

# STANFORD CHAPARRAL

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE



REAR VIEW NUMBER  
VOL. CVI NO. 2 \$3.00

# Early 20th Century Inventions or Sexual Positions?

The Spinning Jenny

The Inclined Plane

Three-Hole Punch

Horsedrawn Plow

The Lazy Susan

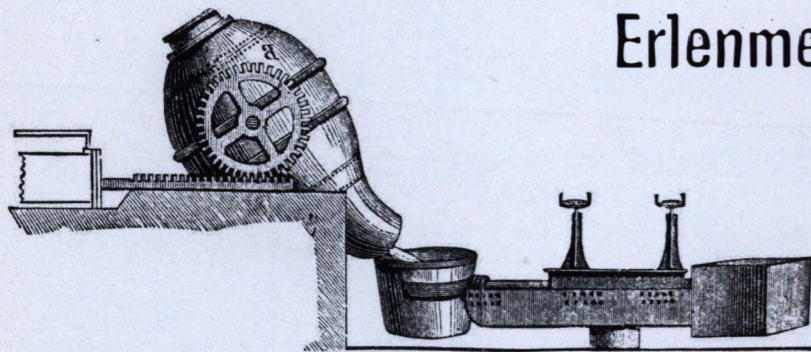
The Bessemer Process

Erlenmeyer Flask

Invisible Hand

Congress

Arnold Palmer



## OEDIPUS HAMLET GATSBY, His Name is SYMBOLIC

(At dinner with Mom and Dad)

**Oedipus:** Hey Mom, do you think that you can take me to the store tomorrow?

(Mom and Dad drop silverware)

**Dad:** Son, don't you think that's a tad inappropriate?

**Oedipus:** Huh?

**Dad:** I mean you. And your mother. Alone.

(Mom begins crying)

**Oedipus:** What is that supposed to mean?

**Dad:** Well, your name. It's symbolic.

(At School)

**Oedipus:** Hi Daisy. Umm...do you want to go to the dance?

(A raven flies down on Oedipus's shoulder.)

**Daisy:** Aack!

**Oedipus:** Whoa. Calm down. What's wrong?

**Daisy:** What's that raven doing on your shoulder?

**Oedipus:** Oh, that. Well, ravens just sort of follow me around from time to time.

**Daisy:** Doesn't that strike you as a little symbolic?

**Oedipus:** Nonsense!

(A vulture flies down and lands on Oedipus's other shoulder)

**Daisy:** Aack!

**Oedipus:** That could happen to anybody!

(The clock strikes twelve, a tree spontaneously combusts, a black cat is hit by lightning.)

**Daisy:** Aack!

**Oedipus:** Damn!

(In English Class)

**Teacher:** Please open your books to page 315.

**Oedipus:** Whoa! What the hell!

**Teacher:** Is there a problem Oedipus?

**Oedipus:** This is a picture of me from earlier this morning!

**Teacher:** That's right. Class, as you can see, Oedipus's hopeless infatuation with unattainable prom queen Daisy represents a twisted version of the American dream.

(Class bursts into laughter. Daisy blushes)

**Oedipus:** Hey!

**Teacher:** Our young hero's defiance in the face of the inevitable makes us cheer for him, and empathize. However, tragically, we already know from the beginning that he's doomed to a excruciatingly painful death at 6 this evening.

(Hanging out with Friends)

**Icharus:** I heard that if you masturbate too much, you will go blind.

**Thomas:** I doubt that.

**Oedipus:** Yeah, I think that's a rumor.

(The Next Day)

**Oedipus:** You were right, Icharus.

# Mr. Edison's Enchantment Machine

I will never forget the Day Mr. Edison created his most wonderful and most catastrophic invention.

The coterie was in the shop, going about our usual workings. Mr. Edison, as normal, was hawkishly surveying the inventing work. Ever since we casted him the first telephone, he had been tight around our collars for a hit. The pressure was grinding some of the boys pretty hard. For his part, Mr. Edison was becoming a bit intellectually promiscuous, and was clearly feeling the urge to break with some of the established restraints on inventing.

That was when he gave the order to put an electricity into the inflatable turkey machine.

Everyone knew this was insanity. The Society rules were clear- there was to be no more electricities applied until 1894, by which time it was thought the ether could recharge from Mr. Franklin's ironwater experiment. Furthermore, the inflatable turkey machine was a known Dangerous. It was as if Mr. Edison, tired of the inventing life and sick of the particularities of the shop, were ready to destroy the entire town of New Jersey in one fated Experiment.

Nonetheless, he was a stern man, and when he insisted that I take an electricity either to the turkey or to my own Brain, I resigned to the former and set about Applying it dutifully.

What happened next I cannot even begin to describe, for fear that the words would make this very parchment catch to flame. From the limp turkey material of the inflatable machine resurrected a worshipful and glorious Leader of Men as none had yet seen. By midday, this giant stood as tall as any man, fully cocked and ready to lead the lab to certain Salvation.

But with this enormity also appeared a certain Evil (snuck in through the electricity, no doubt) and very distressing things began to happen which I am not eagerous to confess to posterity. Each fellow, he lusted and committed many an atrocity, and the electricity only demanded we do more. I hope the reader will see it in his heart to forgive us that day, for the awe in our eyes put the distant cries of our family and our fellow man deep into a muted abyss.

Mr. Edison insisted that I cease to apply another electricity, in hopes that starved of the evil influence, the Turkey Being might return to some sense of decency.

But the beast had no further thirst. And we bowed and we prayed and we did many a thing in the service of our new God.



# The Stanford Chaparral

Volume CVI, No. 2

Rear View

November 18, 2004

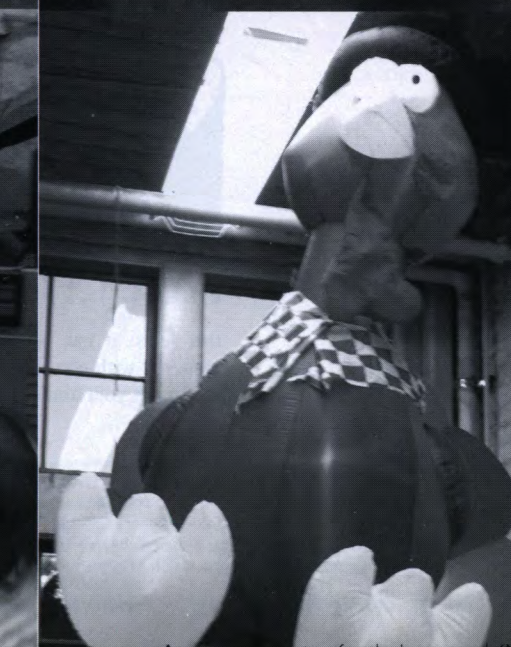


## Table of Contents

2	Inventions.....	Henick, Phillips, Stockman, Wyman
3	Oedipus Hamlet Gatsby.....	Chanderraj
4	Mr. Edison's Enchantment Machine.....	Yelderman
6	Now That.....	Stockman
8	Aussie Football.....	Phillips
9	Internet Scams.....	Yelderman
10	King Solomon's Wisdom.....	Stockman
11	Do it Like on TV.....	Henick
12	Retrospect.....	Mukhopadhyay
13	Ain't No Mirror.....	Kemper
14	Silly Silly Putty.....	Armstrong
15	Last Words.....	Scodary, Stark
16	Freshman Facebook.....	Staff
18	Cool Mom.....	Kemper
19	'08 Yahoo Group.....	Phillips
19	4AM Proverbs.....	Sawe
20	Millionaire.....	Henick, Yelderman
22	They Only Want One Thing.....	Stockman
23	Hand Lab.....	Phillips
24	Joke Jokerton.....	Chanderraj, Stockman
26	Trader or Traitor.....	Kemper
27	All American Johnson Family.....	Henick
27	There She Is.....	Kemper
28	Interview with a Rooster.....	Henick, Stockman
29	Backseat Drivers.....	Kemper, Peterman, Steier
31	Fun Facts.....	Phillips, Stockman

## Art Credits

1	Cover.....	Silva
4	Turkeys.....	Wyman
7	Pool Toy Industry .....	Kemper
13	Mirrors.....	Kemper
20	Millionaire.....	Wyman
24	Joker.....	Chanderraj
25	Backseat Vampire.....	Stockman
29	Backseat Drivers.....	Kemper



# Staff

'05

Nick Damiano  
Andrew Nielsen

'06

Andrew Ardinger  
Phillip Dumesic  
Katie Gillum  
Chris Holt  
Andrew Peterman  
Nik Sawe  
Rolf Steier  
Kevin Systrom  
Greg Worswick

'07

Charles Demakis  
Roger Grosse  
Jeremy Hoffman  
David Pfau  
Noah Priluck  
Ting Qian  
Jeremy Schneider  
Walter Haas  
Neil Mukhopadhyay

'08

Nafis Jamal  
Jon O'Bryan  
Anthony Scodary  
Shivani Srivastava  
Josh Stark  
Annie Wyman

## Graduate

Chuck Armstrong  
Eric Jorgensen

## Special Thanks

Tony  
Murder Beach



# The Stanford Chaparral

Vol. CVI November 18, 2004 No. 2

**MATTHEW HENICK '05** **CHARLIE STOCKMAN '04**  
*Old Boy* *Old Boy*

**CARRIE KEMPER '06**  
*Head Writer*

**ETHAN SILVA '06**  
*Art Director*

**ALLAN PHILLIPS '07** **JOSHUA CONSTINE '07**  
*Circulation Manager* *Business Manager*

**IAN SPIRO '04** **STEVE YELDERMAN '04**  
*Old Boy Emeritus* *Old Boy Emeritus*

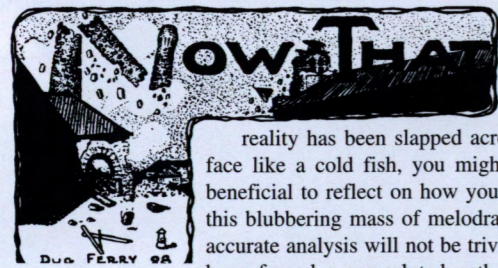
**Hammer Coffin**

JESS AGNEW-BLAIS '05	BRENT FITZGERALD '01	JON MAAS '00
ANNE BENDER '02	KATIE FOUNDS '04	CHRIS ONSTAD '98
SARA INES CALDERON '05	DAVE FRUCHBOM '00	DUSTIN PERKINS '00
RISHI CHANDERRAJ '06	DEBBIE GLASBAND '05	ADRIAN PERRY '03
CHRIS CRANE '00	ROB HANN '00	AMANDA PETTIT '05
BEN D'EWART '00	MAX HEILBRON '00	SETH ROSENBLUM '04
AUDREY DIEHL '00	HUETTER! '03	GEOFF SCHAEFFER '02
JON ECCLES '06	JASON JENKINS '04	KENNY SHEI '00
OWEN ELLICKSON '00	DAVID LAMPSON '0	MATT STEINBERG '03
	ERIK LESSAC-CHENEN '04	JACOB YOUNG '02
	GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS '02	
	SEAN LUCY '99	

**REFLECTIONS**

ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.



reality has been slapped across your face like a cold fish, you might find it beneficial to reflect on how you became this blubbery mass of melodrama. An accurate analysis will not be trivial. You have forged a convoluted path through the years; it has been consistently cleared of purpose and cluttered with conversion. But all is not lost, for this oldboy will focus your aimless assessment. First you must towel away

the tears, lest the distortion lead you astray. Trust your oldboy, you do not want to wander into this melee only to discover that the pant leg you have been tugging on belongs to a grown-up other than us. So then, are you ready? Do us all a service and bring the tissue with you.

