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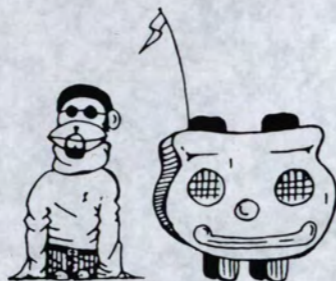
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Every Single Day Since 1899, There Have Been Chappies. They Have Been Staying Up Late, Coughing, Listening to Records, Doing Homework, Talking To Each Other, Barfing, Playing the Drums, Going Downtown for Chinese Food, Passing Around the Sketchbook, Making Life Hard, Then Easy, Then Hard Again, and Looking Out Of The Window.



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Chaparral



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Mistakes
#

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Pierre-Auguste Renoir, *The Boating Party*, 1881.

Some aren't.



Angelo Morbelli, *For Eighty Cents*, 1895.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW **PAPERBACK BEST SELLERS** for the week of February 19, 1996

FICTION

THE DIVERSITY MONOLITH, by Harry Sacks & Peter Penis. (Briggs & Stratton, \$3.99) Sacks & Penis write a book that is so dull, its sales cannot be measured on conventional tabulation equipment.

HOWARD'S END, by Howard Stern. (Bantam Welterweight, \$22.95) Shock-jock Howard Stern writes about his arse for over 300 pages, much to America's delight.

WELCOME BACK KOTTKE, by Ambrosia Williams. (Proper Tool, \$3.95) On a whim, veteran novelist Williams replaces Gabe Kotter with fingerstyle guitar virtuoso Leo Kottke in this compelling novel about a crotchety, musically-inclined teacher in an inner-city high school.

WAITING TO INHALE, by Tracy McMillan. (Randy's House, \$6.95) The amusing story of a young black woman's first time with the bong.

JURASSIC PARK II, by Michael Crichton & Francis Crick. (100 Korean Brothers, \$1.95) Crichton & Crick pair up to produce a novel that has some basis in scientific fact. However, its unremitting faithfulness to the actual properties and abilities of DNA make the story extremely boring.

TWELVE MONKEYS AND A BABY, by Marceau Freixenet. (Jack and Diane, \$8.99). Original French novel, before the American motion picture industry bought the rights and made the whole thing into the cute and endearing story that it was never supposed to be.

THE SCIENCE MACHINE, by the Stanford Chaparral. (Hammer and Coffin, \$18.99) Chronicles the evolution of a creative project that was supposed to spawn a huge, disturbing and intimidating machine, but ended up as nothing more than a TV set with a clock on top. Thanks a lot, Ben.

CHILDREN OF THE PORN, by H. M. Alagore. (Gurgey Town Friends, \$4.50) Two young brothers find their father's stash of *Playboy* and show all their school friends. They are later reprimanded by a female teacher, but only look at her breasts.

NON-FICTION

TUOLUMNE, by James Michener. (Universal Press Pooper, \$13.95) The story of a real American county in which the men are strong, the trucks are large, and fierce pride conceals a deep-rooted sense of failure.

BLACK HOLES AND OTHER STORIES, by Stephen Hawking. (Gerald & Gerund, \$9.95) We got about ten pages into this bowser and decided that it would be funnier to rhyme his name with something vulgar. Failing this as well, we ended up "hawking" this slug of a book right into the crapper. Thanks again, Chair-being, for another noble if unreadable effort.

WHO WROTE THE BIBLE? by the United Christian Front. (UCF Publishing, \$5.95) This 32-page booklet attempts to establish that God wrote the Bible and dictated it to Moses, but relies heavily on unprovable historical facts and ends up appealing to the reader's faith.

HANKS, by Gore Vidal. (Grate, Bigge, Balzos, \$14.95) Vidal's biography of Tom Hanks would be great, but suffers from a persistent fascination with the actor's buttocks.

APOLLO 13, FROM ONE WHO WASN'T THERE, by Mariin Heath. (Houghton Muffler, \$12.95) An account of the infamous Apollo 13 space flight, written by a man who not only wasn't in the control room, he didn't do any research of any sort.

NEVER SNIFF A RED TAIL-HAIR, by Pat F. McManus. (Harper & Hooch, \$8.95) An autobiography by long-time outdoors magazine columnist Pat McManus. Begins with his divorce from wife Bun at age 53 and ends half-way through his battle with colo-rectal cancer the same year.

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO SOCIAL SCIENCE, by Dr. Abraham Goldman. (McGraw-Hill, \$22.95) Dr. Goldman explains human behavior in black-and-white scientific terminology. Takes all the fun out of John Irving novels.

Hammer & Coffin

Roy Brown '96
Chris Darringer '97
Ben Olding '98
Eugene Park '98

Staff

'95, MA '96
Mark Kratter

'96
Josh Gohlke

'97
Steve Smith

'98
Matt Pearl
Margot Quandt
Ryan Whitehead

'99
Pete Hammerman
Wally Huang
Elliot Lang
Sean Lucy
Santos Marroquin
Annie McConaha
Colleen McGarry
Will Morehead
Tushar Ranchod
Mike Rosenblum
Darell Tibbles

Thanks

Arthur Guinness
John Hall
Steve Rosenbaum
Patrick Smith
Alberto Tovar

The Stanford Chaparral

Vol. XCVII March 5, 1996 No. 3

The Chappies

CHRIS ONSTAD '97 Editor-in-Chief. ERIC SAXON '97 Editor-in-Chief.

NICK THOMPSON '97 Business Manager

SEAN KENNEDY '96 Head Writer

CHRIS PEIFFER '98 EtherChappie

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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL. REFLECTIONS

Now THAT science is capable of solving all life's mysteries, you are surely telling yourself that your days would be easier if you too adopted the ways of the scientist. You couldn't be more correct.

Most people would like to live lives free of blunders, but this cannot be possible until you denounce the common folk wisdom that your parents have taught you, and you vow to take up the secluded, sometimes painfully lonely

life of the modern scientist. Yes, we scientists are committed to the rational Science Way, a brotherhood much like your campus fraternities, except that scientists don't smoke large, noxious cigars, and would never beat a man just because he was black.

Initiation into our community will be quite an experience for you. It is doubtful that you will be able to answer the myriad of questions with any degree of accuracy, but you will be judged more by the sensibility of your

footwear than the content of your answers. Try these, newcomer, and then take a look at the sample answers which responsible science provides.

"How is a laser printer different from a dot-matrix printer?"

Your parents probably told you, "there is no such thing as a stupid question." Well, there is another shining example of their ignorance. This is a very stupid question, the sort of question that would sit around all night telling its friends how many beers it had the night before, or how bad of a fart it had made earlier in the day. A laser printer contains a huge laser beam, and a dot-matrix printer makes its letters out of little dots, much like a blind man. If you could remove the hard, plastic shell of a laser printer, everyone in the room would be instantly immolated by the vast amounts of energy you would release. If you could remove the hard, plastic shell of a dot-matrix printer, all you would find would be a pair of dark glasses and a blues album. Thanks to your interest in science, you will never have to ask this question again.

"When arranging a table for more than five people, where should the napkin be placed?"

If the napkin is not folded neatly and placed in the center of the plate, then it should always be on the left of the setting. More than one ugly incident has arisen when this convention was ignored. Do you remember a part from history called "The Knights of the Round Table?" King Arthur was a much wiser man than Disney understood, and realized that bad napkin placement meant confused and angry Knights. He used his incredible foresight here in creating a round table, thus ensuring that his huge, hot-tempered Knights did not kill one another in fights over "stolen" tableware.

*note: If King Arthur and Walt Disney were alive today, King Arthur would kill Disney for making him a chicken.

"Is time travel possible?"

Time travel is not only possible, it is highly recommended. Many charlatans claim that travelling through time will cost you more in terms of sanity than the trip itself is worth, but this is simply not true. Scientists have been travelling back and forth for years, and quite comfortably the whole time.

Albert Einstein, while editing his Theory of Relativity, realized that if you dial the number of the telephone you are calling from, you will confuse the poor little

"What is more hot-tempered: an Irishman, or a bee trapped in a jar?"

You should probably realize that a bee trapped in a jar is not angry, it is afraid. It is afraid of dying, of spending its last mortal moments contained in an asphyxiating glass prison. Science has discovered that if you trap an Irishman in a glass jar, he will not be afraid; rather, he will come out of the jar and beat you with his meaty fists. At this point, you will be afraid, and science cannot do a thing to help you.

"If you're hitchhiking, and the person stops for gas, is it customary to chip in?"

Motorists do not expect hitchhikers to have much money. Instead, they expect that the hitchhiker will pay them in humor. For this reason, you should always have a few jokes at the ready. The longer you have been riding with the person, the longer and more complex the joke should be. On a trip cross-country, you will need approximately thirty-five jokes, so it's a good idea to carry a notebook. It's also a good idea to carry a loaded gun. You can thank your lucky stars that science figured that one out for you.

After reading these questions, you are probably thinking that a life of science is going to be a great deal more difficult than you had originally imagined. This is not because you are a fool, although you may indeed be one. This is because a life free of folly can only be obtained through rational enquiry and the wearing of soft, rubber-soled shoes. Do you want to live a rational life, one free of mistakes and pain? Or do you want to spend your life driving around, ignorant to the fine line between conjecture and outright lies? Either way, science is here for you, and science has all the answers. Science knows that dogs are actually mocking us with their "loving" behavior, that water can flow uphill if it is given the appropriate amount of encouragement, and that there is indeed no force on earth more powerful than a man with a good car.

