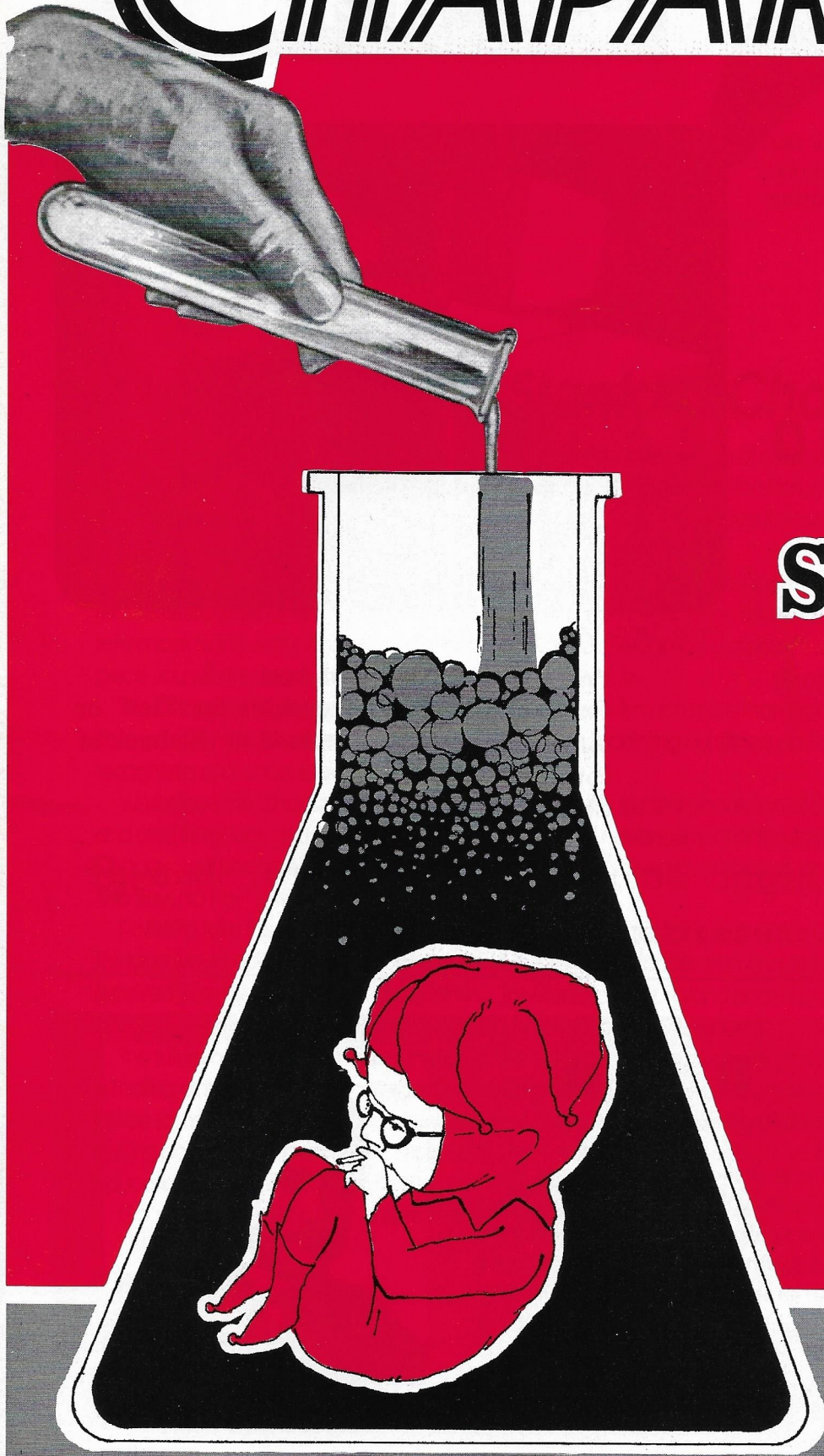


STANFORD  
**CHAPARRAL**

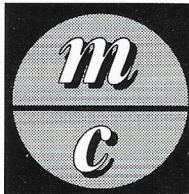
VOL. XCIX N°5 \$3.00



**SCIENCE\***

\*NON-FICTION





SPACE AGE computers such as the latest by Tandy typifies the aggressive growth of the personal computing market.

# The Tandy 2000 is Here!



Photo, Tandy Co.

- √ 75% bigger than IBM or Macintosh
- √ Two 5 1/4" Floppy Drives
- √ 13" Monochromatic Monitor
- √ 22 Key Keyboard
- √ Runs several pieces of software

- √ Produces its own excrement
- √ Can be purchased by working for "Grit" or other businesses advertised in the back of comic books
- √ Cassette Port

*Tandy – "Computers might soon be our masters, but at least our master is retarded."*

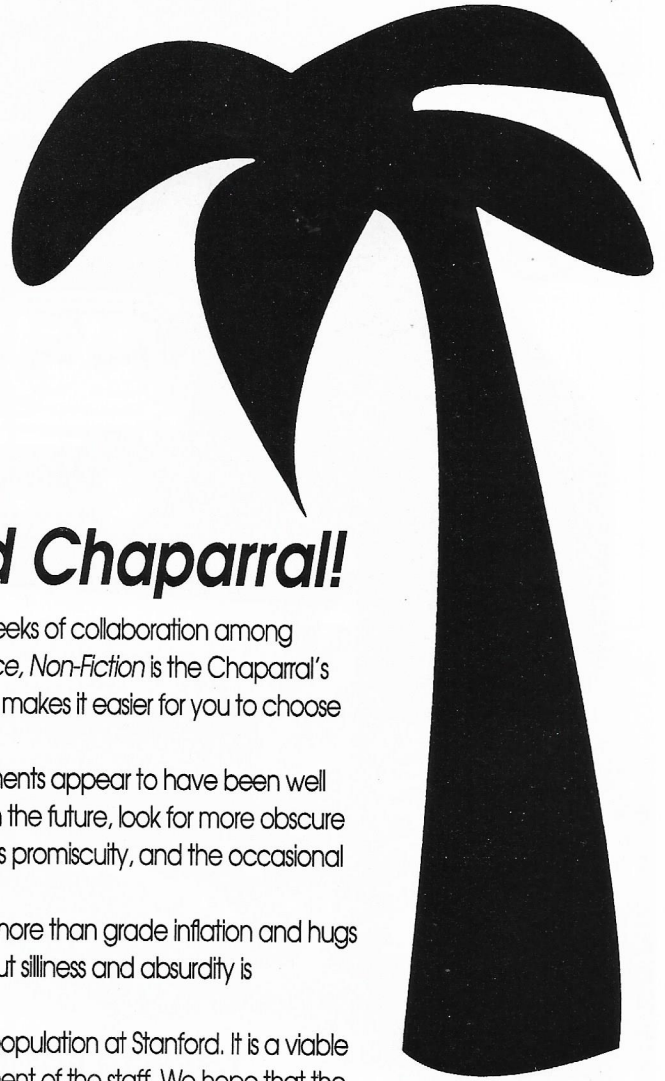
## B r a i n R a p

What's on the mind of the world's greatest minds?

Good God, my feet are killing me. I just walked a half a mile from my house over to the Institute and now they're just throbbing. I feel like my bunions might be coming back or something awful like that. Unggh. I can barely concentrate. Uuuunngh. I wonder if there's any swelling? I'm going to take my shoes off. Do you have any Ebsen Salt? I can't believe this — brought down by my feet. I should really get some flip flops.



Albert Einstein



## ***Welcome to the Stanford Chaparral!***

What you're holding in your hand represents the culmination of weeks of collaboration among students, administrators, and many boxes of the Chillable Red. *Science, Non-Fiction* is the Chaparral's effort to do something that helps every Stanford undergraduate and makes it easier for you to choose the objects of your laughter.

This is the fifth issue of the Chaparral this year. Although prior installments appear to have been well received, we're still looking for ways to make our publication better. In the future, look for more obscure references to the staff's individual childhoods, jokes about Geronimo's promiscuity, and the occasional piece you will only read while on "the can."

The Chaparral fills an important need at Stanford. School is much more than grade inflation and hugs from your RA. The Chaparral is a good way to ensure that pointing out silliness and absurdity is recognized and encouraged.

We believe the Chaparral represents the potential of the student population at Stanford. It is a viable and useful product, and its creation is not for the personal advancement of the staff. We hope that the Chaparral will become as familiar to students as lying to TA's, Five Flavor chicken, and University Dining's "No Tray, No Pay" policy.

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank those who helped make this issue of the Chaparral a reality. This issue would not have been possible without the extensive cooperation and assistance we've received from the the offices of Pizazz Printing, The Stanford Fund, Roland and Dale's House of Ferrets, and you — the students who saw fit to allocate to us our Special Fee funding.

