

STANFORD UNIVERSITY



Inside:



Complete listing of Autumn classes

Map of Stanford campus, buildings, housing, and suggested safe-travel routes

Distribution Requirements

Class-related WWW sites

The Honor Code

Housing Codes

*"The Code of the Pharaohs,"
fiction by L. Frank Gordon*

A Five-Dollar bill

*Photographs of the Daily staff
trying to talk to women
who are asleep*

The poetry of ΔΤΔ

*List of classes where instructor
curses*



AUTUMN QUARTER TIME SCHEDULE 1995



Stanford
700 730 750 770

WARNING: Check sign designations before parking.

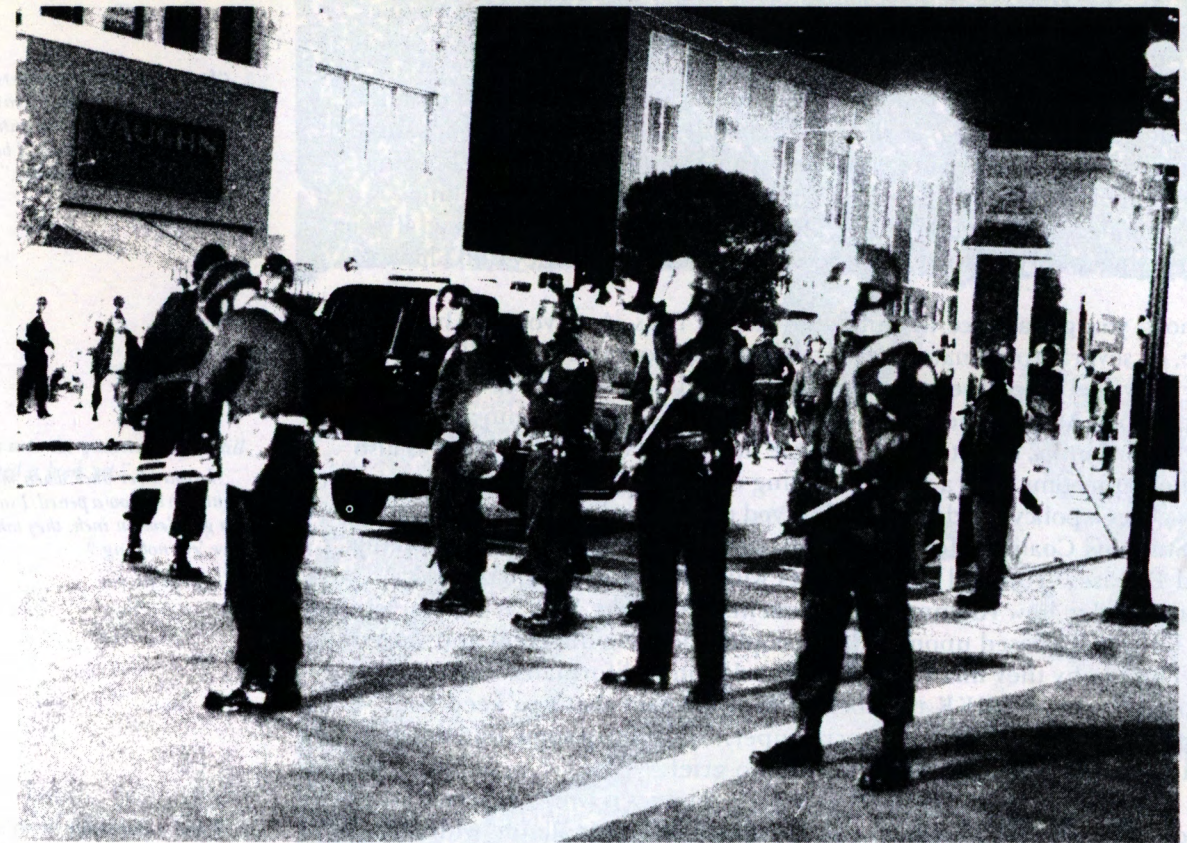
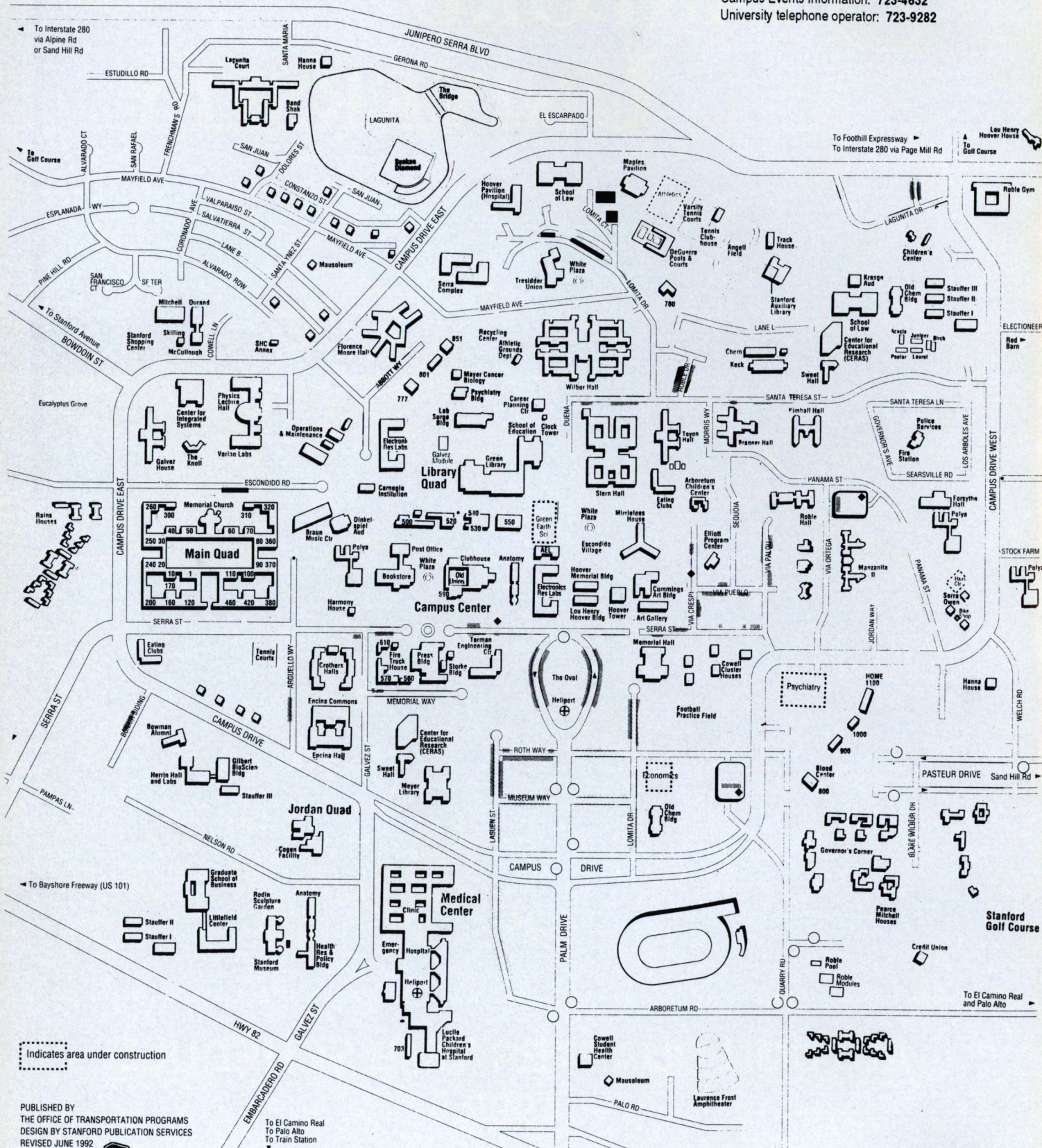
All conditions, regulations, and parking area designations are subject to change at any time.

For more information, see "The Stanford Transportation Book" or call 723-9362.

Marguerite Shuttle Service — \$1.00 (children and senior citizens FREE)

Monday through Friday all year. The Marguerite serves the areas of the campus where students never need to go and is basically for people who work at the Med Center. It also goes to SLAC and the CalTrain stations but it only runs during business hours so its pretty useless for students anyway. For further information, call 723-8221.

Campus Events Information: 723-4632
University telephone operator: 723-9282



Welcome to the Farm

"Stanford is the little things: A failing grade in the class you need to complete your major, a wet dream about a cheerleader who doesn't even know you exist, a roommate who drools, a stolen bicycle, cold, gray meat in the dining hall."

"One nice thing about the winters at Stanford is that it rains a lot and the high humidity is conducive to the growth of mildew and other molds."

"Don't count on having sex."

All right, so you're in. Big deal. You're just one out of about 1600 kids who got in, most of whom are smarter, scored higher on their S.A.T.s, are more athletic, and are a hell of a lot better looking than you are. They were all captains of the football team and senior class presidents. But you got in anyhow. You got lucky. And getting into Stanford was probably the most exciting thing to happen to you so far. Well, I've got news for you. It's the most exciting thing that will ever happen to you. This is it. It doesn't get any better. And you are just one out of 1600. You have no identity. You're a number, a statistic. If you were to die tomorrow, no one would notice. Your parents wouldn't notice until Christmas when they didn't get a card asking for funds. The school wouldn't notice or care. They have your money. Your professors would just think that you had dropped their classes. On the other hand, they probably wouldn't notice at all. Your roommate would be glad to have the extra space and the use of your typewriter. He'll think that you're at a party. But you're not. You're dead. And no one cares. You're lying bloody in a ditch, and no one cares. It doesn't matter.

You may wonder how you got in. Most likely it was because the worst of the applications were given sympathy points and when yours hit the top of the pile, Fred was snorting nose-candy and all of a sudden, your essay was really cosmic. Maybe you got in because of the bomb threat you made. It doesn't matter why. Once you're in, you're in. Even if you never have and never will work for a single day in your life, you're in. And now you have four years to try to figure out why you wanted to get in in the first place.

