen?
44. Do you save all your back issues of National Geographic in the hope that someday they will "be worth something?"
45. Do you hope that everyone else will fail the Calc 43 final so that the professor will have to "curve the hell out of that bastard?"
46. Did it piss you off when you didn't get any tongue at "Full Moon on the Quad?"
47. Did you go even though you're not a Frosh/Senior?
48. Do you want to sleep with Demi Moore?
49. Are you considering making an indecent proposal?
50. Did you steal both Rush Limbaugh books?

Special Bonus Question: *if you answer yes, you lose a point.*

51. Have you ever wanted a monkey as a pet?

Scoring Yourself:

- 50) You greedy bastard!
- 40-49) While born in wedlock, you are still greedy.
- 30-39) Sorry, this test had a high curve and you got an F-, you loser.
- 20-29) Known as the "roaring twenties," an era of great prosperity which ended with the stock market crash and the Great Depression.
- 10-19) You are too nice to enjoy life, too greedy to get out of going to hell.
- 0-9) You lying bastard.
- 1) Monkey Lover!

Chappie Holiday Gift Catalog

Never Fall Asleep in Class Again



Ever experience "The Nod?" Ever wake up in a pool of your own drool? Has Prof. Barton Bernstein slapped you around for obtrusive snoring? If you have trouble staying awake in that 9:00, 10:00, or are fond of a 1:15 siesta, you need The Chappie Shocker™. Designed by an astute ME101 student, this elegant foam core charm necklace will prevent snoozing in class. Just as your eyelids grow heavy in CE170, the Shocker™ delivers 3,000 Volts of patented, perfectly safe, electrotherapy. You won't be able to sleep for days! Or, if you're like us at the Chappie, and after a few lines of coke you find it difficult to get some shut-eye, just turn the Shocker™ up a notch. 6,000 Volts, and you'll sleep for days. It's a perfect gift for that narcoleptic coke-fiend in your life.



THE SHOCKER

#713003 \$49.95

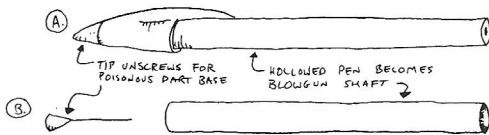
EUROPEAN ADAPTER (GREAT FOR THE COFFEE DRINKING, CONTINENTAL JET-SET)

#713006 £3.00



The Equalizer™

Hey freshmen, here's a wonderful way to make new friends! Our most popular gift item, year after year, the Equalizer™, levels the playing field between you and even the most boring, insipid, and inane lecturer. Say you're sitting in CIV, it just started, you're starving, hungover, and you *know* that Publisher's Clearinghouse envelope is sitting in your P.O. Box. You want out, you *need* out. Everyone else wants out too, but no one will do anything about it. Whip out the Equalizer™ and you can end that lecture on the spot. Using poison from the Amazon rainforest, the darts from this blowgun pierce the heart of every lecture. Don't worry, it's merely a tranquilizer, allowing enough time for the whole class to make its escape, and best of all, the darts disintegrate. For those nerds that stick around to see if the professor is alright, we've included extra darts. Just a few weeks of practice on the neighborhood cat or dog, and you'll be a pro.



THE EQUALIZER™

#713009

\$24.45

EXTRA DARTS (PACKS OF 10)

#713009A

\$5.99

El Grafito™

Our newest product! Thanks to lower tariffs afforded by the North American Free Trade Agreement, the Chappie is now able to offer you this convenient tool for personal expression. Handmade by the highly specialized, well-paid, craftsmen of the Yucatan, El Grafito™ can carve any surface. It's even been tested on Mayan pyramids. An ideal gift for a student, this blade doubles as a fine ball point pen! Smooth lines and smooth cuts can be yours for this special NAFTA price. We also offer a suggestion booklet filled with English and Spanish phrases great for decorating desks around the world. Let's all

take a moment and carve "thanks" for free trade.

EL GRAFITO™ (MAY NOT

BE SAFE FOR INFANTS)

#713012

\$1.03



Looking for Holiday Gifts?

Well, you lucky bastards, we got lots of fucking gifts.

Within these pages lie untold treasures that we

are proud to offer the Stanford community.

Browse and be merry.

Order early.

Energize Your Holidays with S

THE DYNATHOUGHTS:

Ivana Chopdong

Code Name: FemmeStud Fatale

EDUCATION POWER RATING: 18

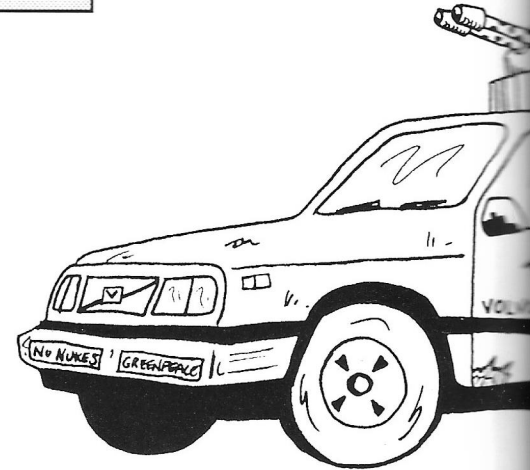
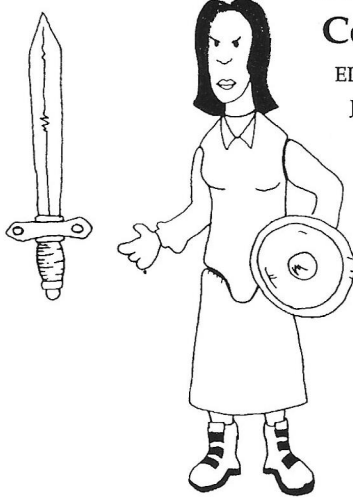
JARGON POWER RATING: 10

BACKGROUND: Hit by radioactive sexual harassment as a graduate student, Ivana gained the ability to mercilessly point out the inadequacies of men. Enraged by the loss of departmental funds to the TECHMongers, Ivana swore to defend the works of women writers and thinkers with her SaphSword™.

FEATURES: SaphSword™ and fast-action Castration wrists are included. This is no Barbie doll. Great way for ungainly pubescent gyrls to learn how to assert themselves.

IVANA CHOPDONG

#7130022 \$9.60



The Peace Beast

SPEED: Negligible

SHIELDS: 90%

FIREPOWER: Extremely damaging and environmentally sound

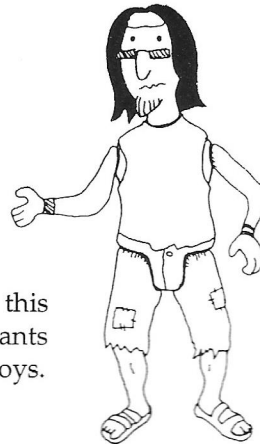
SPECIFICATIONS: This eco-Volvo is both a station wagon and a tank. The roof-mounted turret fires radioactive carrots. Perfectly efficient, it juices while it fires, making an energy blend with natural ginseng healing powers. The action figures fit comfortably inside like a family unit. Manufactured with a lived-in feel, comes equipped with an infant seat.

THE PEACE BEAST

#7130030 \$22.33

HYDROFOIL ADAPTER

#7130030A \$11.11



Wil Burngrass

Code Name: Huh?

EDUCATION RATING: 6

JARGON RATING: 12

BACKGROUND: Although merely an undergraduate, Wil grows his own super skunk. Wil overcomes his enemies by giving them intense hunger pains and distracting thoughts. Wil's CIV background makes him a master of pseudo-philo-kaka. He is particularly affective in confusing even the most rational TECHMongers.

FEATURES: Wil's power depends on Plastic Karma™. With this imaginary force, Wil is ideal for the progressive parent who wants to free their child's mind from the shackles of everyday glitz toys.

WIL BURNGRASS

#7130026 \$4.99

PLASTIC KARMA™

#7130026A \$4.99

Manny Mindbender

Code Name: The MarxMan

EDUCATION RATING: 17

JARGON RATING: 18 (+3 FOR MAGIC SAGEMACE™)

BACKGROUND: As Manny translated the Morte D'Arthur, a gilded hand emerged from the muddy depths of Lagunita and threw him the SageMace™, the source of his powers. Hammering at his TECHMonger enemies with the rhetoric of the ancients, Manny hopes to demolish the rigid, geometrical structures which threaten his posturing.

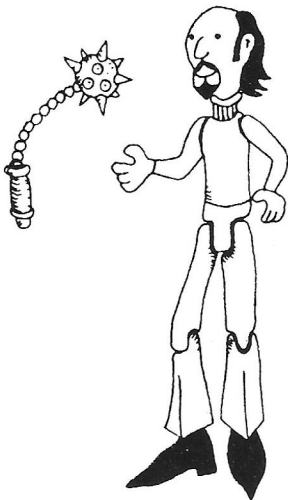
FEATURES: Manny comes equipped with SageMace™, Beret, Sunglasses, and Pipe. His HighFalutin' Argument Arms™ allow him to gesture accordingly.

MANNY MINDBENDER

#7130028 \$9.60

TENURE

#7130028A \$10.00



Stanford Brand Action Figures!