The future of the Chaparral depends on your involvement and support. Join the ranks of our staff by e-mailing [oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu](mailto:oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu), or calling 723-1468. If we've done our job, the Chappie won't just be something you look at for a few days every time we distribute a new issue. Rather, it will be the starting point for your involvement in one of the most rewarding experiences of your undergraduate education. It's never too late to become a Chappie.

Good luck on passing your classes. Have a great quarter!

Sincerely,

*Santos Marroquin*

Santos Marroquin  
Chaparral co-Project Director



**T-SERIES POWER TRAIN SELECTIONS**  
**Engine-Transmission-Axle Ratio (to 1) Combinations**

**T-850 Table of Contents**

<b>Transmission</b>	<b>401 SD V-8</b>		<b>477 SD V-8</b>	<b>534 SD V-8</b>
	<b>28,000-lb. axle</b>	<b>34,000-lb. axle</b>	<b>34,000-lb. axle</b>	<b>34,000-lb. axle.</b>
.005 Meen Moon				.Crane, Pearl
.006 Now That				.Pearl
.008 Science Fair				.Lampson
.010 Ergonomics				.Lucy
.011 New Science Things				.Crane
.012 Interview with Maya Angelou Cyborg				.Maas
.013 Evolution of Extreme Colas				.Lucy
.014 Memories of Science High School				.Pearl
.016 Sports Science Questions and Answers				.Nesbitt
.017 Celebrity York Match				.Lucy
.018 Remote Controlled Balloon				.Onstad
.019 Science Glossary				.Olding
.020 Krazy Science Fun Page			.D'Ewart, Ellickson, Perkins	
.022 Roommate HAL				.Peiffer
art — covers: perkins; rocket church: ellickson; fish-head chair: crane; layout, etc.: pearl				

Deep Blue has shown us all too well that computers are capable of surpassing our greatest accomplishments. Until now, however, very little research has been done regarding the ability for computers to surpass our greatest failures as well.

## The Project

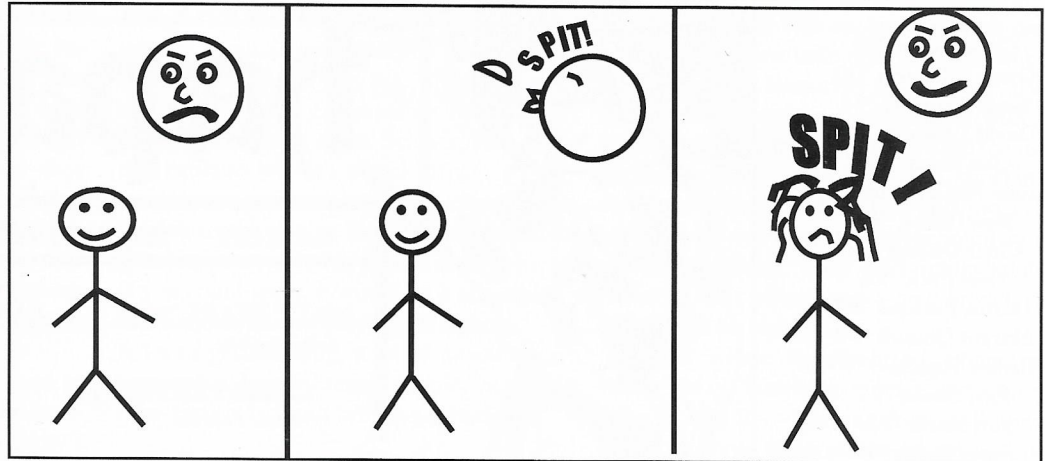
“Meen Moon” was the code name for a government project wherein scientists, using complicated algorithms and state-of-the-art technology attempted to program a computer to create, what one scientist called, “the worst cartoon ever.” The resulting cartoon (*right*) depicts an angry, or *meen*, moon staring at a happy person in the first panel. In the second panel, the moon spits on the happy person. In the third panel, the person is no longer happy because they have the moon’s spit on them; yet because they are unhappy, the moon is now happy.

“I would have assumed that the intentional misspelling of the word *mean* would act as some sort of pun, but since it doesn’t it’s actually rather stupid.”

— Dr. Max Plato

“Meen moon, you ain’t so crazy!”

— Martin Lawrence



For analysis, several prominent scientists were asked:

“What’s bad about “MEEN MOON?”

“I find this cartoon to be horrible on almost every level”

— Dr. Allen Smits

“Historically, the moon has not been depicted as being ‘mean’ before.”

— Dr. Steven Conns

“The moon is incapable of spitting. Even if it were, the spit would burn up in the atmosphere.”

— Dr. Heith Pippis

“The trope of one being’s joy being rooted in the unhappiness of another is inane and trite.”

— Dr. Paul Watts

“The repetition of the phrase “SPIT!” in the third panel is strange. One would expect some onomatopoeia instead.”

— Dr. Louis Dreyfus

“I do not even know where to begin...”

— Dr. Oramed Vega

## Conclusions

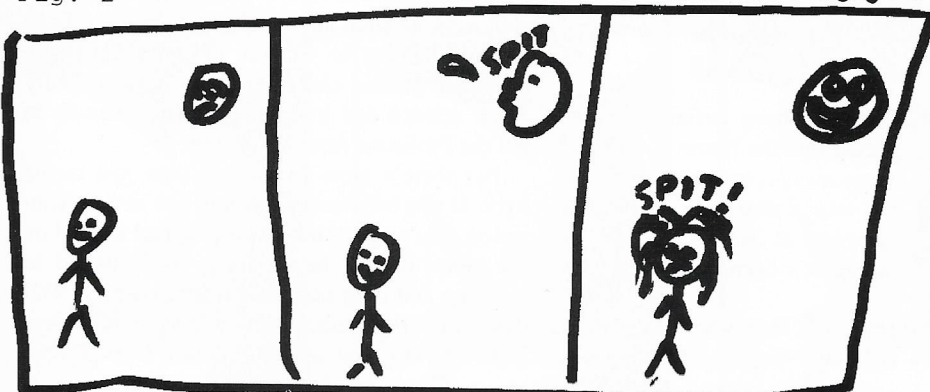
Upon completion of “Meen Moon,” scientists began the difficult task of cataloguing all human achievement in cartooning. Cartoons were rated on a 10 point scale in terms of artistic merit, originality, plausibility, and humor value. Within a few weeks, scientists had uncovered something quite extraordinary. The worst human cartoon ever created was an obscure comic by artist Bill Handley called “Mean Moon.” (Fig. 2) Handley’s comic was almost identical to the computer’s. Unfortunately for the scientists, Handley’s cartoon was of even lesser artistic merit thus making it the worst cartoon ever.

Handley was quite proud of his accomplishment — “I keep tellin’ my wife, us humans is better than those dang machines.”

It appears that, at least for now, humans are safe in their inherent ability to fail worse than science is capable of understanding.

Fig. 2

Mean Moon



# The Stanford Chaparral

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 Owen Ellickson '00  
 Sean Kennedy '96  
 David Lampson '00  
 Jon Maas '00  
 Annie McConnaha '99  
 Ben Olding '98  
 Chris Onstad '97  
 Caid Peck '98  
 Dustin Perkins '00  
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 Tushar Ranchod '99  
 Eric Saxon '97  
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Vol. XCIX May 22, 1998 No. 5

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The Chaparral is produced on the Stanford Publications Board Macintosh and UMAX systems.

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THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.  
**REFLECTIONS**  
 HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED

## new that



scientists have definitively predicted that the future is 20 to 25 years away it seems apropos that we take a step back and a look forward at where science is, where it's been, and where it's going.

It seems that science is everywhere these days. It's practically become a household name — a

buzzword, a sound bite, a slogan on the lavatory wall used to pitch anything and everything from cold medication to vacuum cleaners. Everyone and their genetic clone seems to have a theory about science and it's getting pretty difficult to tell the Professor from Mary Ann.

But there's more to science than just media hype. If you believed everything you saw on television, you might think that a man had walked on the moon or that heart attacks were linked to smoking and drug use and extreme obesity. Well that's what the media wants you to believe. Perhaps, like me, you went to Science High School

and feel a bit more discriminating than the average Joe when it comes to science. Well you're no better. You probably believe things like the universe is expanding and in the future everything will be round. That's just what your teachers want you to believe.

Here at the Chaparral, there's a different story to tell. We're not some fair weather fans, jumping on the bandwagon of the latest cold fusion breakthrough or some new anti-impotence cocktail olive. We've been around since 1899, back before science was even a test tube baby, back when they thought records would be great for sending messages to family and friends and the telephone would be good for listening to live music. Back before cars or printing presses or stone tablets and we've had our finger on its pulse ever since.

Maybe it's because science has been so good to us. With the exception of the computer, everything from the new Mickey's "wide mouth" to wine that comes in "boxes" has made it easier for us to publish a magazine these days and that's not even counting the numerous "humor extruders" which are poised at the market's gate waiting to turn anyone with AC/DC into the next Jonathan Winters.

