

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

February, 1994

\$2.00



Violence

What's on your PowerBook?



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**Sybil**  
**Possessor of Multiple**  
**Personalities**

PTA meeting minutes  
Recipes  
My grandchildren's  
Christmas lists  
MultiFinder  
Cursor Animator  
My psychiatrists' phone  
numbers  
HyperCard appointment  
calendar  
My journal (missing several  
entries, but I'm not  
sure why)

**Alexa**  
**Personality #12**

A cyberpunk novel on disk  
Sexplosion!  
Reagan Drug Speech  
Pictures of my mother, or is  
it my sister?  
Photos from  
alt.pict.sex.bondage  
Fax/Data Modem  
THINK C++  
List of things  
that annoy Sybil  
One hundred  
TrueType fonts  
Schedule of upcoming raves  
Results of my last HIV test  
Alarm Clock to remind me to  
take my medication  
My Journal (also missing  
several entries)

**The Zodiac Killer**  
**Mass Murderer,**  
**still at large**

Stalking plans  
Poems I'm working on  
Victims' daily routines  
My checkbook and budget  
THINK C  
Fax/Data Modem  
Pictures of my mother  
Letters to Dear Abby  
My journal, written in  
Symbol font, so nobody  
can read it  
MacIP 4.0  
Maps to secret burial  
grounds  
CPPC->Remote  
Recipes  
The Bible, for catchy  
quotes  
Personal Statement for  
Law School Applications  
QuickTime porno movies  
Letters to Police Depts,  
mocking them  
Spectre Supreme  
Norton Utilities  
Excel spreadsheets of who  
I've killed, who I'm gonna  
kill and why I killed 'em  
Blood Stains

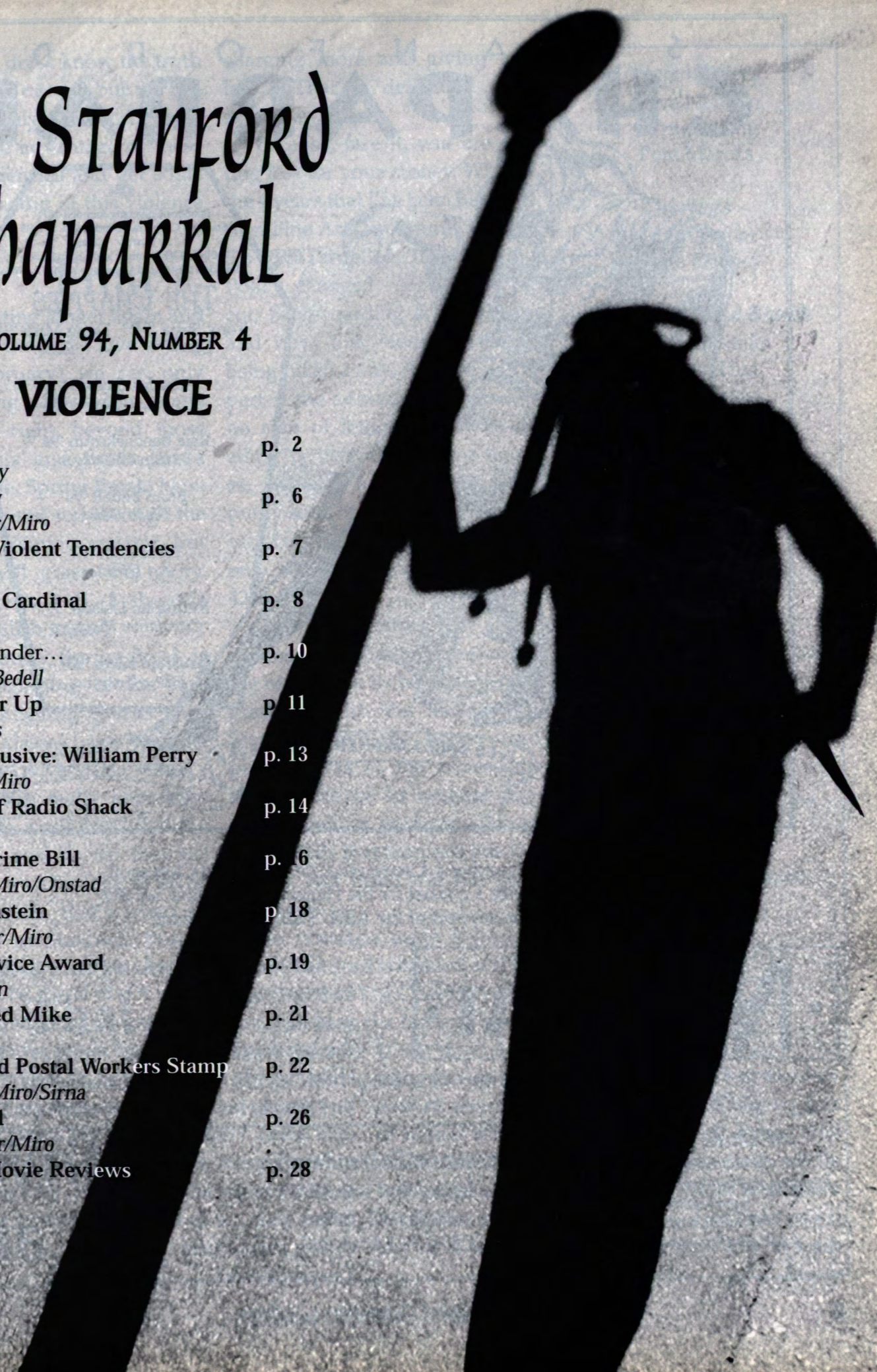


# The Stanford Chaparral

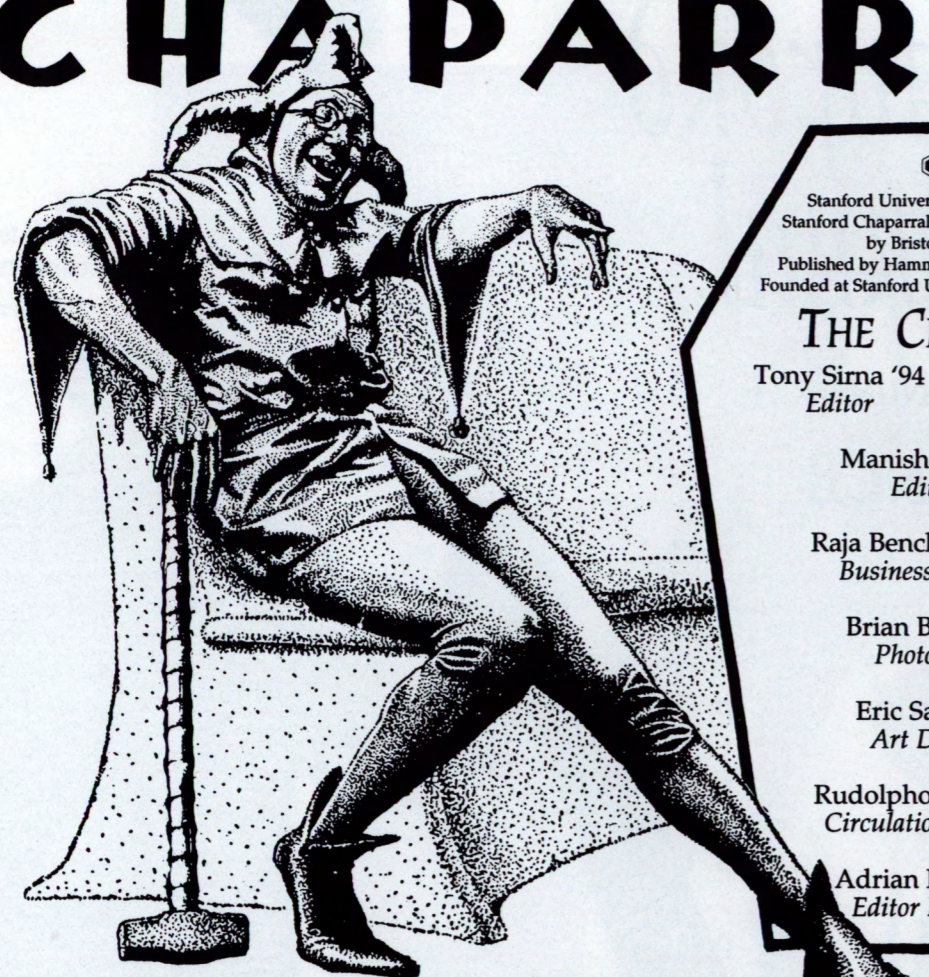
VOLUME 94, NUMBER 4

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



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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  
LIVIK MALHOVIT '29

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## • NOW THAT •

violence is running rampant across this country and people are cowering in their hovels in fear, here comes the Chappie to add a little humor to all the death and destruction. Not that we think violence is funny, or anything. We just figure that if you can't look your worst nightmare straight in the eye and laugh, you'll never make it in this world.

On the other hand, maybe violence *is* funny. Its amazing how easy it is to laugh when someone is bludgeoned or the coyote gets that boulder on the head again. Or what about when you see a child tumble to the ground, there's that momentary smirk, before your compassion kicks in (if it ever does). What does that say about people, that violence, pain, and suffering elicit a smirk or a giggle. Are we all evil at heart, taking pleasure in others pain, or is this some bizarre yet effective coping mechanism like they study in those Psych 1 experiments?

Well, we don't know the truth about human nature, but we figured it was only good and proper that we take advantage of these human tendencies and get some cheap laughs out of this violence thing.

**Now That** the days are getting longer again and spring is in the air, (I love saying that in February) we can only start looking forward to some fun. That's right, beyond those problem sets and finals lies a golden apple, Spring Break! Now we struggle and toil through the depths of Winter quarter but soon we will grasp this glory. (nice imagery, huh, I shoulda been an English major)

But seriously, Spring Break is just the beginning of the fun. Then comes Spring quarter with its blow off classes (class?) and its sunbathing afternoons. That's when you can really appreciate Stanford. On April first when the midwest is waiting for that last snowstorm and basking in 40-50 degree weather, that's when its nice to be at Stanford. But of course Stanford's not perfect...

**Now That** they've announced tuition increases again, this Old Boy's been thinking, "Amazing how they keep

charging more and giving you less. That's definitely the American Way."

Because, face it, you are getting less for your money. Why, in the 4 years that I've been here I've seen Fine Arts programs slashed, SWOPSI cancelled, The Drinking Policy changed, ASSU funding cut, Skateboarding criminalized, and now our video arcade is being taken away. And the worst part is the administration shows no sign of letting up. Next, its ethnic centers, then theme houses, then all fuzzy majors, and pretty soon Stanford will offer no extracurricular activities and the only classes taught will be Calc 43 and Chem 33.

And they wonder why applications and donations are sloughing off. Maybe its because people graduate with the feeling that Stanford isn't the hoopy cool place it was in the admissions catalog. Maybe its because people are telling younger siblings and friends that Stanford has lost its fun and frolic and has gone corporate.