Thank you, and goodnight. Science will leave the (butane) light on for you.



machine so badly that it will grant you any wish if you will just hang up. This is where you ask it to provide you with time travel. "Please connect me to London, 1865," you can say, and instantly you will be on Portobello Road over a hundred years ago. Then you must wait around for several years until Dr. Bell invents the telephone. This is why it is wise never to travel father back than the early 1900's. Science can't get you out of every sticky situation, my friend.

Hinton Brothers Novelties

A catalogue of first-run mistakes, damaged and irregular merchandise

Fish Fan. Drop small plastic fish into this rotating fan and watch them jump around until they fall out. Fun for some. (\$9.95)

Bob's Playboys. Found them in his garage. Series includes various issues from 1972-79. (\$9.95)

Cute Monkey with Deep Voice. This monkey will entertain you for hours, spouting his charming ideas in an unexpectedly throaty baritone. (\$9.95)

Eugene Park. Now you too can own a staff writer. Alternately grouchy, witty. (\$9.95)

Witty Banter. Complete list of phrases to see you through the most inane of conversations. Handy in Britain. (\$9.95)

No-chances Lawn Flamingos. Due to design oversight, these flamingos are standing on two legs. Lets people know you're not taking any chances in life. (\$9.95)

No-Hands Mop. Unlike other "no-hands" mops, this mop floats magically through the air, mopping happily away while you read the newspaper or watch TV. (\$9.95)

Unreleased Compilation CDs. Eclectic compilations that never garnered strong audiences. Set of ten includes *Leave Science Alone*, *Planet of the Apes*, and *Fat Rock*. (\$9.95)

Spy Car. Created for low-budget action film that was never made. Looks like normal Volkswagen, but gearshift knob can be used to bludgeon assailants. (\$9.95)

Dog With a Camera Eye. Used by policemen the world over. The cops mount one of these on a porch, and it records all illegal activity in the neighborhood. Now you can too. (\$9.95)

Beastie Boy Rhyme Kit. Now Mike D., MCA, and the King Ad-Rock won't be the only ones rhyming "commercial" with "commercial." (\$9.95)

"If Bums Had Cars." Amusing book details the developments that bum technology would eventually produce if they were allowed to have cars. Includes "cellular can" and "hat on a long handle." (\$9.95)

Psychic Insects. These bugs know what their bug brothers are thinking, and aren't afraid to tell. (\$9.95)

Talk Sacks. Science may tell us a lot of things, but it can't tell us how to use these sacks. Spoken words are trapped in cellophane bags, to be opened at appropriate moments. (\$9.95)

"101 Impossible Sexual Positions." Impossible and/or unappealing sexual positions! Includes the Organ Grinder, the Reverse Jackhammer, and the Tarantula. (\$9.95)

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Hair Boxers. Make your inner torment match the horror of the physical world. (\$9.95)



E

verybody's talking about mistakes nowadays.

Let me tell you the biggest mistake of all... Not drinking enough beer.

That reminds me of a saying, "A beer is a terrible thing to... uh... not drink." Actually, that reminds me of another saying, "A beer in the hand is worth two bucks at Vern's Bar, unless its Wednesday, then its \$1.50 beers until Vern throws your sorry ass outta there."

Yeah, I tell you, it's a real mistake not to drink beer. This is a lesson everyone should learn early. That's why whenever I meet kids, I always tell them this story: There once was this kid, and the only thing he wanted in the world was some beer. Now this was a good kid, never meant any trouble, he just really needed some beer. He pleaded, he stated his case, but the mean old "national government" told him that he couldn't have any beer until he was 21 years old. Well, the kid wasn't going to wait another 15 years to get some beer, so he took matters into his own hands. He had to go to the underground black market to buy his beer. The kid finally got his beer, but at what price? I'll tell you what the price was, \$8.65 a twelver. They ripped the kid off because he was still in elementary school. That was a sad day for America, I say, and for my little brother. I let him keep the change though. Only because I was already drunk.

It's a real mistake not to give kids their beer.

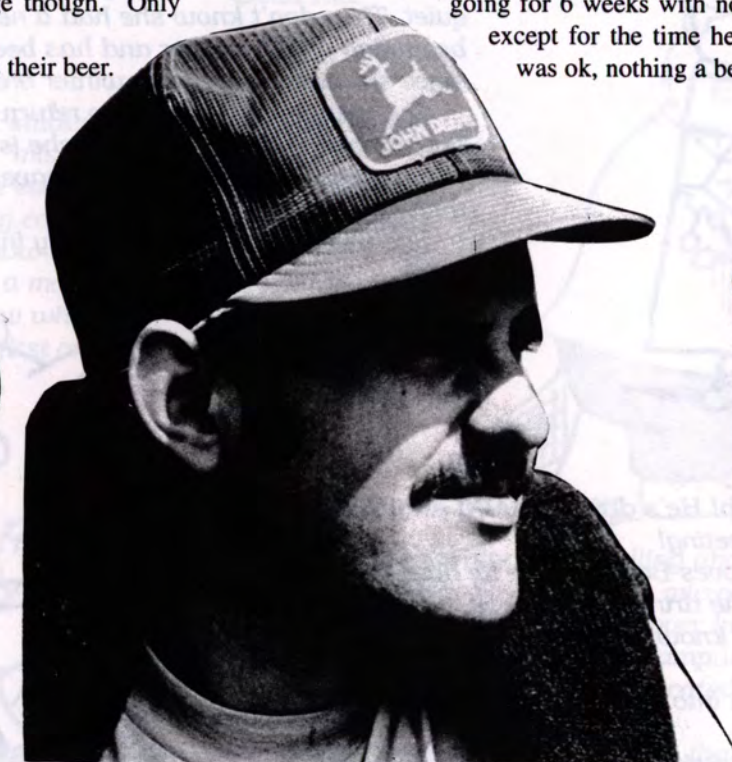
You see, I believe the children are our future. Give them beer and let them drink away. Show them all the beauty a bottle has inside.

I forget the rest. But it ends up with all the kids getting hammered and skipping school and stealing stuff. Its a good song, about the greatest drink there ever was, or something like that. God, I love kids, especially ones that party.

Yup. Not drinking enough beer is a real mistake, I say. My pal Lips Mandarich will back me up on this one. You see, Lips and I were at Vern's one night, and Vern tried to cut us off, saying it was 2 a.m. or something. Well we weren't about to sit there and let this guy violate our Constitutional rights to gettin' wasted. We busted that place up until Vern called the cops and they dragged us away. Not before me and Lips finished off all the kegs in the bar, though. Then the cops threw us in this cell called detox, and we had to sleep there all night. That's where we learned our most important lesson. Listen up, because this is the biggest mistake of all.

Did you know that you can't drink when you're asleep? Well, not voluntarily, anyway. I mean, I'll have Lips pour a few beers down my throat when I'm passed out, but what are friends for? Anyway, do realize how much beerdrinking time is wasted when you sleep? It's enough to make a man sober. A weak man, however.

So now its beers all the time. Me and Lips have been going for 6 weeks with no signs of slowing down, except for the time he fell off the roof, but he was ok, nothing a beer couldn't fix.



Beerdrinker

Talks About Mistakes

A Very Scary Stanford

Eduardo works for Stanford Food Service--way, way in the back. He puts peppers in every food item because he misses his home. Most Stanford students who have a lot of money say "I feel guilty about being served by poor people like Eduardo."

They shouldn't feel guilty, though, because Eduardo certainly doesn't feel guilty about urinating in the vegetable soup!



Millie is a freshman from a very small town in the Midwest. Stanford is like another world to her! Everybody believes Millie is a reserved and pleasant young woman because she is very quiet. They don't know she had a near breakdown in the beginning of fall quarter and has been chronically depressed since she came back after winter break.

She wants nothing more to return home, but there is tremendous pressure on her because she is the first person in her family to go to college. She will have a nervous breakdown in the beginning of spring quarter.

She will not be telling her story in a Viewbook profile this year.



Look at Bob! He's drunk AGAIN! And this is just house meeting!

Everyone loves Bob because he does funny things when he drinks. Last week, nobody could find Bob. You know what Bob did?

(It's bad...)

He climbed into one of the Quad arches and fell asleep!

This week, Bob will fall from a great height when trying to climb the arch again. His friends who called him "The Arch King" all week will read the front page article and feel especially bad.

Climbing arches is GROSS!



Peter the Policeman makes sure that not too many strange characters get on our campus. After all, it's a private school, not a homeless man's school! A few do make it through, though. Remember Bob, the "Masturbate and Be Free" man? Where has he been this year?

(I know a secret...)

Peter and his friends drowned poor Bob in a bathtub! "Just a little cleaning up," says Peter with a chuckle.



This is just a Stanford student. No one is sure what his name is. He has always "missed out" because he is always working hard. He even misses dinner, because he eats dinner in the lab! Big companies love people like this student, because they know he can always be counted on to give 110%. Tomorrow, a mad gunman will kill him at McDonalds, and you know what?

He was in line for his first order of real fast food french fries.



What is the loud man in White Plaza yelling about? "Fifty percent of the people at Stanford have microchips planted in their brain by members of the Hoover Institute!" "One-hundred percent of the people on this campus are being influenced by a mind-control satellite located on the top of Hoover Tower!"

What crazy ideas! The really crazy thing is, that crazy man is right! He has a magnetized plate in his head that makes him invincible to the rays. After he leaves White Plaza today, the top of Hoover Tower will unhinge and a huge fly will crawl out. The fly will pick up the crazy man and drop him in a boiling tank near the physics department.

The only person who can save us is dead!



Hey, everyone, there's Sneaky Sammy! He looks a lot like a student, doesn't he? Now take a second look. Why does he alternate between browsing aimlessly and shifting his eyes?

He's a security guard for the bookstore!