THE TECH MONGERS:

Bill Derr

Code Name: Intel 486

EDUCATION RATING: 18

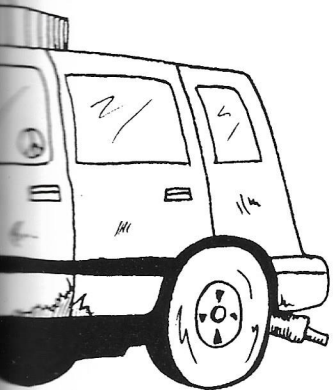
MIPS: IMMEASURABLE

BACKGROUND: Bill completed his PhD program in one day. He currently has an endowed chair as Professor of Science. Convinced that the DynaThoughts are a disfunctional strand of humanity, Bill believes that he can repair them so that they can do something practical for a change. He immediately disassembles his enemy at the moment of capture. He is the most feared of all the TECHMongers.

FEATURES: Bill is a complicated puzzle of 3000 pieces. Once assembled, this automaton becomes active and dangerous to human life. Great for the risk-taking, genius child.

BILL DERR

#9991110 \$3,000.00



Hal Sithripio

Code Name: STD

EDUCATION RATING: 7

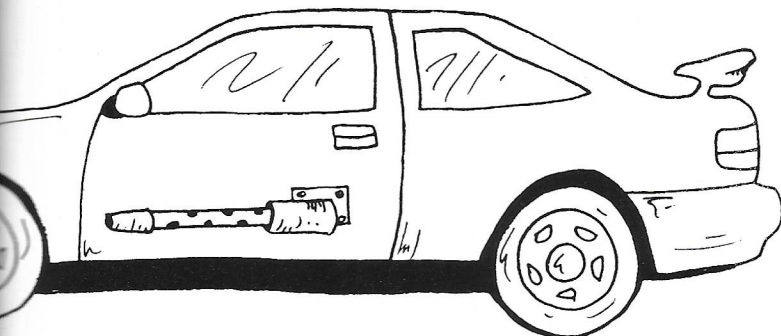
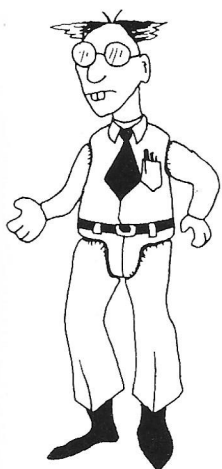
MIPS: 10

BACKGROUND: An undergraduate in Computer Science, Hal is the product of in vitro microchip insertion, which has left him mute, deaf, and dumb. Nevertheless, even as a fetus, Hal was aware of his ability to cruise the information highway. Communicating via his constant network uplink, Hal is a master of incurable computer retro-viruses. Jealous of those more eloquent than he, Hal is determined to convert the English language into 1's and 0's. Young and immature, Hal is something of a loose cannon for TECHMongers, as he is constantly sticking his PowerBook where it doesn't belong.

FEATURES: Hal is completely immobile. Great for the unathletic child.

HAL SITHRIPIO

#1001001 \$28.99



Gertrude P. Xorf

CodeName: Eww!

EDUCATION RATING: 17

MIPS: 20

BACKGROUND: Touring SLAC with the rest of the Chemistry faculty, Gertrude was caught in a freak accident. Trapped in the Accelerator, the bombardment of electrons transformed her entire atomic structure. She emerged a horrific, yet pliable lifeform. Unable to teach due to students' repulsion, Gertrude lobbies full time for the expansion of SLAC, so that others may share her experience.

FEATURES: Gertrude is composed of a synthetic rubber and comes with an unrelated Fission pistol.

GERTRUDE P. XORF

#7130040 \$3.00



XR6 1000

S P E E D :

Immeasurable

SHIELDS: 100%

FIREPOWER: Nuclear

SPECIFICATIONS: Designed by Bill Derr this assault vehicle is a juggernaut of a hatchback. The mathematically pure contours redefine poetry and art. A fully functioning scale model, complete with North Korean nukes, the XR6 1000 is an efficient means of eliminating mental masturbators. The exhaust lines are stocked with

Pedant Pesticide™. Great for aggressive children. Please allow five days for background checks.

#XR6 1000 \$155.00

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If they're no good, you've got to tell them.

Let your employees, your fellow worker, or your spouse know how you feel. Don't hold those feelings inside, it's not healthy to repress. Productivity increases in an open and honest environment, especially one with a lot of aggressive energy.

Our *You Suck* collection will make a clear and lasting statement about the power of positive thinking. The shirts are 100% pre-shrunk which means they are very, very small. After all, isn't that how you want that special person to feel?

The mug is our special version of a dribble glass. It's false bottom is temperature sensitive. That partner who screwed up your project will get your point right in his lap and boy will it burn. The hats are a beautiful, one size fit all, nylon weave. Get a rhinestone covered model for that person who exceeds all standards of common decency.

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M-#763901 L-#763902 XL-#763903
- YOU SUCK HAT \$14.95 each
Black #769004 White #769010
- YOU SUCK MUG \$6.95 each #769011

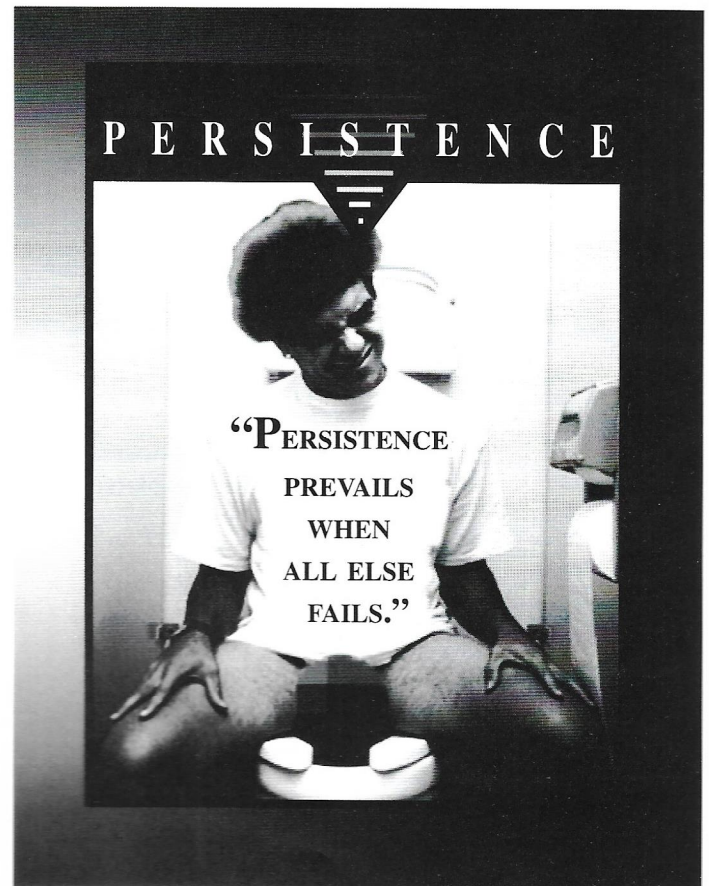
There's something about successful people. The way they look, the way they act, their confidence and their manner. It's a bold and winning spirit that extends to their office as well. Perhaps you have that same winning spirit. If so, we have the perfect art collection for your walls—**Action Art™** Lithographs. This series of exquisitely designed photographs and compelling graphics is printed on the finest quality paper, matte and gloss varnished, then foil stamped for a special finishing touch.

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- ALL LITHOS ARE 20"x26" (51 X 66CM)
- FRAMED LITHOGRAPH \$69.95
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Orders will be shipped Federal Express via the Stanford Post office, so please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. All items are constructed in some countries near the U.S.
No animals will be harmed in the shipping of these products.



**Persistence (Shitter)*

"Persistence prevails when all else fails."
Unframed #723103 Framed #732104 Carved #732105

Stanford Makes A Run For The Border

BY RAOUL MOTA

Provost Condoleeza Rice announced today that Stanford would be moving to Mexico. No, this is not another overseas center, this is the whole school. Leland Stanford Junior University will now be located in the cozy confines of Guadalajara. In a surprise news conference attended by Rice and Milton Friedman, the Provost outlined the benefits of this move under the new North American Free Trade Agreement.

"Budget cuts, smudget cuts. We're makin' a run for the border," Rice said, hinting at the possibility that University Comida Service will have be emphasizing re-fried beans.

"What are there, a million pesos to a dollar? We won't have to cut anything! Although, I'm afraid tuition will continue to increase with the local rate of inflation. That would make it, oh, around 3 billion pesos a quarter."

Deferring most of the difficult economic questions to Milton Friedman's expertise, the sassy Provost seemed giddy and remarked, "I didn't think a Provost could really affect multiculturalism but boy was I wrong. We would move to Canada if they weren't such white males."

Both Friedman and the Provost were quick to emphasize that the move was in the student's best interests.

"Just think of all the companies that will be moving down there with us. I see Mexico as the industrialist Mecca of the 21st century. These companies will be begging our students to work for them. I can guarantee 100% post-graduate employment for the class of '98. We won't even need that CCCPPC." Friedman said.

When questioned about the quality of these promised jobs, Friedman shrugged, "Well, the world needs ditch-diggers too."

Citing President Clinton's recent bargaining with Congresswoman Anna Eshoo, Friedman boasted about the tax incentives for academic institutions. He explained that Eshoo managed a bargain wherein Stanford would receive benefits for employing Mexicans. The university does not receive those benefits now, in spite of the many Hispanic employees, because of questionable work environments.