So nostalgia aside I wonder where Stanford is headed and I'm just glad that The Chappie is here to try to keep the fun and humor alive. Because if we don't keep things from getting too serious, who will?

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# Letters To The Editors

What's the big deal about these administrators embezzling money? I got \$5000 from the Classics department to get fat on pasta in Southern Italy and then I got \$2000 in grant money to see bullfights in Spain. I spent half the money on marijuana. I smoked it all to be in a better state of mind while I made up quotes for my thesis which got an A-. How 'bout that for embezzling?

ERNIE MANN

Ed: Wait until you see our investigative report on URO grants.

You guys, mm, funny. Shit jokes, heehee. Toilet humor good. Me likes sex jokes.

CAPTAIN CAAAAAAAAAAVEMAN

You know that Moody Blues song *Don't Fear The Reaper*? What the hell is that about? Can you really become immortal through sex or is that just a Rock n' Roll misconception? I don't want to be like Romeo and Juliet "together in virginity." My Knight in White Satin is itchy.

FAUSTINA

Ed: All we know is we're Hot For Teacher!

Could you play *Who Made Who* by ACDC?

THE GUYS AT THE SHELL STATION IN LOS GATOS

Ed: Rock on, guys!

Did someone shove a firecracker up Mother Nature's ass or what? Floods, ice storms, earthquakes, it's like Egypt in the Bible! I'm scared to move from underneath my doorjamb for fear that the big one might come. Maybe we should build cities underground.

ADAM P. CASEY  
Earth Systems, '95

Ed: We think we should build cities in the sky, like on the Jetsons.

You have no idea how shocked and outraged I am. I can't even put my anger into words.

NICOLE TRAUSS

Ed: Try graffiti.

The other day I performed an experiment that epitomizes my most audacious personality. I had unprotected sex with a woman! I felt like Clint in *High Plains Drifter*! Then (damn I'm a badass) I got an AIDS test and I passed! It was like Evil Knevil. I felt so damn good that I drove to Reno and put \$1000 on red and, well, I lost.

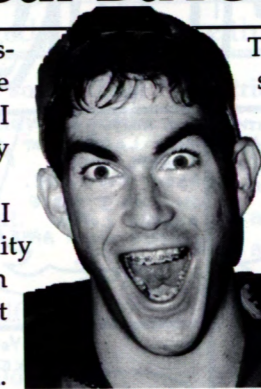
JEAN FETTER  
Special Asst. to the President

Ed: Bravo, shithead. Aren't you supposed to wait six months to get an HIV test?

Dear chappie,  
My mommy says that soon there'll be a health care bill that makes sure we all get better when we're sick. Does that mean I have to brush my teeth every night? I hate brushing my teeth. She says that everyone will get better, even poor old homeless people like Mr. Butterfield. That must be some bill cause he's really sick. The other day I hit him with an egg and he didn't even move. What's the health bill say about that?

mike

## The Real Dave Neiman



TV sex repulses me. Let's face it, sex repulses me. But especially TV sex. I caught a glimpse of that new show, *NYPD Blue*. I saw the pilot. I saw a woman's ass and I wanted to call my lawyer.

What the hell's wrong with this country? I thought that there was some vestige of morality left in this U S of A, but once again, Uncle Sam and friends have given me a wedgie. If it wasn't for one thing, I'd raise some hell.

Praise Jesus. Praise Allah. Praise Buddha. Thank the omnipresent, omnipotent, ever-living ever-loving God that we have enough violence to compensate for that sexual crap.

You can never have enough violence. There's nothing like watching two people beat the shit out of each other, or stab each other, or blow each other's brains out. You can't ever get enough of it. It's like cocaine, only you can't snort it and it won't fit in a plastic bag. Violence is my life's blood.

Regrettably, the imbalance between sex and violence is changing. That's a problem — a problem bigger than me and a hell of a lot bigger than you. Have you been watching the big shows lately? *Hard Copy*, *Inside Edition*, *A Current Affair* — they've all gravitated toward the sexually scandalous (Heidi Fleiss and Michael Jackson's babysitting, for the most part) like Ted Koppel's hair. And when they do talk about violence, it's diluted by sex, a la John Wayne Bobbit — the man with the cowboy's name and the sawed-off pistol for a penis.

Even the talk shows have been letting me down. Funny — I didn't think it was possible. But somehow, it's happened. Where the hell have the days gone when thrown chairs smashed Geraldo's schnoz? If I see one more show about fat people in a menage à trois, I'm going to ditch my Sirhan Sirhan commemorative pistol and impale myself right in the middle of White Plaza.

Let's see a little hatred. Or little bloodshed, maybe. For Christ's sake — is this the 90s, or what?

Things would have already gone to hell in a handbasket if it wasn't for the Moral Majority. You know who they are.

The types of people who keep naked bodies off the screen and bloody ones on it. The kind that go to church Sunday morning and go hunting Sunday afternoon. The ones with the "Death Before Dishonor" t-shirts and the long-bed pickup trucks with jumbo tires. The ones who practically rape their wives when they have sex.

The good ol' boys. Because they know. They know what the garbage is. All of that pornographic shit can go out the window and into the dumpster. I don't know about you, but I'd rather watch *America's Most Wanted* or *Cops* before any kissing scene any day of the week. Any day except Monday. I don't watch TV on Monday. There's nothing on worth watching.

I can't wait until we get some real balls and get some real entertainment out of TV violence. *American Gladiators* is alright, but televised executions would be better. We wouldn't have to watch any scantily clad women or waste time with games. In the words of Marvin Gaye, whose own father shot him, we'd "get it on."

Because ultimately, sex is just disgusting and unnatural. Violence isn't. You've seen the beginning of 2001, haven't you? When the apes come out in that first scene, what happens? The smart one picks up a thick bone, and to the crescendoing sound of Also Sprach Zarathustra, he beats the living shit out of another ape. Sophisticated violence is human. It's what makes us human. Any animal can fuck. It takes a man to build a gun, and a bigger man to fire it.

So when it comes to TV, let's have less skin shown and more scalps taken. Let's see some punches thrown and some bullets fly. Screw all those pansy bastards who keep selling sex to us like a used Oldsmobile. I'd rather put a .357 in your face. I'd rather drive a Humvee.

I'm coming for you.

*Dave Neiman was a columnist for the Chappie long before he worked for the Daily. We therefore consider his likeness and all written material (as well as his braces) the intellectual property of the Stanford Chaparral. Lawsuits are pending.*

**The Chappie Is Looking For Writers, Artists, Photographers, and Quark/Photoshop/FreeHand/Illustrator Wizards.**

**If you fit any of the above descriptions, and/or possess a fine wit, get your ass over here.**

Feel free to contact us by phone at 723-1468, or via the information highway at [sirna@xenon](mailto:sirna@xenon).

Even better, stop by our weekly meetings, Wednesdays at 8:30 PM. We Love You!!

ONCE AGAIN FOLKS IT'S TIME TO JOIN AMERICA'S TWO FAVORITE TRUCK DRIVING & HALF-NITS. BRACE YOURSELF FOR HEAPS O' FUN WITH...

# AL & LENNY

THIS TIME WE FIND OUR FEARLESS REONELKS ENGULFED IN THE THROES OF PRIME TIME TELEVISION. YOU BET YER' OVERALLS, IT'S "LOVE CONNECTION" TIME!

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WELCOME BACK AUDIENCE. I'M CHUCK WOOLERY HERE WITH A VERY SPECIAL LOVE CONNECTION—IT'S "PAIRS WEEK", AND JOINING ME ARE AL BAKER AND LENNY O'BRIEN BOYS, HERE'S YOUR CHOICES...

... I AINT ONE OF THEM LADIES THAT IS REAL TIMID ABOUT BODY HAIR. OH, AND I SERVE A MEAN CUP O' COFFEE WITH APPLE PIE.

UH. YEAH I GUESS SO. OKAY, FELLAS HERE'S YOUR FINAL CHOICE, THEY'RE FROM L.A., AND THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE "BARRI TWINS".



... SO ANYWAY, WHEN WERE NOT BUSY MODELING FOR PLAYBOY, WE LIKE TO...

WHOO-WHOO!!

YESSIRREE!! CHUCK—I BELIEVE WED LIKE THEM THERE BARRI'S!

WELL WERE NOT CHUCK. THIS WHOLE "LOVE CONNECTION" BIT IS NOTHING BUT MISADVERTISMENT. ALL I GOT CONNECTED TO WAS A FIST TO MY JAW.

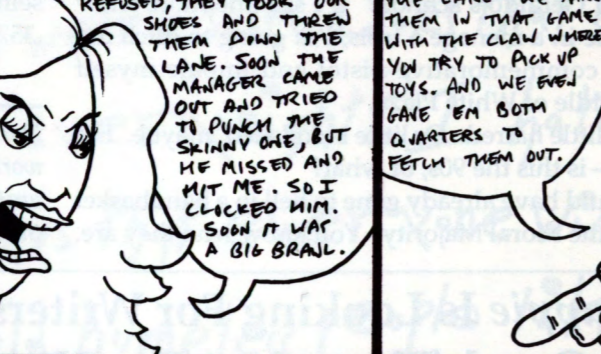


WELL CHUCK WERE IN THE PROCESS OF FILING CHARGES RIGHT NOW. I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT.

SO! IT WAS ONE OF THOSE PRESSING AND CHARGING TIMES, EH LADIES?

IF YOU REALLY WANNA WEAR IT CHUCK, THESE THO TOOK US SLIBE DUN THO AND TRIED TO MAKE LANE WITH THEM INTO THE PINS. WHEN WE REPUSED, THEY TOOK OUR SHOES AND THREW THEM DOWN THE LAKE. SOON THE MANAGER CAME OUT AND TRIED TO PUNCH THE SKINNY ONE, BUT HE MISSED AND HIT ME. SO I CLUCKED HIM. SOON IT WAT A BIG BRAUL.

SHE'S A LIAR CHUCK!! WE NEVER THREW THEIR SHOES DOWN THE LAKE— WE THREW THEM IN THAT GAME WITH THE CLAW WHERE YOU TRY TO PICK UP TOYS. AND WE EVEL GAVE 'EM BOTH QUARTERS TO FETUH THEM OUT.



LETS SEE WHO OUR AUDIENCE PICKED. WHA 99% PICKED THE TWO WAITRESSES FROM TUSCALOOSA. HOW ABOUT IT GUYS?

WELL TO BE HONEST CHUCK WE'S SORTA WELL ALREADY BEEN OUT WITH THOSE TWO.

WELL I'M SORRY GUYS BUT YOU CANT GO OUT WITH THE TWINS AGAIN FOR LEGAL REASONS. YET, IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU HAD A REAL BANG-EM-UP TIME.

YES, FOLKS. SOMETIMES THE TRUTH HURTS. JOIN US NEXT TIME WHEN WE HAVE REGULAR FUCKING GUESTS AGAIN.



## Rate Your Violent Tendencies

Are you an Attila or a Raggedy Ann? Take this Chappie Quiz and Find Out!