Where You Live

Some time over the summer, you may get a housing assignment, or you may not. There is a shortage of housing. It all really depends on how much the housing department likes you, who you are, and what your sister looks like. Our housing officials are experts who have gone through years of school and grueling on-the-job training. But they don't care. They don't care if you get housing, if you don't get housing, or if you don't like where you are assigned. They don't have to care.

So anyhow, you get a place to hang your dental floss. And you will have a roommate, or several roommates, perhaps dozens of roommates. It all depends upon how they feel when they make assignments. The idea is to save as much money as possible. And it's a hell of a lot cheaper to put twelve guys into a double, by adding a few bunks, than to build a whole new dorm complex. Money is also saved in the bathrooms with a strict following of the campus-wide flush-once-a-week policy. And the money saved goes to such worthy causes as the Stanford Students Coalition for the Preservation of Polio and Other Crippling Childhood Diseases. You and your roomies will get very well acquainted.

You may wonder how roommate assignments are made. Well, it's done very carefully. Usually it's based upon finding people who have different and varied interests. This is why they mix Californians and Non-Californians, smokers and non-smokers, blacks and KKK members. It is important that you keep your roomies in line. Establish racial and social superiority, set up some initial living rules, and make it known that you will take no grief.

A great way to get off to a good start with your roomies is with a practical joke. So, blow your nose on their shorts, scratch your initials on their albums with a fork, and play "Sit and Spin" on their \$1200.00 turntable, just to get the relationship off on the right foot.

Academic Life

Stanford has a reputation as a tough school, a real ball-buster. For a good reason. The battle scars you pick up here will stay with you for the rest of your life, haunting your every step as a young adult, finally leaving you as a cold, hollow shell, full only of shattered hopes and broken ambition, like your parents. Many people simply can't do the work. You, for instance. If you are the average Stanford student, half the people are smarter than you are, and will get better grades. The other half, the half dumber than you are, will cheat and get better grades than you. That's the way it is. Period. And anyone who tells you any different has a well-thought-out reason for lying.

Some professors will tell you that grades mean little and not to get "hung-up" on them. If advisors sense that you are upset, they will tell you not to worry, and that even a bad grade from Stanford is nothing to be ashamed of. Professors and advisors, above all, are human beings. Human beings with children that go to Stanford. And they know that anyone that they can convince to stop taking grades seriously is one less person that their child has to crawl over to get to the top of the heap. Worry about grades.

Worry about a major. There are only three majors that are worth anything in the real world, and that, after all, is where we live. There are three, but you are too stupid to be an electrical engineer, so you've only got two options. Don't think about designing your own major. Originality is a poor disguise. Major in economics or biology; we all know why you're here.

"I remember how it used to really piss me off when my roommate got up early for his 8:00 class and I wanted to sleep until 10:00. So one night, when he was asleep, I beat his head to a pulp with a sledge hammer."

"I remember once when my roommate wanted to borrow a pencil. I said, 'Fuck no!' If you give 'em an inch, they take a mile. Don't give 'em nothing."

"I had a roommate in my sophomore year who was a Christian Scientist and that bastard kept hiding my insulin."

"I knew I was going to have a great time at Stanford when I turned out the light in my room the first night and saw thousands of little florescent swastikas, glowing on my ceiling."

"I had to sleep with my professor to pass a course last year. I'm so ashamed."

*Everything
I led*

"Three weeks into the quarter, and I still haven't cracked a book yet."



Suicide

A lot of people find it hard to commit suicide on "The Farm." Maybe it's that the winters are too mild in California, or the fact that there is usually someone more pathetic than you around to cheer you up (see The Coffee House), or the feeling that since Stanford is on the fault line, suicide is just so much wasted effort. And, if you didn't know better, you could swear that Stanford discourages taking one's own life. It's tough to cash in your own chips when the only building over three stories high has bars on the windows, and when they make you work with crayons during dead week because they want to keep sharp objects out of your reach.

But the term "dead week" should be a tip-off. If you really want to, you can. In all honesty, it's a good way out of many "adult" problems that arise during the college years. You will have no problem with deciding what classes to take, with what major to declare, with how you're going to get money for room and board, or any of that. It shows your parents that you care, it shows your boyfriend/girlfriend that you care, and it shows your roommate that the typing at two in the morning really does get on your nerves.

Suicide helps, and the administration knows it. Remember this the next time the bookstore has a rope sale, or the next time they put out steak knives for "special" dinners, or when they fill the lake. There is a housing shortage, and classes are overcrowded. They want you out.

"I came to Stanford to grow as an individual. Since then, I've cut off all my hair, put three safety pins through my cheek, and gone deaf in one ear."

"I thought it would be hard to find a good job here that wouldn't conflict with my studies. No one had told me about the great opportunities in the black market for stolen laundry, however."

"Don't cut classes, cut your wrists."



The Bay Area

The San Francisco Bay Area has three airports and therefore more flights per capita than any other U.S. megalopolis. And since really good theatre, symphony, and museums are only a five hour plane flight away, the Bay Area is a virtual Canterbury for culture. In the time it would take you to pull an all-nighter you could be watching a first-run Broadway production — instead of the usual traveling companies that residents of most cities have to put up with.

As far as sports, the local scene again has much to offer. For excitement there's nothing like having your hopes raised and then dashed once again by perennial second-place teams like the Oakland Raiders or the San Jose Earthquakes. And with the clubs in both the National and American Leagues, the Bay Area plays host to some of the greatest and most exciting teams in baseball.

But of course, this is California. What could compare to the spectacular scenic splendor of the fog rolling in over the beaches of Half-Moon Bay? And for the urban-oriented, a drive through San Jose's famous "Boulevard of the Planned Communities" will reward the eye with acre after acre of spectacular scenic symmetry. Yet when one speaks of the San Francisco Bay Area, one is really speaking of the world's most spectacularly scenic city. A word for the wise: don't call it Frisco as this is the name of a popular local cooking oil and many of the City's roving bands of quaint suburban "queer bashers" might get the wrong idea.

Extracurriculars

There's one word on afterclass fun at Stanford: *Chaparral*. The *Daily's* a bunch of stick-in-the-sphincter preprofessionals and the Band consists of latent high school stoners with a repertoire of mid-'70s hits originally done by groups like Chicago and Free. There may be someone on your hall who plays third trumpet for the band, but chances are that he's also the one who leaves Jergens-filled condoms in the girl's hall. Besides, everybody in the Band plays third trumpet.

The frosh-in-the-know hangs out at the *Chappie* offices. Why? Because not only is the *Chaparral* a fun place to do and be, but if you're a staffer, you're sure to see your name in print. And isn't that better than standing around in a hot stadium as part of the "R" in DOG TURD?

"I can't believe it. Everyone on my hall had electric razors."

"When I first came to California I didn't know a thing about body surfing, let alone body casts."

"The Chaparral, yeah!"

"President Kennedy calling for The Chaparral. Yes, he'll hold."

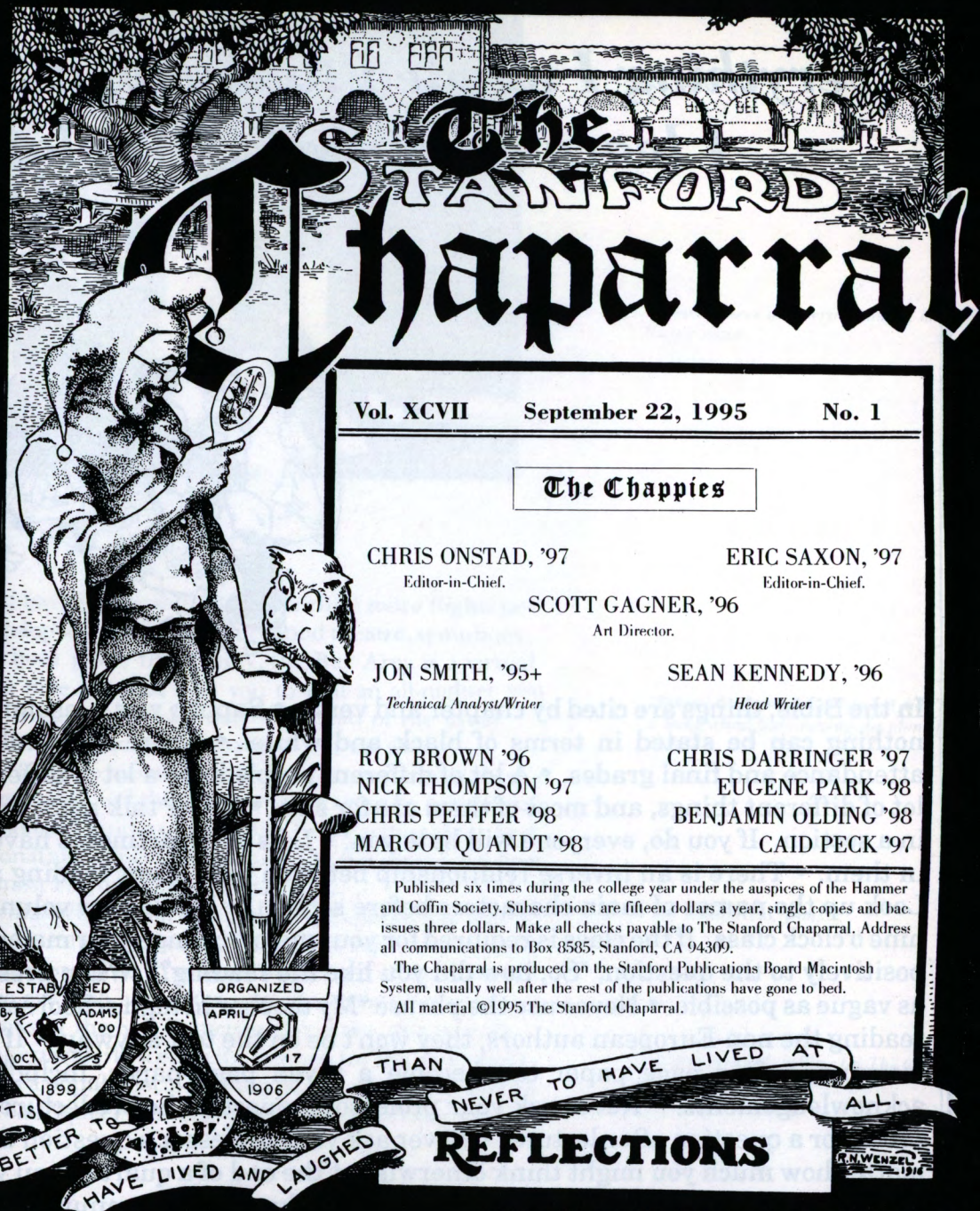
"Sure they're funny and all, but they're also geniuses."