"Work environments don't mean shit in Mexico," Friedman said quoting his 1942 treatise entitled Fodor's Guide to Mexico.

"Eshoo put her head out on the blocks for this one, we're not gonna pay any taxes down there," Friedman said.

When asked why Eshoo, a first year Congresswoman dependent on union votes would side with someone like him, Friedman laughed.

"Let's just say, I still got some of the old tricks. I threw so many numbers at that woman, she didn't know what hit her."

Representatives from the Stanford Bookstore were ecstatic upon hearing the news. When questioned about the productivity of Mexican workers, the accountant smiled coyly.

"Anyone can push a button. As long as, shall we say, a suitably *Anglo* management is in place, we have no worries. And no, we're not changing our prices."

Bon Appetit concurred with Bookstore executives.

"The Tresidder Pesos system is already up and running in the Mexican Parliament Cafeteria. We've been preparing for this contingency for years."

After the press conference, The Chappie absconded with the following list of changes proposed by our eminent Provost:

- Casa Zapata replaced with Casa Americana, with mural depicting great American sitcom stars.
- IM Bullfighting.
- Addendum to Res Ed Alcohol Policy: Don't Eat The Worm, Don't Drink The Water.
- Dorm toilets will be made larger to accommodate expected increases in waste.
- DR 10 **Siestas**: Must get an incomplete in a 1:15 class.
- DR 11 **Resorts**: e.g., CRUISES 101 History of the Love Boat.
- Big game between Stanford Football and Mexican Army, Stanford -3.
- Hum Bio Core emphasizes traditional, indigenous medicine.
- LSJUMB will be replaced by Ballet Folklorico.
- CE180 Methods for Crossing the Rio Grande.
- POLSCI 227 Gender Politics of The Border Patrol.
- PSYCH 255 How To Screw Tourists (*Zimbardo*).
- Organic Chemistry Core: Cannibus Cultivation.
- A Cappella groups would be required to conform to Menudo standards of excellence.

The engineering department was excited about the challenge of moving University buildings, but Friedman was quick to point out that the entire U.S. campus will be sold.

A company owned by Senator Bob Packwood, who endorsed the NAFTA bill wholeheartedly, will purchase all former Stanford buildings. Packwood apparently explained in his diaries how his corporation *Innuendo Inc.* would use such space. While the diaries are still tied up in court, rumors are

that the Senator will move it to Nevada.

A Packwood spokeswoman said angrily, "I don't think you could print his plans anyway. Unless of course you like to endorse that sort of thing. That fucking pig."

The new campus will be entirely constructed with edifices from the former Webb Ranch.

"God, I'm good," Friedman said of the plan *Vamosos...*

Editors' note: Talks have resumed between the Stanford Police Department and the Chappie. It seems both parties have forgotten about that ugly goldfish incident in 1927. Police Chief Neimeyer has agreed to allow us to print his personal log of police activity.

From the Desk of Raoul Neimeyer:

November 30 - 7 PM: Got a call that ruined my tira misu. Went over to Wilbur Food Service, another dismembered body, another Rump roast for dinner. Coincidence? I don't think so.

December 1 - 4:30 PM: Got a wire from the Feds... Seems they picked up a Mrs. S. Claus for the ol' 1-7-8, Prostitution. Something about elves, reindeer, and stockings stuffed with used rubbers. Feds let the bitch get away, and now I'm looking for her. Bet she shows up in Montoya's, like all the others. God, I hate this job. These Deans, they never learn.

December 4 - 6 AM: Just got an APB and for the fiftieth time am reminded how dumb Stanford students are... Some punk scaled Hoover to spray paint "Free Rudolph."

Noon: Caught the bastard at an animal rights meeting. Used hold number 42, the Sleeper. I love this job. 2:00 PM: Kid just woke up. Asked him what he was doing. "I wanted to send a message to Santa. No more torturing Rudolph by shoving a red hot poker in his nose."

Called his parents. They gave him the scoop on Santa. He cried. We hugged. I got his phone number!

December 5 - 8 PM: What a day. Had to arrest the man himself, Casper. Went nuts in Macy's after Santa refused to let Gerry sit on his lap. He punched one of the elves, ran toward Salvation Army collector screaming, "The Bells, the belles, the belz!!" By the time I got there, he was pissing "I still believe, Santa" on the sidewalk. He didn't know the truth either, and I couldn't call his parents. I threw him in the tank to let him cool off. The boys in there beat the shit out of him, but then he traded all his laderhosen for cartons of cigs. Last I checked, he was telling them stories from the Hüd.

December 7 - 1 AM: These kids just can't get enough of their own bodily fluids. Branner dorks were throwing used Kleenex and Toilet Paper at Flicks. MemAud is beautiful, and they're ruining it! Bastards. Sometimes, I just cry myself to sleep...



Keebler™ Records

The Elves

BELLS ARE OFF



THE BAND

Florindal	Vocals
Dernuth	Drum
Elerendel	Guitar
Andrimina	Pipe

NO MORE

No More! No More!
 We're not gonna work no more!
 We're gonna fight!
 We're gonna stomp!
 We're gonna romp!
 Oh, hold on—
 If we leave the factory,
 We'll be eaten by Claus' dogs.
 Forget it.

I HATE MY PARENTS / ODE TO GLORFINDEL

I wish I was never born.	Gonna go find myself an electric knife!
I wish I was aborted.	Gonna cut, into the product,
Cuz right now, man,	Of Daddy's incest and genetic engineering.
I'm feeling a bit cheated.	Gonna cut, into my heart! Literally!
No future, no life!	Gabba Gabba Hey!
No future, no life!	Gabba Gabba Hey!
All is dark, all is strife!	Gabba Gabba Hey!

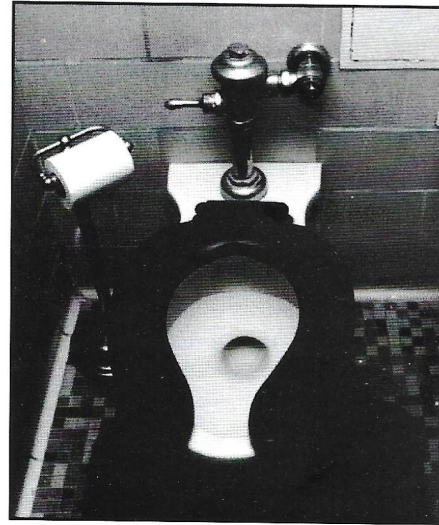
The New Stern

Well, they spent \$8 million on Wilbur, but how much did they spend on the New Stern?

Before



After



ASSEMBLY LINE WORK SONG

Crank the wheel, push the buttons.
We're not gonna take it!
Grease the chain, fit the screws.
We're not gonna take it!
Stoke the fire, pleasure Santa.
We're not gonna take it!
Oh shit! Shhh!

I'M A MAGICAL BEING

I'm a Magical Being
I'm a Magical Being
I can't explode things
I can't zap things
I can't blow things up
All I can do
Is make these fucking Toys

CRUEL HUMAN LADY

You look down on me because I'm small
You don't see my heart at all
You see a three foot pint sized freak
You see a toy, small and weak
You don't know that I need love
You can't see that I have needs
I can't wait to see your eyes
When you wake up to realize
You got sodomized by a magical elf

PIXIE DUST

Flyin' high on pixie dust,
Just can't relate to your world.
Your World!
Your Problems!
Your Strife!
Just can't deal with it,
Rather float on pixie dust.
And why not!

Chorus: "I only live for a couple
of months,
The coldest fucking months."

(Repeat Chorus)
Gabba Gabba Hey!

Produced by
Recorded At
Mixed At
Arranged by

Roddy Dart
Valhalla Industrial Center
Mastermix
Danny Elfman

Special Thanks to Spike, Invisible Fence™,
Vixen, Fig Newton's, and Gibson Guitars



The Case of the Puzzling Messages

Last night Daphne and I came home to our place in Escondido Village to find several surprising messages on our answering machine. I guess someone was giving out a flier for some kind of audition but we weren't sure what. We asked our dog Scooby and he said, "I ront rooo."

See if you can help us out.

Message #1: Ah, hi. This is Suzy. Uh, yeah. I'm about 5'8" and weigh 165, I mean 145. Well it depends on whether they have lowfat cottage cheese in my dorm. I like to pout my lips and I take at least two hours to get my makeup on. My hair is blondish black. I've got a really sexy voice and I'm *very* interested.

Message #2: Yeah. James here. You got something going on here and its raw. Sign me up. I'm big, real big. I mean I can bench two, maybe four hundred pounds and I move fast. Lightning fast, like Ali with lots of bees chasing him and shit. I could definitely catch some bodies, specially them hard ones. Hmmm Hmm.

Message #3: Ah, hi. This is Suzy again. Ah, I just wanted to say that I really liked your flier. I put it on my wall and I stare at it. OHHH. I reeaalllly want to do this.

Message #4: Tee hee hee. Stop that George. Stop that, it tickles.... Wait. I think it answered. George, stop that. OH, George. Again? (click)

Message #5: I just want you to know this is not like, the same person that just called. This is a totally different young lady. Woohoo! Beat Cal! George, stop it. (slapping sound) Like totally cool this thing. Little me wants in (deep male voice in background says, "you betch you do") Tee hee hee. George stop that. My name is Jane and I am hot. Especially in that little black number. George you know which one I mean? (deep male voice responds "She's a foxy lady and I mean Foxxxy.") George give me back the phone. (deep breathing sounds). George please (several slapping sounds.) Sorry that was George, he's a little sick. (deep male voice "come to papa") Oh. George. Don't talk like that. I'm gonna have to call you back.