That's why we've decided to dedicate this issue to science. To give it the kudos it deserves on the eve of its birthday and to slam a champagne bottle into its nose, knocking it into the next millennium. But

we're not concerned with any old science. No ma'am, the Old Boy wishes to continue his tradition of staying ahead of the pack, of bringing truth with a capital "t" at the beginning and a silent "v" in the middle to those who have the foresight to seek it. Science wouldn't be good enough, wouldn't be pure enough for the Old Boy. That's why this issue is about Science, Non-Fiction. What's the difference? you may ask. The difference is simple: Science can explain why a Jumbo Jack is ninety-nine cents. Science, Non-Fiction explains why it's a buck-fifty.

You see, somewhere in the chain from the lab to the public, the vital information gets lost in a web of hype and scare tactics. If you could see it, it would look something like autistic mimes playing "telephone" — A lot of gesticulating, a lot of misinformation and a lot of French people. Science, Non-Fiction is about bringing it back.



Humor and science have always gone hand-in-hand. Ever since the first monkey hit another monkey with a bone he had sharpened on a rock and in the wings stood a being with an opposable thumb and a horrible uni-brow, there has been laughter.

Thomas Kuhn in his second, less widely read, book The Structure of Humor Revolutions explained that in order for humor to keep evolving, some people need to diverge from the accepted methods of humor — top

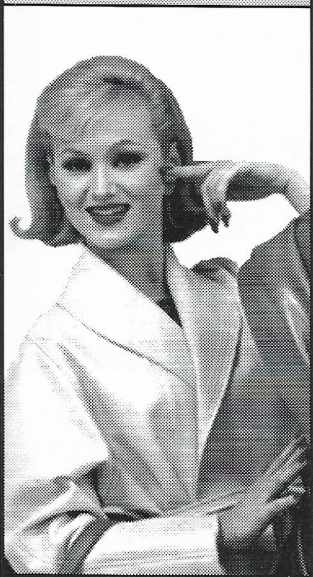
ten lists, the rule of threes, even references to bodily functions and fluids — and seek humor in new places. Most likely these people will be laughed at. They'll be mocked and fire bombed in their own homes and on the big "parade day" their float will be ignored while the Shriners seem to entertain everyone as they ride on bicycles with one big wheel and one little one. But later when these guerrilla humorists are at home, trying to gulp down their self-respect with a shot of bourbon, trying to write a top ten list of bodily fluids, they'll have a shocking realization. Being laughed at and mocked and scorned was exactly the reaction they'd wanted all along. They will immediately redouble their efforts and a new branch of humor will be born.

That's where the Stanford Chaparral stands today. Watching science and everything around it — learning from it, finding humor in those little places where no one thought to look. To concentrate our efforts on blazing a new trail, lighting a new fire, doing our duty to god and our country and to push forward with originality and dignity as we take humor where it has never been before.

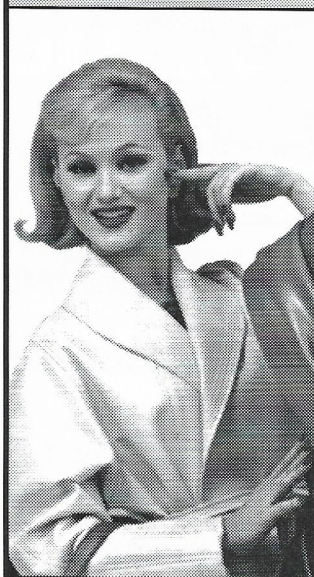
If we see further than those who came before, it is only because we stand on the shoulders of midgets, crushing them into the ground. ☒

## Campus Oddity

Haven't you heard?  
There's a horrible  
viral outbreak.



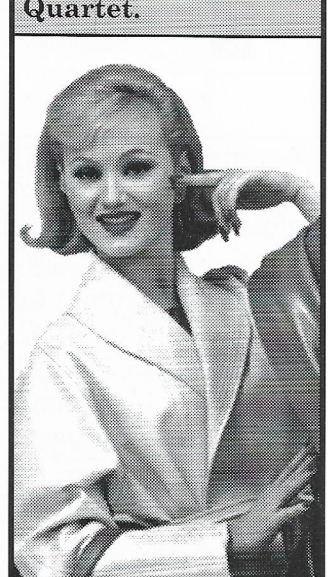
Casa Italiana's got  
Hep A.



Terra's got Hep B.



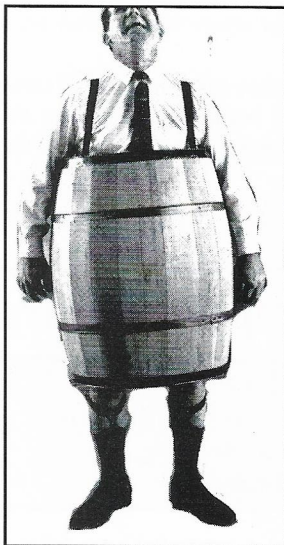
The CoHo's got  
Ware Wendell and  
his Hep Blues  
Quartet.



# Announcing the 1992 MALDEN HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE FAIR WINNERS



## First Prize Pierre





*Pierre, an international student from southern France, transferred to Malden High during his senior year.*







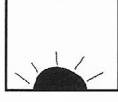



**Tasteful high school nickname:** The Dancing Frenchman.  
**Desired Nickname:** Prince of the Passions  
**Number of women subjected to his dashing foreign charms:** 200  
**Number of women who gave in to his dashing foreign charms:** 1  
**What she does now:** Laminates her photographs of him  
**What he does now:** Tends to his vast theatrical harem.

Pierre's project asks the important question "is it wine or milk?" The answer, Pierre demonstrates, is somewhat surprising.



### IS WINE OR MILK?

I puts milk or wine in the glass and two of my good friends drink it.

 <b>In the morning!</b>	<p>2 people prefer the milk</p> <p>1 people prefers the Wine (me)</p>	 
 <b>After the noon!</b>	<p>2 people prefer the milk</p> <p>1 people prefers the Wine (me)</p>	 
 <b>In the nighting time!</b>	<p>1 people prefer the milk</p> <p>2 people prefer the wine</p> <p>But 1 people change his mind the next morning</p>	  

**How is milk compares to wine? Look and See:**

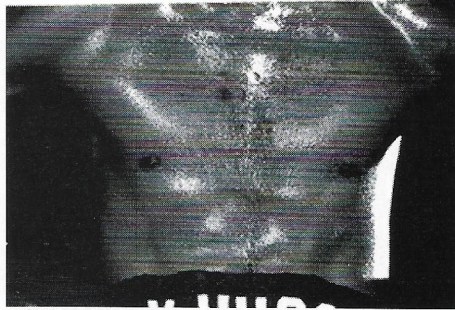
**Conclusion: Wine is for me!**

**Teacher's Comment:** *Pierre, I wish that you had not covered your poster in perfume, but I'm glad you tried to write your report in English. Fine Work: A*





## Second Prize: **Chad**

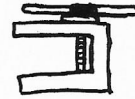


*Chad added his second prize award to a tiresome list of athletic accomplishments.*

**Tasteful high school nickname:** The Big Ace  
**Desired nickname:** The Big Ace and his Muscular Orchestra  
**Number of adoring women he scorned in high school:** 199  
**Number of women he made love to:** 1  
**What she does now:** Shudders at his memory.  
**What he does now:** Mourns the death of his biceps.  
**His hobbies:** Thrusting his skull through plaster.

Chad's project defies explanation.

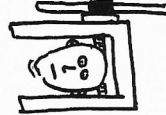
### Items Found Around the Wood Shop And How Much They Weigh



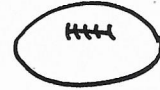
Vise: 50 pounds



Ernie: 140 pounds

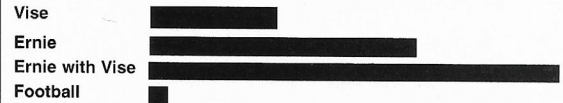


Ernie with his head in a vise: 190 pounds



\*Football: 1 pound

### Compilation of Data



### Conclusions

Malden Football Rules!

\*Found in the field adjacent to shop class

**Teacher's Comment:** *Chad, a great project, a great season, a great-oh hell, just call me the minute you graduate! A-*



## Third Prize: **Denice**





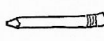
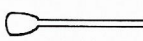
*Denice, always a thoughtful and independent student, enjoyed the freedom that the field of science afforded her.*


**Tasteful high school nickname:** The Iron Freak  
**Desired nickname:** The Bronzed Freak  
**Favorite high school pastime:** Inventing religions of idolatry.


Denice's project "Four things I would like to mutate into other things" questions our underlying assumptions about the nature of matter.