- When attempting to swap your handgun for some Reba McEntire tickets, the salesperson tells you they are sold out. Do you:
  - Rephrase your request, this time as a threat.
  - Stay home and listen to *Hee Haw* albums.
  - Take some dip and go hunting.
  - Go home, kill your wife, kids, then yourself.
- Your boss makes inappropriate advances. Do you:
  - Spring for a fabulous new dress.
  - Call the proper authorities and endure legal costs, endless questioning, and patronizing glances from Clarence Thomas.
  - Turn the tables. Stalk his family, and mutilate his pet.
  - Mail him photos of severed penises.
- You're a postal worker, your Halcion has worn off and you suddenly feel a burst of angry energy. Do you:
  - Rejoice in the ensuing bloodbath as you spray the office with bullets.
  - Spend three days holding the Postmaster hostage, eating stale cookies from the mail bag.
  - Work five straight shifts, snickering as you shove mail down your pants.
- You're the leader of a paramilitary, "religious" compound. The Feds are about to storm in. Do you:
  - Rely on their incompetence. Those Chuck Norris types will underestimate the potency of your skinny, scrappy, gun-totin' zealots.
  - Have sex with as many of the armed zealots as you can before the armageddon.
  - Stack the children in a human pyramid by the front entrance, make your escape out the back.
- "Snuff" movies, where a person is actually killed, are:
  - chock full of gratuitous violence.
  - morally wrong but pleasing to watch.
  - too hard to find in your local Blockbuster.
  - better than fiction.
- Patricide is:
  - a poetic way of honoring Greek tragedy.
  - an undervalued form of population control.
  - an important limitation on the power of the AARP.
  - allowable only in cases of rape or incest.
- Torturing your smaller siblings is:
  - playful and innocent.
  - an important precursor to contact sports.
  - a dangerous stepping stone toward a career in the El Jihad.
  - a natural progression from pulling the wings off insects.
- A fellow Stanford student vehemently defends the NRA. Do you:
  - Invite her hunting with you, pretend she's a duck and shoot her.
  - Hail her understanding of God-given rights illuminated in the amendments to our sacred and holy Constitution.
  - Despite your hatred of her politics, you find her love of sleek Italian Corbo Mac-10s attractive and compelling.
- You've finally cornered your victim, but have forgotten whether you fired five bullets or six. Do you:
  - Fire away. What do you care, you've already plugged him five times.
  - Try and convince him to follow you home so you can reload.
  - Let him go. It's the only honorable solution, you dumb-ass amateur.
- Blood:
  - is better and more vitamin enriched than V-8.
  - is aesthetically pleasing.
  - is a major impediment to free-wheeling sexual intercourse.
  - doesn't keep in the fridge.

Scoring:

Q1) a-3 b-1 c-2 d-4	Q6) a-1 b-3 c-4 d-2
Q2) a-1 b-2 c-4 d-3	Q7) a-2 b-3 c-4 d-1
Q3) a-3 b-2 c-1	Q8) a-3 b-1 c-2
Q4) a-1 b-2 c-3	Q9) a-2 b-3 c-1
Q5) a-1 b-3 c-2 d-4;	Q10) a-3 b-2 c-1 d-4.

**What Your Score Means:** 36 pts – Freeze. You have the right to remain silent... 35-26 pts – You are a budding psychopath. In time, you'll master the Dark Side... 25-14 pts – Ooh! You're so tough! We're really scared... 13-10 pts – It's a dog eat dog world, kid. Assertiveness Training is available at 723-8221

# CLOCKWORK CARDINAL

There was me, that is Alex, and my three droogs, that is

by Rudolph  
Delson

Pete, Dim and Ping Pho Tran, and we sat in the CoHo Lattébar peeting our Latté-Plus and getting ready for a little bit of the old *ultraviolence*. The four of us were dressed in the height of fashion which, in those days, was a pair of very loose, loose fitting jeans, and sharp t-shirts and horrorshow J. Crew boots for kicking. And, brothers, it came. Oh, bliss, bliss and heaven. Oh gorgeous and gorgeosity made flesh. I sat and slooshied the wonder of wonders, *Me and Bobby McGee* by the glorious Janis Von Joplin.

The evening was just beginning, brothers, for it seemed that Billy and his droogs at Sigma Chi were having a party. So we morocked our brizzy way over to the old ΣΧ, and what did we viddy there? Billyboy had a little dolie devotchka all liquered up and wearing down her resistance like for a little lubbilubbing. I said, "How art thou, Billyboy? Come and get one in the yarbles, if you have any yarbles." As I had insulted his balli-wallies, Billy and his frats set in, but Dim was worth three of them, seeing as how he was really dim and didn't know that beating malchicks over the head was the sort of thing that got the millicents at Res Ed all riled like. It was then that I viddied my chance. I slinked up real sladky to the pyahnitsa tri delt, and smecked her away from Billyboy right out into the Luna's lovely light.

And pyahnitsa she was, my brothers, nuking of Miller Genuine, for no sooner had I gotten her back to old Flo Mo then her groodies exhibited their pink glazzies, and I was getting ready for the plunge, all choodesny and zammechat, Stanford though this was. The CD was spinning all McGeeish and soon she, like, woke up and realized what was being done to her malenky person, and saying that she was going home, and, like, I was a chauvenist pig, and how the Rezzes should be called. Oh my brothers, she then gave me one hard in the yarbles, and as I was passing out, I could still slooshy the old Feeling Good Was Good Enough.

My alarm was set to wake me early, me brothers, but I didn't wake till oh three oh oh hours, having missed Fem.

Stud. 110A. I was shagged and fagged and fashed and bashed, and this was unfortu-

nate, for my fate was waiting at the door. No sooner had I opened up to have a splosh about in the shower, when my droogs piled in.

"Alex, we were worried. That girl went and did something double-plus un-good." I was about to skazat "wrong dystopian novel," when the RF's came in, all weepy and, like, tragic, and told me that I was booked for vplations of the Honor Code and Speech Code and the Sexual Harassment Code and the Date Rape Code and all that Cal.

"But I've been doing nothing I shouldn't, bothers," I said, "the millicents have nothing on me."

"Makes no difference, Alex. You'll have to leave campus housing."

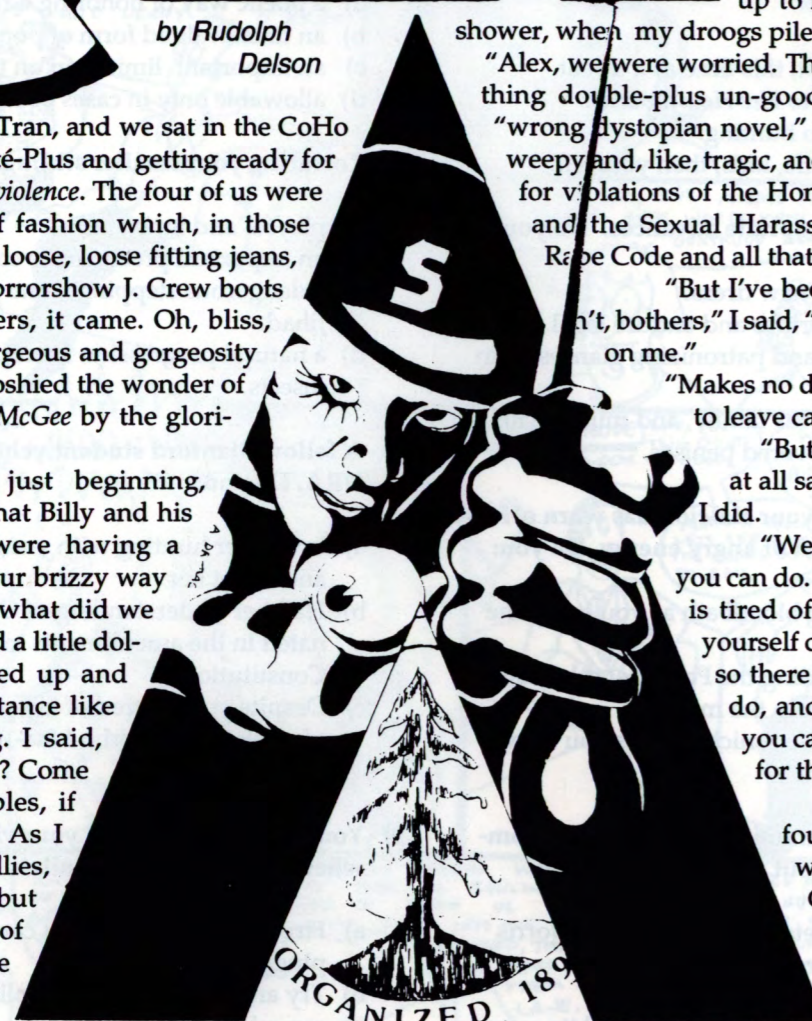
"But I love Flo Mo," I said, not at all sarky, for I did, my brothers, I did.

"Well, Alex, there is one thing you can do. The Palo Alto City Counsel is tired of having prestoopniks like yourself crowding up Alma Avenue, so there is a new program you can do, and, if you pass successfully, you can be back in Flo Mo in time for the Jello Slide."

And so it was that I found myself in Cub Aud. It was very cold, and I viddied Casper and the lot sitting up in the balcony. Dr. P.B. Zimbaro, I recognized him by his horrorshow goatee, led me to a seat

in the front row, and he talked all gentle like, saying that I felt warm and comfortable, and that I was sinking into a deep spatchka. Then he tied me into a chair and taped my glazzies wide, he kept talking all quiet and telling me that he would make me all better, and that if at anytime I felt uncomfortable, that was just too baddiwad.

Then the lights got all low, and they played a whole series of little lomticks of film, each one worse than the one before. In the first, they started out with a nice shot of Lake Lag and some devotchkas having a picky-nicky. A chelloveck showed up, and started talking to them like, and making comments about their sharries and their groodies and their neezhies. I was sweating a malenky bit, and my gulliver was going throbb throbb, and I felt if I could just not viddy for one moment I wouldn't be sick. But then the next lomtick came up. "Please, stop," I cried out, "I'm going to be sick. Please let me sick." But Dr. P.B. Zimbaro just sat next to me and said, "Stop? But we've only just begun."



And then there was a lomtick of some gay vecks, and another with a malchick stressing a devotchka over pol, and on and on late into the afternoon.

The last lomtick was of the starry 1939-45 War, and it was very blobby and liney and you could viddy it had been made by the Germans. It showed all the dead yahoodies, and in the background, what music should be playing brothers, but Von Joplin's glorious *Me and Bobby McGee*. "It's a sin, a grahzny, filthy sin you bratchnies," I cried out, but to no avail. I was sick, my brothers, wrenching and defiling the glorious song. When it was over, Dr. P.B. Zimbaro told me everything went well and had me fill out a little evaluation form like. It was one of those *Scantrons* like in skolliwoll, with bubbles and would I like to participate in further research and all that chepooka.

They let me out, brothers, clapping me on the back, and saying, "You feel better now, don't you, Alex?" But what did I viddy then if not an ultraviolet bicycle wreck, and suddenly I felt zammechatly sick, and I fell on the ground, feeling merzky. I was just down for a minoota, when who should help me up but my old droogs.