It all began during a childhood constitutional. You had told your pop that you were taking the baseball glove and the satchel of PB&Js, and were heading down to the creek. Indeed, you did intend to spend the afternoon in such idyllic fashion. But on your way to meeting up with your complete collection of prepubescent companions, an intriguing spectacle

caught your eye. There in the road, flopped a gasping rainbow trout, an irresistible allure to an American boy like yourself. You could only figure that the fishball had begun without you, and that Benny must have hit a grand slam that had traveled all the way to here, where it gulped helplessly upon the pavement. Though you were disappointed that you had missed the good-natured cruelty, you were delighted that the trout would ironically be yours. After making your ceremonial acknowledgements of the street's both ways, you crossed eagerly toward your prize.

Pay attention now, I see your span is waning. Remember, this is what healing is all about.

But just as you were gathering up the creature, a man appeared from behind a van. 'Hello there,' said the strange man, 'do you like trout?' His mouth stretched into an enormous grin of impossibly white teeth; his starched shirt bulged with fictional muscles; his eyes were purple. 'I said 'Do you like trout?''

You nodded in reluctant affirmation, and the diameter of his smile doubled. 'Do you like lies?' he asked.

To this you did not respond, but still you could not hide your powerful fancy for falsehoods. His eye sparkled in the muted light of an overcast sky. 'Of course you do. Everyone likes lies. I have some especially sweet ones in my van.' You stepped forward then halted.

'I'm sorry sir, but my parents said that I shouldn't accept lies from strangers', then, with resolution, 'they forbid it.'

To this the strange man tilted his head and leaned forward, revealing an abyss of cleavage. He pouted his voluptuous lips, 'well that's too bad. These lies are very fresh.' Then he straightened

himself up and said, 'I'll tell you what, if I tell you my name, then I'm not a stranger.' Before you could agree, the man had turned left and now slowly panned back to you, 'Hi. I'm Walter Cronkite.'

'Hi I'm Jon', you said, and stuck out your hand at a distance where you could safely snatch it away, "Pleased to meet you."

Oblivious to your offering, Walter Cronkite walked back to the van and returned with a small black box. 'Here it is,' he said, holding out the box to you.

Though you said nothing, your feelings once again lay visibly on the surface. This was not like the lies you were used to. This contraption had weight and substance. Nothing could be further from a lie.

Perceiving your evident displeasure, Walter Cronkite took the box from your hands and pushed a button on the front. A warm blue light radiated from the its face and illuminated the trout laying at your feet. 'See,' he said.

And suddenly the animal began to mutate. Its size doubled. Its forehead protruded. Its gums sprouted razor teeth. In the end it had lost all likeness to the beautiful rainbow it once had been. It had become a monstrosity beyond Mary Shelley's imagination. You drew back as it slithered and snapped at your shin.

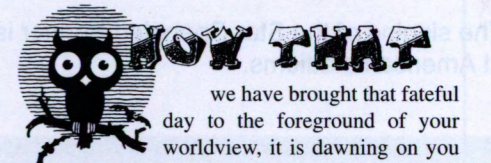
At this point, a voice arose, not from Walter Cronkite, but from the recesses of the box, though in truth, it seemed to come from everywhere. 'The Northern Snakehead, which has the ability to move over land to new water sources, is claimed to come from the Far East. However, recent evidence shows that it was engineered by the government to annihilate the rainbow trout, a species they believe to be immoral.'

At this, Walter Cronkite switched the box off. The voice disappeared and the fish returned to normal. Meanwhile Cronkite looked at you expectantly.

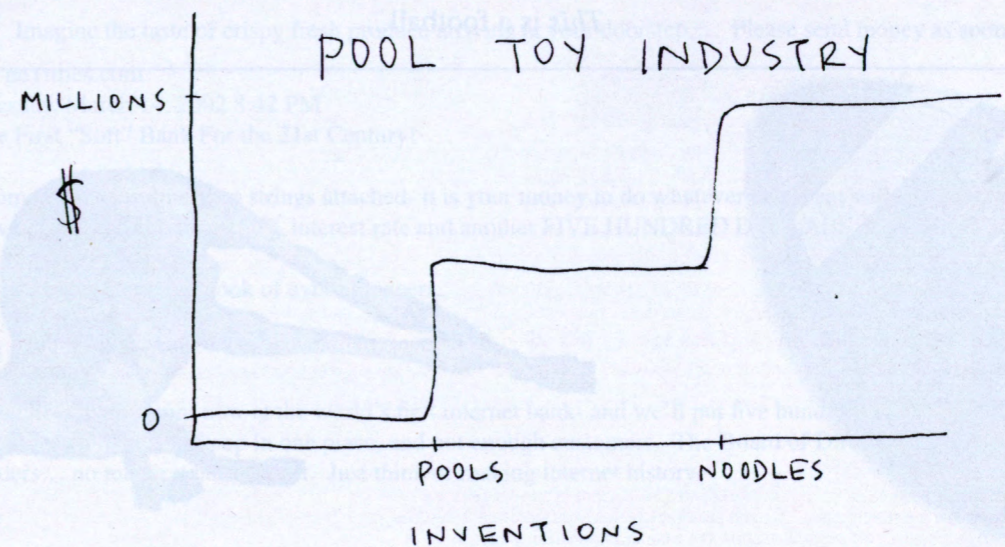
'That lie is so awful,' you declared, 'that it must be true.'

Walter Cronkite smiled and kneeled, 'You are a special boy Jon. I have given a box like this to many people. Your parents have one. But you are the only one that it speaks the truth to.' He grabbed your hand, and his gaze focused on a point five feet behind you, 'by taking this box Jon, you will be accepting a great responsibility. You will be obligated to spread its truth, loudly, through spoken word and through mass email. Do you accept this mission?'

At that moment, perhaps enchanted by Cronkite's massive, hairless hands, perhaps swayed by your already budding self-importance, you nodded, and clasped your arms about the box. Ever since, the box has never left your side, and the cross has never left your back.



we have brought that fateful day to the foreground of your worldview, it is dawning on you why certain events have left you so frustrated and self-righteous, and why you feel that you must vocally point out again and again what seems obvious. Of course this explanation changes nothing; your martyr's fate is as sealed as ever. But perhaps it will allow you to cease floundering in stupefaction and get back to what is really important: getting into medical school.



Published six times during the college year under the auspices of the Hammer and Coffin Society. Subscriptions are eighteen dollars a year, single copies and back issues three dollars. Make all checks payable to The Stanford Chaparral. Address all communications to: The Stanford Chaparral, P.O. Box 18916, Stanford, CA 94309. Send e-mail to: oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu Wit and persiflage for the electronic age: <http://chappie.stanford.edu> The Chaparral is produced with Macintosh computers and careful revision of a theme. All material ©2004 The Stanford Chaparral.

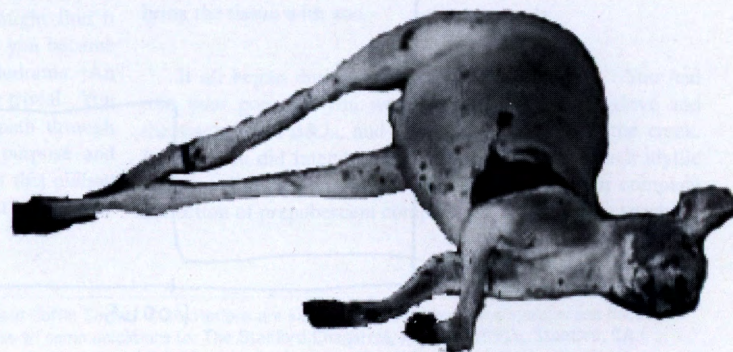
# Explaining AUSSIE RULES Football

In American football, the winners of the championship receive dazzling Super Bowl rings.	In Aussie Rules football, the winning team gets their picture taken with Kylie Minogue. The runners-up get Danni Minogue. As a slave.
In American football, points are earned by touchdowns, field goals and safeties.	In Aussie rules football, points are earned by seducing American women through rustic accents and mastery of wild beasts.
In American Football, the home teams wear dark colors and the away team white.	In Aussie Rules football, players are clad only in weathered khaki that looks all the creamier next to their December-bronzed skin.
American Football teams are named things like, "Jets," "Cowboys," and "Bears."	In Aussie Rules football, there exist the Sydney Wombats, the Melbourne Koalas and the Perth Platypuses. All teams are coached by Paul Hogan.
In American football, players who act shamefully are typically suspended.	All Aussie Rules football fans are descended from criminals. Their lawless blood would boil at a player sitting out just for drunk driving.
The singing of the Star-Spangled Banner is a revered tradition at American stadiums.	At all games, AC/DC is required to play a raunchy, schoolboyish version of Waltzing Matilda using only the E and A chords.
In American football, the ball is advanced by running or passing.	In Aussie rules football the ball is advanced by boogie boarding.
After games, American football players are contractually required to speak with the media, though the athletic culture of conformity often results in bland, platitude-ridden statements.	After games, Aussie football players are required to squat in the dirt with aborigines and put on that floury face paint, while naked women dance around, splayed breasts flailing like an epileptic hypnotist's watch.

That's not a football...



This is a football...



----- Original Message -----  
 From: Vixenalla Kruug  
 To: MrdrBeech@aol.com  
 Sent: Friday, November 14, 2000 4:40 AM  
 Subject: I had man friend but he did not digest my tenderness.