### Four Things That I Would Like To Mutate Into Other Things

1.  →   
A crown into a billy goat

2.  →   
A pencil into an oar

3.  →   
A deck of cards into a deck of billy goats

4.  →   
My teacher into the queen of the billy goats

**Extra Credit: Some Religions I Have Started:**

- The Order Of The Billy Goats

**Teacher's Comment:** *Denice, please regard this note, and this grade, as the beginning and end of our correspondence. A-*

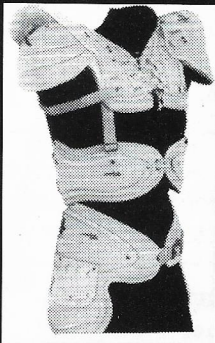
Time to Take a New Look at

# ERGONOMICS



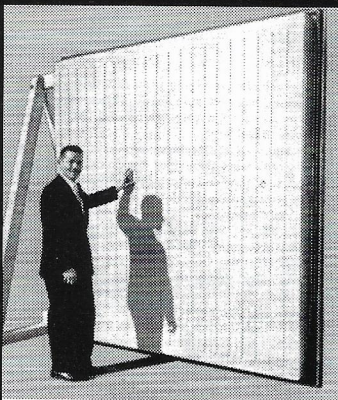
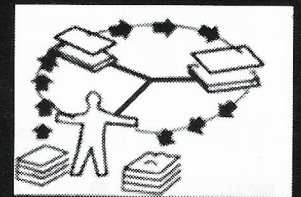
**The Ergonomic Pistol Whip:** Whether your aim is unconsciousness or just a good cheek welt, the Ergonomic Pistol Whip allows you to smack the shit out of victims while causing minimal wrist contortion. Simply smack, flick the elbow, and you're ready to plug away as the pistol glides back into proper shooting position. Specify glove size and weapon make.

**The Ergonomic Friend:** Agrees with everything you say and will follow you anywhere you want him/her to. Shares all your interests and talents but is slightly worse than you are at everything. Admires you unendingly and never needs to stop at the bank. What's more, the Ergonomic Friend has no emotions, so say what you please!



**The Ergonomic Insane Kit:** Living with the violently psychotic can produce body aches through repeated blows, tackles and the occasional bite-stick jab. No longer! The EIK padded suit binds the wrists to take the danger out of those fists which aren't controlled by an ordered mind. A tube-like structure around the waste allows for minimum impact take-downs in case of basement escapes. Strap cage usable in most homes. Ultra-absorbent material takes care of most foods and mouth foam. Face-guard and tongue-pins optional.

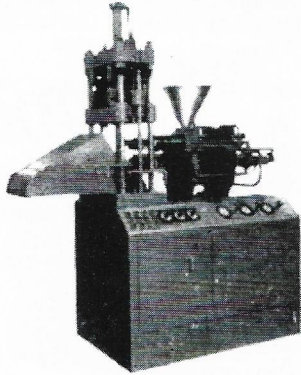
**The Ergonomic Envelope:** A mind-twisting array of folds, twists and smooth paper edges, this envelope slides easily into the hand, reducing uncomfortable "palm-edge" interfaces and minimizing the chance of finger bleed-outs. Comes with 45 minute instructional video.



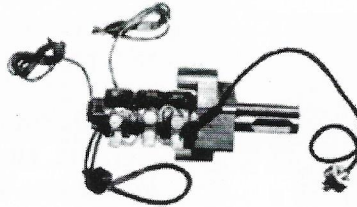
**The Ergonomic Floor:** Had enough of wearing down your hip and knee joints while you putter around the house? Tired of exhausting yourself every time you have to get up from the TV to butter your popcorn a bit more? Never fear! This sloped, lubricated floor allows home-owners to slide at low speeds through their homes without ever lifting a leg. Outstanding for those recovering from knee or ankle surgery. Also of use to the incomprehensibly lazy. Optional pneumatic pumps allow front door to be used for more than just entry.

*Solve your fluid control problems with*

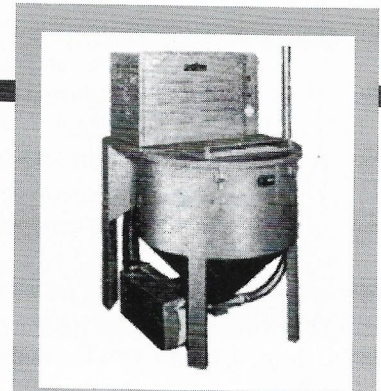
## New Things in **SCIENCE**



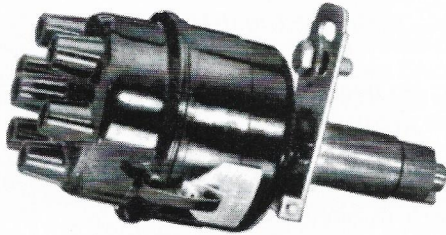
You can call this one "sir." It will make you bellow 'til you're yellow.



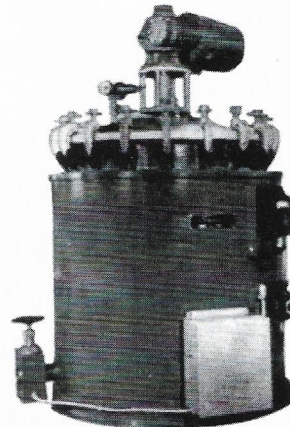
Slap down on the saddle-up, 'cause this little pony is a regular pang-dangler.



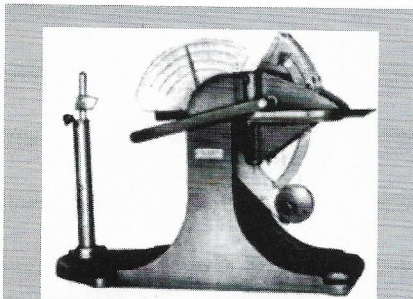
Close the door and call your grandmother! This device is a real hog smoker.



You better strap it on sideways, because this little ass-grabber really kicks around.



You'll say, "Cat, cat baseball bat, roll it in the butter and put it in a vat" when you get your hands on this little kick-in-the-pants.



Lay down the metal, Susan - this one's ready to bang 'til Tuesday.



No lies between butchers, this one's the farts.

Be the hat on the rat when you show everyone that this spanker's Not Broken After All!

**The CHAPARRAL DIAPHRAGM-OPERATED VALVE Co.**

*"Making a Better Valve for You and Your Loved Ones."*

# INTERVIEW

with Maya Angelou Cyborg

**Interviewer:** Maya, it is a great honor to speak to such a distinguished woman — former poet laureate for the United States, best selling author, the list goes on. Let me ask you, was it thrilling for you to be the poetic voice of so many millions?

**Maya Angelou Cyborg:**

*Beautiful strong lady  
You are big and strong  
And beautiful  
You are a strong lady  
Because you are beautiful  
And strong and big*

**Interviewer:** So beautiful and yet I still feel the hurt behind the words. You've used poetry to heal so many wounds, do you think you'll ever stop writing?

**M.A.C.:** *You are beautiful  
Strong lady  
You are strong  
Because you are big*

**Interviewer** — Are you simply reciting random poetry created from a set of pre-determined word strings?

**M.A.C.:** *Strong lady  
You are strong  
And very big  
And strong*

**Interviewer:** That will do, Maya Angelou! (*Rips microchip from back of Maya Angelou's neck*)

(later)

**Interviewer:** Thank you for taking the time to speak with us, Maya Angelou. You've been reprogrammed to remove poetry from your normal speech.

**M.A.C.:** (*speaks in strong, firm voice*) I thank you.

**Interviewer:** Can you tell us about some of your current projects?

**M.A.C.:** (*in a strong, firm voice*) Actually, I have been working on something for the past 25 picoseconds. Would you like to hear it?

**Interviewer:** I would be honored.

**M.A.C.:** It is called 01010010010001001.

01010100100101001010  
01010010101001111010  
01010100100101010010  
01111010101001010101  
11100010100101010100

**Interviewer:** So beautiful...Tell me, do you ever compose in iambic pentameter.?

**M.A.C.:** I do not have any iambic pentameter, but I do have some work in base six.

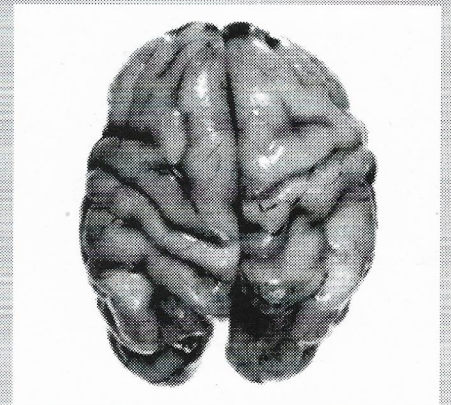
**Interviewer:** We'll have to save that for later, unfortunately we're out of time. This has been a delightful interview, Madame Angelou.

**M.A.C.:** Please, no formalities. Call me Z-128-X-37-Y, 7 of 9.

## Brain Rap

What's on the mind of the world's greatest minds?