"There's a new way, Alex," Pete said.

"New way?" I said, careful.

"That's right. We're tired of you calling Dim 'dim' all of the time, making fun of how he only scored 1240 on his SAT. And no more calling Ping a squinty eyed yellow any more. And we want to have things more democratic like. No more of you deciding what parties we go to. If we want to go to a party at Branner, we want to be able to go."

I got a runny feeling in my gulliver and fell over all sick like. And the mere thought of what they said, that I had once called Ping all of those disempowering terms, it made me stracky. They laughed and kicked me, which made me much worse.

I picked myself up this time, brothers, and tried to gooly my way back to Flo Mo, but I was too weak, and had to stop at the CoHo. I ordered myself a latté and was about to sit down, when what should come on but *Me and Bobby McGee*. Oh, my brothers, it was like a deliberate torture. I was sick, and what beauty it was that made me wretch! I stuck my fingers deep in my ookas, but the La na na na na na's blasted through groomky enough. So I climbed up onto the table, my brothers, the music blasting away to my left, I said good-bye to the world, closed my glazzies, and jumped.

I jumped from that table, but I did not snuff it, oh no. If I had snuffed it I would not be here to write what I have written. When I next awoke, brothers, where should I find myself but on a nice little bed, all white and crispy like. I was in a hospital, and there was a man

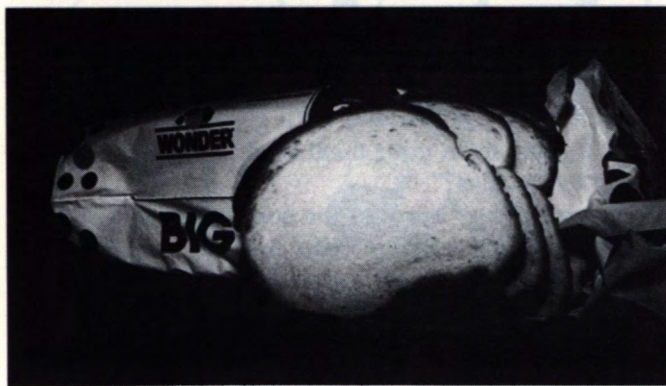
from Res Ed.

"We've cured you, Alex. All the bad hypnosis is gone from your body. And if you promise not to tell anyone about the indoctrination process, we'll give you two extra guest meals a quarter on your meal card. You would like that, wouldn't you, Alex?"

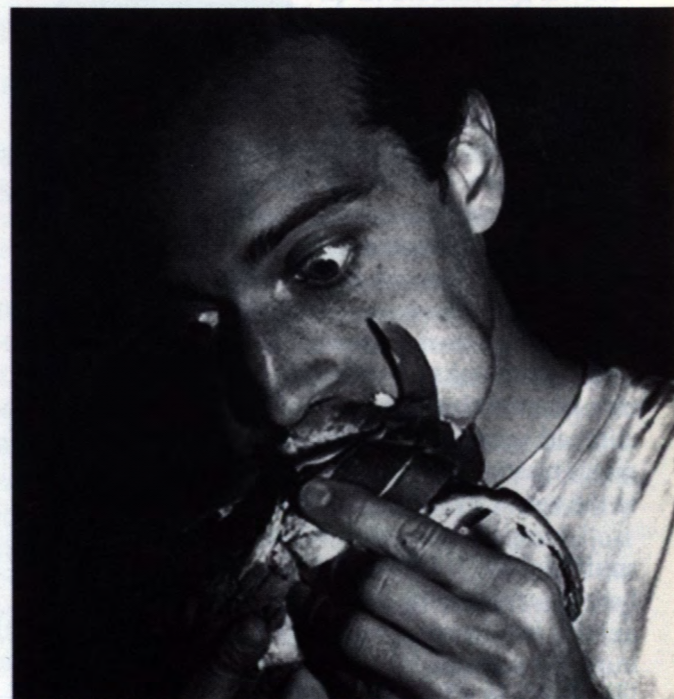
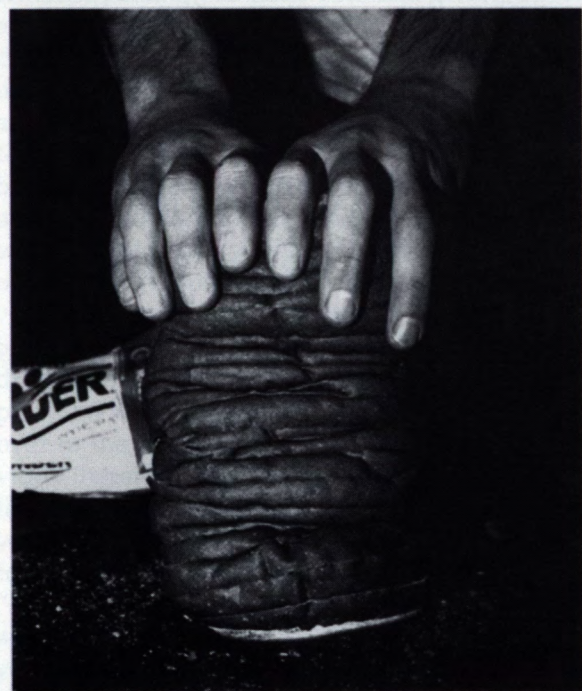
I said yes, and they brought me some papers to sign, and I opened my glazzies to sign them, but they were closed the rest of the time. For piped in over the PA, brothers, I shoshied an elevator version of *Bobby McGee*. I closed my eyes and I was in bliss. I was cured, brothers. I was cured.

## Nastat-Stanfordese Dictionary

CAL	Shit. (I'm not kidding. Burgess uses the word "Cal" to mean feces.)
CHEPOOKA	crap, but might as well say "Cal"
DEVOTCHKA	babe
DROOG	come on, man, what do you think it means?
GLAZZIES	kinda like your eyes
GOLLY	1950's loser word
GROODIES	like, I guess her breasts
HORRORSHOW	hot shit
LUBBILUBBING	like you'll ever need the word anyway
MALCHICK	a guy, even though it's like, "chick"
MALENKY	small as hell
MOROCK	to walk around places
OOKA	probably like, your ears, I'm not sure, let me see it in a sentence
NUKE	to reek
PEET	chug it!
PLATT	to have on, (like, clothes)
POL	Christian Saint who travelled throughout the ancient Mediterranean spreading the Gospel and preaching "The Good News." Author of Corinthians.
PYAHNITSA	wasted, gone, fucked up, trashed, blasted, inebriated
RASSODOCK	like your mind and shit
REZZES	RA's and RF's and all that shit. They're not gonna let us drink in the dorms next year, ya know? Fuckin' Bastards.
SHARRIES	like, her butt
SLADKY	sweet!
SLOOSHY	to check out (see ookas)
SLOOCHAT	kinda to go on, like to happen
SMECK	rip off
SPATCHKA	crash
VIDDY	to check out (see glazzies)
YAHOODIES	you know, like the family down the block who didn't get a christmas tree
YAHZICK	untranslatable!
YARBLES	your balls!



# Hmm, I Wonder...



# Daily Covers Up Phi Delt Scandal

Recently *The Stanford Daily* printed a watered down account of an incident at the Phi Delta Theta compound. While looking through the recycling bin outside *The Daily's* office, we found the complete account of how the Phi Delt apprehended an intruder in their pristine house. As you will see, the truth is somewhat shocking...

## Phi Delt apprehend intruder

**THE STANFORD DAILY** ◊ 4  
Monday, January 10, 1994

The line between fraternity and neighborhood patrol was blurred Friday afternoon when members of Phi Delta Theta seized a man they found trespassing in their house and successfully detained him until police arrived.

One of the Phi Delt's found the man, later identified as 25-year-old Kenneth Laynard Jackson, "looking around" in the student's room, Stanford Police Capt. Raoul Niemeyer said.

The fraternity member made the logical inquiry as to what the man was doing there, to which Jackson gave the logical re-

sponse. "He said he was an undercover cop," Niemeyer said. "[The students] figured something was wrong."

After he delivered that "bogus" story, Jackson's attempt at escape was thwarted by several Phi Delt's, who pursued and tackled him, Niemeyer said. The students held Jackson until police arrived at the house at 680 Lomita Dr.

"They did a real good job and called us right away," Niemeyer said.

Jackson at first gave police a fake name. As a result, he was charged with giving false information to police officers, in addition to trespassing, impersonating a police officer and having several

outstanding traffic warrants. Jackson was booked at San Jose Main Jail. Bail was set at \$10,118.

Jackson was also in possession of several fake student IDs from Stanford and other schools when he was arrested, according to Niemeyer.

A suspicious person was reported in Kairos earlier the same day, and although police suspected Jackson of being the same man, they could not prove it, Niemeyer said.

"It's just unfortunate that it happened," Phi Delt president Sam Sculli said of the trespassing incident. "We're a lot more aware about locking the doors and stuff now."

### Unedited Version:

The line between fraternity and neighborhood patrol was blurred Friday afternoon when members of Phi Delta Theta seized a man they found going through students' dirty underwear. They successfully made him participate in their Hell Week. He was one of only ten members to make it through the entire week and is now a full-fledged Phi Delt.

One of the Phi Delt's found the man, later identified as Dean of Students Michael Jackson, "looking around" in the students' "drawers," Stanford Police Capt. Raoul Niemeyer said.

The fraternity member made the logical inquiry as to whether the man was on the Phi Delt guest list. He also asked why Jackson was wearing the Phi Delt's underwear on his head, to which Jackson gave the logical response.

"He said he was with the EPA," Niemeyer said. "[The students] somehow realized that this was not a logical response when Jackson began to flap his arms and ran around the room yelling 'CAWW! CAWW! A pear! A pear!'"

After he delivered that "bogus" story, Jackson's "bogus" attempt at escape was thwarted by several Phi Delt's, who pursued, tackled, pummeled, gagged and bound him, Niemeyer said. The students then forced Jackson to roll around naked in a vat of refried beans with the other Phi Delt pledges.

"They did a real good job right up until the refried beans part," Niemeyer said.

Jackson at first gave police a fake name, claiming he was Keith Rabois. As a result, he was charged with giving false information to police officers, in addition to trespassing, wearing someone else's underwear on his head, and impersonating a law student.

Jackson was booked at San Jose Main Jail. University President Gerhard Casper paid Jackson's \$10,000 bail with money he scraped up from selling Donald Kennedy's silk sheets and cedar closet.

Jackson was also in possession of several fake Stanford student IDs and a fake Malibu Grand Prix driver's license when he was arrested, according to Niemeyer.

A suspicious person, wearing

dark glasses with a big nose and fuzzy mustache, was reported in Kairos earlier the same day, but could not find any material possessions to steal. "Score one for Socialism!" shouted Kairos President, Karlos McTrosky.

"It's just unfortunate that it happened," Phi Delt president Sam Sculli said of the trespassing incident. "But at least we got to pummel someone from the neighborhood and got a much needed, new brother in the Phi Delta Theta fraternity. We're a lot more aware about locking the doors and stuff now."