Message #6: Yeah. Uh, ya know. Name's Tony, Tony Spigletti. You can find me in da weight room walkin' around lookin' at myself. No weights. Bad for da back. But I does lotsa nice little things for exercise. I could be a fuckin' gymnast if ya know what I mean. So I'm qualified. Hoo ha, is I ever.

Message #7: Woohoo! Beat Cal!!! RaRa ree kick him in the... Uh... This is Jackie and I sure can yell and scream, especially when they put it in the endzone. Only thing is I sometimes drool. Anyways, call me.

Message #8: Uh yeah. This is Jerry. I'm a little small but I pump iron every day. I curl like 75 pounds. Of course, I can

only do it once. Really quickly. And sometimes I pull a muscle. Actually, I tore a ligament the other day when I tripped and, well.. it's a long story. I've only popped a blood vessel once though. But the important thing is that I like flags. I like waving them and I'm proud, damn proud. So call me. If you dare. I mean please call me.

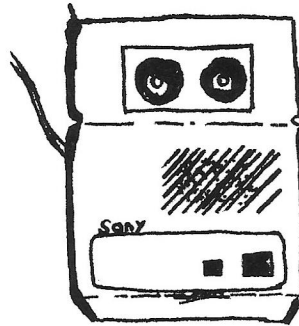
Message #10: Uh, I'm not sure if this is the right number. Well I guess I'll leave a message anyways, but maybe not. Well it's just that I'm not sure whether I'm qualified and I hate getting rejected. So maybe I just won't do it. God, my hair looked awful today. I hope you don't know who I am. Do you know? I bet you do. Oh God Michelle, who are you kidding? Just hang up the phone right now before...No, I'm not going to chicken out again like with Ballet Folklorico, so what if I couldn't dance. I can sing. Laaaaa. Dammit. I'm

gonna do it. Hello are you listening? My name is... Oh God. I know you saw my hair and you clearly saw how fat I am. Just forget it.

Message #11: Hi, my name's Billy and I'm fat. I mean I'm really huge, but I can move alright. I mean I played Humpty Dumpty in my high school play and boy you should have seen me fall off that wall. I've wanted to do this my whole life and I've never gotten to. God, I'm so hard up. Please. I know this'll break me in to the women. No, no as soon as you see me

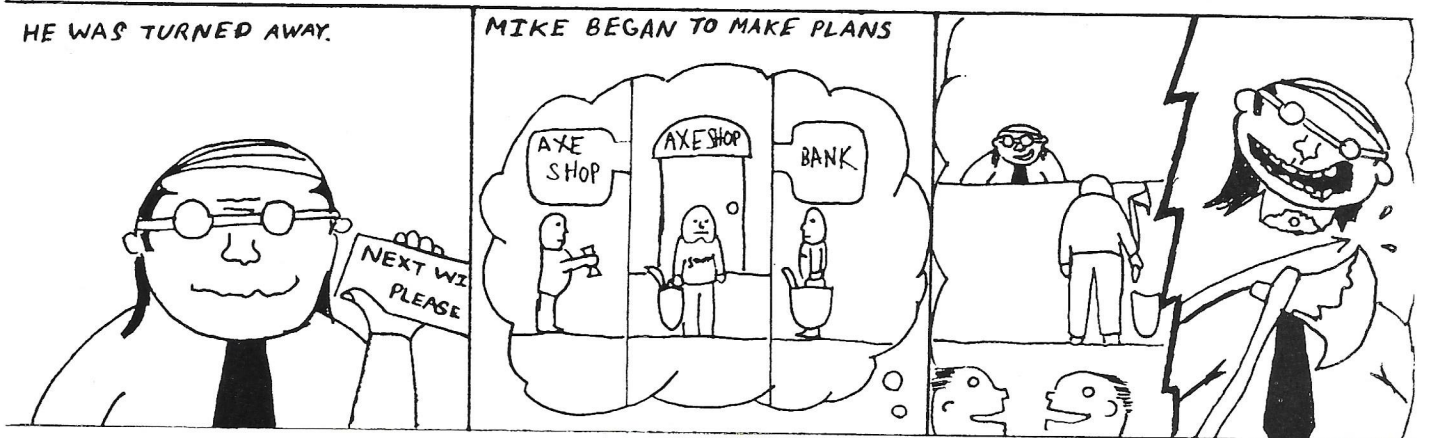
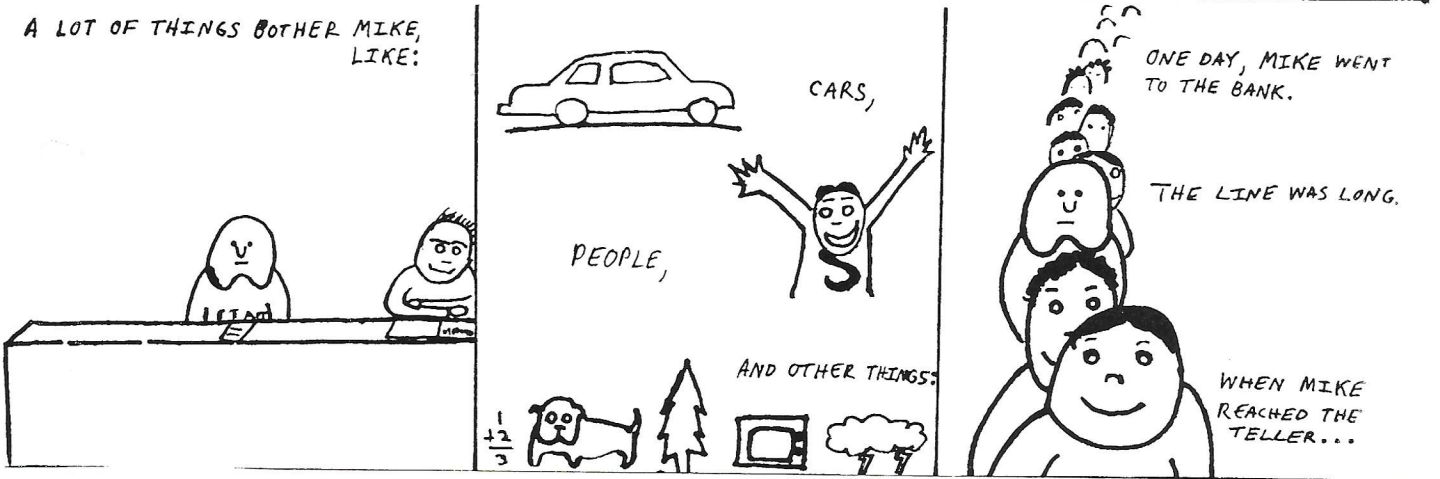
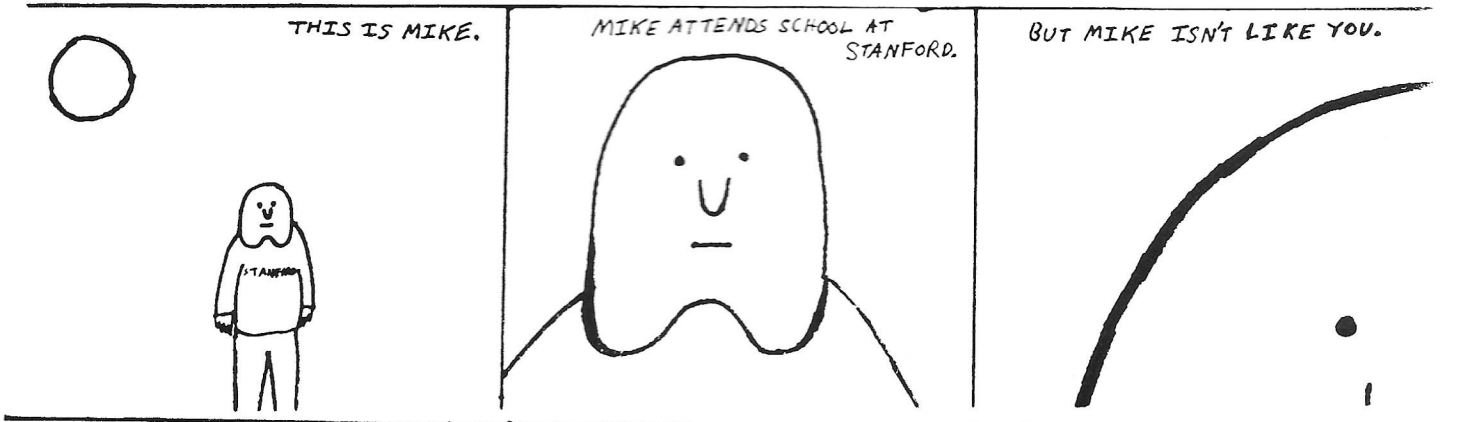
you'll turn me down. I'll tell you what. I'll give you five hundred dollars if you let me do it. I'm serious. My dad has a Swiss bank account and I know the number. In fact, I'll give you the number. He can't do anything to you, I promise. But I can't say why on the phone.