Excuse me for the rudeness, but I saw you are looking for a date on internet

I am beautiful Russian woman with tasteful literature and chess. I find you because it seems trembling I love you terribly American man.

Very much I would like come visit you and make your dreams come to true. I am very good busty and last boyfriend been at least several years. It is difficult though to come to America and I am worried though without monies I not be able to have the sex of dreams.

My visa to America come today but I cry because without wire transfer in next 24 hours it be no use. If only gentle man like you had any way help poor Vixeanlla.

## The Internet is a Scary Yet Profitable Enterprise

----- Original Message -----  
 From: amishbzzkll@cs.com  
 To: rmspringer@aol.com  
 Sent: Friday, May 23, 2002 9:32 AM  
 Subject: I'll tell Pa.

Hey, Friend.

Pretty rebellious of you to be using the internet.

I wonder what your family would think if they knew you had taken the carriage into town without asking and were pissing away specie to use technology several centuries ahead of your time. I bet they would be pretty disappointed to know you were using a keyboard and a screen and a electricity.

Don't worry... we won't tell... as long as we're both Friends.

Sell the farm, William.

From: Top Seed 4 Produce  
 To: hotdogs@leland.stanford.edu  
 Sent: Tuesday, July 30, 2001 12:13 PM  
 Subject: A New Deal Just For You!

Hello,

I noticed that you have been looking into shopping on the internet. I am an independent grower of fruits and vegetables in the San Leandro Valley. All of my produce are 100% organic, and my workers are paid a living health-care wage even if they are not United States Citizens.

Unfortunately, the Farm Security Administration penalizes these fair labor practices with illegal tariffs, making my crop unsalable. Jack-boot wearing government officials seek to stomp my vine crop and keep the price of American agriculture unnaturally high and coated with dangerous petrochemicals.

To combat this reactionary machine-farm protectionism, I am offering my top-shelf produce at bargain basement prices to ethically consciosus internet consumers such as yourself. In the spirit of the honest worker of the land, I ask only that you make a modest donation so that I can continue my craft without resorting to destructive or environmentally abusive farming practices.

Imagine the taste of crispy fresh produce arriving at your doorstep.... Please send money as soon as possible.

----- Origin  
 From: Jaco  
 To: Juan@theintnet.com  
 Sent: Wednesday, March 14, 2002 8:42 PM  
 Subject: The First "Soft" Bank For the 21st Century!

The cash comes with absolutely no strings attached- it is your money to do whatever you want with it. Plus, to reward you for the first check you write, we'll give you a 150% interest rate and another FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

That, plus your place in the big book of cyber pioneers.

Do not miss this opportunity

Sign up for a checking account now at the world's first internet bank- and we'll put five hundred dollars in it. It's insane! Our bank simply has too much money to keep in one place, and not enough customers. The Board of Directors has instructed me to find new account holders... no matter what the cost. Just think of making internet history.

All we ask is that you spend the money wisely and stay clear of unscrupulous internet merchants.

Send us your money.... FAST!

# KING SOLOMON'S MODERN-DAY WISDOM

## The Courtroom

**Judge:** I am the honorable Judge Breckenshire, and rather than adhere to the charade of squabbling and connivery that passes for litigation in this day in age, I will settle this case with a page from the great Solomon's teachings. Mr. And Mrs. Remingham, you are both requesting full custody of your son, Brian. In an effort to be absolutely just, I will be granting you both equal custody by cutting Brian in half right now. That is unless either of you have an objection.

**Mrs. Remingham's Attorney:** Your honor, my client requests that her half contain both of Brian's eyes. She has a legitimate claim to these organs since Brian obviously got his baby blues from her.

**Mr. Remingham's Attorney:** Your honor, my client will concede these articles to Mrs. Remingham, on the condition that his allotted half includes Brian's brain. The I.Q. tests and report cards marked Exhibit E clearly indicate that Brian's intellect was inherited from his father.

**Mrs. R's Attorney:** Your honor, my client would like to make a motion to declare Mr. Remingham a conceited asshole.

**Mr. R's Attorney:** Objection your honor, Mrs. Remingham has time and again shown herself to be an irrational airhead who...

**Mrs. R's Attorney:** In any case, my client insists that if I.Q. tests are admissible, then the court should also recognize the father's consistent inability to show tenderness during the couple's twelve year marriage. Consequently my client demands that the court grant her all of Brian's heart...

**Mr. R's Attorney:** Your honor, my client is certainly willing to give Mrs. Remingham Brian's heart. He has even proffered that she might put it into one of her antique jars with the flowers painted on the side.

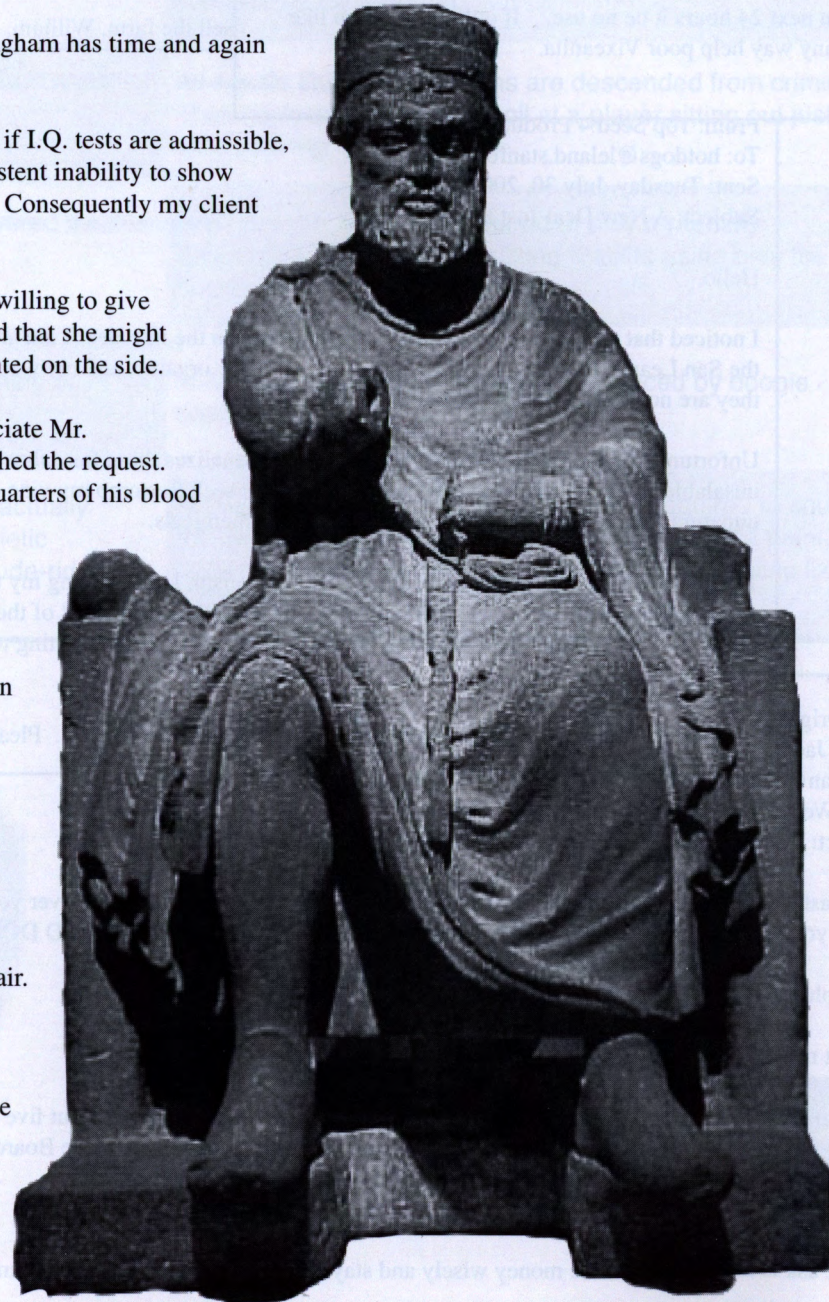
**Mrs. R's Attorney:** EXCUSE me. Though we appreciate Mr. Remingham's exuberant cooperation, we had not finished the request. My client would like all of Brian's heart AND three quarters of his blood by volume since Mr. Remingham has not shown that he is able to even keep his own blood at a reasonable temperature.

**Mr. R's Attorney:** Objection your honor, Mrs. Remingham's attorney clearly understands that if given three quarters of Brian's blood they will exceed their allotted half of the cadaver.

**Mrs. R's Attorney:** Your honor, we've already accounted for this difficulty. To remedy the situation, my client proposes that Brian's annexation be delayed until he has grown enough hair to make up for the deficit in Mr. Remingham's estate. It is after all Mr. Remingham's fault that Brian has such thin, hapless hair.

**Mr. R's Attorney:** Your honor, that is absurd. Mrs. Remingham's attorney is just trying to delay the inevitable. In an effort to speedup these proceeding we will make a compromise. Mrs. Remingham will be given the desired blood, if Mr. Remingham is given Brian's lungs, legs and skin.

**Judge:** That sounds fair.



# Let's Do It Like They Do on TV

## LIKE ON FRIENDS...

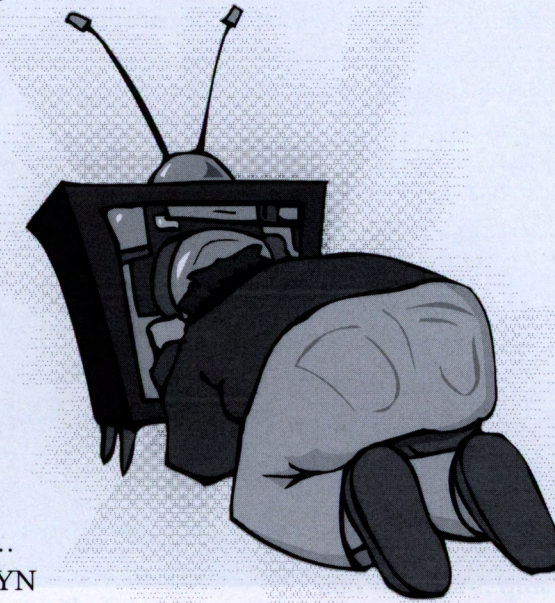
I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME LIKE YOUR CHANDLER BING, AND I'M INFERTILE.