When pressed by reporters, Sculli could not figure out what he meant by "stuff," but said it was a word he learned while studying for his SAT's and "uses in almost every paper I write."



**Beans!!**



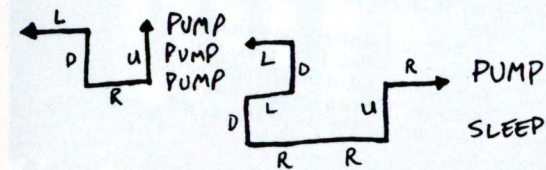
# MORAL KOOMBAT™



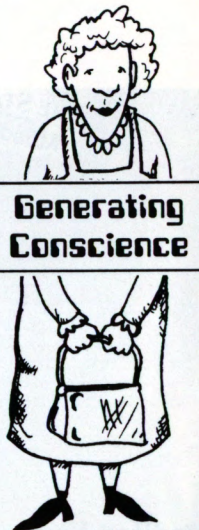
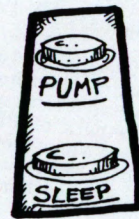
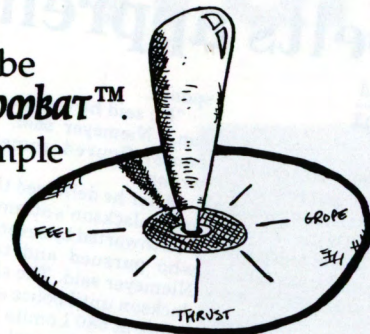
Slashing, groping, and thrusting your way through fight after fight against your worst nightmares. Fast action as rewarding as a trip to the therapist. 32-bit color graphics. Introducing **MORAL KOOMBAT™**, the video game of the nineties. The video game with real world implications.

Battles with your own conscience can be enacted in the cyberspace of **MORAL KOOMBAT™**. First, describe your dilemma with our simple controller.

Want to sleep with your best friend's girlfriend? Just do this easy maneuver:



**MORAL KOOMBAT™** then generates a conscience. You must fight it to the death.

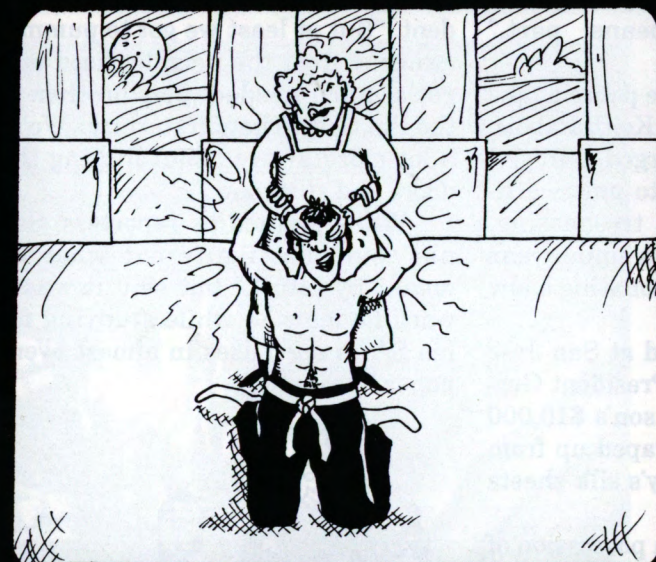


If you can defeat this evil demon, your conscience will be released. Free from guilt you'll be able to do whatever you desire in real life. **But watch out!!!** This is no Pac Man or Donkey Kong. The tides may turn and your computerized conscience may defeat you with these amazing finishing moves:

## Look at these amazing finishing moves!!!

The Oedipus Rex

The Circumcision



Once you learn some moves and become a **MORAL KOOMBAT™** master, morality will become a thing of the past. You'll feel like you're in the Old West where the power of the fist rules over the good intentions of upbringing, family values and organized religion.

# Fight for your life with MORAL KOOMBAT™

## CHAPPIEXCLUSIVE: William Perry Interview

By Charles P. Pierce  
Staff Writer

On January 25, William J. Perry, Stanford engineering professor, accepted President Bill Clinton's nomination for the role of Secretary of Defense. The move was hailed by both Republicans and Democrats. As a professor, the eminent Dr. Perry accomplished great feats, and the Stanford populace has no doubt that his record of excellence will continue in Washington. Professor Perry expressed interest in holding an interview with The Stanford Chaparral and we dutifully accepted over lunch at the Hoover Institution refectory.

Perry seemed giddy at the prospect of a promotion. He constantly lapsed into Elvis impersonations and said, "Thank yeh, thank yeh very much."

This happiness was a distinct change from the weary Perry who accepted the nomination.

Perry had been worried about "driving his family into a decision," but pundits theorized that he accepted the post as a matter of duty.

"Actually it was a question of more booty!" he laughed raucously, belying his image as an anal, number cruncher.

"No, but seriously, I did it because I've got two degrees which make me very, very qualified. Initially, I declined because I didn't want them to find out about that research I did at Bing Nursery school."

When pressed further about the nature of the research, Perry looked visibly disturbed and muttered, "slides, swings and such."

Perry has been complimented for his ability to work well with others and not exhibit a typical Washington cut-throat mentality. James Sweeney, Chairman of Engineering Economic Systems, had complimented him as a man of "visions and pragmatism." However, Perry seemed wary of such supporters.

"James Sweeney's a toadie butt licker," he said.

"I haven't had visions since Los Alamos. If anyone tells you otherwise,

they're damn liars."

The Los Alamos incident had a huge effect on Perry's life. As a young Physics grad student, Perry volunteered for several radiation tests performed by Edward Teller in the Fourties.

Seemingly as a result of these tests, Perry's mental stability is questionable. In a 1984 psychiatric evaluation, Perry was described as "a little loony."

Nevertheless, he is apparently more stable than Bobby Ray Inman and is obviously the most trusted man in the Pentagon, where he often gets lost.

Perry was enthusiastic about using his new post to get funds for defense research at Stanford. He will apparently use his acclaimed administrative abilities to siphon off government money for the University.

"I know what you Stanford people want; guns, helicopters, atomic shit—right? Well, don't you worry. I won't forget the place that got me this job."

At this point Perry leapt on top of the table and thrust his fist in the air.

"Whatever they got there in Washington will soon be Stanford's," he continued red-faced. "Ever seen *The Day After*, all those dudes melting and disintegrating and shit? That's what happens in nuclear war and that's what I'm in charge of in Washington. I'm in charge of nuclear war!"

Perry then erupted into a blistering rendition of "I've got the Power," by C+C Music Factory.

A nurse bolted into the room and quickly administered a normally lethal injection of Lithium. Perry calmed down instantly.

Once he regained his composure, Perry was able to discuss his time with President Clinton.

"Hell of a grip," he said.

He then went on to describe a plan which will ensure that Belgium receives nuclear weapons.

"See, the public doesn't know this.



But Belgium doesn't have the bomb! Can you believe that? For crying out loud, even Togo has a bomb. They carry it in their canoes!"

In spite of the interviewer's efforts to direct the conversation in another direction, Perry went into a detailed description of the Togo ritual for launching the weapon. Apparently, the strongest man in Togo hurls the missile from the canoe.

According to Perry, this strange deployment method explains why Togo has never factored into American security concerns.

Perry sensed disbelief from the interviewer and called on Admiral Stockdale from a nearby table to provide corroboration. Stockdale did little to endorse Perry's point.

"What's that you loon, don't you know that I ran my own civilization?" Stockdale asked harkening back to his days as a dictator in Vietnam.

"Fuck you!" Perry replied. "At least I've still got a career in politics."

At this point the two engaged in an unprecedented wrestling brawl and were encircled by Hoover Fellows who chanted, "Get him Stocky!"

Stockdale got Perry, who was clearly at a disadvantage due to the lithium, into a headlock and began to verbally assault him for his image as an administrator.

"You pencil pusher! You don't know the true power of the weapons that you shuffle around on your charts!!"

At this point security guards rushed in and, citing secret Hoover fighting policies, demanded that this reporter leave.

# Men of Radio Shack



## Mr. & Mr. March

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		<b>1</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>3</b> George gets his third nipple removed!!! <b>SALE! 20% OFF</b> all electrolysis equipment!	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>6</b>	<b>7</b> <b>Unexpected Recall:</b> Tandy Remote Controlled Cars® violently explode when they come in contact with real dirt.	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b> <b>20% OFF</b> our entire inventory of leftover gadgets from the 70s!!!	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b> <b>WARNING:</b> All warranties on products purchased in 1993 expire today.	<b>12</b> <b>Repair Shop Special Saturday Hours</b> 9AM to 9PM
<b>13</b>	<b>14</b> <b>March Madness SALE 50% OFF</b> Coleco Vision Basketball!	<b>15</b> <b>The Ides of March</b> Kill that Caesar in your life using a special Radio Shack Taser Gun®	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>18</b> <b>Anniversary SALE!!</b> All antennas <b>ONLY \$3.00!!!</b> Celebrating 50 years since we changed our name from Telegraph Shanty	<b>19</b> The Men of Radio Shack compete against Footlocker in annual game of 4 square. Check out the action!
<b>20</b> <b>Vernal Equinox</b> Set your clocks ahead.	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b> <b>Shack Times</b> The March issue features an article detailing how to make moonshine by converting your Tandy PC® into a still.	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b> <b>Radio Shack Seminar:</b> Imitation Products: Even Better than the Real Thing	<b>25</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>27</b> <b>Palm Sunday</b> Special Palm Sunday™ Screensavers only \$14.95!!!	<b>28</b>	<b>29</b> Join us for a special Radio Shack Seder™ at sundown	<b>30</b>	<b>31</b>	<div style="border: 1px dashed black; padding: 5px;"> <p><b>SAVE</b> <b>On ALL Little Blue Wires</b></p> <p><b>30%</b></p> <p>Present this coupon at any of our 768 Bay Area locations and receive <b>30% off All Little Blue Wires</b> with a purchase of a like amount of Little Red Wires. Hurry, supplies are limited! <small>offer expires February 28, 1994</small></p> </div>	

It's Over Moron.