His headphones are not playing Aerosmith, they are playing "dark male in poetry section" and "dark male near magazine rack."

Sammy gets paid very well to catch peers who try to take pencils and cap erasers for free. Sammy has never heard the saying "A Kid Who Tells on Another Kid Is a Dead Kid."



B lunders, Foibles a n d O t h e r F o u l - u p s f r o m H i s t o r y



In The Beginning

The first Big Bang occurs. Unfortunately, it is only about the size of a baseball.

God takes a rib from Adam and creates Eve. Twelve thousand years later he creates the "Pocket Pal," a novel alternative which will ensure the end of procreation.

Gilgamesh calls his lifelong friend Enkidu a "lion-faced freak."

King Hammurabi of Babylon creates the "Morse Code of Hammurabi," a little used system of encryption on clay tablets.



A.D. 18

Jesus can't take it any more. Whacks off.

A Native American of the Sioux tribe invents the wheel, which he believes might aid transportation. He is rejected by his compatriots, who believe the system of dogs dragging sticks to be better.

Arthur and his entire Round Table devote the rest of their lives to the pursuit of the Holy Grail, unaware that a free grail is available with purchase of a large soft drink at local fast food outlets.

Attempting to join the Crusades, Prince Henry Bethell of England goes instead to what is now Latvia. He is killed in a fight over the price of yogurt.

William Shakespeare attempts to bring full frontal nudity to the stage with new play "Chicks." Widely rejected by Elizabethan audience.



1732

Don Juan buys really "dorky" carriage. Chicks don't dig it.

Captain Cook discovers Christmas Island and Easter Island, and garners worldwide acclaim. Shortly afterwards he discovers Cerebral Palsy Awareness Week Island, but neglects to tell anyone of his find.

Mozart's father, believing his 3 year-old son to be of above average intellect, forces the boy to play cribbage. He hopes this will lead to lucrative success on the professional cribbage circuit.

Napoleon Bonaparte is captured by a brave band of British soldiers in a high-casualty midnight raid. They then lock him up in a grass and paper prison, and he escapes.

Eli Whitney invents the "Hemp Gin," a machine that greatly eases the harvest of marijuana. Sales are hurt by marijuana's subsequent illegalization.

Rate of western technological progress plummets after Catholic Church launches its Nerd Inquisition.

The young Mary Shelley pens the novel "Frankenstein." The monster appears in her room while she is asleep and removes the section wherein she describes his three-inch penis.

Mark Twain writes "Heppel," a novel told entirely in the rambling dialect of a drunk homeless man from Missouri.

William Jennings Bryan is run off the stage after delivering his "Cross of Human Feces" speech.



1908

Einstein unveils his First Theory of Space-Time Relation. It entails the key point that tiny, invisible scientists mounted in control towers control the rate of the speed of light. Later rejected by most theorists.

Charlie Chaplin attempts to build a body of films around a single character- "The Little Pedophile." Audience reaction mixed.



1915

Henry Ford experiments with alternative manufacturing and introduces the "Motion Production Line," where workers ride a conveyor belt and attempt to assemble stationary cars.

FDR comes up with plan to not enact any real changes in government and society. Calls it his "Same Old Shit" plan.

An unknown photographer takes a picture of American men in which the subjects are not sporting crew cuts and horn-rimmed glasses. He is executed by cultural historians.

Lou Reed writes depressing, uninspired song "Beer."

While searching for a way to electronically transmit pornographic pictures to their friends at Stanford, three MIT students accidentally invent the Internet.

KooKoo the Chimp is mistakenly assigned Head Engineer to the Apollo 13 space mission.

Bill Gates drops out of Harvard, thwarting destiny's plans to make him head of the English department at Miami University.

Unable to quit "Balloon Help," Reagan smashes his computer. Government contract with Apple, Inc. expires

Musician Kurt Cobain marries Courtney Love.

Stanford students fail to elect the Very Serious Clowns as their COP slate.

Things God Did That Piss Annie Off



By Annie McCannaha

"Glamour shots," moon too small, Jackyl, only one Cowper's gland, the nicotine patch, lentil pot pie, global warming, Richard Simmons, Bible too long, "Riptide," messages at the bottom of beer cans, pizza you eat "crust first," chia "pets," Tipper Gore, UB40 two disc set, "sweat bands," Cleveland, government spending, "candy" cigarettes, taking "candy" from babies, country music, too many letters in "cologne," Geophysics 004, racoons at night, the "Get-along Gang," Gerard Depardieu, vacuum "cleaners," cellulite, 1-800-COLLECT, put the fucking "tree of knowledge" right there with all the other trees, Jazzercise, the Daily, gravy, medals, lonely animals, "short fiction," WWII, the female condom, CS majors, gold TOO rare, "sippin' tea," "bun-sized" weiners, high airfare, "Battleship," the Oregon Trail, peach-colored swimwear, melanoma, "mobile" homes, Corn Nuts, Michael J. Fox, people who call themselves "Rico Suave," come-hither looks, Tequila, midterms, olestra, law "enforcement," polytheism, velcro, Michael Crichton, "The Phantom of the Opera," skeletons in one's proverbial closet, "trained" bears, "Malibu Musk," Quentin Tarantino, "area" rugs, forgery no longer a misdemeanor, "Faculty Night," Seinfeld, dirty dancing, cable costing money, "critical literary analyses," hairspray, "showers," Stimp, that part where He "hardens the pharaoh's heart," Iceland, allowing Bon Jovi to cover "Come Together," GATT, the mid-eight commandments, "pond" scum.

JUDGMENT: BAD A portrait



As a baby, you crawl towards the tiled floor. The tiled floor is cold. You soil your diapers to warm yourself. Pleased with your decision, you gurgle and salivate.

During lunch hour at Kindergarten, you drink Coca-Cola while eating Pop Rocks; your classmates are in awe. Always willing to impress, you later drink 7-Up while eating sedimentary rocks.

In junior high, you are quoted as saying that Ringo was, in fact, the "cute one."

On your sixteenth birthday, your girlfriend tries to give you her "present." Not understanding, you insist that, no, it's not hot in here, and that you would like to keep your shirt on.

While most of your friends identify with Greg or Peter, you find yourself strangely drawn to Oliver, the hapless cousin to the Brady kids.

In the early Eighties, you laugh at your cautious investor friends as your stocks in Atari and Betamax increase by another quarter-point.

While on vacation, you wander around the hotel and suddenly find yourself in a convention room. You laugh at the twisted faces and zany physical comedy of the people on stage. As you are escorted out, you notice the sign welcoming the National Institute for Epilepsy Research.

Your fiancée informs you that she has had many previous partners, has been rejected as a blood donor, and habitually injects intravenous drugs with large groups of people. You shrug this off as "just a phase."

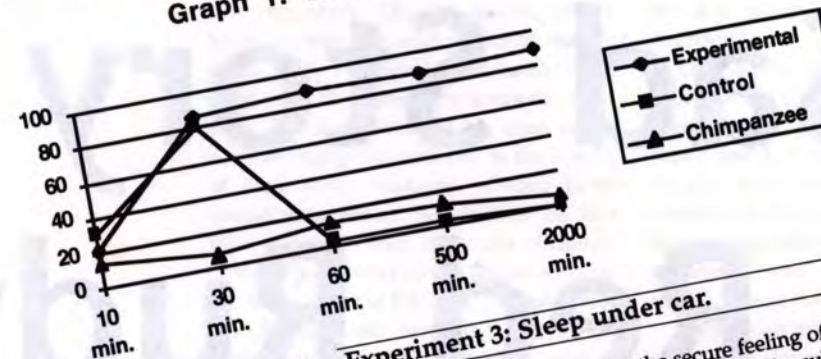
Due to its exotic location and inexpensive accommodations, you decide that post-Ebola Zaire is the perfect vacation spot for the family. Red Cross officials assure you that it is "probably safe."

Impressed by the imagery in his speech about "the cocoon of fear," you place a last minute bet on Peter McNeely.

In spite of the inconclusive studies, you purchase a house near low power lines. Your new neighbor Sid is very hospitable, and after a few conversations, he quickly becomes a good friend. Sid is a three-eyed fish.

Sleep Studies on Pre-School Children (Bing Nursery, Stanford University Research, 1983)

Graph 1: Test Score vs. Elapsed Time



(These are the results of several sleep studies conducted on Bing Nursery children. For reasons unknown, these studies were unable to obtain grant renewals for fiscal year 1984.)

Abstract: For years, those in the childcare industry have taken for granted that preoperational (aged 4-5) children need daily "naps." Our hypothesis is that children, when subjected to anomalous sleep patterns, will perform as well as if not better than those with normal sleep patterns in standard motor-skill and visual acuity and persistence tests.

We were searching for the effects of maximizing the sleep-to-awakeness ratio. Subjects who were unable to remain asleep for the required amount of time (23 hours/day for this study) were given quaaludes that allowed them to remain in a supine position for days at a time. After awakening the subjects by means of vigorous shaking, the tests were administered. The above graph shows the experimental group compared to the control group that was allowed a "normal" 8 hours sleep.

As can be seen, those in the experimental group did, on the average, score better in the "Staying still for a long amount of time" test as well as the "Stare into oblivion" test. These subjects had no trouble maintaining a gaze for the full 2000 minutes. The control group, unable to remain in one position for more than 30 minutes (even when penalized by electric shocks) scored poorly. None were able to "stay still" for the full 2000 minutes. The chimpanzees, regardless of sleep, just jumped around and grabbed at their genitals (as predicted by Norman-Friedman, et al).

We conclude that when given 23-23.5 hours of sleep per day, both motor skills and vision are improved.