"The Daily? P.U. I stick with the Chappie."

Everything I needed to know at Stanford, I learned in my C.I.V. class.



In the Bible, things are cited by chapter and verse. • Sappho was a lesbian poet. • Absolutely nothing can be stated in terms of black and white. • There is no relationship between attendance and final grades. • A lot of different people have a lot of different beliefs about a lot of different things, and most of them are for shit. • Never talk more than five or six times in a section. If you do, everyone will hate you. • Lots of departments have little coffee shops in them. • There is an inverse relationship between time spent reading and final grades. • Look up the names of main characters before section. • Never ever voluntarily sign up for a nine o'clock class. If the class is required for your major, change your major. • Always respond positively to the question, "So, how did you like the reading?" When pressed for reasons, be as vague as possible. • Never use the phrase "My teacher in high school said..." • Don't bother reading the non-European authors, they won't be on the test anyway. • If you fiddle with the margins, a four page paper can become a seven page paper, including title page and acknowledgements. • Never ask your professor a question before lecture. • Never ask your professor a question after lecture. • Never ask your professor a question during lecture. • No matter how much you might think otherwise at the end of a quarter, you will never need any of the books or any of your notes ever again. • It takes about 50 minutes to do an entire *Daily* crossword puzzle. • When you want a cheap laugh, analyze something from a Freudian perspective. • Never suggest that the section bond with a therapeutic game of "Heads Up, Seven-Up". • Never suggest alternative reading. • Very few literary classics are illustrated. • The guy in Green Special Collections is a freak. • Don't cite Cliff Notes in your papers. • Never say, "Jeez, it's just a story." • Course reader pages are much longer than paperback pages. • They don't assign the best parts of Bocaccio's *Decameron*. • It is possible to doze within six feet of your section leader. • Other students' ideas are to be considered, analyzed, and treasured as valid perspectives. Unless, of course, they're *really* stupid. • Never go to your TA's office hours "just to chat." • Never use your TA's home number. • Never ever let your TA convince you to remove your clothes in his apartment. • The Bookstore buyback rate is shit.



Vol. XCVII September 22, 1995 No. 1

The Chappies

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|---|-------------------------------------|
| CHRIS ONSTAD, '97
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Editor-in-Chief. |
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| CHRIS PEIFFER '98 | BENJAMIN OLDING '98 |
| MARGOT QUANDT '98 | CAID PECK '97 |

Published six times during the college year under the auspices of the Hammer and Coffin Society. Subscriptions are fifteen dollars a year, single copies and back issues three dollars. Make all checks payable to The Stanford Chaparral. Address all communications to Box 8585, Stanford, CA 94309.
The Chaparral is produced on the Stanford Publications Board Macintosh System, usually well after the rest of the publications have gone to bed.
All material ©1995 The Stanford Chaparral.

NOW THAT you are here at Stanford, take a deep breath and let your guard down. Gingerly remove those black plastic shades and have yourself a good look around, my new friend. The vision in your jet-lagged brain is not a sun-soaked image from your dog-eared viewbook. Those creamy blank walls, soon to be cov-

ered with comforting symbols of home, are Real. The carpet, faded light brown from too many washings after too many parties, is also Real. If you're fortunate enough to have a faucet, that silver faucet, too, is Real. The tiny yellow pee-pee stalactites which dwell inside the intestine mass of lead pipe, caked from year after year of lazy male and shy female: perhaps too Real. It's all real! *You made it, dude!* Relax and sit in your new hard and very real wooden chair and kick those fresh Stanford feet up.
So, young Froshcrunt (Stanford's colorful name for you guys—we all had to get used to it, so quit whining), what do you know

about Stanford? What?! Good God, Crunty, surely you have not taken all that you have read in *Approaching Stanford* to heart. Our mascot, a "tree?" No. Actually, our mascot is a grumpy hunchback named "Petey O." "Our school, intellectually stimulating?" The other day at Breakfast a guy broke another guy's nose over an argument for TLPOG (the last piece of gristle). What, you are looking forward to learning things from your interesting roommate? Get ready to learn all about the dark neuroses of a twitchy, complete stranger as well as "what pisses the roommate off." The roommate worships a macaroni drawing of Don Knotts for two hours every day.

"Honest, Andy, I d-didn't know there were any bullets in the magazine!" (Repeat 101 times)

Okay, so your preconception about the weather is pretty accurate. It's usually very nice and sunny here, and there are no seasons. That's right! No beautiful burst of color in the fall, no rebirth of verdant beauty in the Spring. No way, Javier. Guess what, though? Last year it rained twenty-six days out of twenty-eight days in February. No fooling. "At Stanford, you can get a suntan in February!" Only if you are an insane person, *imagining* that you are getting a suntan. After that, you have to imagine that you are tan. Insanity, you all will discover, ain't as easy or cool as Sylvia Plath's little books would have us believe.

But, hey! So what! A few shattered preconceptions certainly do not rob Stanford of its intrinsic specialness. For example, we have all sorts of special words for things that only we Stanfordites know. Here are some of the newer examples, hot off the press:

- HooTow:** Hoover Tower
- CoHo:** CoffeeHouse
- Greelibra:** Green Library
- LaMaus:** The Mausoleum
- BigM:** Marty Robbins
- Glory Lane:** Men's Bathroom, 2nd

- Floor Meyer**
- SissyLand:** Green Space Between Green Library and fountain that looks like a basketball hoop
- SquirButt:** CoffeeHouse's Chimney

Now That you are absolutely positive that this is not the time schedule, let this Old Boy embrace you as a new member of his Stanford Family—this time without giving you the ole "Froshy Rubby-Dubby." Stanford can be either your wonderful dream or a hairy scary nightmare. The *Chaparral* is here to inform you as to which one you are having at the time of the issue's distribution. This "mirror to the campus's soul" will serve as an honest document of your time at Stanford. Like an insane midget high on amphetamines, the *Chaparral* will always bravely peek behind the pomp and sputtering hypocrisy as well as the blimp and the muttering theocracy. Every human possesses a clown soul. Look at what we clowns do with our time: beer hats, tetris, frozen burritos, uncomfortable shoes, big shorts, torn jeans, bangles, Right Said Fred, warrant. We at the *Chappie* don't spit and cuss at such evidence of our clown ancestry. All we will do is laugh. After all, our clown hearts are the biggest of all.

As this introduction winds down, this suddenly somber jester feels the pull to offer you neophytes some advice gathered from his almost one hundred years of experience. Real advice for the efferrescent new crop from someone who's "been there?" Certainly. As you travel along the Stanford section of the road to Ithaca, remember Henry David Thoreau's passionate pleas to "simplify, simplify!" Stop under a tree sometime and watch little ants bring food to their brothers and sisters. Sit down in the grass and wonder at the beauty of a single grass blade. Be wary of the ditch of quiet desperation most women and men find themselves in after the wasted glory of youth. As Henry himself wrote:

Men have an indistinct notion that if they keep up this activity of joint stocks and spades long enough all will at length ride somewhere, in next to no—hey, shiftfor-poetry, I was gonna eat that gristle.



THE STANFORD DAILY

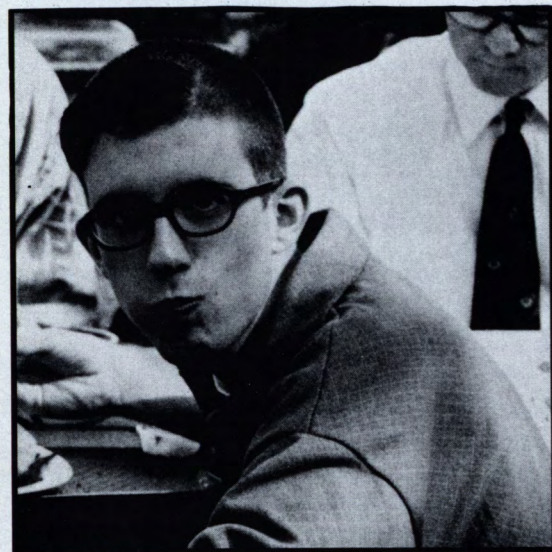
An Independent Newspaper

VOLUME 208, NUMBER 1

104th YEAR

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1995

China—a fine time for all



MICHAEL TSAI

This Chinese man is from the town of Hong Kong. It is about the size of our San Francisco.

By Aaron Miller

Senior Staff Writer

China is a large country, much bigger than Stanford. Their main exports are rice and tea, as well as many fine cloths. In China they are Buddhists, and follow the trail of Zen. Buddhism is a very peaceful way of life that leads most Chinese people into Nirvana, which is a state of complete bliss where they don't have to worry about com-

munist anymore.

The history of China is very long and detailed. Many people are proud of being from China because of this history.

The history of China starts a thousand years ago with the invention of the bright, colored paper kite. This kite was used to transfer important messages to neighboring villages, or *jong-xi*. A bright red kite meant that the first village

wished its neighbor good luck, and a dark kite, such as a black one, meant that they did not wish them any good luck that day. Isn't that crazy?

Probably everyone has heard of the Great Wall of China. It is perhaps China's greatest accomplishment. It was built from stones by captured slaves and is over a million miles in length, spanning from Peking, China's capital, all the way to Russia. Perhaps the greatest moment in its 2,000 year history

was the day when David Copperfield passed through it using magic and telepathy. Surely this was a great day for China as a whole, for an American to finally give their wall the world-wide attention it deserved.

There is not much else to say about China, except for the great food. Thank you.

Aaron Miller is a senior majoring in Children's Economics.

Food: good or bad?

By Angela Brent
Staff Writer

You bite into the juicy cheeseburger. It is so good. But is it good for you? The chances are, probably not.