# Chappie Gets Hard On Crime

*There are a lot of polls and editorials out there suggesting solutions to violence on the streets, but nothing quite cuts the cheese. So the policy w-w-w-wonks at the Chappie have found the absolute, undeniable, positively sound, air-tight solution. We sent our proposal to the Hill and they invited us to testify before the committee. Here is the transcript of our testimony. Let's all cross our fingers and hope our bill gets through so that we can get a posh office and take the high road to embezzling some funds.*

**Mr. Chairman:** So, Jester, what do you plan to do about the recent rise in violent crime?

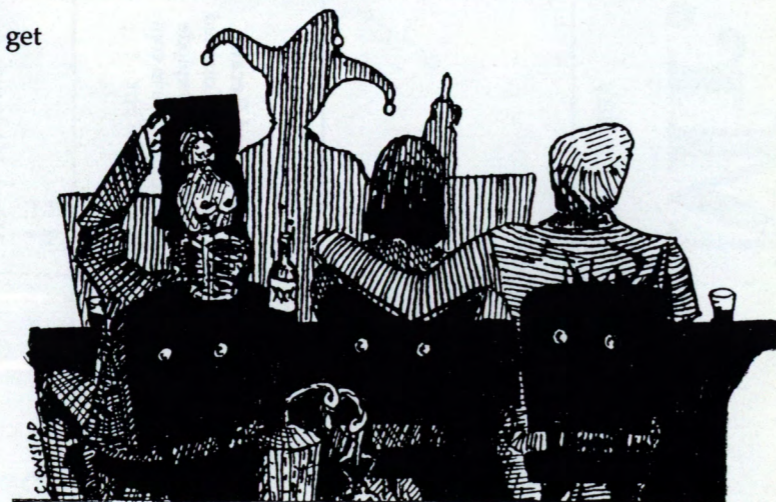
**Jester:** Well, there would be a variety of plans available. I guarantee universal coverage. Every citizen receives a Violence Security Card, in addition to Social and Health Security. The card will contain a magnetic strip to allow its carrier access to secured zones. Citizens will work with their insurance companies and employers to determine the range of access and individual premiums.

**Mr. Chairman:** Did you say insurance carriers?

**Jester:** Yes, we plan to construct Violence Insurance HMOs in a managed competition environment. Depending on the coverage that you choose, you will be allowed access to different places in your community and around the country. For example, if you purchase the top plan, your Violence Security Card guarantees that you can rent a car in Miami and drive on the highways.

**Mr. Chairman:** And what about the basic plan?

**Jester:** Well, the federal government can guarantee that each person with a basic plan can do basic things, like go to the grocery store, go to work, etc.



**Jester:** Well, there are a lot of loopy plans out there, but I think we've got the one to solve it all. I've consulted with the American Dental Association and they've assured me that my plan is viable. Mr. Chairman, I propose that we replace the fluoride in the water supply with Prozac. Sure, dental hygiene may suffer, but it's small cost to pay for a well sedated populace.

**Mr. Chairman:** Well Mr. Jester, how would such a plan deter drug related crime?

**Jester:** I'd like to point out that my plan includes a campaign to legalize drug related crime.

**Senator Feinstein:** How does your plan address the growing gun problem in America?

**Jester:** We've planned to develop a swapping program where one can turn in a gun for several pats of butter, depending on the gun of course.

**Senator D'Amato:** So how many pats of butter would I get for say, an Uzi?

**Jester:** Woo, well, we'll have to consult our friends at the Dairy Association for that one, but I'd estimate you'd get enough butter to make several batches of chocolate chip cookies.

**Senator D'Amato:** Mmm. I like cookies. You've got my vote Jester!

**Jester:** Thank you, sir!

**Mr. Chairman:** Yes, right. What will the cost be for your plan?

**Senator Kennedy:** I don't understand. How the hell are you gonna keep people from going where they please. It's god-damn un-American.

**Jester:** What's the matter, Senator, *soft on crime*? Aren't you up for re-election soon?

**Senator Kennedy:** Yes, well, um. How will you keep people in the right zones?

**Jester:** Well, its all a matter of infrastructure and electric fences. You can't enter a zone without the right card. But there are also grades of clearance in each zone. If you have clearance for the zone but are not fully covered against all violent acts, you will be tagged accordingly by an automatic paint pellet gun. The criminals will then know who they can violate and in what ways. For example, a young man with a green paint splotch entering Watts is dead.

**Congressman Rostenkowski:** You realize, of course, that there's no honor among thieves!

**Jester:** That's where you're wrong, Congressman. Working with the Mafia and various gangs we've established an honor system among criminals where they agree to only damage the right people, or is it the wrong people?

**Congressman Rostenkowski:** The poorer people you mean?

**Jester:** Well, uh, maybe.

**Congressman Rostenkowski** (nods his head): I like it.

**Senator Packwood:** It seems that many citizenz these days are concerned with minor sexual offenses. How will those be dealt with?

**Jester:** Well, sir, you know that Prozac has been known to make men impotent.

**Senator Packwood:** Oh, I see, that's too bad.

**Senator Thurmond:** Are you really sure those "people" will abide by this honor system?

**Jester:** Yes, sir, because they'll be paid to abide by it. The insurance companies through the Mafia and the gangs will pay the criminals with the money they receive from the government and the general populace. Our results from an experiment with Stanford Psych 1 students confirmed our hypothesis. We paid them and they didn't commit crimes.

**Senator Thurmond:** Bribes! Bribes is all this is.

**Jester:** We prefer to think of it as trickle down. We'll even have Head Start programs for criminals so that they'll have every opportunity to learn the correct method of corruption.



**Senator Helms:** What about family values?

**Jester:** Well, uh, we plan to offer plenty of discounts.

**Senator Simon:** And how does your plan approach violence on TV?

**Jester:** Well, we were talking about the real world but since you're so concerned with fantasy land, Senator, I'll tell you what I think about violence on TV. There's not enough. Next.

**Lloyd Bentsen:** By gum. I'm old and I'm just gettin' older. And it seems like prisons keep gettin' fuller and fuller. What you gonna do about that Old Boy?

**Jester:** Well, first of all we're going to take all weightlifting devices, gymnasiums, etc. out of the prisons. No reason for those boys and girls to get any tougher while they're in there. We're also thinking about a co-ed prison.

**Lloyd Bentsen:** Yes, son, but what about the prisons?

**Jester:** Well old man, since you insist on asking me the same question twice, we're going to amend the constitution to allow for, not necessarily cruel, but unusual punishment. For example, theme prisons such as the Prison for the Performing Arts. Inmates will be made to perform the *Les Cage Aux Folles* twice a year.

**Lloyd Bentsen:** And how will this affect Texas?

**Jester:** Even though it's not within the jurisdiction of this legislation, we decided to throw in a sentence about giving Texas back to Mexico.

**Mr. Chairman:** And if your plan doesn't work?

**Jester:** Don't blame me, I voted for Dukakis.

# DR. FUNKENSTEIN

DR. FUNKENSTEIN STAMPS  
BACK THROUGH SHATTERED  
GLASS TO KICK THIS CAMPUS  
IN THE ASS AND GIVE IT  
SOME FULL-JIVE CLASS.  
TODAY HE PUTS HIS GUN ON  
STUN AND ATTACKS THE BASE  
OF NO TASTE-MEYER LIBRARY.

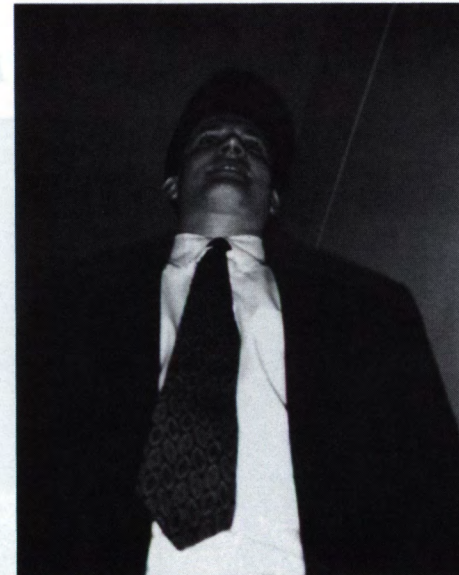
©1994 MIRO & GAGNER



## Want a Dean's Service Award? Try This

The Photo: In the picture that you submit, you should be in your most fastidious, yet docile pose, i.e., you must wear a suit or lace. The picture must suggest your overwhelming sensitivity to the needs and concerns of the community.

Sample Photo:



The Essay: Submit a personal statement describing your greatest accomplishment. But remember, rule number one in writing an essay is **Explain Don't Exclaim**. Be sure to talk about your single most important Community Service work, and remember emphasize **Teamwork over the Individual**.

Sample Essay:

I once saved a bus full of schoolchildren.  
I remember it like it was yesterday.

I was in high school, just out of varsity soccer practice, and on my way to tutor some underprivileged, impoverished youth at a local church when a semi truck came screaming around a corner at about seventy or eighty miles an hour. Fast. An old woman was walking across the crosswalk between Central and Wimbledon Avenues, and it was going right for her. I dropped my bag, which was full of important information for my latest project with the United Way, and ran for her. Somehow I got to her, and managed to push her out of the way of the oncoming vehicle. Unfortunately, my warning to my peers who were sitting in a school bus, was drowned out by the screech of the truck, as it slammed into the side of the big yellow thing. Both burst into flame. It reminded me of a CHiPs episode. Anyway, I left the old lady and ran over to the bus, taking the time to survey the scene and execute all of the correct Red Cross techniques which I taught students regularly in my class at the local YMCA. Kids started to jump out of the bus to safety, leaving the wounded inside. There were a lot of hurt people. I wrapped myself in my favorite jacket, a green military overcoat I'd received as a gift for a community service project I'd done with the Salvation Army, and jumped into the flames headfirst. Fire lapped at my skin and it was hot and difficult to breathe. I just started to pull them out, one by one as fast as I could. There were a lot of bystanders, but no one else helped. It was okay. I understood their behavior and I recognized their fear as a classic symptom of shock, something I'd learned in a class at the local University through our high schools Exceptionally Gifted Students Program. Fortunately, I was in decent shape, and managed to empty the school bus and get the truck driver out before both exploded completely. No one died.