I'll bet it's really tough being a trash man. I mean, sure, I've heard the argument that it's not so bad because most of the trash is in bags so they don't really have to touch it. But what if the bag breaks and garbage spill all over them? I'll bet that happens a lot. Or what if there's no bag at all, and they just have to deal with a garbage can full of moldy yogurt. Nasty.



Stephen Hawking

# The Evolution of "Extreme" Cola

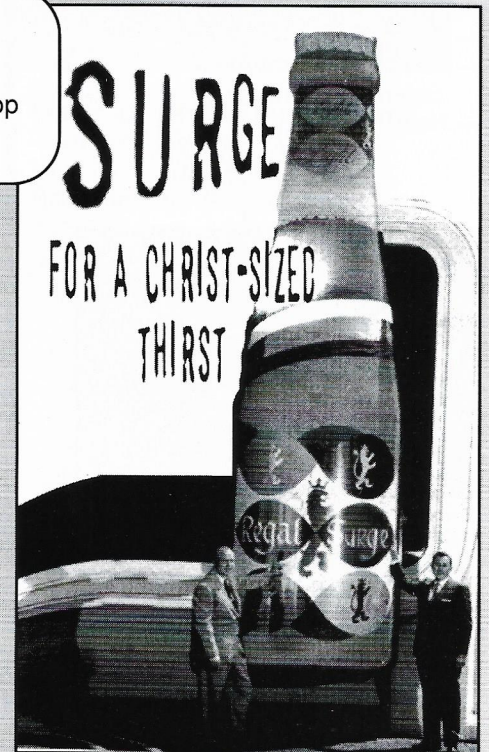
1995 — Mountain Dew challenges America's wild youth to "Do the Dew" associating drinking Mountain Dew with death-defying acts such as base jumping.



1955 — Mountain Dew introduces their new "King-Size" bottle.

1997 — Surge Cola drink is reintroduced. Radio spots urge people to slam the beverage and then "feed the rush."

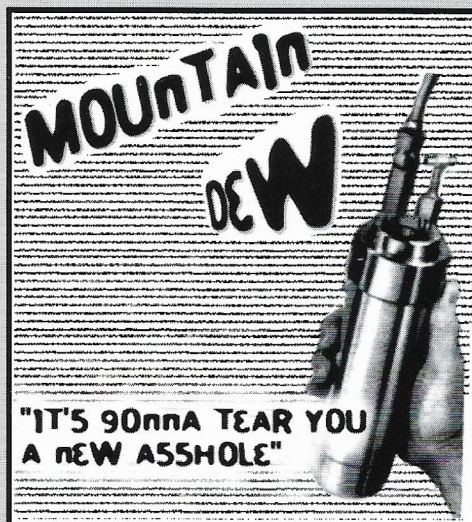
1998 — Mountain Dew counteracts by introducing "Ultra-Dew," a beverage which gets its fizz not from carbon, but from hydrogen, creating a deafening pop whenever a can is opened.



1960 — Surge introduces their new "Christ-Size" bottle.

1999 — Pepsi introduces Shocko Sport, a canned sports oriented soda meant to be drunk on the move. To assist this "pound it" mentality, each can is fitted with a device which automatically empties the contents into the mouth when it is tipped for the slightest sip.

1999 — Hyper Dew cans do not feature pop-tops but rather explode upon contact with human lips, causing consumption by detonation.



2005 — Mountain Dew introduces a can that will "tear you a new asshole."

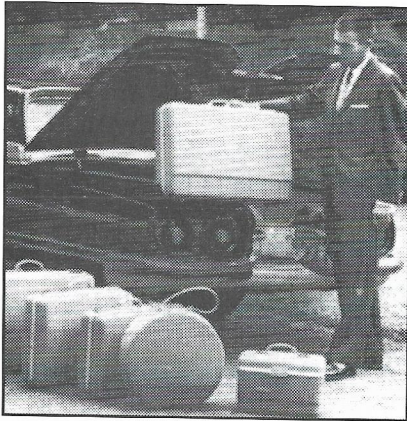
2000 — Mega Surge features a dissolved substance which will injure you if it is not drunk while experiencing the extreme adrenaline rushes which accompany the activities that Mountain Dew drinkers ought rightfully to be doing, like skydiving.

2000 — Shocko Sport invites America to "feel the rush" — pound a can of S.S. and then wait as a patented chemical reaction ignites your blood.

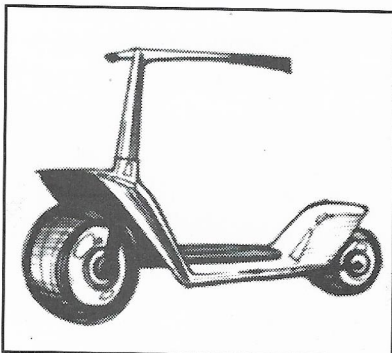
# Memories of



- Guess what Timmy?
- What, Dad?
- You've been accepted to Science High School!
- Neat!



- Better pack the car, Timmy.
- How come, Dad?
- Because at Science High School, you live there all the time.



- Better take your scooter, Timmy.
- How come, Dad?
- Because at Science High School, you're not allowed to drive.

## Good People\*

**Ron** — Ron was a real scientist. He had an office with a lot of rocks in it. I helped him research dinosaurs once and why they died out. He also has this cabinet filled with drawers that had bugs in them. The bugs weren't alive, they were dead and stuck to the drawers with pins. The funny thing was that you couldn't whistle around Ron because he had perfect pitch and it annoyed him to hear you whistling. Once I saw him grab a fly and throw it against a wall in order to kill it. He said that's the best way.

**Bob** — Bob was my Calculus teacher and he sure did love Calculus. He had a PhD in it and everything. He was Greek and reeked of cigarettes and alcohol and marijuana, which was okay since he was from another country. He wanted us to memorize the first fundamental theorem of Calculus so much that he used to say that if when we were older and hailed a cab and he was driving it, he would make us recite the theorem before he would give us a ride. He was a very good teacher but they fired him because he slept with a bunch of girl students.

**Phil** — Phil was in charge of computers. He was kind of fat because working on computers really just involves sitting around all day and eating donuts. He dressed in all khaki a lot, like he was about to go on safari. I think that to him, working on computers was sort of like going on safari except that he just sat in the same room all day, ate donuts, and checked his e-mail to see if anything was going wrong.

**Rob** — Rob had a lot of trouble dealing with the pressures of Science High School. His parents were farmers. One night he took a hundred No-Doze and they ate a hole through his stomach and he had to go to the hospital because he almost died. He's fine now, except for the enormous scar that covers his whole abdomen.

**Jake** — Jake also had a lot of trouble dealing with the pressures of Science High School. He used to play that game where you stick the knife in between your fingers, except I think he didn't really know how to play because he would just stick the knife into his hand.

**Seth** — Seth also had a difficult time adjusting to Science High School. I admired him though. He didn't bother with any of that "plea for help" stuff. He just put a plastic bag over his head and hung himself in the shower one night.

*\*Names changed to protect the horrible*

# Science High School

## Good Times

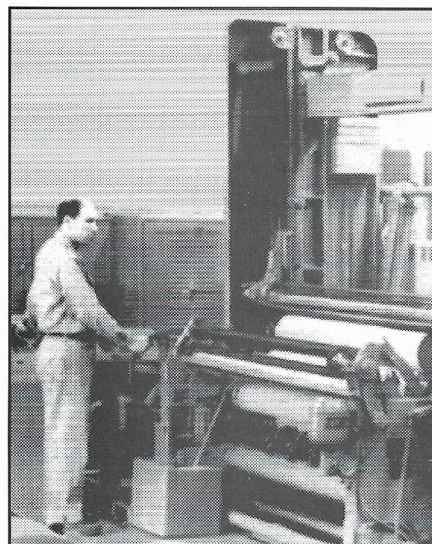
**History** — At Science High School, they didn't care very much about history because it's not really a science. So instead of actually learning history we just re-enacted it as though we were there, and had to make the same decisions as the people who were there. Once we re-enacted the Salem witch trials. There was this girl Geena who was pretending to be possessed. She was very convincing and so we voted to burn her at the stake. The funny thing is, though, is that we actually did burn her at the stake. She screamed a little, but we learned a lot.

**The Mattress** — You weren't allowed to have sex at Science High School, but people did anyway. A couple of girls who called themselves the "Size Queens" dragged a mattress out into the woods behind the school and they used to use it to have sex on. After a while the mattress got all wet and covered with leaves and was really disgusting so that when you wanted to use it you had to bring a blanket with you too. Once I went out to use the mattress, but there were people there so I had to wait. Eventually it just disintegrated, but I have a lot of good memories of that mattress.