Every day, people on the Stanford campus face the dilemma of tasty, yet fattening food. Should you pass up that piece of fried chicken, or should you gobble it down? It depends on what you want to do.

But did you know

that could change what you want to do? Here's a tip how.

No one really likes fat people. So, a good way to keep yourself from eating that fatty piece of food is to look into the future and imagine that everyone is laughing as you walk into the room—a big, fat, ugly person who couldn't say no to a delicious piece of chicken.

Angela Brent is a senior majoring in Earth Systems.

Chappies are jerks

By Jon Lind
Senior Staff Writer

The Chappies think they can make fun of everyone and get away with it. Well, they are wrong. Just because someone is different does not mean you should make fun of them. For example, in repeated instances last year, the Chappies made fun of most of the peo-

ple that I know.

Plus, they are rude, and they stay up late drinking and smoking, things which mostly jerks do. They do not belong at Stanford. They belong in prison.

We at the Daily think that you stink, Chappies. And stop pissing on our roof all the time.

Jon Lind is a junior majoring in Scotland.

The Stanford Review

VOL. XV. NO. 1

AN INDEPENDENT STUDENT PUBLICATION

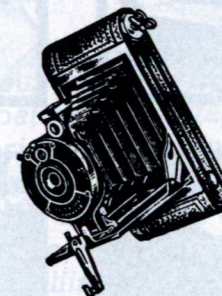
September 22, 1995

Review Discovers University Crime



an investigative report

by Thoburn Thorvenal



It waits through the small hours of the morning, poised and ready. Like the Green Beret, it is strong, silent and unquestioning, trained to do its duty and nothing more. Only, in this instance, its duty is a wasteful crime and not a heroic act of firepower. Yes, every night when 3:15 AM comes, the watery lawbreaker is Outer Quadrangle lawn sprinkler #423159.

Located on the front lawn of the main Quad, Sprinkler #423159, a Rain Bird 3-43Li, describes an arc of simulated rainfall. It shoots strong and hard, but its mission is foiled—foiled by a university lamppost. Thirty percent of its delivery runs

down the side of this ill-placed lamppost, collecting in a wasted puddle of tears much like the Ho-Chi Minh Trail.

Who is responsible for this crime?

Perhaps we cannot blame Iwan Sprinkler #423159 for its poor placement. Perhaps we can blame the lamppost. But we'd rather blame Stanford University President Gerhard Casper.

In a typical display of German stubbornness, President Casper refused to speak with the Review staff on the subject despite our repeated attempts

Please see CRIME, page 7

What Black People Believe

By Bobby Honey
Staff Writer

It is common knowledge in this great nation that there are several ways of believing. One person might believe one way, while another person might believe in a completely different way. And let's face it, who believes more differently than people with colored skin?

Now, we know that in this "modern" day and age it is very dangerous to say what an entire race believes in just a few short paragraphs. But we at the Stanford Review are willing to take that risk. After all, Rome didn't fall in a day.

continued on page 8

POINTS OF LIGHT:

Spending a life in dogged assault on all laborers and homos would be a life of absolute worth.

Michael Meyers

Sadly, now that Packwood has resigned, there are as many women as womanizers in the senate.

Dick Armeys

There's too much biology in Penthouse. I don't get off. I prefer to rub one out to a swimsuit issue.

Steve Russells

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

Heavy Breathing

A lot of people don't think the Stanford Review really has anything to complain about. But that doesn't stop us, now does it?

One: the loneliest

Okay, fine. So we don't date. But some day, after we've made our money, we'll see who's laughing! Right, Chappies? Right? Oh, God—I hate myself...



We had no place else to put this tasteless photo!!!



Starbuck's

The Daily Staff drinks Starbuck's coffee.

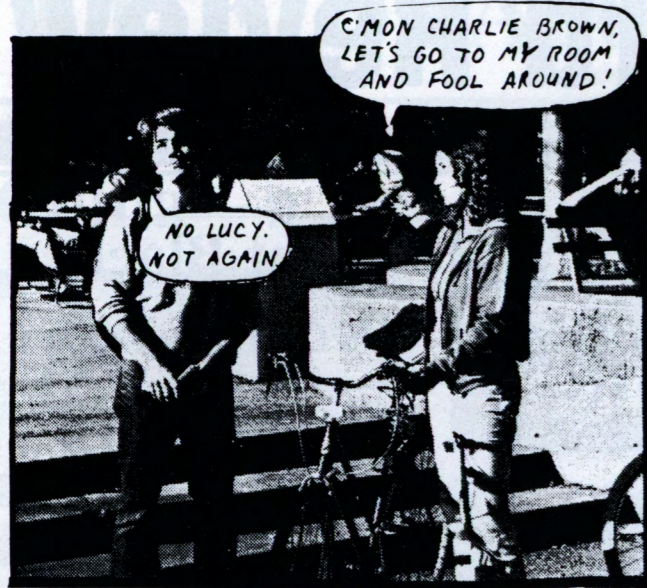
Printer's, Inc.

...and when it's time to hang out, it's Printer's, Inc.

The Juice Club

But don't forget the Juice Club. We'll see you there!

Peanuts with "Good Ol'" Charlie Brown



I LOVE STANFORD

*She lies in glorious sunshine by the water.
I approach, anticipating a greater knowledge;
she will satisfy the desires of my hungry virgin mind.*

*To the world she is swathed in power
but before my eyes these vestments are slowly shed,
and to me her willingness is revealed.*

*I begin to explore, to feel her hidden treasures.
She responds to my probing; slowly at first,
but soon she responds with an intensity equalling my own.
I fervently redouble my efforts,
for I know I can remain in good standing for so long.*

*And every part of her inspires me to new heights,
from the foothills to Crown Quad,
Where the red peaks rise her solid structures.
Tremor after tremor runs through her;
she shivers and rocks, but refuses to fall.*

*Finally I reach the center of this vibrant creature,
the Sweet Hall, pulsating nerve center.
Hoover Tower rises majestically above the Sunken Diamond.
There is nothing like the Old Union!*

*The fountains rush, releasing their life-giving fluid,
and the palms sway gently.
She fulfills me like no other could.*

*The first time I drove through the Oval,
I knew true joy.
Though I drive through again and again,
my initial joy is each time surpassed.
She is Stanford and I love her.*

-by Lee Sacco

Is NOTHING

The Old Boy has caught you in the act, you disrespectful louts!

"Doodling on the library desks again, eh? Well, young man, you're not leaving until you've cleaned every single one of these carrels."

"So you think you could do a better job preparing meals? Well, young lady, I'll give you your chance. You've got KP duty ... for a week!"

I'm a freshman and I've already screwed five Stanford women first quarter.
 Yes, but have you learned anything?
 Where is the man who is masculine--yet sensitive, too? And intelligent?
 masculine and intelligent is a contradiction
 I'm a living contradiction

Stanford girls are like mopeds-- fun to ride, but you don't want to be seen on one...
 You can watch me if you want...
 Yoda Rules!
YODA IS DEAD

Stanford is a paradise for people without conscience.

And my roommate is one of them! It's hard to sleep with all that noise!

Dave A. is a babe
 I question your taste
 I'd like to taste your question

So much of relations between the sexes becomes power play. Is this possible to avoid?
LET THE MAN TAKE CONTROL

Doritos: Sodium Carbohydrate (NACHO)

Mercedes Benzene

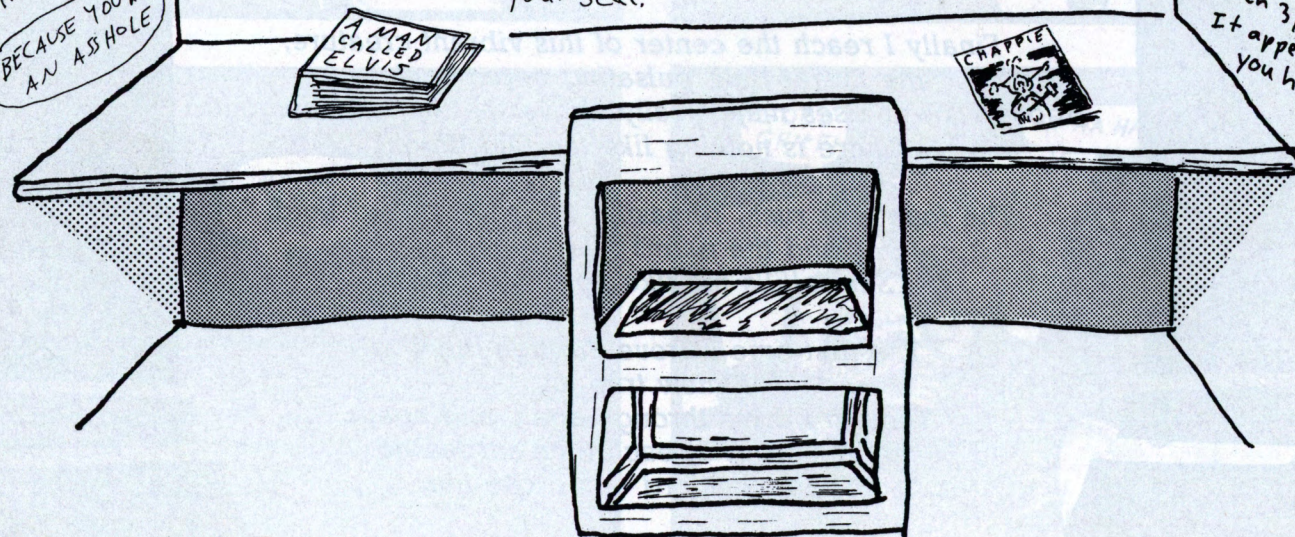
Feb 3, 1985
 Will I ever get out of here?
 March 3, 1986
 It appears you have.

Why is there so much pressure for us to fall into categories?

BECAUSE YOU'RE AN ASSHOLE

ALL THE GOOD ONES ARE TAKEN!
 I'm not, honey
 Nor am I. I'm not good, either!

I have AIDS and I sat in your seat!



SACRED?

Item/meal

Comment

Salad bar

lunch

breakfast

DINNER

Breakfast

about gyros

Thursdays

lunch and dinner

dinner

dinner

dessert

Contents in salad bar need to be elevated. - or purged!
 Are nachos so nutritious they should be an entree?