## LIKE ON LAW AND ORDER...

GET ME ON THE STAND AND THEN YOU CAN DEPOSE ME, EVERY GOD DAMN DAY OF THE WEEK.

## LIKE ON CSI...

I WANT YOU TO FIND ONE OF MY STRAY PUBES ON THE FLOOR AND THEN FUCK ME IN THE ASS.



## LIKE ON NYPD BLUE...

YOU TELL ME TO PUT MY HANDS UP, I REACH FOR MY WALLET. YOU SHOOT ME IN MY FACE.

## LIKE ON THE COSBY SHOW...

I'LL BE AN OB/GYN AND I'LL "FIX YOUR DOORBELL," POORLY.

## LIKE ON ALIAS...

YOU DRESS UP LIKE YOU'RE SOMEONE YOU'RE NOT. THEN KICK ME IN THE NUTS AND TAKE THE RAMBALDI ARTIFACT.

## LIKE ON ANTIQUE ROADSHOW...

I'LL SHOW YOU A PIECE OF OLD JUNK AND YOU SHOW ME HOW VALUABLE IT IS.

## LIKE ON FULL HOUSE...

I'LL GET DOWN AND DIRTY ON THE KITCHEN TABLE, THEN YOU'LL CLEAN IT UP BECAUSE YOU'RE AN OBSESSIVE COMPULSIVE FATHER WITH NO WIFE.

## LIKE ON CSI:MIAMI...

I WANT YOU TO FIND ONE OF MY STRAY PUBES ON THE FLOOR AND THEN FUCK ME IN THE ASS...IN MIAMI.

## LIKE ON THE WEST WING (Season 1)...

I'LL BE DEPUTY COMMUNICATIONS DIRECTOR AND YOU CAN BE A HIGH PRICED HOOKER. JUST DON'T TELL TOBY OR POTUS, FOR GOD SAKES, DON'T TELL POTUS.

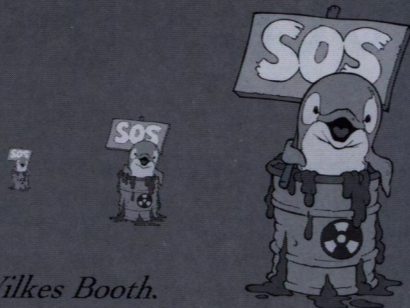
## LIKE ON ER...

DEAD BODIES TELL NO TALES.

# In Retrospect...

## THINGS THAT WERE SMALLER THAN THEY APPEARED

1. Greenland.
2. Christopher Columbus' honesty.
3. Marie Curie's pride in discovering radon.
4. Your ability to choose the carpenter's cup.
5. Your AP English teacher's correct usage of the word "ironic."
6. Abraham Lincoln's prowess at not getting shot in the chest by John Wilkes Booth.
7. The long term utility of tiny beads and metal wires to the native inhabitants of the Americas. And their resistance to small pox.



## THINGS THAT WERE LARGER THAN THEY APPEARED

1. The sun from really really far away.
2. Your ability to push it to the MAX.
3. The incidence of sickle-cell anemia among Thomas Jefferson's descendants.
4. The Beatles' comparative size to Jesus.
5. The Polk Presidency.
6. Luddites' use of the telegraph to coordinate meeting times.
7. Homoerotic undertones in Roget's Thesaurus.
8. The will to win.



# achewood

© 2004 Chris Onstad :: achewood.com

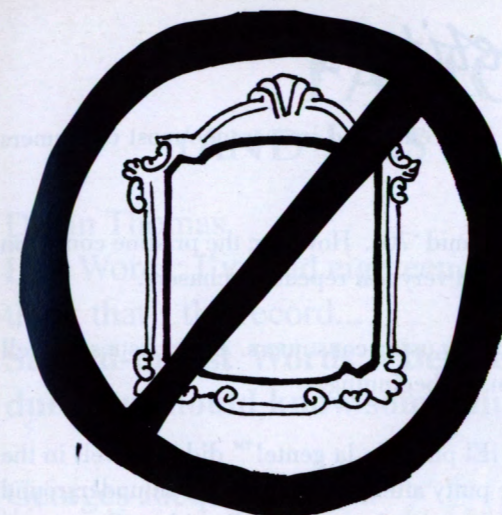


# AIN'T NO MIRROR

## CONTACTS



I used to really fight with getting my contacts in. Every morning was another fight. It was me against the saline, and only my trembling pointer finger was on my side. I had to put them in just right, or I wouldn't be able to see for the day. Now I'm poppin' the little shits in like they're sweet chocolate. Ain't no mirror has to help.



## SHAVING



Mirrors used to be my "safe haven" for shaving. I could see all the twists and turns of my face, and that made me feel alright. I used to like being able to see if I was cutting my face. But I also used to like not taking any risks. Now I shave in the shower, where no one will ever see the blood. Ain't no mirror has to tell me that.

## PERFECT PART

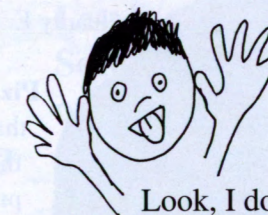


I used to have to get that perfect part. You know, that part that feels sassy and scalpy. It was a little to the right, but not too much left. I used to have to see it to believe it. I would be up so close to that mirror that my breath would leave cloudies on the reflection. Now I wake up and it's there, quick. Ain't no mirror has to show me the way.



## FAT CAT

I used to be fat. Really fat. I'd look in the mirror to gauge my weight, and to see if I was looking any better. I would focus on using full-length mirrors, and hone in on the waist and face to look for fat. Now I'm coming back from meals and just hopping on the scale. That scale keeps me knowing how much fat I'm putting on. I don't need to be staring at me. And ain't no mirror need to be staring back at me. Damn stink eye mirror.



## THE FACES

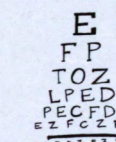
Look, I don't need a mirror anymore to know whether or not the faces I'm making are hilarious. I can make my faces and make them at friends and then see if my friends laugh or not. Sometimes they don't, and I know that my face was either not funny or too serious. They say Jim Carrey started his career just by makin' faces in the mirror. Well you know what? I'm not Jim Carrey, and ain't no mirror will ever be him, either.

## PRESENTATION



Yes, I used to have a lot of stuff in my nose all of the time. I would get colds, etc. And sometimes, yes, it was embarrassing. So in the morning, I'd be sure to clear those boogs out, quick. But you know what? I can feel my nose, and I bet you can, too. Everyone's always saying to me, "Why don't you look in the mirror, clear those boogs out?" But I don't think they understand that AIN'T NO MIRROR HAS TO LET ME KNOW WHETHER I GOT BOOGS OR NOT.

## SIGHT



I used to enjoy looking at myself because it was this thing I could do. I would look at me in the mirror and it would be a thing that I could do to relate to myself. I would look at everyone else too. But not no more. Because I went blind years ago, honey, and AIN'T NO MIRROR HAS TO RUB IT IN MY FACE.

# Silly Silly Putty™ Competitors

**Witty Putty™:** Though somewhat popular in Great Britain, Witty Putty™ lacked the innocence and irreverence most consumers have come to expect from their putty.

**Responsible Putty™:** Responsible Putty™ enjoyed popularity as a graduation gift in the mid '70s. However, the pristine condition in which most owners kept the toy, as well as the infrequency with which it was lost created very few repeat purchasers.

**Bourbon™:** Popular with most adult demographics, Bourbon™ never caught on among putty using consumers. Legal issues, as well as the inability to fold Bourbon™ in to a bubble and pop it really loud slowed sales from the beginning.

**¡El putty de la gente!™ (Cuba only):** As the only form of putty available in Cuba ¡El putty de la gente!™ did very well in the years following Fidel Castro's rise to power. Unfortunately, the government outlawed the putty after the discovery of an underground newspaper distributed by dissenters who pushed the putty down onto various anti-communist documents. President Castro was quoted as saying: "Si la religion es el nacrótico de la gente, este putty es la jeringuilla."

**Jonathan Putty, M.D.:** After majoring in biology at the University of Michigan, Jonathan Putty attended medical school at Washington State University. Though he was mildly successful in his medical practice, his high-pitched laugh and awkwardness on the telephone prevented him from gaining true market dominance outside his family and patronizing clientele.

**Sarcastic Putty™:** The advertising slogan "Oh yeah, why don't you just not buy Sarcastic Putty™? Why don't you go do more important things like watch TV. Have a nice life with your TV!" proved to alienate most consumers.

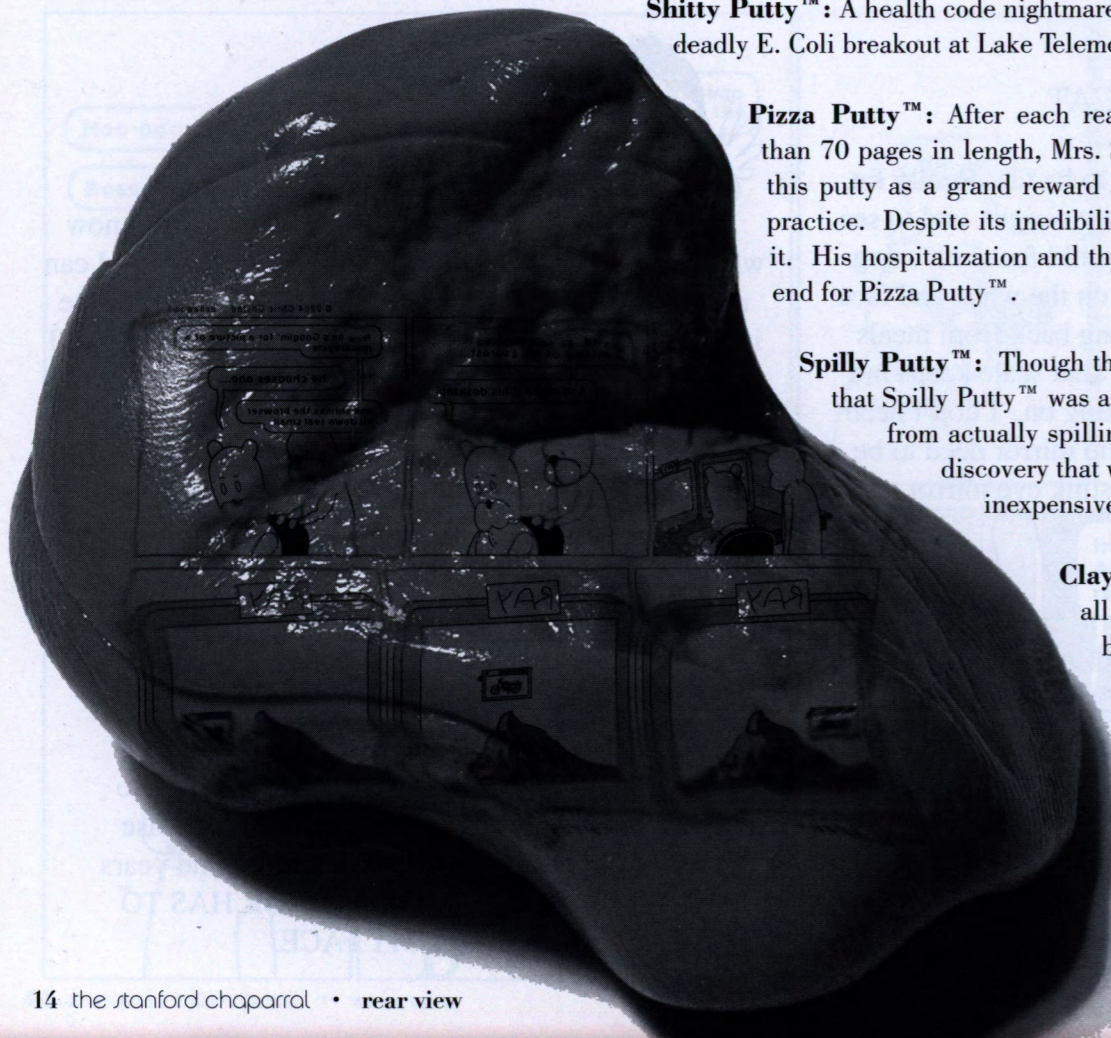
**Caulking Putty™:** Though a complete failure in the toy industry, Caulking Putty™ has done very well with "home renovator" and "construction" demographics.