Experiment 2: One hour of sleep/day

Subjects in this study were allowed to sleep for only one hour per day for a period of 8 days. There existed three groups, the experimental, the placebo, and the control. The experimental group, when given the two tests, performed outstandingly, with the exception of the 34% that died before the tests could be administered. All participants in the placebo group (who were given brain implants to trick them into thinking they had slept 1 hour/day) died within a week. The control group behaved in the same manner as in Experiment #1. See graph 1 for the complete data from the experiment.

Conclusion: When deprived of sleep, children perform well (Note: this is direct evidence against the conventional wisdom of the "nap"-theorists).

Experiment 3: Sleep under car.

Our researchers believe that the secure feeling of a car chassis may increase the effectiveness of sleep. The subjects in the experimental group who slept under idling cars (as opposed to the control group that slept under parked car-simulators) scored best of all participants in this study. One subject was able to maintain a constant stare throughout all testings and for two weeks following the completion of the tests (he was later found to have been dead).

In addition, waking up to the sudden increase in carbon monoxide fumes while having to dodge the wheels of your "night-time car" as it speeds away can expedite waking-up, obviating the age-old slow-waking-up-problem. Only 46.5% of those studied had noticeable side-effects (loss of bladder control, crushed appendages), while the other 53.5% experienced the catatonic effects of carbon monoxide poisoning. The results can be seen in graph 1.

Conclusion: Cars create an environment very conducive to effective sleep. We recommend further research in the effects of other modes of transportation on sleep effectiveness.

Experiment 5: Sleep after having eaten laxatives.

This was a bad idea. Our researchers thought it would be funny. Ha, ha, ha. They were wrong. See graph 1.

General Conclusion:

As can be seen in the above experiments, the standard sleep patterns advocated by the scientific community are actually detrimental to the day-to-day performance of pre-school children. Hopefully, scientists will reject common-sense notions of what they think children "need" in favor of our fact-based, unbiased results. Not until people learn that science is superior to tradition and common knowledge will our society ever progress.

The Somewhat Sad Story of Red Rudy

b y C h r i s O n s t a d

Rudy was never a very stable kid. He had this crazy red hair and glasses, and he always wore corduroy pants, even when the only guys at school who wore corduroy pants were the ones who cried a lot and ate mud. And his parents didn't like him very much. His dad, Russel, used to hit empty beer cans with a baseball bat and make Rudy run around and catch them. Rudy took the game very seriously, however, and always banged his shins on an old tree stump that was out in the middle of their dusty backyard. When Rudy turned nine, Russel bought him his first bike, an old dirt bike, and a case of canned chili—which, to his credit, Russel ate none of. Rudy rode the bike into a canal a couple of times, and then left it out on the highway and watched it get hit by a car.

Rudy used to have this dog that could speak Japanese. The dog didn't know the entire language, but he could say things like "Good Morning" and "How was school?" and he could have brief, very polite conversations with the Sakamotos, Rudy's Japanese neighbors. And he always bowed to anyone that walked into the house, which didn't include Russel. "O-ha-yo Go-zai-mas," he would say in his little deep voice, and touch his nose to

the carpet. Rudy built him a wooden car and a little house made out of refrigerator boxes, but one summer when Rudy was about nine his family went on vacation with the dog and he got lost at the airport. Russel made up some story about how he had seen the dog getting on the flight to Tokyo, and Rudy started crying. The Sakamotos weren't surprised to hear Russel's story—they had always felt that the dog wasn't really happy living in America.

One day his grandpa came over for a visit. He was a no-nonsense grandpa, with horn-rimmed glasses and heavy black shoes, and his name was Grandpa Milo. He had once worked at the Standard Oil refinery in Salinas, and he told Rudy a story about the time he had beat up John Steinbeck, who was down there doing some research for a book.

"Well, your grandma and I were standing in line down at the Del Rio theater, back before your dad was born, and who do we see but old John, just standing there near the end of the line, waiting for the show to start like everyone else. He had just written some book about bums, and he was doing pretty well. Now, I don't hate a man just because he's famous, but I tell you, he was giving dirty looks to people like you wouldn't believe." Grandpa Milo imitated one of the dirty looks for us.

"Who's John Steinbeck?" Rudy asked.



"Go away, boy, and let me finish," Grandpa Milo said. "Anyway, all of a sudden I realize that I left my wallet back in the car, and gentlemen don't let ladies pay for movies, so I had to run back and get it. And what do you know, but when I got back, old John had stolen my place in line, and he was talking to your grandmother. Well, I give him a hello, and make like I'm ready to get back in my spot, but he pretends not to notice me. So I tap him on the shoulder, real cool and collected, and he shrugs it off. Well, by now I'm all riled up, and I say to him, 'excuse me, sir, but could I have a word with you?' and when he turns around, I lay him out cold. Old John never knew what hit him." He made abbreviated punching motions with his fists. Rudy wondered why he was being told a story that had no entertainment value. A little while later he walked out of the room and looked for some money in Milo's coat pocket, and when he found a soggy handkerchief, he went into the bathroom and had the dry heaves.

When Grandpa Milo left after dinner, he walked out to his car all alone. He didn't even say good-bye to Russel, who was watching a TV cooking show in the den, or Rudy's mom, who was on the phone, talking about how bad radio reception had been getting recently. She had just showered and was only wearing one of Russel's work shirts. Her hair left little wet traces on the collar of the shirt, and her naked leg dangled lazily off the couch where she was sitting.

It was already dark outside, and the neighbors' TV sets were flickering in their living room windows. Russel went outside to work in his shed. Rudy sat on the front porch, listened to the lawn sprinklers for a while, and ended up being confused what the two men in the window across the street were up to.

...

When he was fifteen, Rudy got a job at Kmart so that he could buy a new car. He worked in the Sporting Goods and Automotive department, selling Valvoline and baseball gloves and wearing a little red vest with his name on it. Mostly he just stood around a lot and ate candy bars when Mr. Leo wasn't looking. Mr. Leo, his boss, was the kind of guy that used to be out in full effect back when things like the executive pants-suit look were cool. He always yelled at Rudy for giving Rose a hard time. Rose was a nasty old lady who worked in the department. She thought that just because her life was pathetic, she was entitled to forty-five minute coffee breaks. She, like Mr. Leo, came from a place that was not the earth.

Sitting in the Kmart break room, to Rudy,

meant watching a fuzzy TV and playing roulette with a vending machine. It wasn't the kind of place that he wanted to spend fifteen minutes in. Sometimes Mr. Leo would tell Rudy his theories on how Kmart could make more money, or he would make small talk about relationships with the terminally single women who worked there. The people in the break room always uncomfortably reminded Rudy of a scene from a National Geographic special where a little hysterical monkey named Mr. Bonkers started screaming and throwing his own feces against the wall, and then stopped and smiled really big at the camera. But at that young age he still had faith in humans, and he thought that maybe they went home and did something other than masturbate or pick their noses until they fell asleep.

Christmas time at Kmart was a nightmare. First of all, there were well over a million

Rudy sat on the front porch, listened to the lawn sprinklers for a while, and ended up being confused about what the two men in the window across the street were up to.

people in the store, most of whom were moms with shopping carts full of filthy, crying children, moms who thought it was all right to change diapers on top of the fish-finder display case. The rest were all crotchety old men who wanted a gardening tool that no one had heard of since the Peloponnesian War. And each and every one of these people made a personal complaint to the district manager every time Rudy tried to tell them that he didn't have what they wanted. To make things slightly more unbearable, there was this holiday theme music blasting over the loudspeaker system that sounded like it was performed entirely by furious reptiles.

When the shoppers finally made their selections, which, without exception, were three bags of dog food and a can of WD-40, they worked their ways up to the front registers,

which were being run by fifteen-year old girls who were having nervous breakdowns.

And to make matters worse, the parking lot filled up with Brazilian tour buses every hour, on the hour. Unfortunately, the Brazilians spoke Portuguese, which is *nothing* like Spanish, which was what Rudy and Mr. Leo and everyone else at Kmart had learned in high school. To them, Portuguese sounded vaguely like Spanish played backwards, except faster. And they never wanted simple things, like a baseball glove or a case of Valvoline, items which could easily have been communicated to Rudy. No, the Brazilians came to America so that they could go to Kmart and buy umbrellas with working gauges and monogrammed leatherette spare-dog covers. At least that's what it *seemed* like they wanted, because he could never figure out what in the hell they were saying. But, to their credit, they were about ten times more polite than American shoppers. And they dressed better, too. He was starting to think that Milo's anti-American diatribes had an element of truth in them.

During the holidays Rudy ran about forty miles a day back and forth between the front registers and his department, doing price checks and exchanges. And since the men and women who run Kmart are the ones that wore corduroy and ate mud back in elementary school, they scheduled the shipments to come in during peak sales hours, when everyone was busy running back and forth to the registers, trying to calm down the checkers. So there were a bunch of mad truck drivers hanging around in the store because no one could go unload things for them, and they walked around yelling at everyone who was wearing a red vest. Rudy aged ten years that Christmas.

One night after work he met his friend Scott and went McDonald's. It was crowded with families, all buying eggnog milkshakes and hamburgers, their smiling faces reddened by the chilly air outside and the excitement of holiday shopping. The two found a little table near the back of the dining area and sat down with their trays.

"Your job stinks," Scott said. He had seen Rudy during the last few minutes of an eight-hour holiday shift, when he was on the verge of violence and his feet were red-hot from wearing wingtips all day.

"Yeah, no kidding. I had to call an ambulance today for some old guy who passed out in the dressing room."

"Really?" Scott looked up at him in disbelief.