Wheaties and Cheerios are good!
 So write General Mills!
WHAT THE FUCKING BLAZES IS GOING ON? WHY ARE YOU SERVING MEAT WITH METAL PARTS IN IT? JUST FEEL LUCKY THAT I DIDN'T SWALLOW IT. YOU WOULD BE IN REAL DEEP SHIT!!

-- Please be more constructive. How can we improve service? Please put roast ox cubes in the waffle batter so that the whirling, snivelling vegetarians can have something else to bitch about

I have lived in Greece all my life and I've eaten gyros many times. Well, what was served was not gyros.
 I'd gladly pay you Tuesday for a SPAM® burger today!

There are too many green peppers. Is someone paying tuition with them?
 I find this comment to be highly insensitive toward those of us from rural communities

The chicken and stir fries were great-- and good rice, too! I'm so impressed! Keep it up! **SYCOPHANT!**

The grains of salt are too big-- they fall off the food. Have you tried Morton's?

The ice cream sandwiches are too cold. Can you warm them up a bit before you bring them out?



Special thanks to the Roble and Lagunita food service managers, and to all those amateur philosophers and critics who inadvertently contributed.



Two little German boys were walking through the mountains with their mother. As one of them suddenly pushed her off a cliff he chortled to the other, "Look, Hans, no Ma!"

Home is where you can scratch any place it itches.

We have read so much about the bad effects of drink that we have decided to give up reading.



"Do you know where little boys go who don't put their Sunday school money in the plate?"
"Yeah, to the movies."

People who live in glass houses shouldn't.

The student gets the magazine, The school gets the fame, The printer gets the money, The editor gets the blame.

Nurse: Doctor, every time I bend over this patient to listen to his heart, his pulse increases. What should I do?
Doctor: Button your collar.

"Stopped your grandma from sliding down the banister yet?"
"Last week. Wound barbed wire around it."
"That stop her?"
"No. Sure slowed her down though."



CH

Captain: "I'll bet you wish I were dead, so you could spit on my grave."
R.O.T.C. student: "No sir, I hate to stand in line."

The old man believed in reincarnation, but just before he died, his wife made him promise to try to communicate with her from the spirit world. Twelve months after his death, she actually made contact with him!
"Are you happy there?" she asked.
"Happier than I can possibly describe," he answered. "The pastures here are greener, and the skies bluer. It's a beautiful world, and the weaker sex are the loveliest imaginable. And their deep wistful eyes speak constantly of love."

"Oh, dear," she said, "with so much temptation about you, I'm afraid you'll do something you'll be ashamed of. I do hope I can join you soon in Heaven."
"Heaven?" he said, "who said anything about heaven? I'm a bull in Montana."

Just heard about the mad scientist who crossed a Parakeet with a Tiger. Doesn't know what he's got, but when it sings he listens.

They dragged the student down to the jail and took him before the sergeant. "What am I here for?" he asked. "For drinking," the officer sternly replied. "Good. When do we start?"

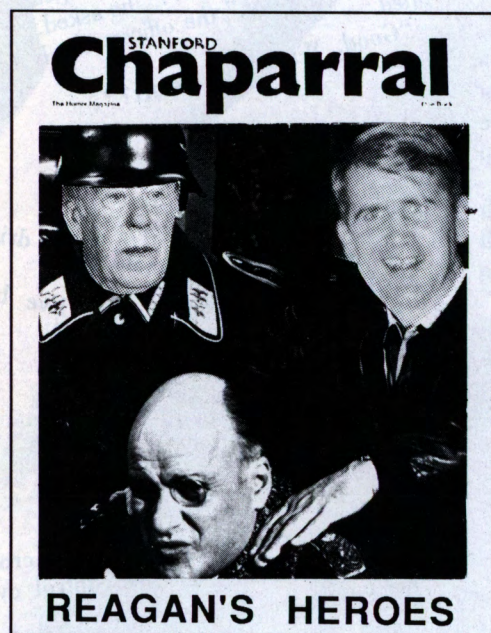
"Hello, Coach."
"I thought you were told not to drink while in training."
"What makes you think I've been drinking, Coach?"
"I'm not the coach."

Then there's the one about the cross-eyed teacher who had no control over her pupils.

CHAPPIE

CENSORED ISSUES

Many complain that the *Chaparral* doesn't get censored like all other Stanford publications. This, however, is not true. We censor ourselves each and every day. Just look at some of the ideas we've suppressed:

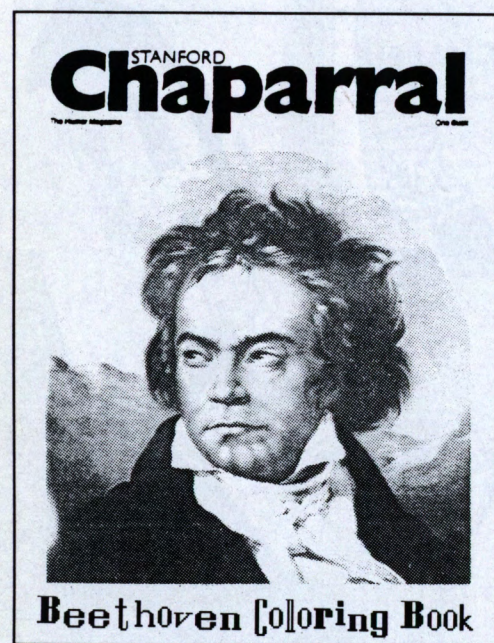


"Reagan's Heroes", like the President's Bitburg visit, unnecessarily re-opened old wounds. The issue suggested that North, like the Nazis, was just following orders, and Schultz, as usual, knew nothing. The editor decided to let sleeping Presidents lie.

"Smell the Glove" was condemned by our staff because of the over abundance of naked women in submissive positions. Feeling the need to set an example for the Stanford community, we could not distribute such material with clear conscience. We kept all the copies for ourselves.



"The Beethoven Coloring Book" was the victim of bad timing. Slated for the Fall '88 cover, the idea became unusable due to a coincidental campus controversy. Our candlelight vigil calling for Fundamental Standard prosecution (for plagiarism) was likewise cancelled.



"Heads of State" was submitted by an anonymous and obviously very sick artist. It was unimously rejected by our staff. The cover blatantly violated our long-standing policy never to print pictures of penises. The marital aids, however, could stay.

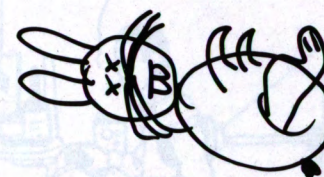


The Stanford Chaparral. Not afraid to be afraid.

Rabbit was dead. ①



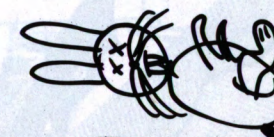
He was still dead. ②



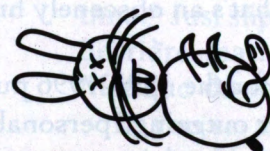
You're not expecting him to get up, are you? ③



He's really pretty dead. ④



Here come the flies. ⑤



Poor Rabbit. ⑥



We all want the finest things.



As seen in *High Society* (1955), the young Frank Sinatra and Grace Kelly have all of the finest things.

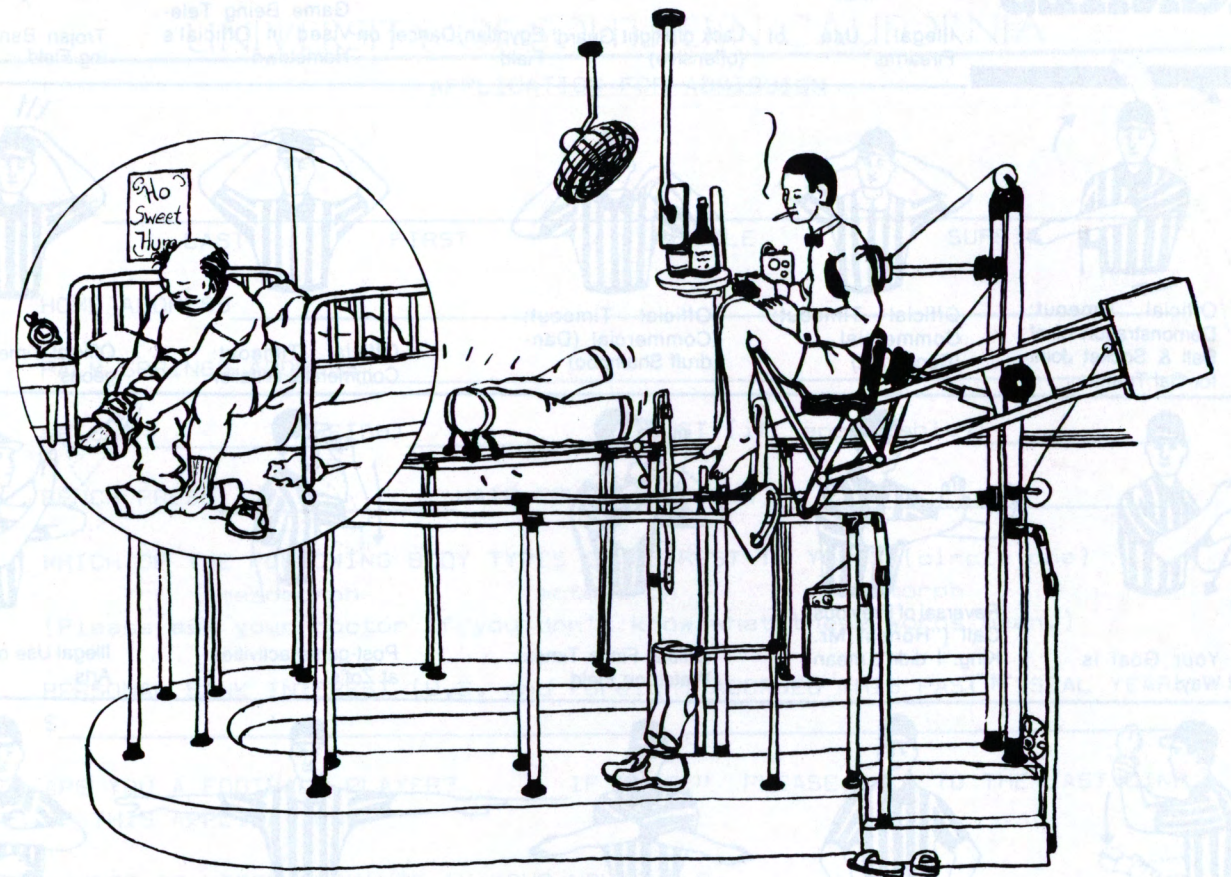
The finest things cost money, and lots of it. A survey taken last year shows that Stanford couples, when out for a night in the city, spent an average of \$128.35.