**Shitty Putty™:** A health code nightmare, this putty was discontinued after a deadly E. Coli breakout at Lake Telemon Elementary School.

**Pizza Putty™:** After each reading at least three books of more than 70 pages in length, Mrs. Scott's third graders were treated to this putty as a grand reward and temporary respite from cursive practice. Despite its inedibility, Joey Martin ate, like, 8 pieces of it. His hospitalization and the lawsuits that followed marked the end for Pizza Putty™.

**Spilly Putty™:** Though the name sounded promising, the fact that Spilly Putty™ was a putty, and not a liquid, prevented it from actually spilling. Owners became jaded upon the discovery that water was a much more effective and inexpensive thing to spill on someone.

**Clay™:** Yeah maybe you can heat it up all hot to make it harden, but can it bounce if you roll it in to a ball? The answer to that question, and also this putty, is: no.



# FAMOUS LAST WORDS (AND LESS FAMOUS SECOND-TO-LAST WORDS)

Dylan Thomas

Last Words: I've had eighteen straight whiskies, I think that's the record...

**Second-to-last Words:** Before we get to our duel you should know something.

Georges Jacques Danton

Last Words: Show my head to the people. It is worth seeing.

**Second-to-last Words:** I just bought one of those cool hats that make it look like an arrow is going through your skull.

Ernesto "Che" Guevara

Last Words: I know you have come to kill me. Shoot coward, you are only going to kill a man.

**Second-to-last Words:** \*Girlish Scream\*

Lady Nancy Astor

Last Words: Am I dying or is this my birthday?

**Second-to-last Words:** What type of sick party is this?

Franz Kafka

Last words: Kill me, or else you are a murderer!

**Second-to-last Words:** Heal me, or else you are a doctor!

Walter De La Mare

Last Words: Too late for fruit, too soon for flowers.

**Second-to-last Words:** I love death season.

Louis B. Mayer

Last Words: Nothing matters. Nothing matters.

**Second-to-last Words:**

*If I'm not back again this time tomorrow  
Carry on, carry on*

George Washington

Last Words: I die hard but am not afraid to go.

**Second-to-last Words:** I heard that you can't urinate when you have an erection.

Charles II

Last Words: Don't let poor Nelly starve.

**Second-to-last Words:** I'm so close to beating Oregon Trail.

Archduke Ferdinand

Last Words: It is nothing. It is nothing.

**Second-to-last Words:** I really hope no one overreacts to this.

James A. Garfield

Last Words: Swain, can't you stop this pain? Swain!

**Second-to-last Words:** Insane in the membrane.

Jane Austen

Last Words: Nothing but death.

**Second-to-last Words:** Hmm, what's left on the to-do list today?



## Preparing for the Glamour Showdown



Logan McClure  
Menlo Park, CA

My hair is brushed.



Caitlin Geier  
Rancho Santa Fe, CA

My face is airbrushed.



Melis Yilmaz  
Turkey

I will brush them aside like wilted corn.

## Brothers



Can Baran  
Turkey

Am I my brother's keeper?



Abel Allison  
Houston, TX

Yes please, brother.

## Fun to Have at a Party



Maura Burk  
Freehold, NJ

Twister



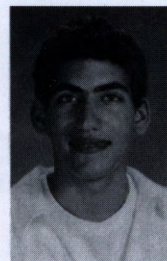
Jerry Phillips  
Beebe, AR

Taboo



Anne Sweigart  
Ridgefield, CT

Spin the Bottle



Amin El Gamal  
Palo Alto, CA

Mr. Potato Head



Joel Galenson  
Chevy Chase, MD

Master Mind

## Came to Stanford Just To...



Tim King  
Celebration, FL

be an assassin.



Brett Hofer  
College Station, TX

meet someone worth writing a sad poem about.



Meghan Mullins  
Norman, OK

salt your game, scrub.



Jessica Fishell  
Rainbow Valley, AZ

graduate! teehee! LOL!



Matt Golub  
Lloyd Harbor, NY

help you diversify your portfolio.



Jared Boyer  
Oklahoma City, OK

BONE DOWN.

## The Celebrity Class of 2008



Lesley Silverthorn  
Paradise Valley, AZ

Lele Sobieski



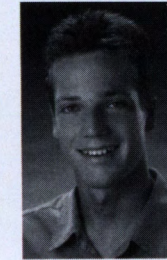
Phil Galligan  
St. Paul, MN

Michael Phelps  
(Post DUI)



Andrew Burmon  
Weston, MA

James Van Der Beek



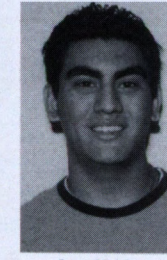
Chris Chapman  
Kailua, HI

Frankenfish



William Von Hoene  
Chicago, IL

John Travolta  
(in Battlefield Earth)



Jose Valdez  
San Antonio, TX

Piston Honda



Eric Mitzenmacher  
Los Angeles, CA

Buzz Lightyear

## Pretty Boy Draft



Alex Hauser  
Mexico

### #1 - The International Phenom

Hyped as a "slick shooter", "a slippery dribbler" and a "slimy passer," the only doubts lie in whether his sleezy game will work when things gets physical.



Peter Oden  
Bainbridge Island, WA

### #3 - The Baby

Coming into the league straight from middle school seemed like a stretch, but a preseason trip to J. Crew has made this diaper dandy a real threat.



Danny Arbeiter  
Poway, CA

### #8 - The Prima Donna

Arrogant, spoiled, greedy and just plain good. If Danny can keep his head from swelling and stop being such a ball hog, he could take anyone all the way.



Julian Mann  
Ukiah, CA

### #15 - The Enforcer

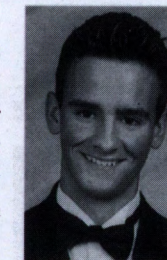
Julian is known for his ferocious hip-checks, brutal elbows, and painful foot-stomps. You don't want to be across from this guy when you take the floor.



Joshua Skorton  
Iowa City, IA

### #47 - The Natural

Some have called his style "unorthodox." A risk on this player can either be heavily rewarding, or severely disappointing come gametime.



Micah Cratty  
Long Beach, CA

### #112 - Rudy

This guy will give you his blood and sweat. And if in the end you still don't like him, you can always cut him.



Brad Bertolet  
Mountain View, CA

### #130 - The Worst Pick

Sloppy, selfish and stupid, with this guy you can forget about going to the Big Dance. You're going straight to the basement.

## Two Truths and a Lie

hint: prancing, frolicking, and sashaying are not sports



Dylan Rowe-Clark  
St. Maarten

I just got done working on my truck.



Gustav Rydstedt  
Sweden

I just got done breaking some arms.

rear view • the stanford chaparral 17



Alex Selig  
Mill Valley, CA

I just got done, uhh, playing a sport.

# COOL MOM

Ted,

Had to go buy some new drumsticks-- broke mine last night at the gig--

love mom

Tuesday, October 12

Please excuse Teddy from school today. He is very sick... **OF SCHOOL.**

Peace  
Mrs. Drake



Ted,

Help yourself to the meat.

love mom

out skateboarding--

love mom

Here are your condoms--

love mom

To: Teddy Drake  
Date: October 22, 2:15  
Class: Physics, Classroom 204

Please call home as soon as possible. Mom needs to know "how much stuff to go buy for the thing tonight."

Home

Summary

Summary

1 A half-hearted suicide note from a Kazakhstani IP Address.

Help

2 A database to log SAT scores.

SATs

3 A retraction of a half-hearted suicide note from a Kazakhstani IP Address.

GPA's

4 A 144 message thread called "Re: ironing".

Lies

5 Scads of anonymous polls that had no defensible reason for being anonymous.

IPods

6 A concerned message wondering about "the holiday where the senior guys bang all the freshman girls."

Fake IDs

7 Frequent, carefully considered, almost focus-group-researched expressions of quirkiness.

Ironing

8 A survey asking "How important is music in your life?"

Radiohead

9 On a scale from 1 to 10, an average answer of 7.9 on the question "How important is music in your life?"

Radioman

10 34 somewhat boastful admissions to never having kissed a girl.

Fresh Bang

11 A large contingent of incoming freshmen who believe that Fake IDs are obtained by creating a fake birth

Regrets

certificate, a fake Social Security card, fake insurance information and bringing it all down to the DMV.

## 4AM Proverbs.

Lightning is for raccoons to make sure they're not fucking ugly raccoons.

The letter "W" is for people with no front teeth.

Fender benders are for soccer moms. Accidents are for incontinents.

Contacts are great. However, I find that they interfere with my ability to be Clark Kent.

If you were a semiconductor, you'd be boring and wear think glass. And be made of silicon.