## Alpine Inn Beer Garden

"A Stanford Tradition"

3915 Alpine Road  
Portola Valley

# FROSH II

## ELECTRIC BOOGALOO

Early 80s life in a Freshman Dorm



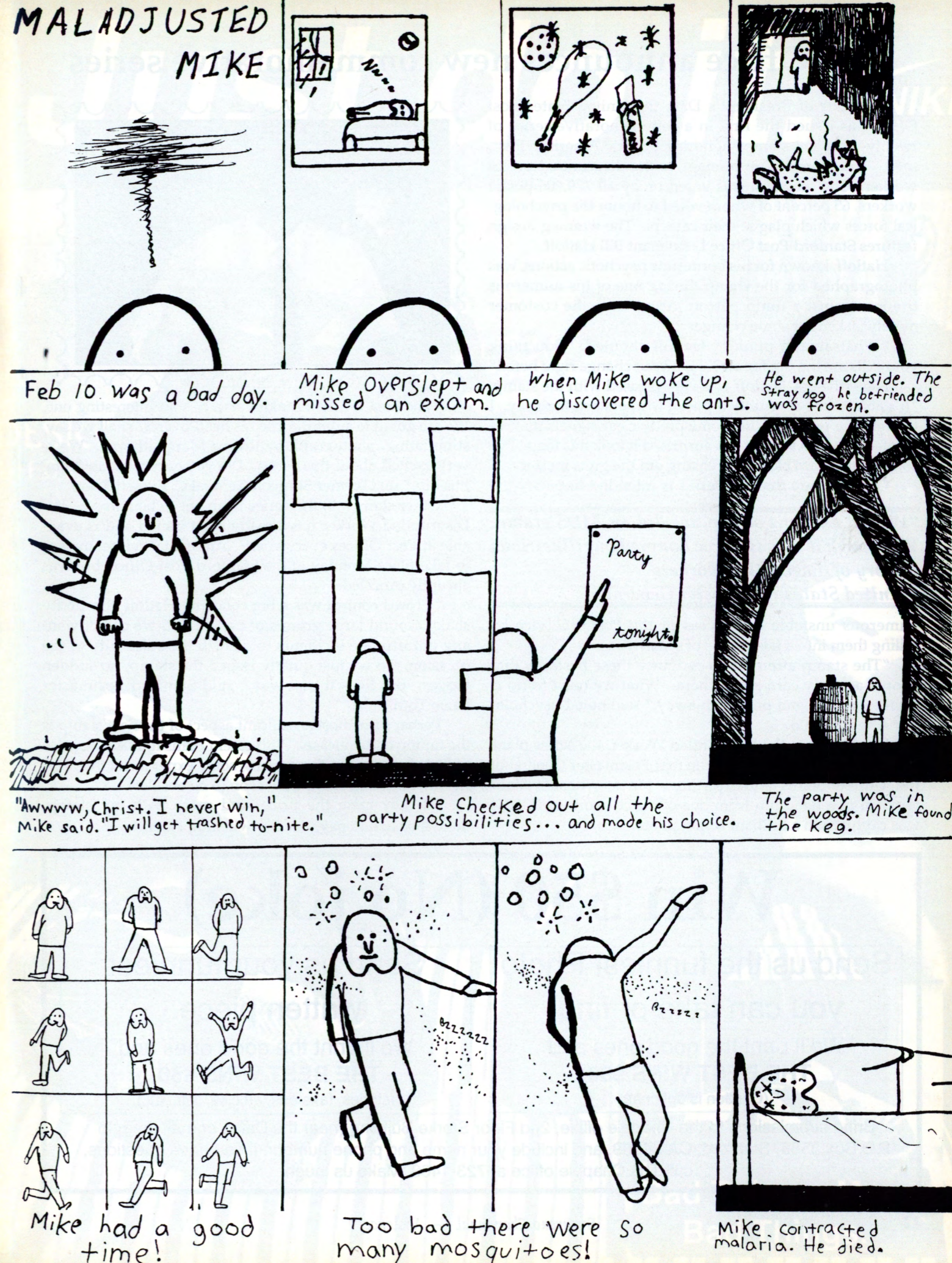
America's favorite decade comes alive in this full-length film documenting Trancos' 4-day, record-setting Breakathon.

directed by EZ Rudy and MC Goldfine

with the Fresh sounds of

Grand Master Flash, The Fat Boys, and The Solid Gold Dancers

### MALADJUSTED MIKE



Feb 10. was a bad day.

Mike overslept and missed an exam.

When Mike woke up, he discovered the ants.

He went outside. The stray dog he befriended was frozen.

"Awwww, Christ. I never win," Mike said. "I will get trashed to-nite."

Mike checked out all the party possibilities... and made his choice.

The party was in the woods. Mike found the keg.

Mike had a good time!

Too bad there were so many mosquitoes!

Mike contracted malaria. He died.

## Post Office announces new commemorative series

In honor of President's Day, the United States Post Office has issued the first in a commemorative series of twenty-nine cent stamps honoring historic American Postmen. This stamp is an homage to the disgruntled postal worker. The selection was voted on by all 779,606 postal workers, 65 percent of whom voted to honor the psychological forces which plague their careers. The winning design features Stanford Post Office Lieutenant Bill Hatloff.

Hatloff, known for his borderline psychotic actions, was photographed for the stamp during one of his numerous tirades against a timid patron. Apparently the customer merely asked for some change.

"Whatsamatta punk?!" Hatloff shouted. "You think your bills are too big for me?! I got your change right here!!"

Nevertheless, Hatloff was very pleased with the stamp. "It's about time disgruntled postal workers had their say. I thought we were sending some pretty clear signals that we wanted our own stamp. I'm surprised it took this long. I've come pretty darn close to breaking out the guns myself."

Critics argue that the series is intended to pacify the

***"We did an Elvis stamp, we did an AIDS stamp. We thought it was time we honored our illustrious history of disgruntled workers"***

***- United States Postmaster General***

numerous unstable employees of the Postal Service by lulling them into a false sense of security.

"The stamp attempts to convince these bastards that people actually care about them. What we need to do is round them up and put them away," said noted psychologist Anne Fernald.

In addition to the Disgruntled Worker, the series plans to honor Benjamin Franklin, the first Postmaster General of the United States and Mortimer Jones, whose valiant removal of a handgun from one of his co-workers in 1974 was captured in a brilliant action photo.



"The idea for the Franklin stamp is an interesting one. We are going to superimpose his head over a, shall we say, stimulating, photograph by Robert Mapplethorpe. We're very excited about this series. We've never tried anything this hip," said former Surgeon General C. Everett Koop.

Other stamps in the series have yet to be named. The Disgruntled Worker has already been issued and is available at Post Offices everywhere. An official ceremony was to take place Monday at the Stanford Post Office, but was abruptly canceled.

"Crowd control was a big concern. Hatloff gets pretty shaky around large groups of people and we didn't want any unfortunate incidents to disturb the solemnity of the occasion. So we just quietly issued the stamp, no sudden moves. Bill likes it that way," said Stanford Postmaster Lazlo Toth.

Perhaps the most significant aspect of the new stamp is the timing of its release. With recent plans to raise the price of first class mail to thirty cents, some experts feel that new twenty-nine cent stamps are soon to be obsolete.

"If they raise the price, and mess with my stamp, there'll be hell to pay," said a twitching Hatloff.

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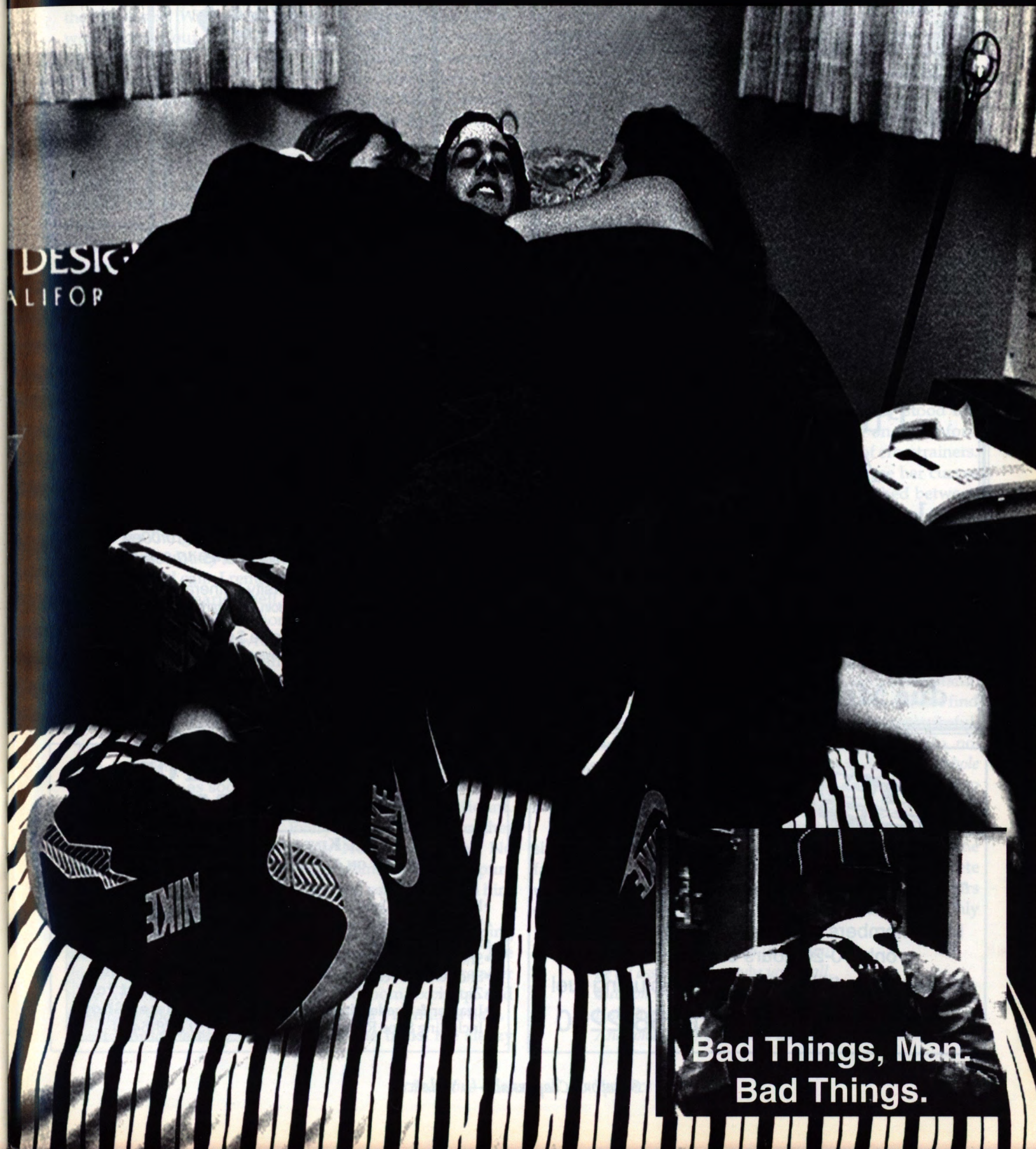
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**NO MORE MR. NICE GUY**

Garner "ICE" Weng

Boy, are my arms tired. Last week, on the eve of Valentine's day I stood out under the window of the love of my life all night, holding this box up in the air. You know, just like in that movie, the one with that guy, and that girl, and they have sex? Women dig that flick, so I figured this had to work. I tried our favorite song, but Metallica was waking up the neighbors. So I moved on to all the great love songs that I could think of—"In Your Eyes," by Peter Gabriel, that real screechy one Whitney Houston sang for Kevin Costner, that old classic "We're Not Gonna Take It," from Twisted Sister, and "Used To Love Her," by G'n'R.

Finally, her roommate stuck her head out the window to tell me that my true love was out on a date. The dear woman then detailed with great precision how my heart's desire was hoping to get lucky that night so she probably wouldn't be back 'til late or not at all—that the love of my life didn't give a shit about me at all.

My would-be serenade had failed miserably, although when I got to G'n'R, the woman two windows down declared her undying love for me. She started making goo-goo eyes at me and motioning for me to come up. But she was holding handcuffs and an ice pick, so I ran.

It was looking like another horrifying Valentine's Day. But *damned* if I was going to spend another Valentine's Day bitter and desolate, watching Bob Hope specials and holding back vomitous reactions to my neighbors cooing about the romantic dates they had planned with their significant others. Not this year.