Message #12: This is Liz Maestric from Women against (another voice interrupts)-- Who you calling Liz?-- Liz: Come on Sarah, I'm calling those stuck up monsters. This is the most degrading thing that the University could do to women -- parade them around like that. Sarah: Yeah you pigs. Liz: That feminine studies requirement is a farce to cover up all the fascist, sexist, capitalist, Marxist dogs drooling over scantily clad women yelling and moaning. Sarah: Get 'em girl. Liz: I'd like to stand all you men up against a wall and smack your things with my nine iron. Sarah: Ooh yeah, me too. Liz: Shut up Sarah. Sarah: What? Liz: I saw you shaving your legs. Sarah: You bitch. Liz: Dike. Sarah: Hairy dike. Liz: Man lover (hard cracking sound, a bloodletting scream, a jibe about tampons and



Daphne and I narrowed down the possibilities. The flier couldn't have been for Phone Sex, and it didn't seem to be for the Stanford Porn Network. It wasn't for Gaities Auditions. Certainly not for the *Stanford Review* (well maybe.) Then we figured it out. What students would consistently forget to leave their phone number, and in some cases, their names? "Rerr Readers?" guessed Scooby. "Right again, Scooby!" The flier advertised YELL LEADER TRYOUTS. If you guessed correctly, give yourself a Scooby Snack. Eat two if you got these *Conservative Quote* answers: *b, a,b,d,d,c,c.*

maladjusted mike



Drugs Didn't Kill River

Prose by

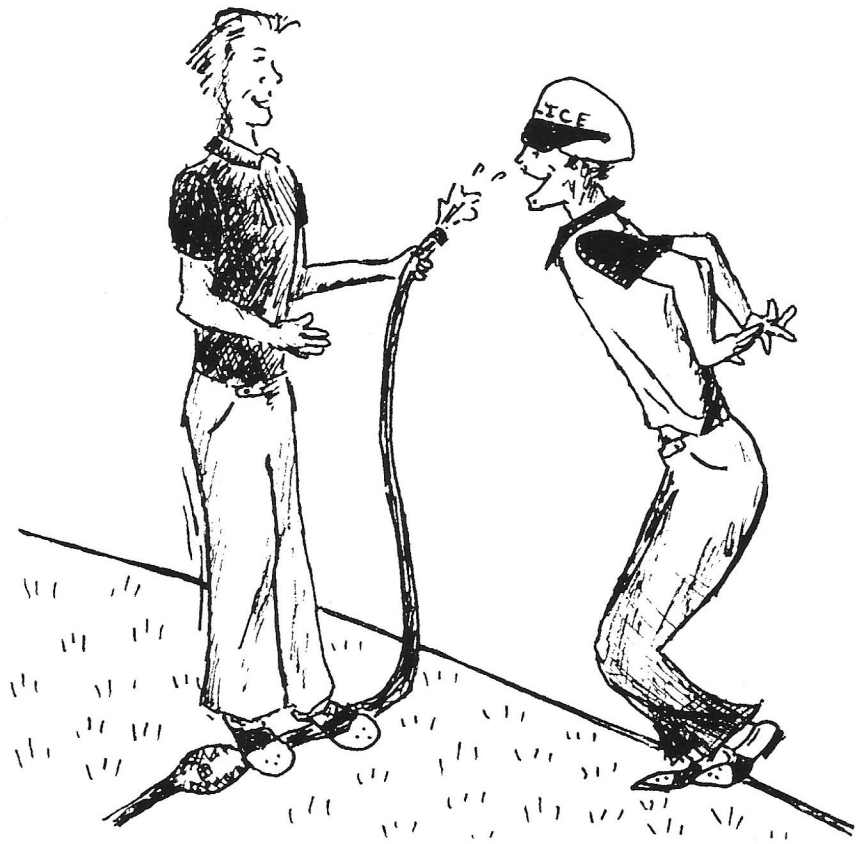
C. Todd Omnibus

I was a little shaken up at first—I mean, River had been my friend and all. We had gone to high school together, and after school we used to hang out at his house. When we were alone sometimes we used to pretend to speak Spanish to each other, although neither of us really knew a word of it. Giggling shyly the whole time, our eyes catching for an instant before we playfully looked away—those were afternoons of magic. We had friendly contests to see who could do the best impersonation of a naughty butler, or who could call the Cory Haim hotline and not end up sodomizing something. Who would have thought that all of the camaraderie would end with his tragic death? The part that gets me the most about all of it, though, is that people don't know why he really died.

I was the first person with whom he had really ever confided his singing ambitions. His parents had always pressured him to act, and he had had to deny his intense desire to sing. But one day out on the front lawn all of that changed, forever.

River got his first big-time recording contract with some people that he had met when we were taking his new mower for a spin, pretending to drive in Spain. They had asked him if he wanted to be famous, and he had said sure, but told them that he already was a little famous (he was always so modest), and they said, "No problem. We want you to sing some songs that we know. They are good songs. They are very good songs. You will be instantly famous." He said that it sounded like a great idea to him, probably one of the best he had ever heard, and that he would start singing them as soon as he finished mowing the lawn. I know all of this, because it was a rider mower, and I was in the seat with him, pretending to listen to my new waterproof walkman.

Later that afternoon the people, who would not leave their names, pulled up in a big black van that had "Warner Brothers" painted in big, different-shaped letters on the side. They parked right next to River's brand-new brown Chevy Minivan, which he had bought with the proceeds from a children's soap commercial that had never actually run. He was always so modest. Sometimes at night we would cruise around in it with the windows rolled down, and stop to get frozen yogurt. After that we would pretend that we were eating it at a motel in Spain, giggling shyly



and blushing, looking away with little locks of hair falling coily into our eyes.

River had gotten all spruced up for an audition, although the people had said that it wouldn't be necessary. All afternoon he had been singing in the shower, combing and re-combing his hair. He sang along with my new waterproof walkman, singing John Cougar Mellencamp's 'Jack & Diane' eight times; he shaved his entire body. To top it all off, he set some bread on fire, giggling hysterically. He looked great. He was the silliest, wackiest, sexiest guy on earth just then.

"Two American kids, growin' up 'best they can," he crooned.

The people told him that all of their equipment was in the van, and that they would only need him for about twenty minutes. Suddenly, the phone rang.

He got in their van and started to drive slowly away. The people ran out and stopped him, and then they got in too.

That was the last time I ever saw him alive.

The next day while we were having lunch together I asked him how his recording session had gone.

"It was the most wonderful experience of my entire life," he said to me, pretending to draw on his shirt with a

carrot stick, giggling and looking shyly away. "They had me do ten different versions of Rick Springfield's 'Jesse's Girl.' They said that I sounded very good. Tonight I'm going to meet them at a nightclub and they're going to tell me all of the details. Let's go take lots of psychedelic drugs." He spilled a little mustard onto a spoon, sassily.

"All right," I said, "that is a good idea."

We got really high and got into the Minivan, which for some reason was way faster than before. River even ran over a Fotomat, giggling hysterically, one hand still drawing with that darn carrot stick. He looked very small in that big Chevy Minivan driver's seat just then.

"Sssin!" he said, with an evil giggle.

Finally we got to the club. It was a racy sort of place, and a little scary, especially since we had ingested forty-five "Ecstasy Brownies" (as he had called them) between the two of us. We went and parked the minivan underneath a big hotel, for no good reason, and then later back in front of the club, which had, amazingly, no other cars outside of it.

We got out of the minivan and walked up to the front door, which had a little white piece of paper on it. It said:

"We forgot to record the songs. We set ourselves on fire, and now we are all dead. Do not attempt to contact us. We are dead."

"Oh no!" River cried. "Who could have put this here? Oh, my career is over! Oh, my poor heart is broken!"

I tried to say "Rape me!" to him in Spanish, which always had been one of our favorites, but he only cried

harder. We got back into the minivan, and with tears clouding our eyes, we drove to another nightclub.

By this time the drugs were really kicking in, and he had a hard time parking. Finally he just gave up and sold the minivan to some beatniks.

We went in, and he wept for hours, crying about his poor, poor, broken heart. He had always wanted to be a singer, he said, and now his dreams were shattered, and plus he was starting to realize that he no longer had a brand new brown Chevy Minivan, which made things even worse. He took a little brown bag out of his trouser pocket.

"Cocaine mixed with morphine, in undeniably lethal amounts. Want some?" he asked me.

"No, thanks" I replied. He downed the whole bag, with a whiskey chaser and a few hits of acid, and a synthetic steroid injection to boot.

Finally, slobbering, he let me know that he was heading for the door. My friend River could only party for so long with a broken heart. Just as he got out into the fresh night air, he collapsed, dead.

Something about the way that he lay there on the sidewalk made me shiver, and something made me angry. And something told me that I would never hear that precious giggle again.

The authorities say that it was drugs, but I know that they are wrong. River Phoenix could never have died from drugs. He was too pure. I know that he died from a broken heart.