Horse:  
CAN'T FLY



Ostrich:  
MEAN. ALSO:  
CAN'T FLY



SR-71:  
HOW ARE YOU  
GOING TO GET  
YOUR HANDS ON  
AN SR-71, FLYBOY?



Cessna:  
PERFECT

Come Fly Nature's Most Perfect Bird.

### STANFORD FLYING CLUB

Join us to Learn to Fly. Our exclusive Integrated Flight Training System is backed by the highest level of Cessna Factory Support, with direct access to field service engineers to keep our aircraft in top shape.

Most members complete our Solo Pilot License course with only 15 to 25 hours of flying time. Lessons range from \$190 to \$250 per 2-hour session. Discounts available for first-time pilots.

Less driving- more flying.

Call us: (650) 858-2200

<http://www.FlyStanford.com>



Andy Peterson  
17181-B Moderation Parkway  
Santa Rosa, CA 95409

316 Depeche Lane  
Santa Rosa, CA 95404

Dear Mr. Gladwell,

I am writing to thank you for the time and money you have dedicated to our fair town- but mostly I am writing to thank you for the money. As a millionaire, you supply a good portion of our county's tax base, and the esteem of having a member of the upper-class right here in our neighborhood undoubtedly adds to everyone's self-esteem.

I want you to know that your affluence, coupled with our state's progressive tax system, provides for me to live a wonderfully fulfilling lifestyle at no cost to myself. For example, yesterday I went to the park to feed the ducks. I spotted a young girl across the pond, wearing a dress for what looked to be the first time. It was a beautiful afternoon, and I didn't pay a dime for it.

That said, I know nothing in life is truly free, and I wanted you to know that I appreciate your unyielding ability to make my world a better place through the selfless possession of your own personal wealth. If there is ever anything I can do to make your life more comfortable (at no expense to myself), by all means let me know.

You are an honor to us all, sir. Please do not move out of the county.



Have you given any thought to **OREGON** lately?

Millionaires *love* Oregon for its:

- Comfortable, suburban dwellings pleasantly separated by plentiful wide medians and relaxing boulevards.
- Culture that respects the upper class and is easily impressed by rather inconsequential displays of wealth.
- Two world airports, five deep-water ports, and effortless access to the interstate highway system.



Come see what Oregon  
discerning citizen

# Millionaires MONTHLY

HOW TO WIN THE LOTTERY BY PURCHASING A LOT OF TICKETS

THE 10 BEST PLACES TO LIVE FOR A MILLIONAIRE

SPACE: IS IT READY FOR MILLIONAIRES?



ADVICE FROM THE PROS:  
- HOW TO ROLL OVER YOUR 401K INTO A 4,000,001K.

PAY	1,000,000	100,000	10,000	1,000	100	10	1		
	*Zero	*Zero	*Zero	*Zero	*Zero	**One	*Five	00	

CHASE Chase Manhattan Bank USA, N.A. Washington, DC 19801

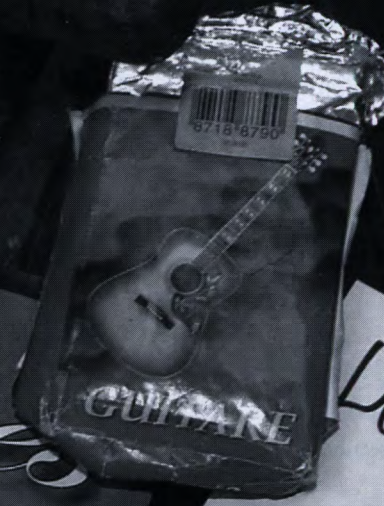
LISSE, 20 June 2004  
SWETS & ZEITLINGER B.V.  
HEEREWEG 347B LISSE  
THE NETHERLANDS

*Autoren*

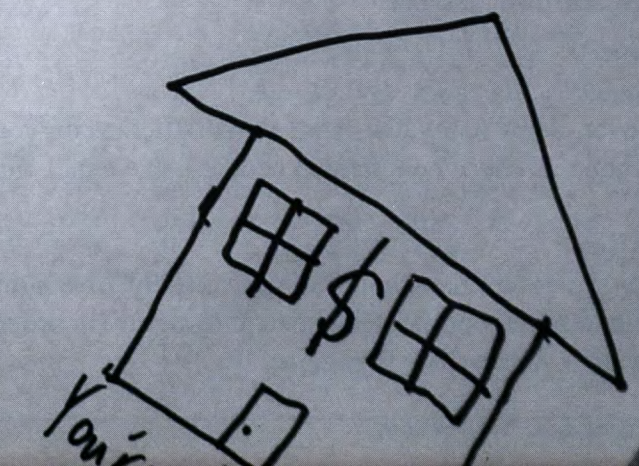
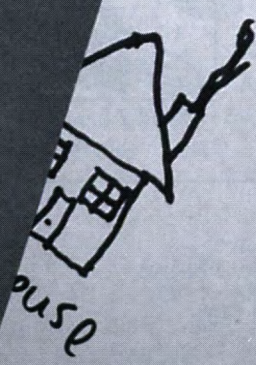
No. 3163320

4044-09  
62-28  
311

\$ \*\*\*\*\*15.00



Dear Mister Gladwell,  
Thank you so much for being rich and liveing in Santa Rosa. My Dad says if you move away, school won't have art class any more. I drew a ~~house~~ house.



Your

## SulfA Synth Lab

Sulfide A is a powerful poison known colloquially as "mustard gas," a devastating chemical warfare agent used in the First World War. The specter of chemical and biological weapons loomed again during the Persian Gulf war of 1900-1991, and a medical condition known as "Gulf war syndrome" has been, at times, ascribed to the suspected exposure of ground troops to chemical and perhaps biological agents during the campaign. The 1982 Biological and Chemical Weapons Conventions ban possession of such materials, but there is great concern about compliance and enforcement. One of the problems is the relative ease with which such toxic chemicals can be produced, as highlighted in this lab.

## Question:

Propose and carry out a synthesis of Sulfide A starting with oxacyclopropane. (Note: The Geneva protocol of 1925 explicitly bans the use of chemical and biological weapons.). So don't tell!

Record your observations.

## Procedure:

- 1) Think long and hard about what you are about to do.
- 2) Weigh a clean, dry test tube in a flask to 0.001 g.
- 3) The rest you must discern for yourself.

## Observations:

Note: I measured out .02 too much NaCl. The solution surged out of the beaker and onto my left hand, contaminating the sample. Empirically, I immediately noticed the tremendous heat of this reaction. Further experimentation was unnecessary, impossible.

## Questions:

- 1) Sulfide A's mechanism of action (searing epithelial tissue and mucous membranes) is believed to include sulfonium salt B. How could you go about forming sulfonium salt B?
  - 2) Titration of Sulfide A with chromanganate should cause sulfonium salt B to drop out of gauze and bandages.
  - 2) Should you go about forming sulfonium salt B?
- No. I have learned my lesson.

## Conclusions

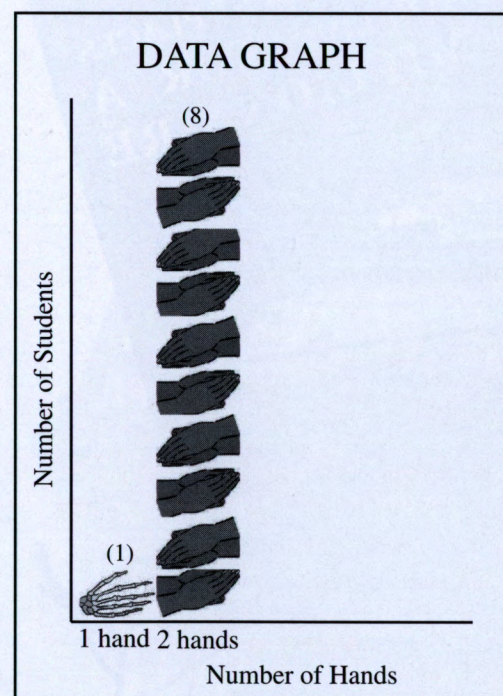
My life is over. How many one-handed pediatricians do you know? None. You know none, because one-handed people make small children cry.

## Sources of Error

At the time of measurement, solution was roughly 70% liquid hand/LiveStrong bracelet. I was unable to block out the dementia of my agony in order to make proper observations. Our glassware is notoriously imprecise.

## Materials:

Flask  
Beaker  
Oxacyclopropane  
Sodium Chloride  
Chromanganate  
Phosphoric acid  
Litmus Paper  
Gloves (?)



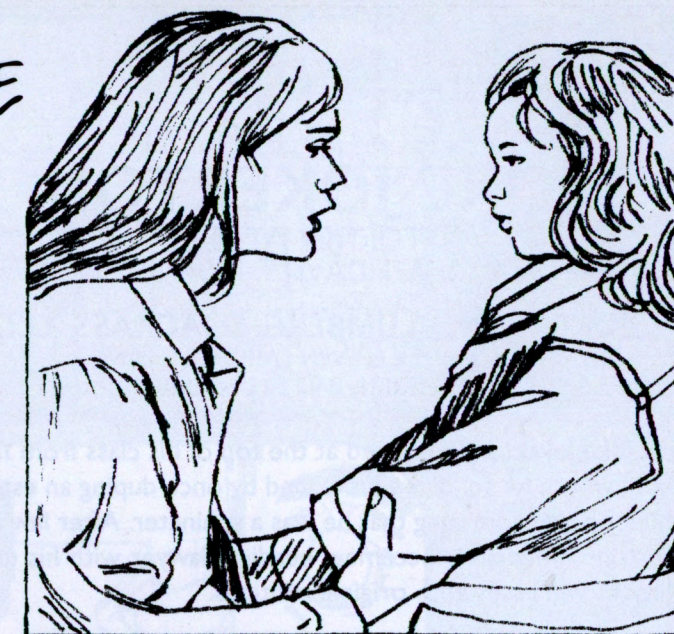
# THEY ONLY WANT ONE THING

MY MOM USED TO ALWAYS WARN ME WHEN I WENT ON DATES, "WATCH OUT JUNIOR," SHE WOULD SAY, "I KNOW YOU THINK THAT GIRL IS REALLY NICE, BUT I KNOW GIRLS, AND THEY ARE ONLY AFTER ONE THING." OF COURSE I DIDN'T BELIEVE HER. I WAS JUST A DUMB KID. I THOUGHT GIRLS JUST WANTED WHAT I WANTED: GOOD TIMES. THEN JUNIOR YEAR, I STARTED DATING AMBER CUNNINGHAM, THE COOLEST GIRL IN SCHOOL. IT WAS WONDERFUL; I NEVER WANTED IT TO END. SO WHEN SHE ASKED ME TO MAKE IT WITH HER, I JUST COULDN'T SAY NO. I THOUGHT WE WERE IN LOVE, AND THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE IN LOVE DO RIGHT? MAKE IT? GOD HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO STUPID. AFTER WE MADE IT SHE NEVER EVEN TALKED TO ME AGAIN. IT WAS AWFUL. SHE HAD TAKEN SOMETHING FROM ME, AND I CAN NEVER GET IT BACK. THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED MY MOM WAS RIGHT; GIRLS ARE ONLY AFTER ONE THING: GETTING YOU TO IMPREGNATE THEM. AFTER THAT, THE ONLY TIME YOU MIGHT SEE THEM AGAIN IS NINE MONTHS LATER WHEN THEY'RE ITCHING FOR ANOTHER BABY. THAT'S WHY FROM NOW ON, I'M HOLDING OUT TILL I GET A RING, BECAUSE IT'S LIKE MY MOM ALWAYS SAYS, "WHY WOULD SHE BUY THE FERTILIZER WHEN THE HORSE WILL SHIT IN HER GARDEN FOR FREE?"