"Yeah. You know that couple that always comes in, they're both about forty, and the wife works at Burger King? Her husband, the slow guy with glasses, I think his name is

Mitchell, he got really sick and passed out right around two, when things were really busy. Leo made me run and call from the pay phone out front. He wouldn't even let me use the store phone. I was really mad at first, but then I started thinking about how awful the old man must have felt. I mean, it's the middle of the holiday rush, all those people around, and he can't handle it any more. Leo got mad at the couple for holding things up. I couldn't believe it. And nobody seemed to care, all the other shoppers just ignored the whole thing."

After the holidays, things slowed down quite a bit and he had time to make small talk with customers. These were usually old men who came in on slow nights and talked about how bad things were getting, or about how much better gardening tools had been back before the Peloponnesian War.

He worked at Kmart from January 23 to January 23, exactly a year and a day. In that span of time there were quite a few regulars at his counter. There was Daryl Van Nuisance, a skinny white guy with long curly hair and aviator sunglasses, who looked at radar detectors every Friday night but never bought one; there was Bitter Woods, who was actually named Herbert Woods—he had fixed copy machine parts for thirty years and was now a retired cynic; there was Kris Grimes, a mentally retarded eighteen-year old boy, who a young couple named Jack and Jolene hired every once in a while to make diversions in the store while they shoplifted; there was a Mexican family that came in on Saturday nights around eight-thirty and bought little bits and pieces for their car, who always paid cash, and never said anything besides "thank-you" when we gave them their change. After a few visits the regulars would start to become familiar with him: some would make jokes, some would smile when they pulled their carts alongside the counter, and some were never more than a purchase and a thank-you.

But it was at Kmart that he learned to hate people. Things were different when you were on the other side of the counter: you were the enemy, for some reason, no matter how polite you were, and no matter how many supervisors you called on the phone right there in front of them, you couldn't do enough right to keep the people from despising you. Store policy was that the customer was supposedly always right, but the only consistent quality that he could detect was that the customer was always a lying bastard who just wanted something for a discount. During his dinner break he would walk through the storage bays in the back of the building, where no one went at night, and the towering stacks of over-stocked merchandise, wrapped in yellowing plastic and covered with dust, would surround him. It

was cold there, and rickety wooden staircases rose up to the second floor, where the air-conditioning machinery was. He would hide back there in the dark, in the silent labyrinth of stacks, eating candy bars that he had stolen from up front and hoping that no one would come back and find him.

Bitter Woods came back to the department one January night after the Christmas rush, about an hour before closing, looking for a search light that he could run off the cigarette lighter in his car. He told Rudy that he was going to use it to scare off tailgaters.

"Unmask an eagle, and you find a coward," he said. Bitter Woods said everything like it was the climax scene of a war movie. He looked right into Rudy's eyes as he said it, and then took off his old baseball cap. His hat had a worn spot on the bill where his fingers touched. When his hat came off, Rudy could

Unfortunately, the Brazilians spoke Portuguese, which is nothing like Spanish, which is what Rudy and Mr. Leo and everyone else at Kmart had learned in high school.

see strange dry patches of skin peeling from his forehead and the side of his face. He wished that Mr. Leo, who was casual friends with Bitter, would come rescue him from the old man.

Bitter had played on Rudy's sense of pity, and he had cornered him into having a conversation with him. The old man took out one of his long brown cigarillos and started smoking it, even though store policy didn't allow it. His skin seemed to dry out a little more each time he took another drag.

Rudy didn't like Bitter. He never liked old men who asked you questions just so that they could get mad and lecture you—yet, he felt some sort of respect for the things that Bitter was saying, maybe because the man was so old. Bitter went on and on about how bad things had gotten, how dumb his wife was,

and how rotten and untrustworthy doctors were. He told Rudy about some term called "iatrogenics," which he said meant "illnesses caused by doctors' fuck-ups." He told him about an author named Charles Vernon who knew a lot about how people thought, and Bitter said, "I would give a lot to have read his books when I was your age." Out of respect for the man, Rudy wrote down a few of the things he was saying, like the author's name and the word "iatrogenics." The old man was disturbing him, and he found it difficult to make eye contact with him. Rudy felt that the old man was just lonely and wanted someone to yell at.

Bitter set his dirty cap down on the counter and took his cigarette between two fingers. He told Rudy that he didn't celebrate Christmas anymore, that it was just big business's way of getting people to spend money on a bunch of things that they didn't need. Rudy imagined Bitter Woods, sitting in a chair all alone in his living room, in the dark, waiting for trick-or-treaters to come by so that he could sit real still and ignore them. He imagined that no one ever called, not even his family, and that he never turned on the TV or ate anything that wasn't out of a can. He saw Bitter sitting in his chair, tracing the edge of a diseased patch of skin with a finger, wisps of slow cigarette smoke rising from the ashtray beside him. He started to feel sick.

Bitter looked right into Rudy's eyes again. He knew that he was getting to him. Rudy was running a finger along the sides of the counter, trying to concentrate on the floor.

"Tell me, son, how old are you?" Bitter asked.

"Fifteen."

"Did you ever play the piano?"

"A little bit, a long time ago." He felt awkward, and this made him defensive.

Bitter handed him a cassette tape. "Put this in that Sony over there," he said, motioning to one of the floor-model car stereos. Rudy put the tape in. Piano music started playing.

"That's Scott Joplin," Bitter said, when the music had started. "It's hard to believe such beautiful music ever came out of a nigger." He looked at Rudy again.

Rudy saw an old man standing in front of him who reeked of cigarette smoke and gasoline. Under the dry fluorescent lights, the old man was pale and thin. He had told Rudy earlier that he carried a loaded gun in his coat pocket, but now that seemed ridiculous to him. "He walks around with a gun," Rudy thought. "Is he insane?"

"Listen," Rudy said, taking the tape out. His voice was angry. "You just come in here and complain about how rotten things are, and you're not supposed to smoke, and you keep saying all this nasty stuff about everyone.

What do you want? Why don't you go home and stop making me so sick? I think you're just a shitty old man. Leave me alone." Rudy started to realize that he had just gotten himself fired.

Bitter stood back a little bit. He didn't know what to say.

Mr. Leo came back to the counter. "Hey Herb!" he said. "How you doing? What can we help you with?"

It was a little while before Bitter answered. "Nothing, Leo. Goodnight," he said, looking at the floor. He turned around and walked out of the department.

...

The night that Rudy graduated from Hayward State University, he got a ticket for parking in front of a fire hydrant. When he went to his first job interview at InterTech Computer Systems, he got a ticket for parking in a handicapped zone. A year later, on his way to the office picnic, a cop ticketed him for running over a pylon.

One afternoon while he was in line at the DMV, Rudy met a girl named Irene, and he offered to take her out to dinner. She accepted, and soon they were dating. Pretty soon she moved into his comfortable but tasteless San Jose apartment, and they started making plans to be married.

Irene worked as a receptionist at the Ito Cariani Sausage Company. She had lived down the street from the company her entire life, and she claimed that getting a job there was "the most natural thing a girl could do." Rudy didn't understand this, but they were married nonetheless, and Russel cried at the wedding. Rudy's mom couldn't come because of jury duty. Grandpa Milo, who still looked the same as he had when Rudy was eight, gave the newlyweds an old trumpet that he had found in his garage. In the wedding pictures, Rudy was at least six inches taller than his father and grandfather.

Rudy wanted to name his son Kyle, but Irene was set on having a Rudy Junior. Rudy Junior joined the Boy Scouts and dropped out when he found out that you had to learn Morse Code to get to the next rank. By this time, Rudy Senior's crazy red hair was neat, trim, and thinning, and he had long ago traded in his corduroys for slacks. He drove a new Ford Escort and took golf lessons on weekends. He got a pasta machine for Christmas and thought it was grand.

...

Irene was visiting her parents, who had moved to Nevada, and Rudy Junior had gone with some friends to see a concert. Rudy sat on the living room couch and watched a professional ping-pong match on

TV. He took off his shoes and listened to the sound of the neighbor's kids playing basketball. It was too late to go to the golf course, and he didn't feel like turning on the pasta machine. He had coupons, so he decided to drive to Affagazzo's and order a pizza.

When he returned home, there was a big truck parked in the driveway. It was an old Chevrolet Apache, and it looked like it had had a few thousand dollars invested in the paint job. The chrome plating gleamed, and the dim light from the front porch showed that the walls of the tires had been Armor-All'd. The driver side door was slightly open. He remembered that one of Rudy Jr.'s friends drove a truck like that. He figured that he was home from the concert early, and brought the

He drove a new Ford Escort and took golf lessons on weekends. He got a pasta machine for Christmas and thought it was grand.

pizza inside to share with him. Maybe he'd even let him have a beer. The neighbors were playing basketball in their sideyard, and he could hear their shoes squeaking on the cement. And even though Rudy was a horrendous athlete, he briefly imagined that after finishing his beer and pizza, he would go over and they'd give him five and invite him to play a little 'ball.

He shouted a hello as he walked in the front door, which was wide open. A young boy wearing a baseball cap turned from the stereo to face him, and Rudy saw that he had a gun.

"Don't mess with me," said the boy, who looked about seventeen. "Just give me your wallet and any cash you've got in the house." He walked up to Rudy and looked him in the eye to show that he was serious.

Rudy dropped the pizza box and grabbed the boy's gun. It came out of his hand so easily that he almost gave it back, but then he real-

ized what was going on. He punched the boy in the face with his free hand and kicked him in the stomach, and as he staggered backwards he tripped over Rudy's Barcalounger.

"You idiot!" Rudy yelled, surprised at how quickly things had turned around. He felt like he needed to say something. He still couldn't believe it.

"Just don't shoot me, man!" the boy cried, his arms wrapped around his gut. Rudy realized that he was pointing the gun at the boy. He shivered and tossed it onto the ground, but then realized that he was going to need it and picked it back up.