Don't be caught short-handed. Become an advertising executive for the Stanford *Chaparral* and make up to \$500 in commission *per sale*. We know that's an obscenely high number, but that's what the *Chaparral* is all about: high living.

We are currently interviewing potential Advertising Executives for the 1995-1996 publishing year. Sales experience is preferred but not required. An outgoing, personable compartment is a must.

Phone 723-1468 for more details, or e-mail onstad@leland.stanford.edu. All applicants will be considered.

“Everyone puts their pants on one leg at a time.”



No.

“Everyone is equal.” That’s what we’ve always been told. But it’s not true. I’m not equal. I’m better than everyone else.

I prove that everytime I put on my pants. Because I have the new Pants-Matique by Yves St.Laurent. Pants-Matique allows you to put on your pants both legs at a time.* Just slip on the finely crafted *derrière-matique* and let Pants-Matique do the rest.

If you’re rich, successful, and good-looking, you’ll enjoy the

status of Pants-Matique. And if your time is as valuable as mine, you’ll appreciate those precious moments Pants-Matique can save you every morning. Time better spent lingering over your reflection in a storefront window or simply enjoying the good life you’ve made for yourself.

You know it’s true. You’re better than everyone else. You deserve Pants-Matique.

*Deluxe model now available with special underwear attachment, boxer or jockey style.

Pants-Matique by YVES SAINT LAURENT

Only You Would Buy It.

CODE OF OFFICIALS SIGNALS



Illegal Use of Firearms



Lack of Right Guard (offensive)



Egyptian Dancer on Field



Game Being Televised in Official's Hometown



Trojan Band Entering Field



Official Timeout: Demonstration of Ball & Socket Joint for Cal Trainer



Official Timeout: Commercial (Deodorant)



Official Timeout: Commercial (Dandruff Shampoo)



Official Timeout: Commercial (Vitalis)



Official Timeout: Pi-geons



No! Your Goal is That Way!



Reversal of Previous Call ("Honest Mr. King. I didn't mean it!")



Official Finds Timex Watch on Field



Post-game activities at Zot's



Illegal Use of Martial Arts



Official Acknowledgement of Cal Coach



Offsides (Midriff-Bulge Infraction)



Illegal Misdirection Play



OFFICIAL TIME-OUT: Airplane on Field



Referee Desires Sustenance



Insufficient Compensation to Guarantee Home Team Win



Corpse on Field



Player Does Not Meet Height Requirement



Illegal use of pyramid power to sharpen razorblades



Time Out, Commercial (Plain and Peanut Chocolate Candies)



Illegal Use of Mosquitos



Referee Gives Up Smoking



Too Much Time in Huddle (Illegal Magazine on Field)



Illegal Cal Cheerleader On Field (Followed by the Commands 'Sit' and 'Stay')



Official desires a cab.



UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION

NAME _____
 LAST FIRST MIDDLE SUFFIX

HOME ADDRESS _____

PALM SPRINGS ADDRESS _____

HEIGHT _____ WEIGHT _____ BUST (if applicable) _____

BENCH PRESS _____ HAIR COLOR (natural) _____

WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING BODY TYPES IS NEAREST TO YOURS (circle one)
 mesomorph ectomorph endomorph
 (Please ask your doctor if you don't know what these words mean.)

PERSONAL BANK INTEREST (U.S. and foreign) ACCRUED THIS PAST FISCAL YEAR:
 \$ _____

ARE YOU A FOOTBALL PLAYER? _____ IF "YES," PLEASE SKIP TO THE LAST LINE OF THIS APPLICATION.

NUMBER OF HIRED SERVANTS IN YOUR HOUSEHOLD: _____
 NUMBER OF SLAVES: _____

BMW TYPE: YEAR _____ MODEL _____ ACCESSORIES _____

LIST ALL OF YOUR PERSONAL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS: _____

ESTIMATE YOUR PARENTS' YEARLY INCOME (round off to the closest \$50,000; use exponents if necessary and if you know what they are): _____

HAVE YOU READ A BOOK THIS YEAR? _____ IF "YES," WHY? _____

HAVE YOU EVER HELD A JOB THAT YOUR PARENTS DIDN'T GET YOU? _____ IF "YES," WHY? _____

NAME FIVE OF THE UNITED STATES (for instance: California, New York, Illinois, Texas, Florida): _____

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE PRIME TIME SIT-COM? _____

WHICH GOSSIP MAGAZINES DO YOU READ REGULARLY? _____

ESSAY QUESTIONS

(Answer only 1 (one) essay question; please do not exceed the space provided.)

1) HAVE YOU EVER SPOKEN WITH A BLACK PERSON? DESCRIBE THE EXPERIENCE.

2) YOU ARE GOING TO BE STRANDED AT A DESERT RESORT HOTEL FOR THREE WEEKS. YOU WILL BE ALLOWED TO BRING ALONG ONLY FIVE (5) OF YOUR FAMILY'S SERVANTS. WHICH SERVANTS WILL YOU BRING? WHY?

3) YOU ARE TRAPPED IN THE BEVERLY HILLS I. MAGNIN FOR ONE (1) HOUR WITH ONLY TEN THOUSAND (10,000) DOLLARS TO SPEND. WHAT WILL YOU BUY? WHY?

***** THE FEE FOR PROCESSING THIS APPLICATION IS NEGOTIABLE *****

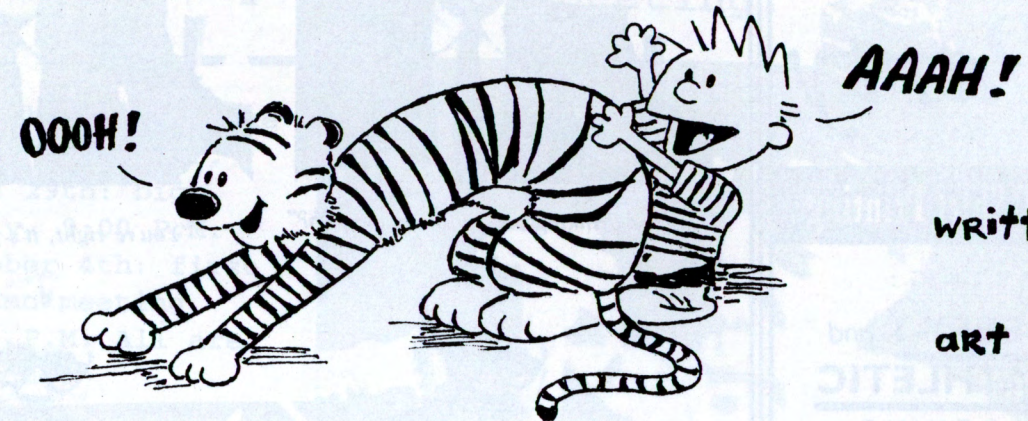
IF YOU CAN, PLEASE SEND ALONG A HIGH SCHOOL TRANSCRIPT (your grades) AND ALSO THE ENCLOSED TENNIS PRO RECOMMENDATION. 8 X 10 GLOSSY PORTRAITS OF YOURSELF MAY BE SUBSTITUTED IN LIEU OF (instead of) AN OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT (your grades).

I SWEAR THAT THE INFORMATION PRESENTED IN THIS APPLICATION IS REASONABLY ACCURATE.

SIGNATURE (that's a messy version of your printed name)