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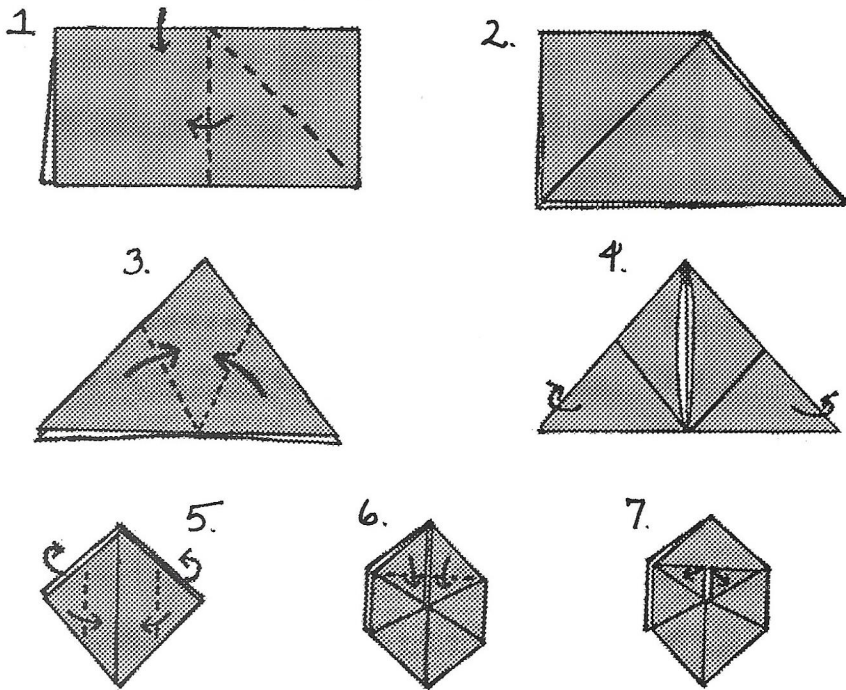
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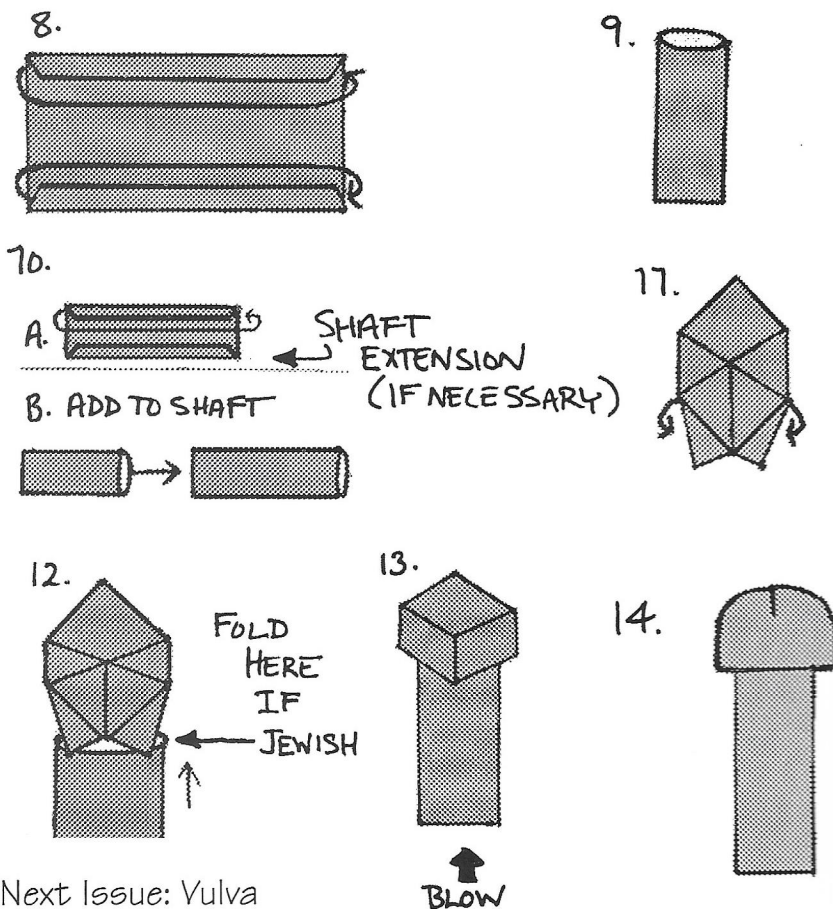
Applications Due - Monday, January 10, 1994

Pornogami: Penis

PART I - THE HEAD



PART II - THE SHAFT



Next Issue: Vulva

LOOK WHAT WE FOUND

Memorandum

To: Gerhard Casper, Office of the President
From: Diana Conklin, Director of Residential Education

In an attempt to accommodate the recent influx of petitions from oppressed minorities, Res Ed is now considering the following changes to the current dorm and house names and themes. In many of the proposed changes, care was taken to preserve the current nature of the house:

- Haus Mittlearoda
- The Birkenstock Theme House
- Uwekma-Uk-Ook
- The Choking Theme House
- Xanadu
- The Opium Studies Theme House
- Froth
- The Rabid Man-hater's Theme House
- Lantana
- None (but recently given 5 stars in Fodor's)
- Wilbur
- Porcine Studies
- Branner
- Fiber Theme House
- Cro-Mag
- Neanderthal Focus House
- Potter
- Scatological Studies
- AmStuds
- Socially Acceptable Stanfordites
- Pajaama
- The Slumber Studies House
- Gairos (Gyros)
- Greek Street Vendors House
- Red rains
- Peter Gabriel Theme House
- EV
- Evacuate Immediately
- Da Sweets
- South Side of Chicago Theme House
- Casa Genitalia
- Machismo Theme House
- Zap-ruder
- The Conspiracy Theme House
- Roble Roble Roble
- Hamburgler Theme House
- Haas Mittleuropa
- Public Service/ Middle European Studies
- Whitman
- Water Resources Theme House
- Bob
- House of the Sub Genius
- Story
- Liars Anonymous Theme House
- EBF
- Eclectic Brown Food Theme House

On Wilbur

(OR "This Old House - Still Screwed Up")

Upon arriving at Stanford, I was cheerily told by all those who greeted me that I was lucky enough to live in Wilbur, "The Eight Million Dollar Paradise." But before you sign up to live in this grand locale, you might want to hear an appraisal of the dorm's facilities, spiced up with lively and colorful commentary from its happy residents.

BATHROOMS: In a stunning display of brilliance befitting those who condemned Jor-El when he insisted Krypton was going to explode, not a dime was spent improving the bathrooms. Walls were painted, yes, but the plumbing remains prehistoric. And of course we've had problems with that most complex plumbing apparatus, the urinal. It became clogged (Wilbur men have that chunky urine problem). We were saved only when two experienced maintenance men arrived within days and expertly placed an "out of order" sign over the offending site. As for the showers, the experience has been likened to bathing in crystalline mountain streams and rioting against the Fire Department.

FIRE DOORS: You've all heard of the infamous fire doors. They close automatically because the Fire Marshall wants everyone locked out at least 3 times a week. Residents have taken to using the windows as their primary entryway, foregoing any bouts with the crusher doors.

FURNITURE: In a word — Modular. Flexible, attractive, and oh so comfort-

able, you'll be calling that chiropractor next week. And the maroon and green motif was an exceptional choice.

FOOD: While the culinary delights of Wilbur dining have been the traditional butt of jokes, the new and improved Wilbur is a mastery of mediocrity. Here's a bit of repartee between myself and a friendly Food Service person.

Me: What's in this dish over here?

Hasher: There are little red things here, plus some little gray jobs, all in a type of sauce that's kind of bluish.

Me: What's the yellow blob over here in the corner?

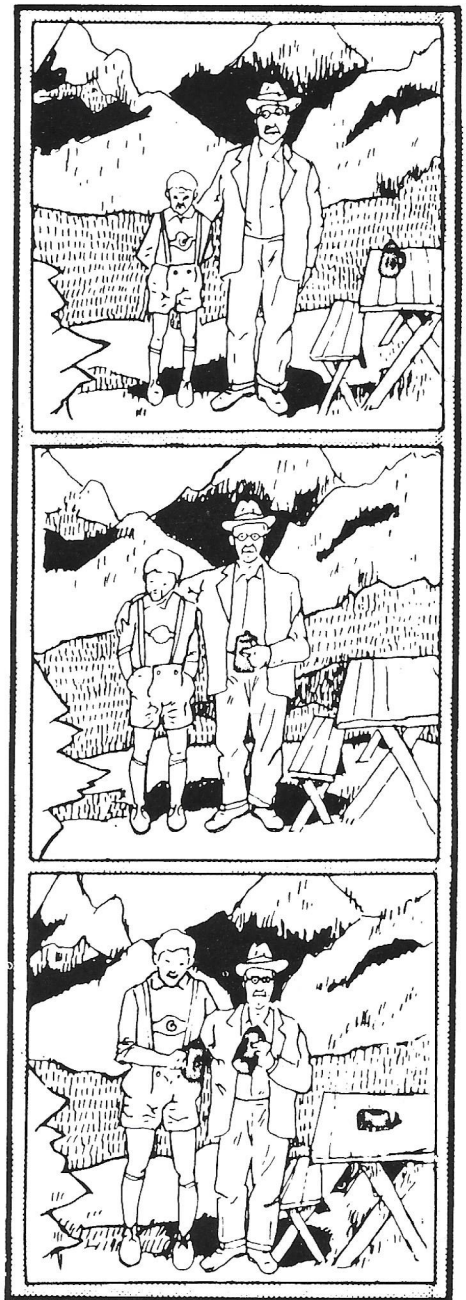
Hasher: What we're not serving corn nibblets...Goddamn it, Cynthia, keep your chewing gum out of the food.