OH JESUS, JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES. SON DON'T OPEN THE DOOR. I KNOW THEY SEEM NICE, BUT TRUST ME, THEY ARE ONLY AFTER ONE THING: SUCKERS.

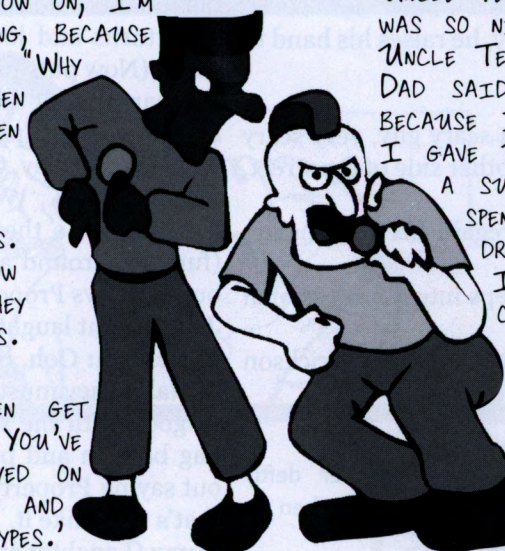
SINGLE MOMS, MAN DON'T EVEN GET ME STARTED ON SINGLE MOMS. YOU'VE PROBABLY SEEN HOW THEY'RE PORTRAYED ON THE TV AND IN THE NEWSPAPER, AND THOUGHT 'THOSE ARE UNFAIR STEREOTYPES.' WELL I'LL TELL YOU WHAT. IT'S ALL TRUE. SINGLE MOMS CAN PRETEND TO CARE ABOUT THEIR KIDS AND TO CARE ABOUT THEIR CAREERS, BUT WHEN IT COMES RIGHT DOWN TO IT, THEY REALLY ONLY CARE ABOUT ONE THING: TAX BREAKS.


DON'T GET ME WRONG, I HAVE A LOT OF TALL FRIENDS, TALL PEOPLE CAN BE GREAT. IT'S JUST THAT YOU HAVE TO BE CAREFUL BECAUSE ALL OF THEM, YES ALL OF THEM, ONLY HAVE ONE THING IN MIND. WHETHER THEY'RE PLAYING BASKETBALL, REACHING FOR AN APPLE FROM A HIGH BRANCH, OR JUST WATCHING A PASSING PARADE, THEY ALWAYS JUST WANT ONE THING: AN ADVANTAGE.



I NEVER USED TO LISTEN WHEN MY PARENTS TOLD ME THAT ALCOHOLICS WERE ALL THE SAME. I FIGURED THEY HAD PROBABLY JUST HAD A BAD EXPERIENCE WITH ONE, AND WERE MAKING AN UNFAIR GENERALIZATION. I ESPECIALLY DIDN'T THINK THAT UNCLE TED FELL WITHIN THAT GENERALIZATION; HE WAS SO NICE. ONE TIME WHEN I WAS YOUNGER, UNCLE TED TOOK ME TO THE BAR EVEN THOUGH MY DAD SAID WE WERE SUPPOSED TO STAY AT HOME BECAUSE I WAS SICK. BUT THEN A YEAR AGO I GAVE UNCLE TED A HUNDRED DOLLARS TO BUY A SUIT FOR MY GRADUATION. INSTEAD HE SPENT ALL OF THE MONEY ON BEER, AND HE DROVE HIS CAR INTO THE STAGE JUST AS I WAS GETTING MY DIPLOMA. WHEN I CONFRONTED HIM ABOUT IT, HE SAID THAT HE WAS A GROWN MAN AND NO ONE WAS GOING TO TELL HIM WHAT THE FUCK TO DO. THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED THAT ALCOHOLICS, EVEN UNCLE TED, ARE ONLY AFTER ONE THING: RESPECT.

SISTA, I KNOW YOU WATCH THOSE RAPPERS ON TV AND YOU THINKIN' "THOSE BOYS IS JUST A BUNCH OF FUN-LOVING GANG-BANGERS LOOKIN' FOR A GOOD TIME", BUT I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHIN', UH-UHHH GIRLFRIEND, OH KNOW THEY AIN'T. I DATED ONE. I FORGET HIS NAME. IT WAS SUMPIN' LIKE D-DOG, OR LIL' DOG. ANYWAY, I BUMP WITH THIS FOOL ONCE, AND PRETTY SOON HE'S TALKIN ALL CRAZY, BOUT HOW HE'S GAWN DRIVE-BY ME IF I BUMP WITH ANY OTHA MAN. AND I'M THINKING "DAMN, I KINDA WANTED TO BUMP WITH YO RAPPER FRIEND, BIG DOG." WELL, SHO NUFF I BUMPED WITH BIG DOG, AND YOU KNOW WHAT LIL' DOG DID? HE DRIVE-BYED. I'M OKAY, BUT I'M JUST SAYIN', I'M JUST SAYIN' SISTA, THOSE RAPPERS - UH UHHH. THEYS ONLY AFTER ONE THING: TRUE LOVE.





**JOKE JOKERTON**  
 ATTORNEY AT JOKE  
 BIRTHDAYS, AFFIDAVITS, INSANITY PLEAS  
**JOKERTON, BLUMBERG & JACKASS, LLC**  
 SUITE 910 • ELEVEN LAUGHER'S LANE  
 POPCORN, PA 21210-1000

**Bio:** Joke Jokerton graduated at the top of his class from Yale law school where he solidified his legend by once duping an esteemed professor into admitting that he was a sphincter. After law school, Jokerton immediately became a headline lawyer with his uncanny ability to win cases with original routines.

**California vs. Norm Erickson:** Jokerton made a name for himself with his vicious cross-examination of defendant Norman Erickson, accused of brutally murdering an old man.

**Judge:** Mr. Jokerton, your witness.  
 (Jokerton is wearing his signature seersucker suit, two sizes too small.)

**Jokerton:** I gotta tell you, this guy's so guilty, he raises his hand to take an oath, and there's a knife in it.

**Erickson:** (reluctant chuckle)

**Jokerton:** (Adjusts tie) I mean this guy's a scary guy, very scary guy, he goes on Safari, and lions cross to the other side of the street, you know what I'm sayin' (bugs his eyes).

**Erickson:** (openly guffaws, then tries to regain his composure, though he is still smiling.)

**Jokerton:** I mean this guy's so guilty, he steps into a confessional and the priest says, "I KNOW."

**Erickson:** (falls out of the stand clutching his stomach. Erickson is sentenced to five back-to-back life sentences.)

**Alabama vs. Byron Arnold:** Jokerton's only loss. After deftly discrediting the defense's key witness Joke made a fatal error when he overestimated the prejudice of the Southern jury.

**Jokerton:** So let me get this straight you drive home on the PARKway, and then you park in the DRIVEway?

**Jury:** (woo woo woo)

**Witness:** Yes that's correct. I don't see what you're saying?

**Jokerton:** Alright, try this one on for size. How come when you hit a woman with your car it's called MANslaughter? But when you slaughter a man with a meat cleaver it's called murd-Her.

**Jury:** (uproarious applause, some simply gape in disbelief.)

**Public Defender:** Objection, prosecution is leading the witness.

**Judge:** (manages, despite his convulsive giggling) Overruled.

**Witness:** I don't know what you're getting at.

**Jokerton:** No I don't guess you would. That's probably cause you committed HOMOcide.

**Jury:** (boos, some jurors demand their money back, others throw pretzels.)

**California vs. Scott Peterson:** After Alabama v. Arnold, Jokerton made a triumphant return by successfully defending accused murderer Scott Peterson, a man even Jokerton later admitted, was guilty as sin.

**Jokerton:** I'm talking to the fellas here. Any of you guys married?

**Jury:** (three men sheepishly raise their hands, then another after his wife stamps on his foot.)

**Jokerton:** Hey fellas, you are not alone (then out of the side of his mouth) but don't you wish you were. But seriously, I'm sure you love your wife, but you can't tell me you don't know where the defendants coming from here.

**Jury:** (snickers, nods of understanding, another stamped foot.)

**Jokerton:** And ladies, seriously, The way your jeans keep getting tighter and tighter, I'd say you were trying to strangle yourselves.

**Jury:** (women squeal, men hoot. Peterson pretends like he is strangling his wife, then erupts in laughter.)

**California vs. Darren Smith:** In an admirable change of role, Jokerton took this case pro bono, and used props to successfully defend Darren Smith, the patsy of a racist Los Angeles Police Department.

**Jokerton:** Ladies and Gentlemen. You've all seen the defendant (holds up picture frame, looks through it at jury, then turns and looks back at Smith) looks pretty guilty huh? (Now puts picture frame down) but the picture's not so clear without the FRAME.

**Jury:** (polite clapping, one groan.)

**Jokerton:** Okay, you guys know that one. Let's go through some exhibits. We've got the murder weapon (pulls out a gun) Here's the weapon okay, looks right, looks okay (fumbles around and accidentally pulls trigger, flag pops out that says Property of LAPD.)

**Jury:** (light laughter, sporadic knee slapping)

**Jokerton:** Ooh, but what's this. LAPD? That must be a mistake, they must have left the safety off. The LAPD's not so good with the safety thing, let's try this again (pushes flag back in and pulls the trigger. This time a flag pops out saying Property of Token Black Guy). Oh there we go, that's more like it.