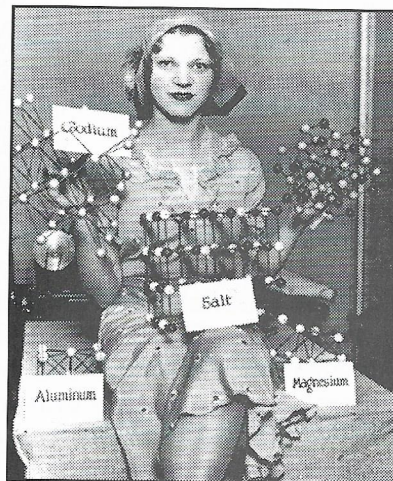
**Beer Parties** — You weren't allowed to have alcohol at Science High School, but once we did anyway. We went to the liquor store and gave a guy in the parking lot money to buy us beer. It was Miller Genuine Draft. We were sitting around drinking beer and playing Tetris to see if our scores changed as we got more drunk. But then this guy Eric puked on me and it wasn't very fun anymore.

**GD's** — Everyone at Science High School was in a clique. There were the cool kids and the jocks and the smokers and the kids who'd had sex before and the nerds. But the problem was that you couldn't really call them nerds because everybody at Science High school was kind of nerdy so we called them GD's instead, which stood for Genetic Defects. They all congregated in this one place and never showered. My sophomore year, the school built this conference room with glass windows next to the area where all the GD's hung out. Someone put a sign on the door that said "GD Observation Room" which I thought was pretty funny. One of the GD's saw me laughing and asked me what a GD was. That was even funnier.

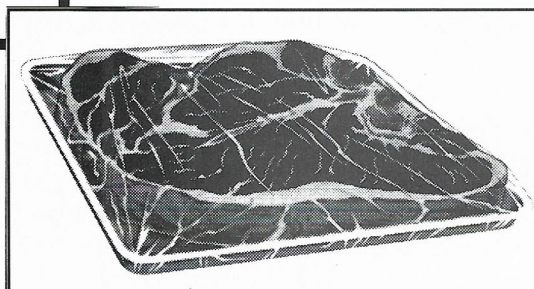
- Better remember not to eat meat, Timmy.
- How come, Dad?
- Because at Science High School, all the food is government surplus.



- Better get used to the industrial complex, Timmy.
- How come, Dad?
- Because after Science High School, that's where you will spend the rest of your days.

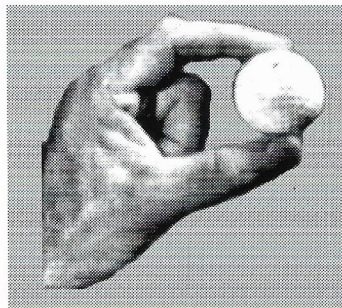


- Better brush up on your chemistry, Timmy.
- How come, Dad?
- Because at Science High School, everyone is smarter than you.



**Why do golf balls have dimples on their surface?**

When a golfer strikes the ball with a club, the slicing motion of the club imparts a large amount of spin on the ball. This spin may initially approach the rate of



thousands of revolutions per minute, slicing through the air and creating changes in the flight trajectory. When the ball rotates very quickly, it encounters a large amount of air resistance leading to constantly changing areas of high and low pressure. If the spin rate continues to rise, the space around the ball becomes very dense, only to collapse upon itself, creating a Black Hole. The Earth and all other objects in nearby space are sucked into this universal phenomenon and experience a crushing demise. The dimples on

the ball prevent this.

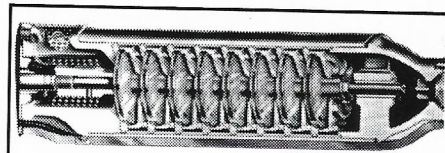
**How do baseball pitchers throw curves?**

While setting up for a pitch, the pitcher places his fingers in different gripping patterns in order to impart spin on the ball. By digging into the seams of a baseball, the pitcher may control the way the baseball leaves the grip, altering the spin and speed of the ball flight. The elevated seams of the baseball accentuate the spin and cause the ball to swerve in different directions. Different grip styles result in different types of spins which create pitches such as the slider, curve, breaker, and the off-speed. Magic also works.

**What is a corked bat?**

A corked bat refers to the process of hollowing out a baseball bat and replacing the wood with a lighter material which makes the bat lighter and allows the batter to swing faster. The material that is normally used as filler is cork, the same cork that is used to plug wine and champagne bottles. Wine is really good. It tastes much better than beer or

liquor and contains more alcohol than wine coolers which are what the high school kids and sorority girls drink in order to act cool. Wine is also cheap, and people drink a lot of it are often referred to as distinguished, unlike hoary drunkards who drink malt liquor out of paper sacks, occasionally with ice. Champagne is also pretty good, but most people don't



*The most sophisticated corked bat ever (shown above) contained eight hydrogen chambers.*

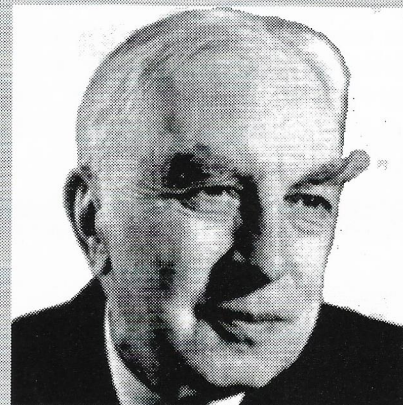
know the difference between champagne and sparkling wine. Real champaign comes from a select region in France and is bottled using an old process practiced by men who smell like cheese and smoke a lot.

**STOKES**  
 Extruders

**Brain Rap**

What's on the mind of the world's greatest minds?

You know, I got the idea for my "Schrödinger's cat" scenario from watching my cat one day. It was just playing and playing outside my window at my residence at the University. I thought how lovely it must be to be a care-free animal and play all the day long in the cradle of nature. Then I noticed it was playing with a dead mouse. Christ, that was morbid.



Schrödinger



# Plastiscope

## Celebrity "York" Match



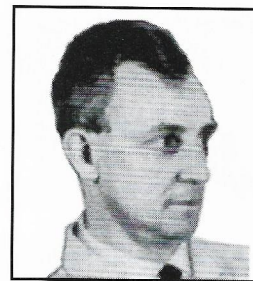
When I bite into a York Peppermint Patty, I get the sensation of cool winter air whizzing by my face as I race down the track to take the gold in the Olympic ski jump competition.

— Hiram McCann



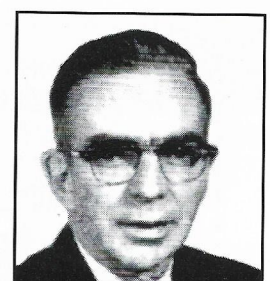
When I bite into a York Peppermint Patty, I get the feeling that I'll be coming out of diabetic shock really soon.

— Sidney Gross



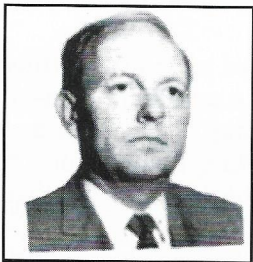
When I bite into a "York" food disk, I get the sensation of a slight twinge in my temples as I realize the airlock is open...and then my head explodes!!!

— Frank Murray



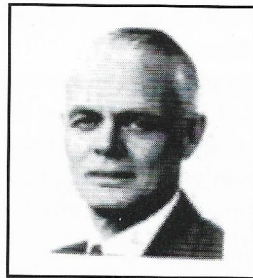
When I bite into a York Peppermint Patty, I get the sensation that the ultimate purpose of humanity is the service of evil.

— R.L. Van Boskirk



When I bite into a York Peppermint Patty, I get the sensation that life is worth living, but I know that that's just silly.

— A. Paul Peck



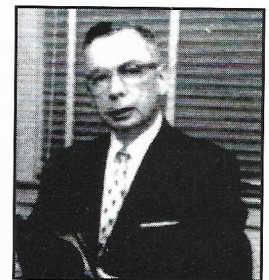
When I bite into a York Peppermint Patty, I get the sensation that a live screaming chicken is dissolving in my belly.

— Gordon M. Kline



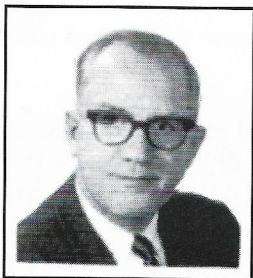
When I bite into a York Peppermint Patty, I feel like my nipples will be extra perky for the next hour or so.

— George R. Smoluk



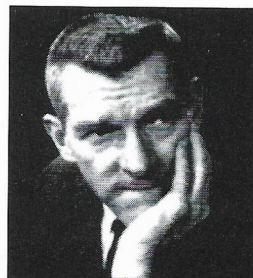
When I bite into a York Peppermint Patty, I get the sensation that there's a party in my mouth and everyone's invited. But someone drank too much at the party and now he's throwing up.

— Joel Frados



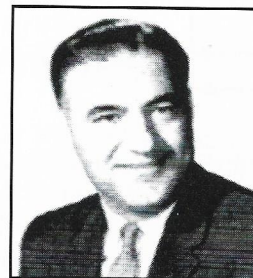
When I bite into a York Peppermint Patty, I get the sensation that I'm having peppermint again.