Me: Great. hey what's in this stir fry here?

Hasher: Well, I'm pretty sure those are last nights peppers. I don't know, man. I will not be grilled like a common criminal! Just choose!

Me: I think I'll just have one of these green bananas.

So where did that \$8 million go? The lawn is finely kept. Our lounge is also decorated with the finest modern art. One of our paintings is a horsie. And as far as the game room (i.e. the back corner of the lounge) its been equipped with a ping pong table, fully stocked with three balls, and two paddles produced in a highly competitive underregulated Southeast Asian market. Estimated value \$4. So where did all the money go? Any information is welcome, come on over and just knock on the window before entering.

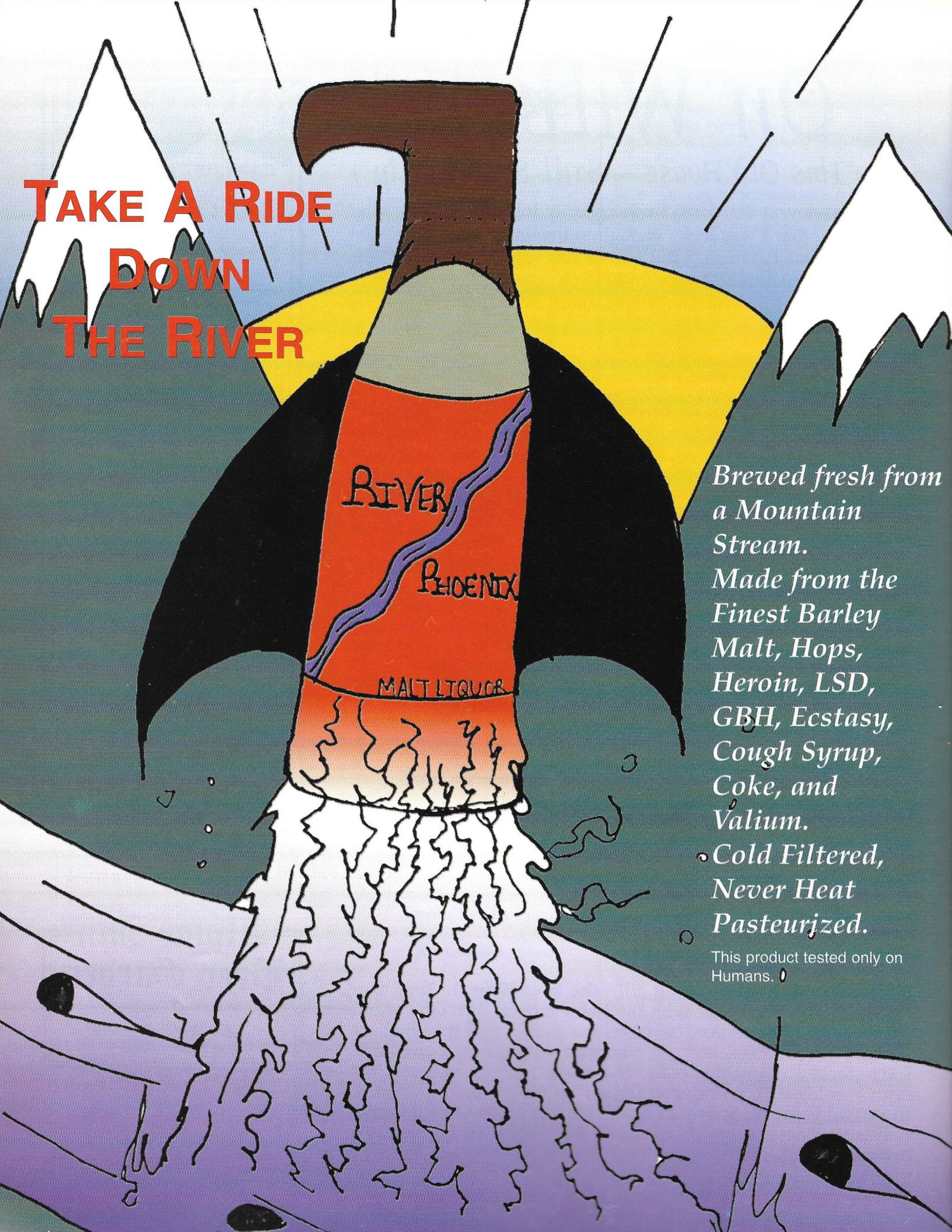


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GBH, Ecstasy,
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Coke, and
Valium.*

*• Cold Filtered,
Never Heat
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*This product tested only on
Humans. ☪*

Chappie Film Reviews

MUCH ADO ABOUT MRS. TOOTSIEFIRE



With stunning performances from Dustin Hoffman as a transvestite Shylock and Robin Williams as a transvestite Romeo one would expect a better version of this medley of Shakespearean transvestitism. The Crying Games' Jaye Davidson's Juliet falls flat and even Mel Brooks' musical number at the end of the second act can't save this tired film. Fabio's surprise turn as Lady Macbeth, however, may just be worth the price of admission.

THE HARPSICHORD



The most brilliant film of the season, perhaps even the year. Harvey Keitel's portrayal of Lurch, the tortured harpsichordist, is Oscar-worthy. Holly Hunter turns up the passion in a stunning display of sexual gymnastics. Love never dies in this period drama set in Depression-era Ireland. Despite the actors' Southern accents, the Australian countryside sufficiently sets the scene. Fabio's surprise turn as Keitel's lover, however, nearly destroys the film's integrity.

CHARLTON'S WAY



Charlton Heston returns as Moses, but this time as a psychotic drug lord. Splicing never before seen footage from Cecil B. DeMille's *Ten Commandments*, director Danny De Vito creates a disturbing morality play around this complex prophet. De Vito's camera swirls around a crack-smoking, yet regal Moses, producing the most troubling image in movie history.

RESERVOIR CATS



Released straight to video, this repulsive, ultra-violent look at the jazz world is the most disgusting, offensive movie ever made. While Ted Danson's cameo as the ghost of Charlie Parker has its merits, the shocking "clarinet" scene keeps the film in the gutter. Nihilism in its purest form, *Cats* represents all that is evil in the world. All copies should be burned, and so should anyone who likes this piece of shit. Those motherfuckers.

SAVED BY THE BELL: THE MOTION PICTURE



This epic four-hour masterpiece in 70mm Dolby Surround Sound is one of the most beautiful films of the year. Even without an intermission this irreverent look at American suburban adolescence never slows down. Screech has never been better. While the extensive scenes of full frontal female nudity may at first strike viewers as gratuitous, children of all ages will enjoy this film.

A NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHANUKAH

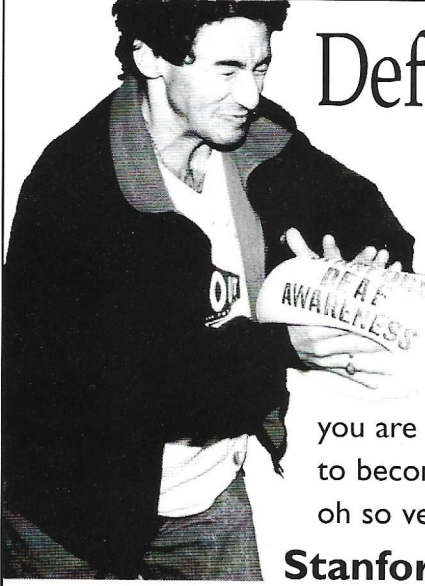


A visually stunning, emotionally terrifying movie. As Chanukah approaches, the evil Goyisha Kapf attempts to ruin Chanukah for the millions of Jewish children around the world. Children are horrified as their dreidels refuse to fall ("Oy vay! No gelt for anyone!"). The evil Goy even goes back in time to change history so that the miraculous oil only lasts TWO days, thus shortening Chanukah and robbing children everywhere of six days worth of presents. Excellent animation, but too disturbing for little children.

TWELVE ANGRY MEN AND A BABY



Here's a movie that cannot decide if it is a serious drama or slapstick farce. The plot centers around a group of twelve extremely diverse and argumentative gentlemen who are attempting to care for a young toddler. Misadventures arise at every turn but no one can agree on who is to blame. The debate comes to a climax as the gentlemen try to decide who was responsible for diapering the baby last. Watch as Jack Klugman (who gives a stellar performance in his return to the screen after a long hiatus) explains that no parent would put in a safety pin overhanded, but would obviously have used an underhand technique. The give and take between the characters saves this otherwise mediocre movie.



**Def Humor,
Man!**

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If you are interested in being a Chappie come to a meeting, or call 723-1468, or charge it to the internet by e-mailing sirna@xenon.

It's Nothing Personal

by Dave Neiman

Rain always reminds me of Paris.

I'm not sure why. I've never been to Paris. But I've been a lot of places, and rain reminds me of a lot of them. It reminds me of running naked after wildebeasts in the Sahara. It reminds me of the time my family went sailing and my father threw me overboard. It makes me think of the last time I was in Chicago. I'll never forget those cheering people, wearing nothing but speedos and construction cones on their heads, and that goddamn bartender, screaming, "Don't take it off, kid! You'll never forgive yourself."