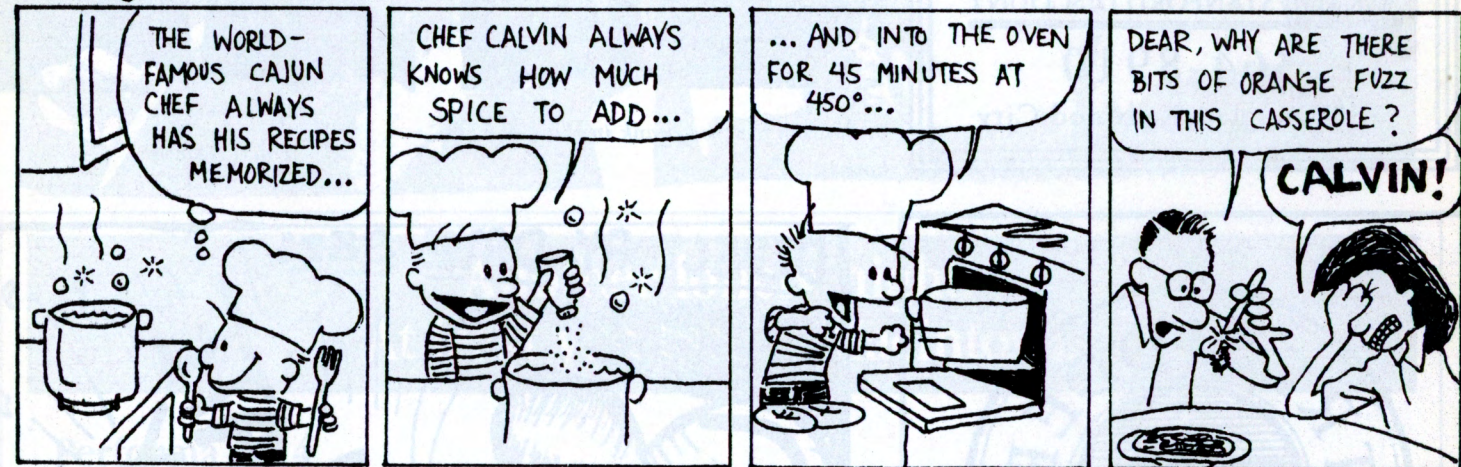
APPROXIMATE DATE

Calvin and Hobbes

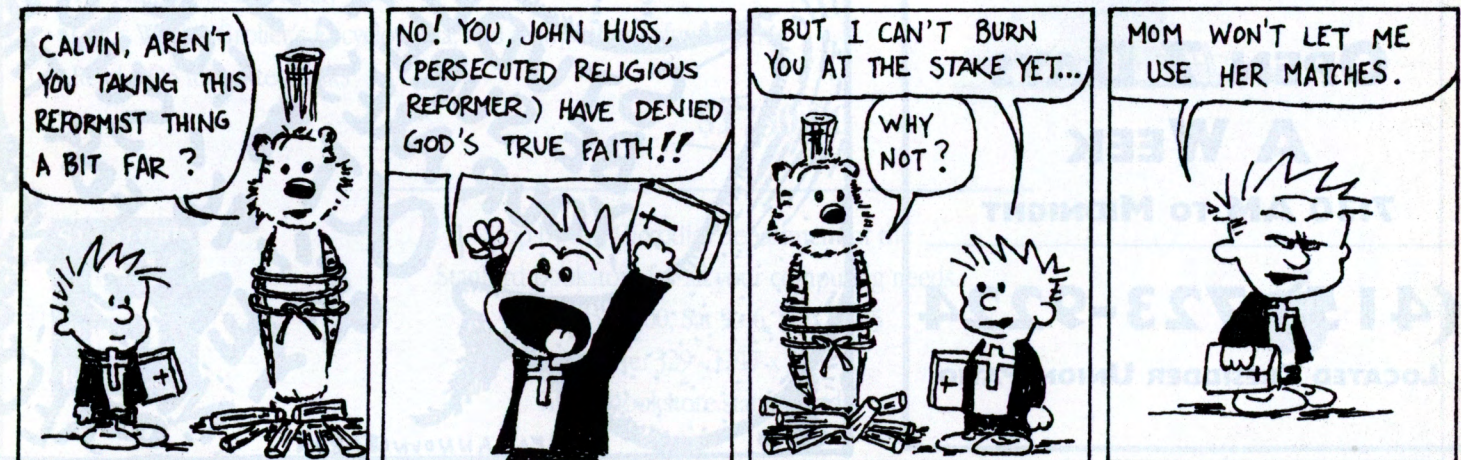


WRITTEN by:
David Hyatt
ART by:
Jack Wang

Cajun and Hobbes



Calvin and Huss



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"Caught drinking on campus again, eh?"



"You're right, it's fun . . ."



"Why, the way we drank in the old ATO house . . ."



"You're expelled."



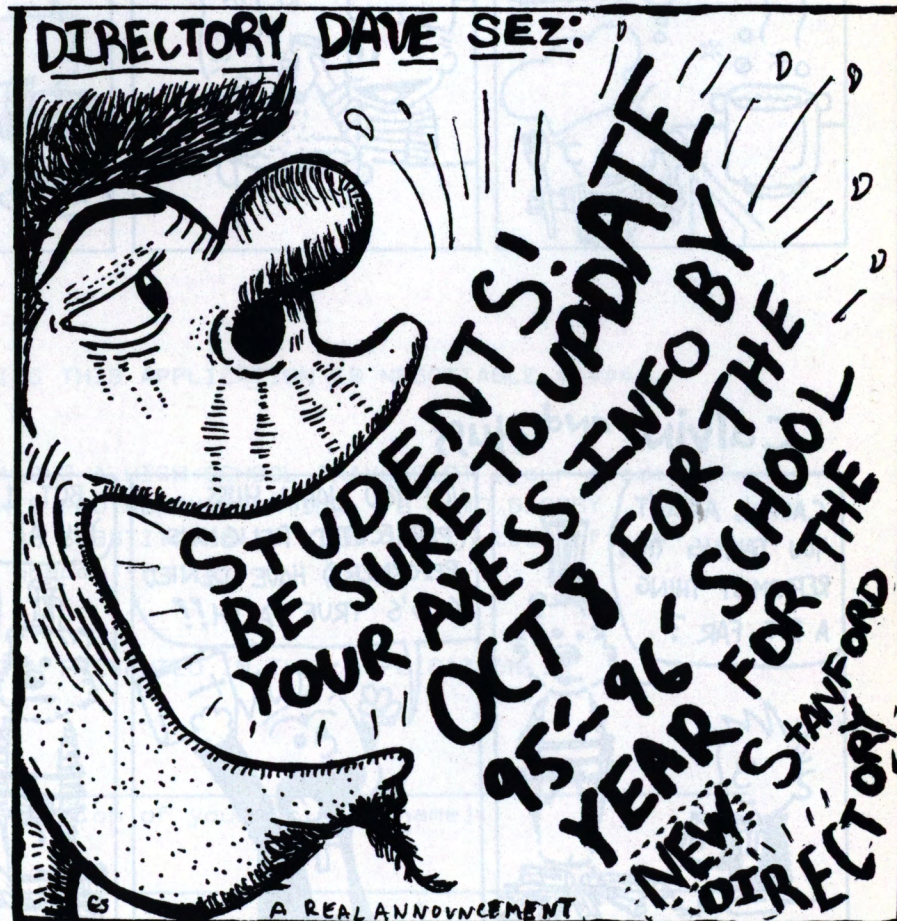
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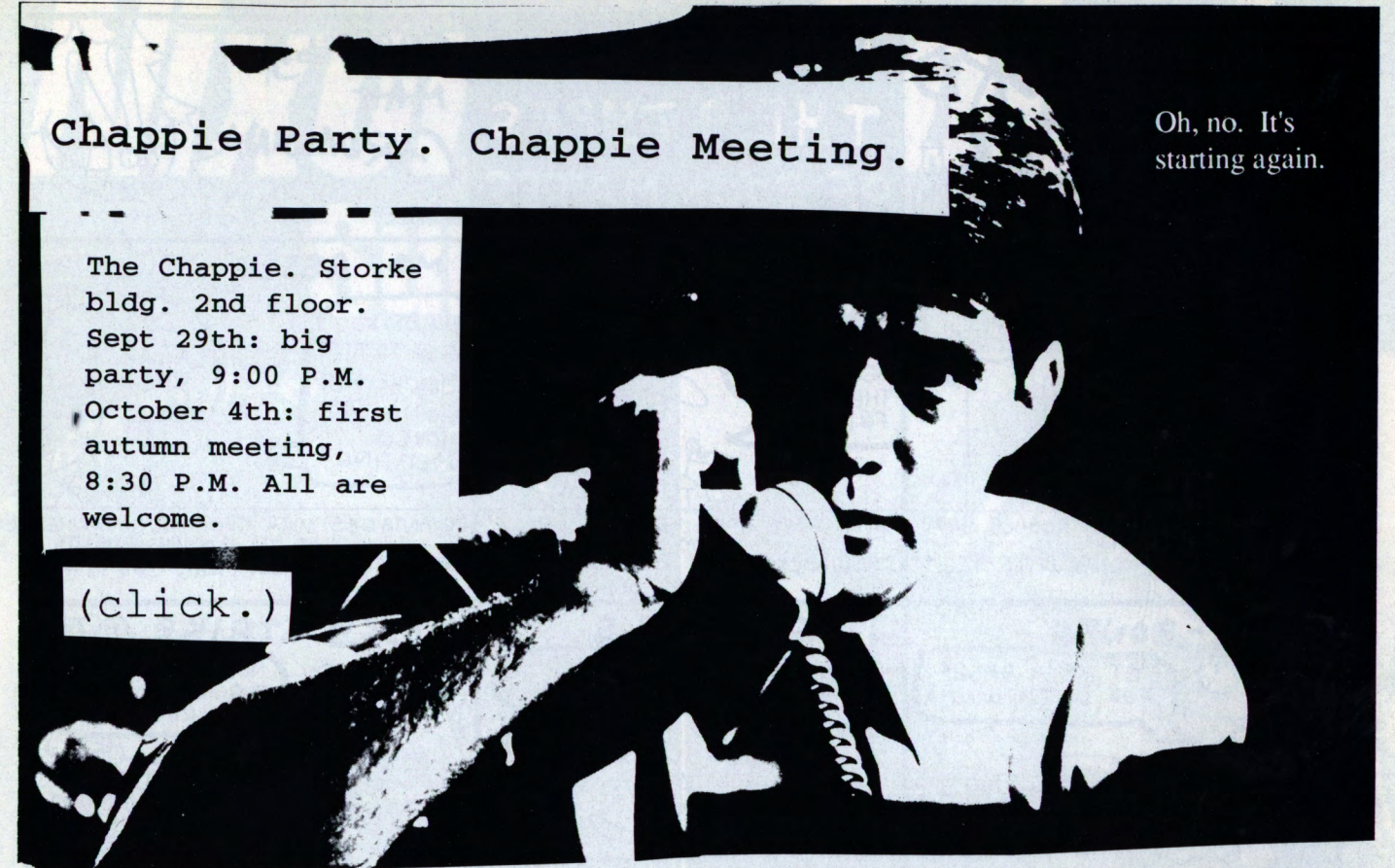


Chappie Party. Chappie Meeting.

Oh, no. It's starting again.

The Chappie. Storke bldg. 2nd floor.
Sept 29th: big party, 9:00 P.M.
October 4th: first autumn meeting, 8:30 P.M. All are welcome.

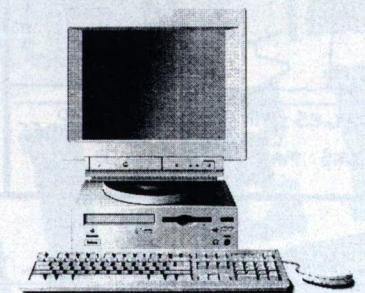
(click.)