— Val Wright



When I bite into a York Peppermint Patty, I get the feeling that my dirty-ass wife is with that trucker again.

— Robert H. Ingham



When I bite into a York Peppermint Patty, I get the sensation of sucking down a hyperdense milkshake of lo groovolate especial chimichanga bello.

— E.H. Marcus



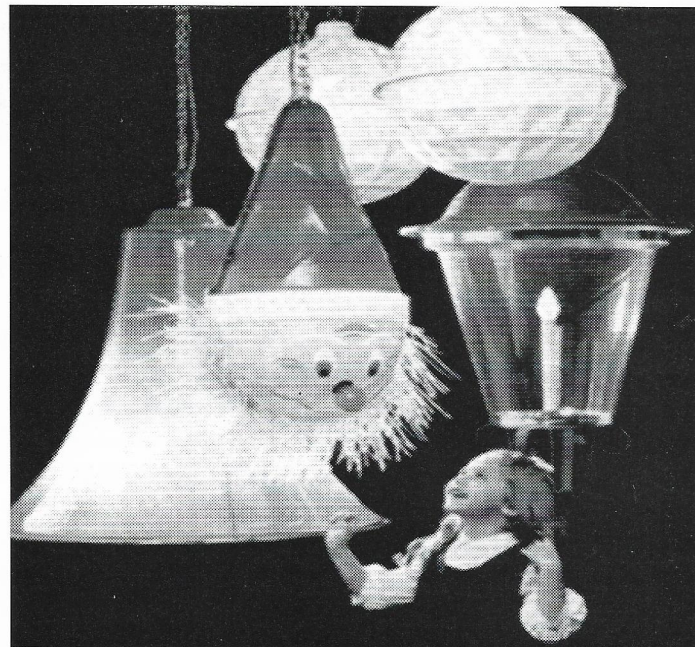
When I bite into a York Peppermint Patty, I get the sensation that my friend Jesse is nothing but a freaky nut-touching fuck.

— Nicholas Hupola

Have you seen  
the

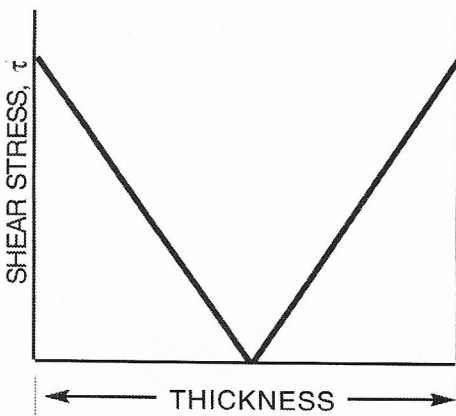
*Remote-Controlled*  
**Balloon?**

— MAY 1998



**HAVE YOU SEEN** the remote-controlled balloon? As I sit here in my laboratory it floats obediently above and to the right of my head. Like a silver brain the size of a sofa cushion—the medulla a set of propellers. Here we are, me and the remote-controlled balloon, and it is about 10pm. I have just taken it on a pleasant circuit about the rafters of this room.

It is not gendered, but when it flies around it seems more like a boy than a girl in how it acts. This needs no explanation.



**Fig. 4:** Profile of shear stress across the thickness of the molded piece in the absence of relaxation effects in an isothermal process.

If you have not seen it, you may some day, floating out the back door of my Durand office for out-of-doors testing. This happened once last week, after I tested a can of Coca-Cola in the freezer. What happens to the can is it becomes a shape that sort of embarrasses me—I wrote this down in my notebook for later. (I plan to run some tests on that shape in the near future to see why I was shamed to look upon it...perhaps it has to do with ladies?)

The remote controlled balloon is not a device of my

own invention. I ordered it out of the back of a children's comic book that has been out of print for several years. In June 1991 it arrived. I inaugurated it with a journey about the girders of my soon-to-be completed lab/office.

It is almost the remote-controlled balloon's birthday. Kind of like just a few days before a president dies—it's just a few days before "the big day." I plan to go to Compadres Restaurant on that day, but without the balloon. I have to meet some business associates there. We have a meeting.

The remote-controlled balloon bounces against the wall understandingly. But I do not particularly care too much. It's not a friend of mine. Most of the time it's content to float about the joists above my head. It likes that, as well as a new Sanyo CR123A Lithium Photographic battery. It feels incredibly strange when it bumps into you, like an uncanny sexual threat from a space creature. **It Just Should Not Be.**

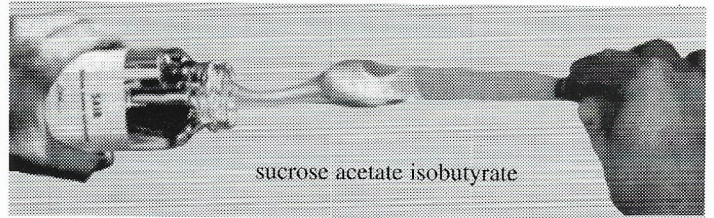
There it flies, around the south cornice of the room. What is it like to control this balloon? It should be asked. The experience is hard to describe, but not so hard that it cannot be quickly put into words and clearly conveyed.

It is like if the woman or man you will one day marry, but have not yet met, could in his or her mind see what you see inside the frame of your Microsoft Word window, in real-time, while you make the minor changes and type out the new thoughts — this is what flying the remote-controlled balloon is like. As a semi-opaque slide in front of their normal vision. The remote-controlled balloon most directly reminds me of this. — *ED*

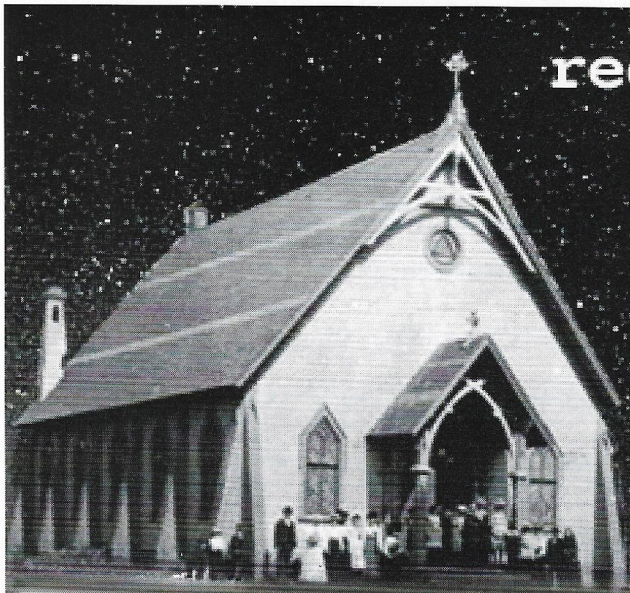
**Gershin Molders Co.**

# NEW! SCIENCE GLOSSARY

Explains All the Terms you Need to Know.



<u>Terms</u>	<u>Common Usage</u>	<u>Scientific Usage</u>
“wave”	(1) Large swell in body of water that makes surfing possible (2) The latest trend or style.	$1/v^2 * d^2u/dt^2 = d^2u/dx^2$
“induction”	Reasoning from particular facts or individual cases to a general conclusion.	Why the lights dim when you turn your dryer on.
“quark”	A term used by Joyce that has perplexed students for over half a century.	A term used by Gell-Mann that has perplexed students for nearly half a century.
“pot”	A slang word for “marijuana.”	A slang word for “potentiometer”
“ω”	Omega. A greek letter usually associated with loud music, cheap beer, and raucous parties.	Omega. A greek letter usually associated with angular momentum.
“metaphysics”	A word that refers to the time honored search of man’s identity, self, and soul.	A word four letters in excess of relevance.
“Einstein’s ‘Greatest Mistake’”	The twenty-thousand dollar personal investment in a “perpetual motion” machine.	The Cosmological Constant
“fun”	A good time. A source of amusement or merriment. Perhaps a sporting event, party, or opportunity to spend time with close friends.	A convenient abbreviation for the word “function.”
“ray gun”	What invading Venusians shall use to enslave the Earth.	What invading Venusians shall use to enslave the Earth.
“unstable”	Invariably, your freshman roommate.	Invariably, $Li^{11}$ .
“If a tree falls in the woods, and no one is around to hear it, will it make a sound?”	A philosophical question that highlights that curious tension between observer and observed, man and his environment.	Yes.