Just to be sure that the boy wasn't going to fight back, he kicked him in the stomach a few more times. Then he smashed a chair on the ground next to his head, just for effect. And he dragged him outside.

When the boy was laying on the pavement next to his truck, Rudy backed into the garage and grabbed a baseball bat. He ran back out to where the boy lay holding his stomach. He threw the bat down and commanded the boy to get up.

"Go over to the truck," he said, keeping the gun at his side.

The boy looked at him. He didn't move. Rudy's arm jerked to life and suddenly he was aiming the gun at the boy again. It was shaking in his hand.

Slowly the boy got up, took the bat, and started hobbling backwards toward his truck. On the other side of the fence, the neighbors stopped playing basketball.

"Stop," Rudy commanded. "Now, let's see your swing." He nodded at the truck. The boy looked confused.

"Swing! or I'll call the police." Rudy knew that he would call the police anyway, but he wanted to see this.

The boy held the bat with two hands and started to look scared. He began to say something but couldn't get it out.

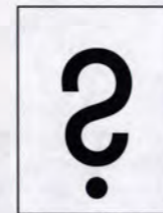
"Swing!" Rudy yelled, and cocked the gun. The boy straightened up slightly, tightened his grip, and turned toward the truck. He touched it with the tip of the bat, and then cocked and swung weakly, denting the fender.

"Again!" Rudy yelled, dancing around, waving the gun in the air. "Let me see your best shot."

The boy had turned pale. A crazy looking guy with a gun was hopping around and making him beat on his truck with a baseball bat. Things didn't usually go this badly for him in the suburbs.

When the police drove up, they saw Rudy standing in his driveway, laughing and watching a boy beat up a nice old truck with a baseball bat. When they approached him, he gave the gun to the cop and went back into the house to open a beer and finish his pizza.

Cheers!



The Real News

A *Chaparral* editor once claimed to have seen a copy of the *Real News*, but when pressed to produce the copy, he could not. It is our contention that this black community newspaper would benefit from publication.



The Stanford Review

Finally, a responsible, well-run student newspaper. Mike Meyers' weekly rant about his favorite beer is a special treat for those of us who can't read the bottle. You losers.



The Stanford Daily

It seems like no one ever says anything nice about the Daily. This is too bad, since it's actually a very highly-ranked student newspaper, with sharp design, quality reporting, and some of the most brilliant columnists in the business.



Intermission

Bravo, *Daily* rebels! Thanks for calling punk rock the "music of losers." We're looking forward to the issue were you call classical music the "music of nerds," rap music the "music of criminals," and anything else that isn't Pavement the "music of Lame-O's."



The Mind's Eye

Okay, we really don't have anything bad to say about the *Mind's Eye*. We don't even know why we included them in this list. Oh, wait, now we remember.

Start capitalizing your I's, you shits.



The Stanford Journal of International Affairs

Who?



The Thinker

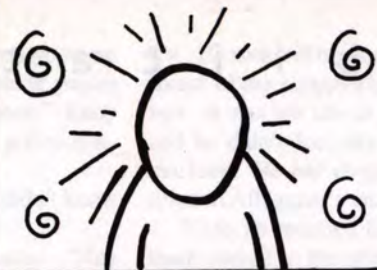
When God approached Nick Thompson last year and asked him to found a publication that would balance the evils of the world, Nick got confused by all the flashing lights and started the *Thinker* instead. He got bored by it three issues later and tried to pawn it off on his friends.



The Stanford Chaparral

This magazine is supposed to be "funny" but just ends up criticizing everything most students like. It's like they're not even trying to make friends. But we liked when they dressed up as clowns last year and put up all those weird fliers.

MALADJUSTED MIKE
IN



"THE LORD SAID 'ATTAINMENT OF ENLIGHTENMENT IS NOT A HIGH STATE OR A LOW STATE. EVERYONE EQUALLY ATTAINS IT BECAUSE EVERYONE EQUALLY KNOWS WHEN LIGHTNING STRIKES THE BLUE SKY.'"

"A DIFFERENT GOD"

For twenty years, Mike's God was a human-like being with a Holy Brightness for a face.

One day, a quote by Jack Kerouac forced Mike to question the authority of his religious leaders' knowledge.



Mike had enough of organized religion telling him how to use his spirituality. He was going to find his spirituality himself!



His old God was lost in his new search. While meditating, a strange being approached.



"Cha-Am" explained itself as a mystic vision seen throughout the ages by the pure of heart and robust of soul.



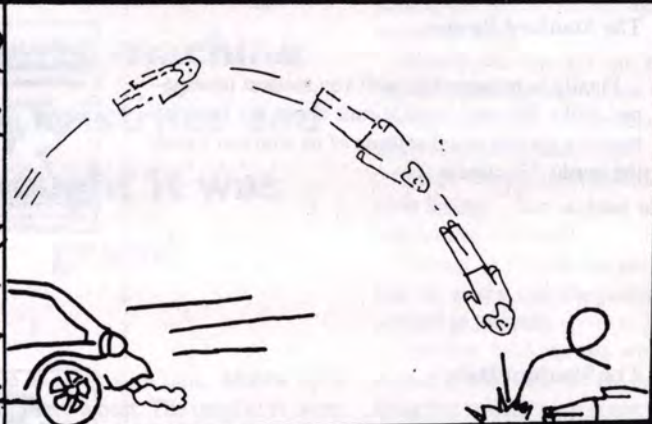
Mike was led along the pathway of Universal Consciousness.



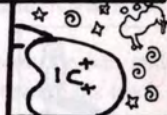
SUN-and-MOON



BURN BRIGHT!



Mike died exactly one year after his spiritual conversion.



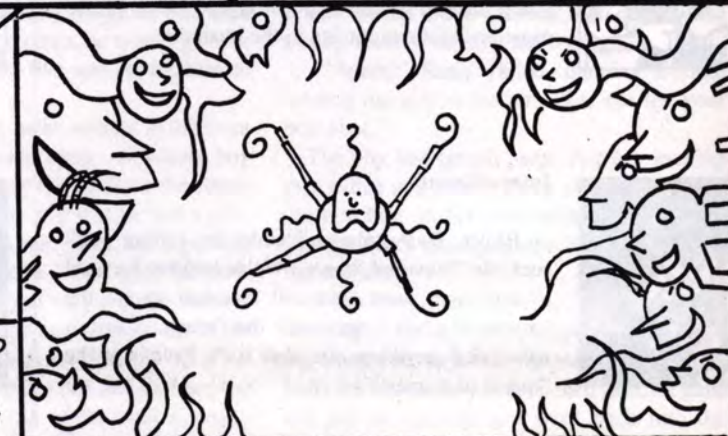
Mike died a peaceful and beautiful death, dying as he had lived for one year, with a feeling of the unity of all human consciousness.



God turned out to be exactly like the one Mike rejected. He was very businesslike. "Cha-Am's real name is Johnny Plug. He was expelled from Heaven after caught stealing television sets. You worshipped a Bad God."



In Hell, Mike spent two ages with his arms against him. He spent three ages eating his sculp. Poor Mike.



Then Mike spent eternity in Microbe Hell sector 18.

end

R. Young Nostradamus



- A pair of master folkmen shall rise in a new world nearly 2000 years after the birth of our lord. After a violent battle, they shall part ways. The one with hair like that of a bush shall gain fame beyond his dreams.
- An actor of buffoon-like antics shall crusade for the aid of children. He shall be rejected by the Gauls, but celebrated in his home land.
- A child prodigy shall grow up to create music so powerful as to reduce even the strongest man to tears. He shall go by the name: Hatfog.
- The Mouse from the New World shall invade the shores of Europe. The markets and churches will close as all its peoples flock to revel in the splendor.
- The sound of live music shall be captured using a large, circular wax disk. Everywhere, people shall wear giant helmets that allow for the play back of these disks through the turning of a crank located on the side.
- A game will be invented that consists of a small, rotating cube of many colors. Everyone will reject this diversion based on its inherent inanity.
- A small man with four eyes will desert the most renowned school in the land to devote himself to the creation of a thinking machine. He will die in his prime, of sexual exhaustion.
- The world shall one day be united under a new language consisting of clicking noises made with the tongue and left hand.
- Armageddon shall rise in the year of our Lord 1973. Its minions shall be the painted minstrels Kysse and they will ride the six-stringed beast.
- No man will ever wear shoes with soles of rubber.
- The fat banshee with shining teeth shall eat the stew of Life Eternal.

Charles Schulz Has Gone Completely Insane

"Sometimes when I look back on my almost forty-six years of producing Peanuts, my mind crackles with memories and unexplainable connections. It's like God woke up from his eternal slumber and realized how dark the world had become, and seeing it so, he sent a lightening bolt of epiphany into my brain," says a thoughtful Charles M. Schulz, the creator of Peanuts. "I didn't ask for any of this extra stuff. My ambition, from earliest memory, was to produce a daily comic strip." And that is exactly what Schulz has done, every day since Peanuts debuted in seven newspapers on October 2, 1950.

Before 1990, Schulz made such classics as *We're Behind You, Charlie Brown*; *Here Comes Snoopy*; *Happiness is a Warm Puppy*; and *Don't Look Back, Charlie Brown*. His work at this time reflects his young enthusiasm for a simplistic, gentle way of life. As Schulz developed his characters' personalities, his drawing style became formalized in steady looseness, and the popularity of his strip rose rapidly. "My productive burst came after I completely developed the characters' personalities. When you do this, you find that the characters make the strip for you." Merchandise, animated specials, and even a sitcom (*David Cassidy and Charlie Brown Too*, 1978) emerged from the popular strip.