Actually, most of those things never really happened. I've never been to Africa. Rain just has that strange, otherworldly effect on me. It makes me lie. I always try to go to confession when it rains. That way, the priest in the confessional thinks I'm a good kid. I wonder what he'd

think if he'd seen me on that street corner, last night, with his daughter. I wonder what he'd think if he knew I was Jewish.

Rain actually reminds me of crying. I know other people think of crying when they see rain, but not like I do. Whenever I see it raining really hard, I think to myself, how hard would I have to hit somebody to make them cry like that? And where would you hit them? And what would you hit them with? Just think about it.

As the rain pitter-patters on the sidewalk, and lightning bolts chisel the heavens, and thunder resonates in my ears like a migraine, or like all of those kids, laughing at me, and throwing rotten fruit at me, and whipping me, and jump-kicking me, and slapping me, and telling bad jokes to me, and taunting me with a thick carrot and the key to the handcuffs, I am overcome by nostalgia, and recollect the sadder moments of my youth.

Like when I was ten, and I crashed my bicycle in my driveway, and shattered my teeth. All of them. Or when I was ten, and those two sixth graders took my lunch money, my backpack, and my clothes. And then shaved my head and my eyebrows, and taped me to a stop light.

Or of that time I was taking a bath, and my brother dropped the hairdryer into the tub. And then he dropped in the clock radio, the car battery, and the toaster. I love that kid.

Now that I think about it, I was ten then too. Man, being ten really sucked.

Rain, rain, rain. Nothing like it.

Actually, now that I think about it, there's a lot like it. Windex looks a lot like rain when you spray it. Only it's a lot more blue than rain is, and people scream when you spray it in their eyes. I've never seen rain do that. But just think — what if it could? That would be crazy, wouldn't it?

Of course, you can always pee. I know that sounds kind of gross, but if you think about it, it makes a lot of sense. We all hear people say, "Man, it's really pissing today."

You know, it's funny that that's what they say. If you've ever watched the guy in the urinal next to you, you know rain never comes down in one continuous stream. Why do people say that? And why did that guy give me his phone number? And why did I call him back?

But seriously, rain really pisses me off sometimes. Like when I want to do something outside, and I can't, because it's raining. Or when I write someone a letter, and I start walking to the post office to send it, and then I realize it's been raining since I left my house, and the fucking letter is soaked straight through, and it's not even my letter. Or when I'm jaywalking, and old Mrs. Fishkowitz's Buick is going too fast, and doesn't stop in time. I still have a limp, if you look close. Or when I'm on a road trip smack in the middle of Wyoming, and my friends tell me to check the gas cap, and I get out, and they drive off. That really gets my goat.

Next time it rains, I'm going to grab my baseball bat, stand in the middle of White Plaza, and wait. If you see me, say hello, because I'll sure as hell see you. If you're lucky, I won't knock you off your bike and tattoo your forehead with my Louisville slugger. And if I do, don't sweat it.

It's nothing personal.



SEVEN KIDS IN THE PARK AND THERE'S NO MORE RIDDLIN

A BENJAMIN SPOCK FILM

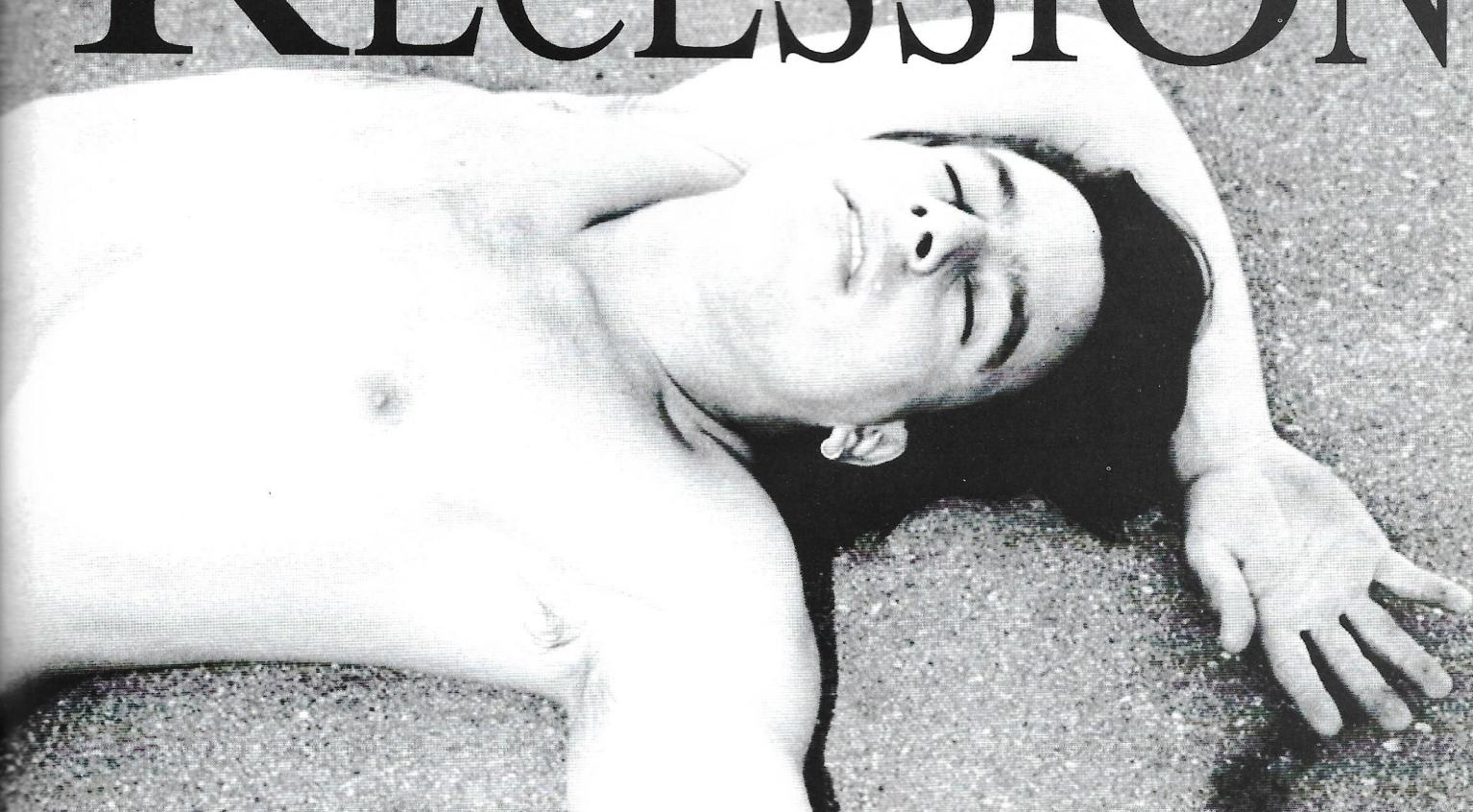


"You'll have to tie them to their seats!" — GENE SHALIT, TODAY

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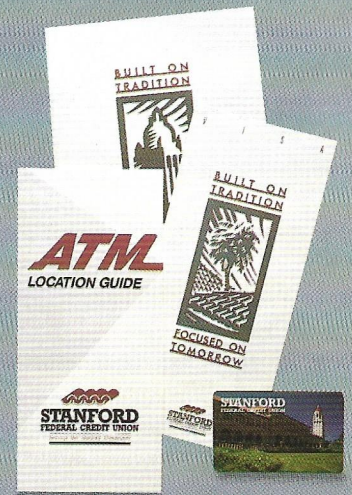
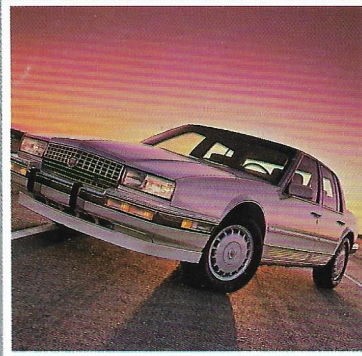
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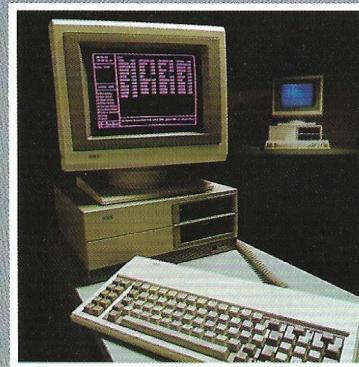
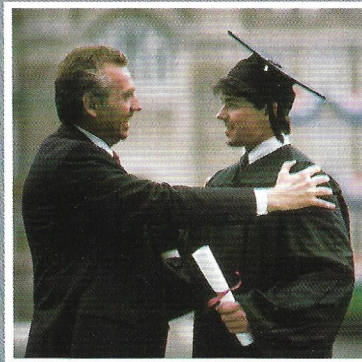
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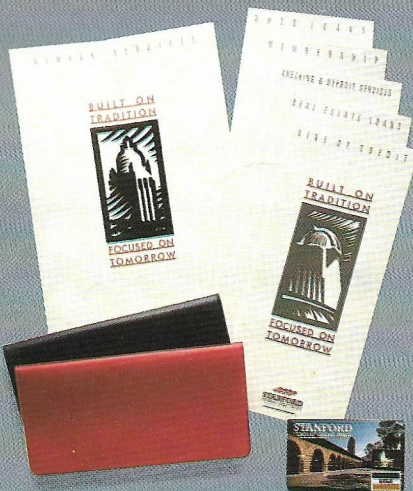



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