But I didn't know where to start. I just didn't get it. I did all the things I thought women wanted. I was strong but sensitive. Witty but caring. Smart but stupid. I called when I said I'd call. I remembered birthdays, anniversaries, monthly anniversaries, hell, even weekly anniversaries. I sent roses for special occasions and for no reason at all. I left candy on doorsteps. I wrote cards and notes. I left loving, sexy messages on voicemail. You know, I did all the nice things that would get me arrested for stalking.

So I asked a female friend of mine for advice. The truth came splashing down on me like a vat of lard. She told me, "You're a nice guy." The kiss of death. Salt poured in an open, festering wound. The promise of datelessness.

But I knew as soon as the vile words passed from her lips that it was all true. I was every woman's confidant. Every woman's best friend. Every woman's older brother figure. But no woman's boyfriend. No woman's date. No woman's scam for the evening. No woman's object of pure lust. I might as well be the guy that gets sand kicked on him in the Charles Atlas cartoon ads. But no longer.

I was going to shed the "nice guy" image. I was going to do more than that—I was going to become an *asshole*. The guy every woman complains about, the guy women go after only for his big pecs, legendary bedroom exploits, and expensive sports car. And I was getting a Valentine's date.

It would be easy. I thought of the tricks the sleazy

upperclass guys would work on the frosh women in my dorm. I thought of the mannerisms that would spell A-S-S-H-O-L-E. Hell, I could drink so much as to become an embarrassment. I could belch and pass beer farts with the best of them. I could get caught cheating with some nasty girl I pick up at a frat party. I could forget my wallet on dates so she'd have to pay. I could do all that and more. Yeah, I was a chick magnet waiting to happen.



Then I found the little iron filing I wanted to magnetize. My Valentine's Day date—I knew it as soon as I saw her. She had those big Jamila-Wideman-like eyes, and from the way she carried herself, I bet she could break the press too, if you know what I mean (wink wink). And if you do know what I mean, please tell me, because your mind is even further in the gutter than mine.

And she was dressed to the nines—really stood out from the way people dress here. She had on a Stanford sweatshirt, Stanford sweatpants, and a pair of crosstrainers. Wow, and those curves. Well, you couldn't see her curves much with her outfit, but she definitely weighed between 100 and 200 pounds.

I was ready, had it all worked out. A nice romantic Valentine's date. I swaggered up to her, all smooth-like. And I asks her, "You. Me. Dinner at Bell, movie, and if you're lucky, the wild thang. Pick you up at eight."

Her response? "Stick it in a pencil sharpener, asshole." Something was wrong here. Something about the way she had said, "Stick it in a pencil sharpener, asshole," suggested she was turning me down. But I didn't understand. She had identified me as "asshole," yet still she did not find me irresistibly attractive? I had to act fast—be resourceful. What would MacGyver do in a situation like this? No, no, that was the *old* way of thinking. What would a *real asshole* do? So I hoisted her over my shoulder and walked off to romantic bliss. That's the way the cavemen did it, right?

Except I never got much past the hoisting part, because she kneed me in the balls, gave me a roundhouse kick to the face, and started smashing my face against the concrete until I swore I would never, ever, ever in a million years entertain the thought of asking her out again—which only goes to show you....

*If you're looking for fun with a gal,  
 Be an asshole and maybe you shall.  
 But don't be surprised  
 If she looks in your eyes,  
 And whacks off your balls with a cleaver.*

WHILE SORTING THROUGH STANFORDS VAST POOL OF APPLICANTS THE ADMISSIONS OFFICE OFTEN MAKES WHAT THEY MIGHT CALL "MISTAKES." THEY LET IN STUDENTS WHOSE WIRES MAY NOT ALL BE (OR SIMPLY AREN'T) CONNECTED. CRAZY CECIL IS ONE OF THOSE SO-CALLED "MISTAKES" THAT GIVES THE REST OF THE MASSES AT STANFORD SOME CHARACTER.

# CRAZY CECIL

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INSIDE...



CECIL.



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CECIL RETIRES TO A NEARBY TABLE - WITHOUT HIS BEER. HIS OLDER FRIEND DAN KNOWS THAT HE'S CRAZY AND IS EGGING HIM ON.



GLOO GLOO



WHERE'S YOUR WRISTBAND KID? C'MON LET ME SEE YOUR WRISTS.



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GONNA GET LIPPY EH? WELL LETS JUST SEE WHAT RUSTY THE SECURITY GUARD HAS TO SAY.



OH-OH-OH... RUSTY. I SET HE'S REAL TOUGH.



JUST APPEARS



ALRIGHT NOW, HANDS ON THE TABLE!



AW, C'MON THERE RUS. HE'S JUST TAKIN' CARE OF SOME BUSINESS DOWN THERE.



SHUCK.



END.



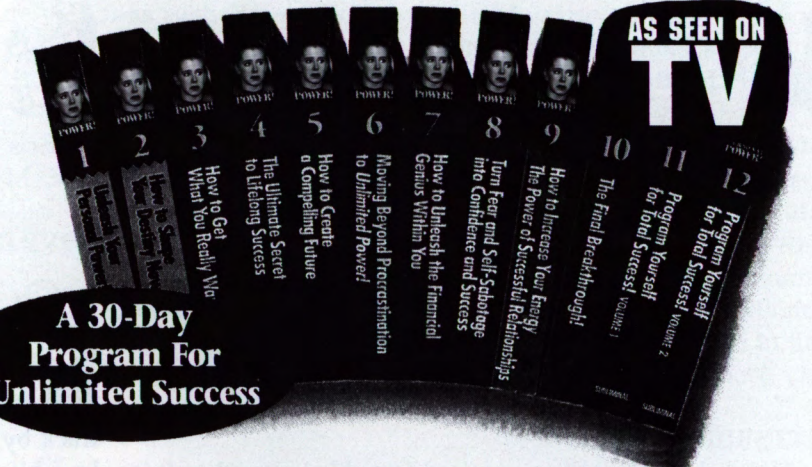
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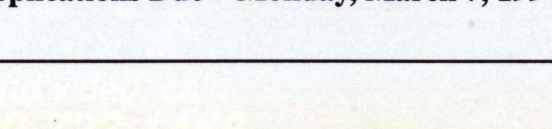
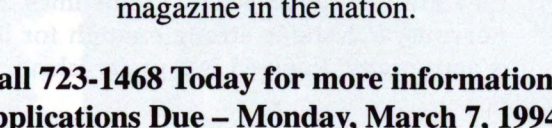
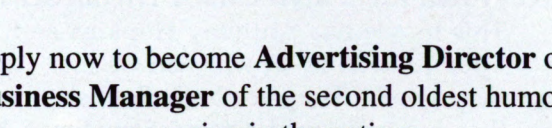
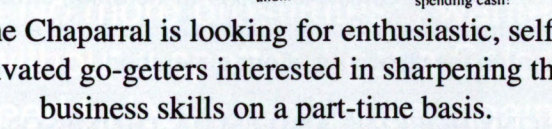
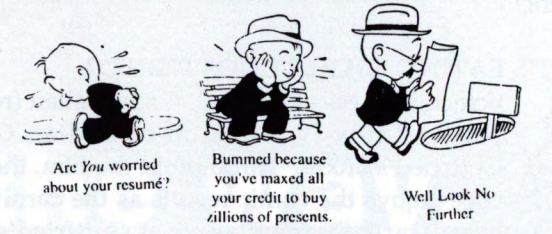
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# Chappie Film Reviews

## UNENLIGHTENED



Actor-director Clint Eastwood returns to the Old West to portray Mark Twain in his early days as a California prospector. While writing a column for the *Sacramento Bee*, Twain makes many enemies among the ignorant masses of crotchety Californians. The slow drama, bogged down by extended scenes of Twain masturbating in silence, squinting directly into the camera, finally explodes in a climatic gunfight between Twain and a mysterious stranger. Although this climax is worthy of Peckinpah, the themes of redemption and the power of the English language get lost in the hail of bullets. Eastwood has definitely lost his way since *Any Which Way But Loose*.

## PITTSBURGH



A football player is fired from his team when it is discovered that he has Baseball Fever. Jim Brown stars as the athlete who hires Frank Stallone as his lawyer. When they lose the case in a dramatic court scene, the two decide to take revenge against an intolerant city. The ensuing rampage is one of the most memorable in screen history. Brown has difficulty hitting a hardball. He must settle for slow pitch softball, amplifying his suffering from the debilitating illness. The final scenes, depicting the devastating effect on Brown from the extreme boredom of Baseball Fever, are tear-rific!

## WHAT'S EATING GILBERT GOTTFRIED?



Screen silliness at its best. A small alien from the planet Talos IV lands on comedian Gilbert Gottfried's ankle. Throughout the film, the audience enjoys the comic results as the carnivorous beast starts to gnaw away at Gottfried's flesh. Filmed without a stunt double and with a marvelously made-up gopher as the alien, the ninety-minute meal is a laugh-riot. As Gottfried screams into the camera, tears streaming down his face, blood smattering his clothing, one can't help but laugh. As the beast heartily chomps on an eyeball, roommate John Goodman heartily enjoys some KFC! Directed by Ghostbuster's Ivan Reitman, a master of comic timing, *What's Eating Gilbert Gottfried* will stand as a testament to the creativity of our generation.

## ANTHONY HOPKINS AND EMMA THOMPSON



This movie has Anthony Hopkins and Emma Thompson in it. It will win Oscars. They are very good. They are both English, therefore, they are very good actors. Sometimes, he gets nervous, but she is strong enough for both of them. It is very pretty; England is a pretty island. It has white cliffs.

## CABIN BOY



Chris Elliot, from *Late Night* with David Letterman, stars in a really bad movie. One of the worst movies ever made. Some people, fans of the Letterman show, thought it would actually be good and paid money to see it. There is even a Chris Elliot news group on the Internet. All of this is true. My god, we live in a sick, sick world.

## LOVE IN THE TIME OF BULIMIA



With a screenplay by Gabriel Garcia-Marquez and *Basic Instinct's* Joe Eszterhas, first time director John Stamos explores the eroticism of vomit. Criticized for its insensitivity, this is definitely not an ABC After School special. With a soundtrack by the recently reunited Go-Go's, this film is sure to be a hit. Juliette Lewis is quite good, and Robin Williams' comic turn as the voice of the toilet bowl may earn him an overdue Oscar!

## GRUNGY OLD MEN



Puns, puns, puns! George Burns and his crazy sidekick Eddie Vedder hit the Broadway stage in this musical comedy about Seattle. This movie is surprisingly timely and hip! Burns' rendition of *Daughter* is a showstopper. He's so old!

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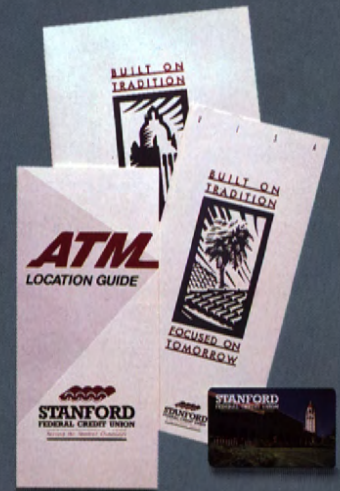
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