The 90's revealed a drastically different Schulz. Becoming bored or perhaps incapable of producing humor from his tried-and-true formulas, Schulz began the decade with a series of strips which employed characteristic dialogues and themes, but non-sequitur punchlines. The strip retained its old group of followers, however, as fans who fell in love with the characters earlier generally did not notice the strip's turn to nonsense. Some critics gave Schulz the benefit of the doubt, attributing the change to a new experimental attitude towards the comic form:

"For the first time since the symmetrical surreality of Ernie Bushmiller's Nancy, I am excited about those black-and-white (add a dash of Sunday color) penny-arcade bubbles of sophomoric chuckles and half-wisdoms. That's right, kid's comics are what turns this fickle critic's eye today. This new light arrives in an old vehicle, that of professional cartoonist Charles Schulz's Peanuts. Schulz has leaped past the Joe Cool shirts and the Snoopy Sno-Cones to produce a definitive statement of ambivalence concerning life, death, and inevitably, the comic form. For two consecutive weeks, Schulz has provided the same ending to a daily-changing sequence of saccharin exchanges



non-sequitur endings



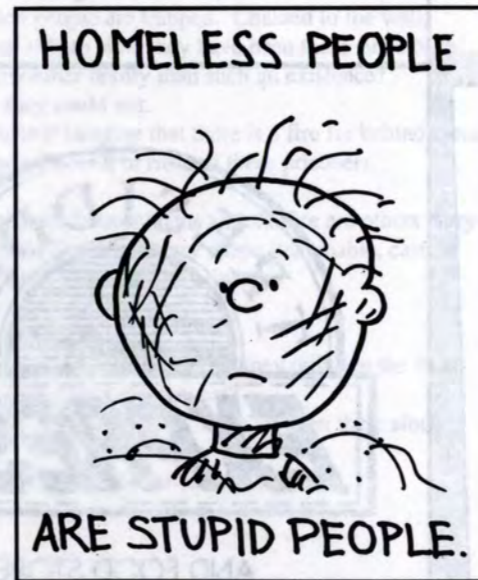
bloody comix



t-shirt design # 3



Schulz gained thousands in small bills from this ploy.



t-shirt design #5



between Schulz's intentionally brainless characters, that of the character "Snoopy" stating in the last panel, "And the rabbits played footsie in the world of Mootsie." The rabbits are the new youth, champions of nuclear annihilation-induced nihilism. The world of Mootsie is America, a land which promises all but delivers only a choice between Pepsi and Coke." Richard Text, *Art Talk*

Schulz has described the change as "unavoidable, when you look at two things: 1) I've been doing the same thing for a long time--these characters are running together in my brain! and 2) The world of Mootsie has had no comic representation since Mootsieman in the 30's."

In 1992, Schulz switched from non-sequiturs to his present exploration of the consequences of death, the origin of life, the meaning of sin, how much sin "God will allow," and vehicles of Satan's expression in everyday life. This period of creation for Schulz is known as his "Dark Period." The deep themes maintain their lightness, somehow, primarily by maintaining the old characters' gentle personalities. Schulz has strained the lightness to the limit, however, with the introduction of new characters Death Bringer and Anti-Charlie Brown. Another result of Schulz's 90's direction are his blank panels in the weekly or even Sunday installment. One strip had absolutely nothing in it. Richard Text calls this strip "Minimalism at its absolute minimal form, naked brilliance plopping from the brow of a sane madman."

This latest phase still finds a prolific Charles Schulz. However, he is now a man driven not by youthful vigor and happiness, but by the fear and frustration of inevitable death. Schulz says, "Somehow, I have convinced myself that I can scurry away from Death's hand by creating this world where the line between strip and life is so porous that I can jump in and stay a while, perhaps only for breakfast or until Lucy tells me to 'go jump in a lake,' and remain vital in the face of the blackest blackness. On good days I can convince myself, on bad days I just black out, and on really bad days God zaps me with truth. I can't handle the truth, and neither can any of you." This period has produced over one-hundred books, including: *Happiness is the Eternal Sausage*; *Where did God Go Today, Charlie Brown?*; *Sissy God*; *How Much Sin Does God Allow, Charlie Brown?*; *It was a Long Time Ago, Charlie Brown*; and *The Unbearable Existence and the Unending Sausage*.

Stanford admits sea otter

By Larry Wizard
Staff Writer

Dean of Undergraduate Admissions and Fiancial Aid James Montoya confirmed earlier this week that Stanford had indeed offered admission to a sea otter in its early admissions pool. This marks the first time an admissions committee has admitted a non homo sapien into the university.

Recent attempts by the administration to increase the national profile of the university as a "school for all species" attracted a plethora of unusual applicants in October, including 1,500 humans, 40 raccoons, 13 badgers, 2 marmots, one sea otter and an octopus. Only the sea otter was admitted.

An anonymous member of the admissions committee characterized the otter as "playful and cooperative, with sharp pointy

teeth," and went on to add he "has a unique life history which will enrich the college experience of the more provincial freshman who prefer terra firma."

Early decision programs have been criticized by those who feel they force high school students to make decisions too early. Montoya said this criticism was the major impetus behind his decision to open the admissions to other species that are similar to humans on the evolutionary tree.

"Animals, unlike snotty-faced computer geeks, can make a split second life or death decision. Our nation is composed of gerbils, azaleas, and club footed mummies," he argued, "why not construct a university that reflects this continuum?"

In the interview, Montoya downplayed rumors that a bag of stale pretzels found discarded in White Plaza was being interviewed for a slot in the regular admission pool.



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Essay 1: Describe an event or events in your life which forced you to reconsider or come to new terms with the people around you in a well-constructed essay of about 400 words.

I would have to say that a really important time in my life for coming to terms with others was the adoption of my baby brother, Rab. This happened when I was twelve, but the events have stayed with me to this day.

In a way, it was partly due to me that my parents decided to adopt. I had told them flat out that I would consider any other child they had to be my enemy, and that I would work to destroy what I saw as a threat to my sole inheritance of our landed estate (You see, I had been reading a lot of "medieval" works at the time. However, I found a passage somewhere that said the laws of primogeniture didn't apply to foundlings, so I grudgingly agreed not to attempt to harm the boy).

The funny thing is, my parents didn't even tell me about Rab until he was almost a year old. They kept him in a sort of a pantry-like room that existed off the kitchen of our house. I had just assumed that my father ducking in there at all hours of the night and the strange accompanying noises were just due to a reacquaintance with his nasty heroin habit, and I said nothing.

You can imagine my surprise when they just brought him out one evening. That forced me into some serious thought about my family, and this new arrival. Many emotions coursed through my mind, but most prevalent was joy at my good luck. Those size small leg irons I had bought on the spur of the moment were going to get some good use.

As Rab grew he continued to play an ever increasing role in my life, and I in his. I became more mature and grew into a state of acceptance and love for my brother. I even played a significant role in raising him. Mom will tell you that he would have eventually stopped wetting the bed on his own, but me and a device of my own design called "Mr. Voltage" made that argument moot.

The adoption and subsequent intrusion into my life of my brother Rab forced me to sit down at the planning table and draw up a whole new emotional blueprint for my relations with my family. With a few alterations here and there it has proved to be a workable and livable design.



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Plato's Discarded Dialogues

Socrates: Now let us imagine, Throcaïn, that we have an underground cave in which people are trapped. Chained to the wall, unable to move even side to side, they have been there since birth. Could they know any other reality than such an existence?

Throcaïn: Indeed they could not.

Socrates: Let us further imagine that there is a fire far behind them, casting shadows upon the wall in front of these prisoners.

Throcaïn: Well...

Socrates: Now, between these humans and the fire are others carrying wooden and stone cut-outs of every shape imaginable, casting shadows onto the walls in front of the prisoners.

Throcaïn: Wait, so how did they eat?

Socrates: What?

Throcaïn: They need food, don't they? If they only see the shadows, and not real people, what do they eat?

Socrates: Look, that's not important. They've been there since birth, and—

Throcaïn: I think you are a real fruitcake, Socrates.

Socrates dejected.

Socrates: What could I get then for two pieces of silver?

Lycona: Well, for two silver pieces, I would be willing to...

Socrates: Wait, stop! Plato! Get out of here!

Herxenes: Socrates, what are you doing there by the window?

Socrates: It is of no concern to anyone but myself.

Herxenes: But it is my window, should I not know what happens in my own house?

Socrates: [Angrily] I farted, all right?

Socrates: Do you have a stick of charcoal, Araxthanes, with which I may write?

Araxthanes: No, I do not.

Socrates: Okay, thanks.

Socrates: What do you men converse of here?

Thucydides: Nothing.

Parichine: Yeah, nothing.

[Awkward silence]

Socrates: Well, I'll be outside if you need me.

Socrates: See, there are these Forms...

Larrymachus: What?

Socrates: Never mind.

Socrates: How much is this piece of bread?

Glaxona: Two coppers.

Socrates: Let us reason this through. A piece of bread is worth but two coppers to a normal man. However, to a man starving, it is worth much more, is it not?

Glaxona: Indeed it is.

Socrates: So it follows that a piece of bread that is worth two coppers to a normal man, is worth much less to a man who is not hungry at all, does it not?

Glaxona: It is as you say.

Socrates: Can you see by my belly that I am not a hungry man?

Glaxona: Indeed I can.

Socrates: To a man who is not hungry at all, a piece of bread is worth, say, half a copper, then.

Glaxona: Piss off, Socrates.