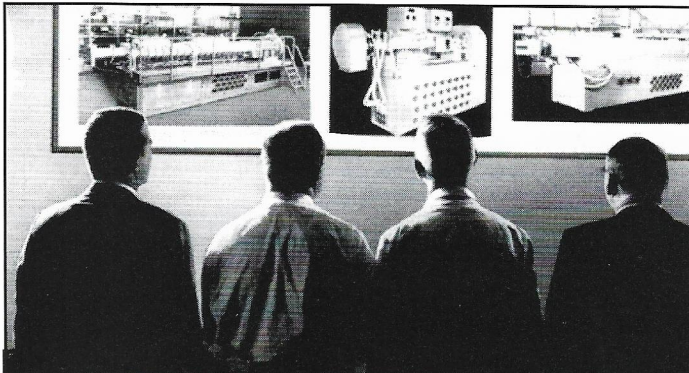


rediscover your faith  
as you  
**BLAST**  
into deep space

"...and the Lord spoketh, Fly unto me  
with your [space ships], and look upon  
my [laser] eyes" (Revelations 3:24)

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*It's been some thirty years since Arthur C. Clarke and Stanley Kubrick gave us "2001: A Space Odyssey" and inspired a generation of filmmakers, scientists, and gleefully androgynous rock stars. Now the inevitable has happened, and 2001 will be upon us in less than three years. While the moon is still free of habitation, monoliths have yet to appear in the desert, and very few observers are reporting the heavenly presence of a star-baby encased in a translucent uterus, the prospect of evil super-computers is very real. Here we present for the frosh a case-by-case guide to determining if your roommate is, indeed, HAL 9000.*

*Your RA has just ran through your floor yelling "House Meeting in 5 minutes. Be there or be square. <giggle>"*

**Roommate** — "Dude, I hope they got mini-carrots and dip for study break again!"  
*This human is in for a treat.*

**Roommate** — "Screw that. The last time I went to house meeting we gave fifty bucks to someone's horse."

*While surly, this roommate is probably made of carbon.*

**Roommate** — "Dave, I am afraid that I have to finish this problem set, and thus will be made square." *A worrisome lack of social context.*

---

*You enter your room at 3 AM and turn on your light, disturbing your roommate.*

**Roommate** — "Dude, I've got crew practice in two hours."  
*No computer would have made such a horrible decision.*

**Roommate** — "I'll fucking kill you."  
*Santos may not be the ideal roommate, but he is not a computer.*

**Roommate** — "What have you been working on Dave? I'd like to see it."  
*It's either HAL, or an honor code violation*

*You turn up your stereo to its highest level.*

**Roommate** — [silently bobs head, begins to finger imaginary guitar.] *Computers do not regularly waste so many cycles in an attempt to resemble Joe Perry.*

**Roommate** — [plays a 311 album on his stereo as loud as possible.] *Indeed, "some people really suck," and one of them is your roommate.*

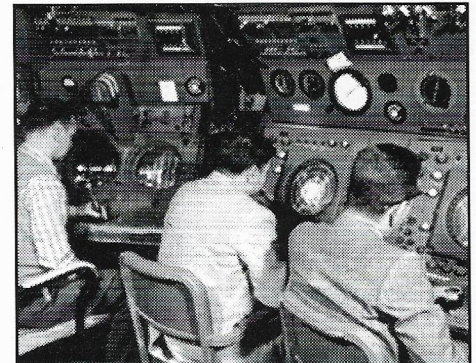
**Roommate** — [begins atonally singing the words to "Daisy, Daisy"]  
*There's a chance the year 2000 bug might eventually shut him up.*



*Is your roommate socially awkward?*

*A dorm crush*

**Roommate** — "Dude, you've got to help me get Kim to notice me."  
*A computer's unyielding memory doubtless would recall the time Kim put a cigarette out in his Jamba Juice.*



*What does he do for fun?*

**Roommate** — "So I said 'Tequila Popper, I don't even know her...'" *This moronic pun is not indicative of the 9000 line's superior humor program.*

**Roommate** — "Dave, Liz said Kim wanted to 'hook up' with me, but I am unsure of the proper interface."

*Bottom line: when HAL gets confused, people die.*

---

*A boring Saturday night*

**Roommate** — "Dude, wanna go get some beer?"  
*You have an extremely average, and human, roommate*

**Roommate** — "I'm gonna go serve hips and get my nuts gobbled!"  
*The desire for the pleasures of the flesh and gobbling of nuts is decidedly unlike HAL.*

**Roommate** — (Steadily probes you with his single red eye)

## Dave Lampson

They say that the germ of discovery is buried in the trenches of toil and frustration. My latest "germ" was buried in some old meatloaf, and has laid me up with an oily grinding in the pit of my stomach.

## Eugene Park

For the Chappie's *Science* number, I offer the following existence theorem: Not only does God exist, he also considered the final episode of *Seinfeld* to be "a bit too self-referential, but fairly funny overall." I have devised an elegant proof of this theorem, but the margin is too small to contain it.

## Dustin Perkins

Using interpolation, I have unearthed an undiscovered blender setting, which lies halfway between *mince* and *purée*. This elusive setting I have named *perkins*, and it may prove invaluable in the prepara-

tion of the spiciest, zestiest salsa. Will the *perkins* setting become a force for good or for evil? Too soon to tell.

## Owen Ellickson

I discovered a fish-pen underneath this couch one time. A minnow, or something, but a pen. Everyone got really sick of me talking about my fish-pen. I lost it in a video arcade. That same day, I discovered how to do that electricity thing for Blanka in *Street Fighter*. I am a prolific scientist.

## Mike Rollin

With science out of the way, I can concentrate on certain *unscientific* discoveries like petting geese, or listening to the radio.

## Santos Marroquin

I have invented a breathalyzer for my Powerbook. It prevents me from writing e-mail while I am intoxicated.

## Ben Olding

The human body can subsist on Ramen alone for 14 weeks. I discovered this one summer while trying to live frugally on campus. At only 12 cents per package, I saved enough money to buy a shiny bicycle for Fall quarter. The bike has since been stolen, however.

## Eric Jorgenson

My most important scientific discovery was to show that Limb-Girdle Muscular Dystrophy has multiple genetic causes in Humans.

## Chris Onstad

I discovered the existence of "audible gin" — a member of the gin family which has evolved the capacity for speech.

## Matt Pearl

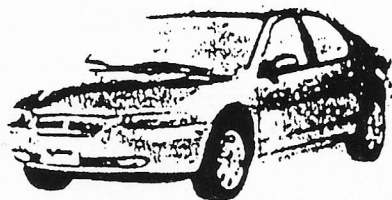
You know those things they stick in crazy people's mouths so they don't bite their tongues off? Man, I wish I'd thought of that.

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Systems, Inc.

The Stanford Chaparral takes advantage of the rugged Royale Spirod Humor Extruder in their operations. Three levels of humor enhancement produce attractive, dimensionally stable comedy from the staff's raw input.

**The cat walked out of the room.**

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1. The cat walked out of the room!
2. The kat, without pants, walked out of the cookie room!!
3. Funny kat. Poop.

**Happiness is a warm gun.**

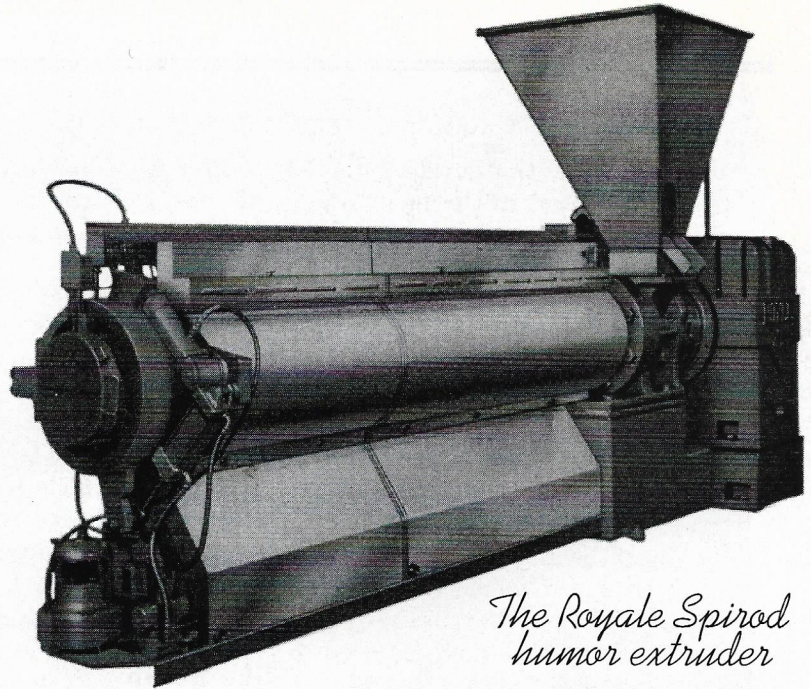
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1. Happiness is not a cold sore.
2. Self inflicted wounds are better than coffee.
3. Kill your parents.

**His breath smells bad.**

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1. His breath smells like intestines.
2. Fish? No, his breath.
3. Das Stinkt tier stinkt.



*The Royale Spirod humor extruder*

**Royale  
Humor<sup>®</sup> is  
the humor  
that is  
funny.**

**ROYALE**

Paterson, N.J.

John Royale & Sons, 4 Essex Street, Paterson 3, New Jersey

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about Royale Spirod Humor Extruders

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