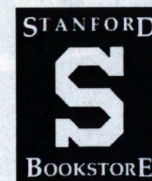
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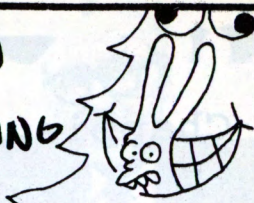
<http://bookstore.stanford.edu>



STANFORD IS HELL

LESSON 28: THE 9 TYPES OF ROOMMATES

©1989 by MATT GROANING



ROMEO



ADVANTAGES: MAY INTRODUCE YOU TO WOMEN
DRAWBACKS: MAY INTRODUCE YOU TO MEN

THE SNEAK



ADVANTAGES: MAY HELP YOU WIN DORM "ASSASSIN"
DRAWBACKS: MAY KILL YOU IN DORM "ASSASSIN"

MS. ASSU



ADVANTAGES: WILL KEEP YOU INFORMED OF ALL CAMPUS EVENTS
DRAWBACKS: WILL DRAG YOU TO THEM

LAZY-BONES



ADVANTAGES: UNOBTRUSIVE
DRAWBACKS: HARD TO VACUUM UNDER

JACK DANIELS



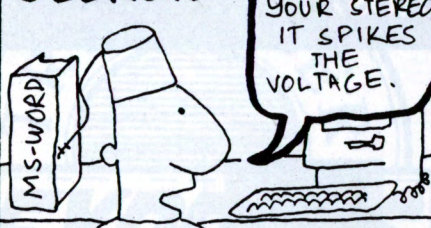
ADVANTAGES: DON'T NEED TO VISIT SAFEWAY
DRAWBACKS: VOMIT STINKS

LUCKY STRIKE



ADVANTAGES: SHE COULD DIE, YOU GET A SINGLE
DRAWBACKS: YOU COULD DIE

GEEKOID



ADVANTAGES: MAY KNOW HOW TO CHANGE YOUR GRADES
DRAWBACKS: MAY KNOW HOW TO CHANGE YOUR GRADES

GLEN MILLER (AND LSTJUMB)



ADVANTAGES: YOU'LL MEET DOLLIES
DRAWBACKS: ENJOYS PRACTICING SOUSA WITH BUDDIES

BUDDY



ADVANTAGES: NEED WE LIST?
DRAWBACKS: MIGHT NOT DRAW WITH YOU NEXT YEAR

HSU AND HYATT '89

CRUEL AND UNUSUAL ROOMMATE



Nixon — Cobain

Summer Tour



Kurt Cobain blends his twisted guitar visions of alienation into the world-diplomacy mix with Dick Nixon, ex-president and improvisational beat poet genius. Nixon's jowly vocal rage adds an edge to Kurt Cobain's screeching guitars that will get you on your feet and completely destroy your face. Don't miss it!

brought to you by Bill Graham Presents

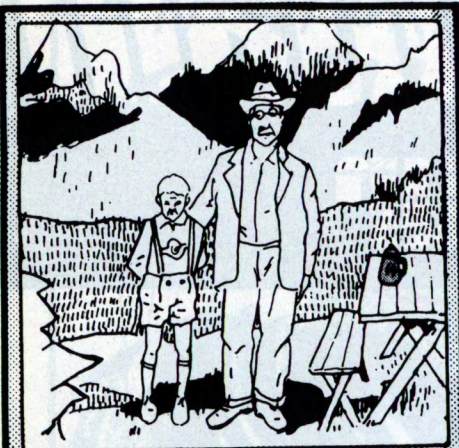
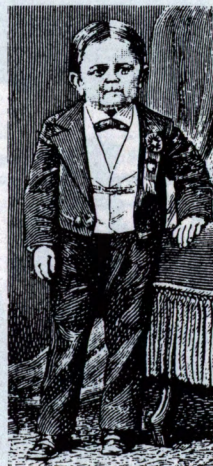
NEW POLITICALLY CORRECT EUPHEMISMS

—or—

"Hey, some of my best friends
are Vertically Challenged."

We know all too well how touchy people can be about what you call them. So in the interest of informing the Stanford community about what terms are currently in vogue, the Chappie presents its guide to the current politically correct lingo (subject to change without notice).

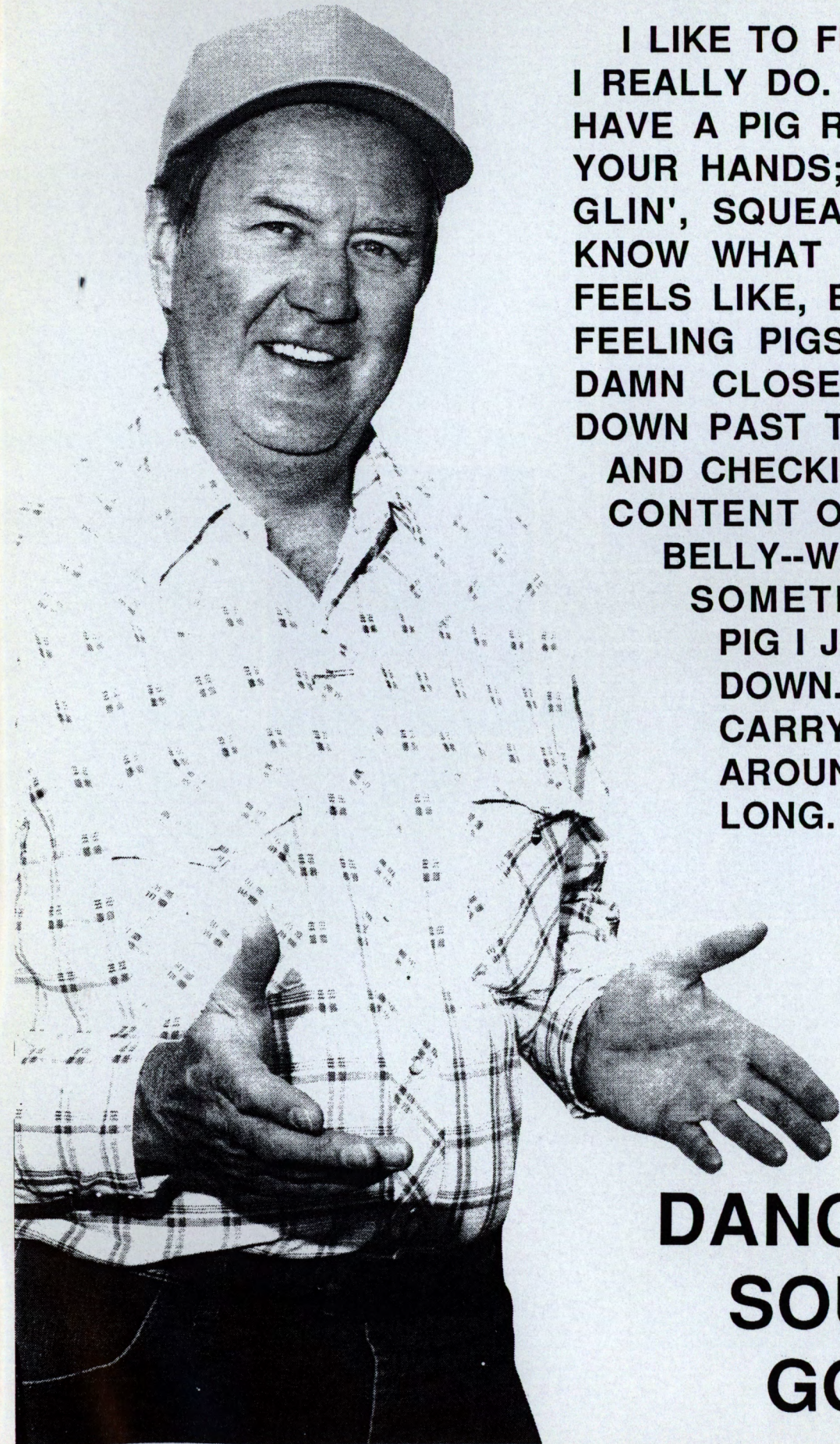
- When you mean to say **Black**, what you should say is **African-American**.
- When you mean to say **Oriental**, what you should say is **Asian-American** or **Pacific Islander**.
- Someone who used to be **handicapped** is now **Physically Challenged** or **Differently Abled**.
- The term for **minorities** is now **People of Color**.
- **Women**, accordingly, are now **People of Gender**.
- **White Anglo-Saxon Protestants** join the ranks of the downtrodden by becoming **Ethnically Deprived**.
- Your **short** friend is now **Vertically Challenged**.
- Likewise, the generally **stupid** are to be referred to as the **Mentally Challenged**.
- People who are **fat** prefer the less pejorative terms **People of Mass** or **Latitudinally Overpresent**.
- **Jocks** are **Physically Overabled** or **Mentally Challenged**.
- The **ugly** are **Aesthetically Challenged**.
- Members of the **animal** kingdom are **Chromosomally Different**.
- **Men** must shed their linguistic shackles and are henceforth to be known as **Myn**.
- Rather than being **dead**, those who have passed on are **Existentially Challenged**.
- Lastly, the correct term for **midget** is **Fucking Midget**.



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Beer Garden

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Portola Valley

Final Words:



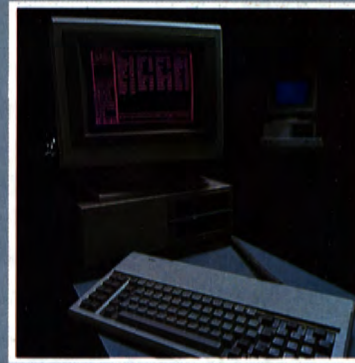
I LIKE TO FEEL PIGS! YEAH I REALLY DO. I MEAN, EVER HAVE A PIG RIGHT THERE IN YOUR HANDS; KICKIN', WIGGLIN', SQUEALIN'?! I DON'T KNOW WHAT NIRVANA FEELS LIKE, BUT DAMN IT! FEELING PIGS MUST BE DAMN CLOSE. REACHING DOWN PAST THAT RIB CAGE AND CHECKING THE FAT CONTENT OF THE PORK BELLY--WELL, SHIT, SOMETIMES I FIND A PIG I JUST CAN'T PUT DOWN. I MEAN, I CARRY THAT PIG AROUND ALL DAY LONG. GIMME A CALL SOMEDAY AND WE'LL GO OUT AND FEEL US SOME PIGS.

DANG! THAT
SOUNDS
GOOD!

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