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She says "don't use that broken condom!"
you say I Have to Cuz

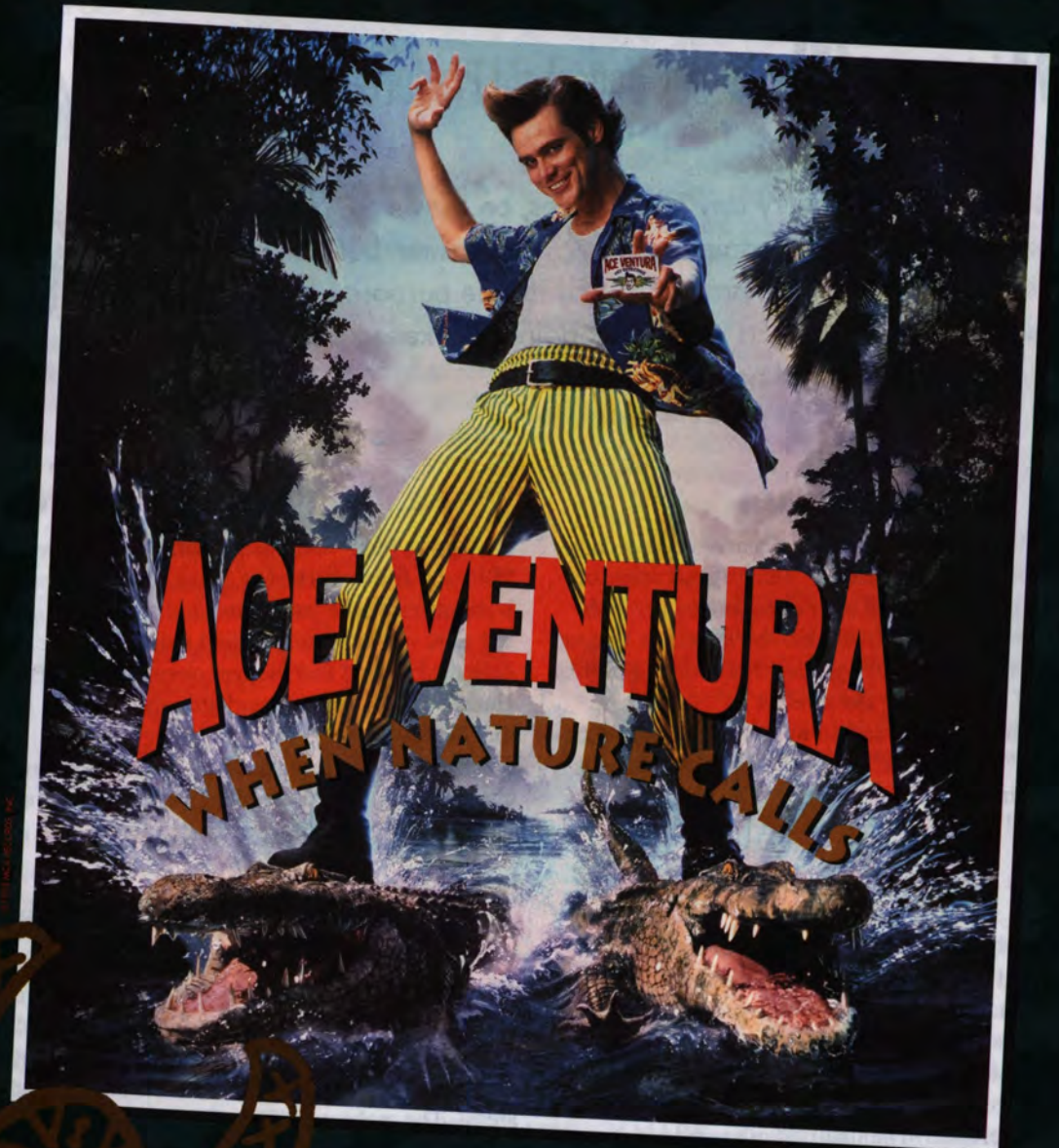
I Have **NO FEAR.**

Because the **NO FEAR** Condom man is not afraid!
Not afraid to be brave, not afraid to
explode on the scene,

INSEMINATE the Earth
with his stuff. Hey! I got it:

Without Risk there is **Nothing**
and Without **Nothing** there is Last Place.

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with the right bit of nonsense to work.
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after a single
day.



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Mistakes of Marketing: Household Products

You see household products every day in the stores, on television, and on your shelves. Each one fills a certain need for the consumer, but sometimes, it takes a little time for the product to find its true purpose. Here then, are some of these products with their original marketing plans which did not fare so well...



Product: Pam

Marketing Plan: The product was always marketed as a cooking spray, only with a different name. The original name of the product was "Diane," named after company owner Bob Merrill's wife. However, after Diane left the marriage, fleeing to the Caribbean with the Merrill's gardener, a furious Bob had to be talked out of remarketing the product as "Slut" brand cooking spray. Finally, it was settled that the name would be changed to "Pam," after Bubba's secretary, with whom he is now romantically involved.

Product: Head and Shoulders

Marketing Plan: Originally marketed as "Pudendum, Shoulders and Head" the owners of the company felt that they could corner the market in general anti-itch products by incorporating as many uses for the product as possible. Although there were strong sales in the lice-ridden community, the owners were able to increase sales to a wider market by dropping the "Pudendum" reference. The lice-ridden community was not fooled by the name change, and continue to scrub today.

Product: Aqua Fresh

Marketing Plan: Originally marketed for Appalachian hill people to mask the strong sewage taste of their water supply. The owners believed that stirring a spoonful of "Aqua Fresh" in a glass of water would give you that refreshing, chewy goodness that comes with clean, treated water. It was only when local residents noticed that those who used "Aqua Fresh" lost their teeth at a slightly slower rate than non-users that the marketing plan was changed and "Aqua Fresh" became a toothpaste.

Product: Pledge

Marketing Plan: Originally marketed to college fraternities as "Bill and Jimmy's Hazing Spray," the makers of this product were pleased with its results on disgruntled fraternity pledges, but were not expecting to find a dual use. Consumers were delighted to find that pledges covered with "Bill and Jimmy's Hazing Spray" left a remarkable shine on the hardwood tables that they were taped to for hours at a time. Bill and Jimmy thanked the fraternity members for their discovery and quickly changed their marketing plan, leaving the name "Pledge" as their sign of gratitude.

Product: Preparation H

Marketing Plan: Originally marketed as a sexual lubricant using the name "Preparation S." Its proposed goal was to give the consumer the "hottest" sex they've ever had. However, the product did not sell until experimentative consumers discovered "Preparation S's" benefits in treating other problem areas. The makers of "Ben Gay" also tried this marketing technique, but found limited success.



A Play in One Act

by Josh Gohlke

Dramatis Personae:

BRIAN, nondescript Stanford student and social chair of Mirlo. A virgin. Believed dorm government would not fail to increase his popularity. Has never heard of Morrissey.

MORRISSEY, self-obsessed British pop star. Prone to depression, clutching, silk shirts.

JIM, faceless upperclassman, resident of Mirlo. Wears baseball hat backwards. Owns four Mirlo t-shirts. Likes Steve Miller band. Has never heard of Morrissey.

DJ WORLD MIX, "dopest dance dee-jay in the Mid-Peninsula." [from flyer] White, but given to black vernacular.

JOHNNY MARR, former guitarist of The Smiths, currently of Electronic. Constantly wearing sunglasses. Hates Morrissey.

(Well into his second set at the Mirlo Mayhem party, Morrissey has just finished a slow-tempo, 8-minute rendition of "I Know It's Over." Empty of furniture, the dining hall is filled with red balloons, now bouncing sadly on the ground. One of the three people in the room, (besides Morrissey) a very drunk student, attempts to "mosh." Uninterested couple move to the corner to continue their conversation.. All others have been drawn to the dope stylings of DJ World Mix. in the adjacent room. Enter Brian.)

BRIAN: Hey, uh, Morris, do you want a Natural Light?

MORRISSEY: (sad) No, thank you.

BRIAN: What's wrong?

MORRISSEY: (truly disappointed) Oh, I'm a horrible singer, aren't I?

BRIAN: Well, you're not that bad. But I've noticed that your music is kind of slow and your lyrics are kind of depressing. Look around, Morris! People here (Brian makes grand, all-encompassing gesture with his arm) want to

Party!

DJ WORLD MIX: (clearly heard from other room) Wha's up, Stanford University!

CROWD: Wooooo...Wooooo...Tweeet Tweeet!

MORRISSEY: (dejected) Do you want to know something, Brian? Nobody has ever loved me. Indeed, why should they? I am neither a handsome nor a charming man.

BRIAN: (not hearing) Yeah, I know. Listen, I guess you can go home now, if you like. Things seem to be winding down.

DJ WORLD MIX: How many of you people out there like to GET NAS-TEE!

CROWD: Yaaaahhh!

(Enter Jim from other room, holding red cup. Shouts at stage.)

JIM: Hey, Elvis! Play "Space Cowboy!"

MORRISSEY: (still ill)... Very well. I suppose things couldn't possibly become more terrible and depressing.

(singing, twirling his Mike chord and clutching his gold silk shirt)

Some people call me the Space Cow-boy

Some people call me the ganster of lo-o-ove

Some people call me... Mor-ri-ssey

But most people don't call me a-tall.

(Johnny Marr enters, drunk, in the middle of Morrissey's song.)

JOHNNY MARR: Oh, shu' up, you whinin' sod! Electronic is playing at Xanadu, and thousands of people are there. (Raises middle finger in the air.) Fu' you!

(Exit Johnny Marr.)

BRIAN: I'm really sorry, Morty. I don't know how that guy got in.

JIM: Hey, man! Hey, man! Play Brown Eyed Girl, like when I was a freshman and the parties kicked ass!

MORRISSEY: (quite depressed) This is the last song I will ever sing. Good night, and thank you.



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