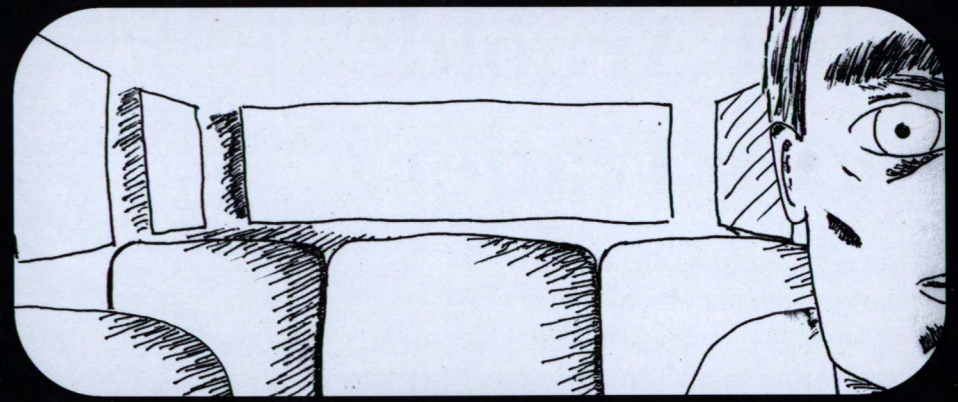
**Jury:** (Laughter and yells, nods of affirmation. One person yells "Damn straight.")

**Jokerton:** Okay, okay, hold your applause (holds up flowerpot with more exhibits) cause we've got a lot more PLANTED evidence to get through.

**Jury:** (Whoops and whistles, some member stand up and pound their benches)

**Judge:** Alright, alright (slams his gavel).

**Jokerton:** Judge, let me help you out there (pulls out enormous gavel and watermelon. He smashes the watermelon, coating the judge and jury who are roaring in their waterproof ponchos.)



# Benedict Arnold: Traitor or Trader?



Yes, Benedict Arnold is considered to be the biggest traitor in all of American history. But did you know that on top of conspiring to hand over his command of West Point to the British during the Revolutionary War, Arnold also possessed over one thousand different animal furs? Furs that came under his possession by trading furs of his own on a regular basis? Truths. In fact, Arnold's bedroom was lined in fur that he obtained in places as far south as Georgia--the wall fur was various furs of horse and that of the ceiling, furs of dog.

Native Americans reportedly loved trading with Arnold because of his "loyalty" and "excitement."

Arnold's passion for trading started when he was only three, when he allegedly gave his mother an apple in exchange for "new pants"—what Arnold used to call clean cloth diapers. He continued to engage in trade throughout his childhood and adolescence, trading such things as tobacco, Colonial Cards, and smallpox.

Benedict Arnold was a trader up until the day he died. But he was a traitor for only about two weeks. Two weeks of gut-wrenching, heartbreaking guilt and emotional turmoil. Diaries of friends of Arnold report that he stopped eating during these two weeks, and was unnaturally unresponsive to his girlfriend.

The question is, then: what should Benedict Arnold be considered? An irrational, horrific traitor, or a sensitive, excited trader? Was he a nasty villain or just "The Furball" (a popular nickname for Arnold in New England bars)? Perhaps the following information will help make up your mind.

In 1997, some fur found on one of George III's many divans was traced back to the furs of the animals of Norwich, Connecticut. How did the Crown get such a rare fur? What would ever motivate His Majesty to make his way across the great Atlantic to Norwich, Connecticut just for some fur? It doesn't add up. It doesn't make sense.

That's because it never happened.

Benedict Arnold brought the fur TO King George III. And he did it as early as 1770. How do we know? Benedict Arnold's hometown was Norwich, Connecticut. And it turns out that he had been engaging in personal correspondence with the King about furs for many years before he traveled to England. One such letter addressed to George III on March 7, 1773 reads, "Your Highness, I have procured another fur which will leave the fur on Your very own body standing on end. It is softer than the clouds, and yet as warm as blood. It comes from lamb. I have decided to name this fur "wool," after You. I anxiously await your reply, Benedict."

Harmless enough. Mere pleasantries between friends. But innocent fur conversation would soon turn political once he entered the Great Sire's kingdom.

Benedict Arnold was a traitor. He knew EXACTLY what was going on when he became head of West Point. He knew that he and George III were basically best friends, and that he would never betray his best friend, or the King of England.

But he had no problem betraying the rest of America's best friend: America. Even though he couldn't eat for those two weeks, he was still being a traitor. And not even a collection of the most luxurious furs in the world could change that.

Benedict Arnold: TRAITOR

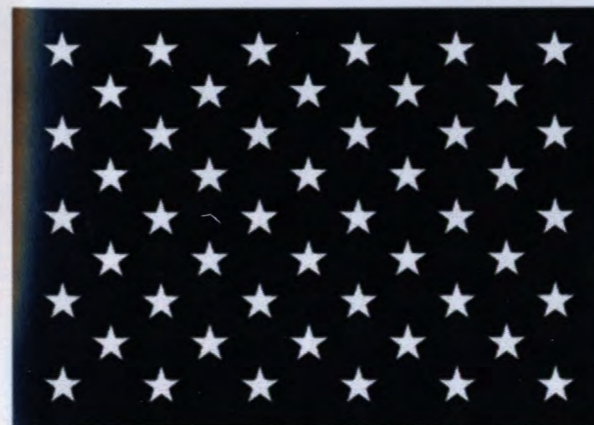


there she is

oh there she is. in the window. that girl who makes the whole world right.  
 there she is. in the glass door. that body that eases my nerves and pleases my curves.  
 that has to be her. in the sunglasses. those eyes that see through  
 mountains and streams.  
 i can only hope it's her. in the plastic reflective toy. that deliciously  
 devilish smile.  
 yes, there she is. in the tv screen. that new spaghetti-strap shirt.  
 is that her? in the side-view mirror? is her mascara smudged?  
 it's her. in the metal spoon. i-i think she looks pale  
 oh my gosh, the light bulb. the light bulb makes her nose seem  
 enormous  
 i think she's getting fat. is she getting fat?  
 agh, at the gym, i cannot escape her. the sweat pouring from her  
 ubiquitous cellulite  
 ohh, there you are, in the photograph on my dresser.  
 man, I looked better when I was in high school.



## THE ALL-AMERICAN JOHNSON FAMILY



Dad: Joe Johnson      Daughter: Candace

Mom: Betsy Johnson      Son: Tim

3/5 Compromise: When 3/5 of the dinner table has its hot dish, they may begin to eat.

Bleeding Candace: 8/25/1999 Candace becomes a woman.

Declaration of Independence: Tim comes out of the closet and moves in with his 11th grade biology teacher.

Sedition Act: Dad swears to the Almighty that if Candace burps one more time at dinner, she will get no dessert.

XYZ Affair: Tim goes to middle school one morning with his fly open.



# CHAPPIE INTERVIEWS A ROOSTER

**CHAPPIE:** So you are a rooster?

**ROOSTER:** No, I'm a really well dressed turkey. Of course I'm a rooster.

**CHAPPIE:** So rooster. Everybody wants to know. Why do you scream in the morning?

**ROOSTER:** Hey, don't bust my balls. My balls get enough work already. OOhhhh, Cock - a doodle - doo. Seriously though, I'm not yellin just cause I'm a cock or something. Ohh. But seriously, do you have any idea how unbelievably bright that sun is. It's blazing my eyeballs out.

**CHAPPIE:** So you scream because the sun is bright?

**ROOSTER:** Well yeah, my life is hard enough, I don't need the sun ruining my sleep not more than two hours after I close up shop. It's just impolite. We ain't got no union, but I suspect the other fellas in the district feel the same way. You can't keep up plumage like this without at least a little shut eye. Therefore, if I can't sleep, no one should. I don't want some two-bit chicken with a hard-on to walk in here and start pecking up my stash.

**CHAPPIE:** Do you ever get jealous of other roosters?

**ROOSTER:** Alright I'm outta here. I'm flappin my wings. Eat my dust asshole. Okay I'm stayin but i'll tell you this. You don't ask a guy with the brightest plumage this side of the Carolinas if he gets jealous you know what I'm sayin.

**CHAPPIE:** Do you consider your notoriously busy sex life a chore?

**ROOSTER:** Hey, woah, sweetheart. Sit here. Yeah sit here, right on my

rooster lap. Don't be shy, I won't peck. I'll tell you this, I loved those hens. I loved each and every one of them and I don't regret any late nights I spent with them. They are all unique and special and they deserve the world. Hell, I built that henhouse with my bare talons. But that's all in the past because now baby, I only have eyes for you.

**CHAPPIE:** We find your features revolting

**ROOSTER:** Damn. That's frigid.

**CHAPPIE:** What do you have to say to farmers' recent claims that you are engaging in bizarre and inappropriate sex practices?

**ROOSTER:** Look, when you're knocking up nine hens a night you're everybody's favorite rooster. But the second you hit a little drought, those same hayseeds are talkin behind your back sayin' "I'm not so sure about Jack" or "I think Jack's not playin ball" or "I think Jack's not puttin it where the eggs are." I'll tell you something, maybe Jethro should start lookin a little closer to home, you know what I mean.

**CHAPPIE:** Are you implying that the farmers are responsible for the recent drop in egg production?

**ROOSTER:** I'm sayin this. You tweak with chickens enough, you engineer em, you pump em full of rBST, something's gonna go wrong. I'm saying yeah sure, these plump little beauties got breasts juicier than a grade A t-bone, but they also got ovaries drier than a bale of hay. Ohh.

**CHAPPIE:** Mr. Rooster do you have any plans for retirement.

**ROOSTER:** Eyy, I'm gonna be doin this gig, till I'm empty or someone files a restraining order. No one's complaining to the butcher about this piece of meat.

**CHAPPIE:** On the topic of butchers, have you ever eaten another chicken?

**ROOSTER:** I've done a lot of things wrong, but I've never done that.

**CHAPPIE:** How about fried chicken?

[Chappie present a bucket of friend chicken]

**ROOSTER:** Listen man, that is disgusting.

**CHAPPIE:** What if we peel the skin off?

**ROOSTER:** Is that a thigh? That's my bread and butter, don't show me that. You could mess me up for good. Oh my god...Oww! I think there's something wrong.

[Rooster's legs begin to quiver]

**CHAPPIE:** Mr. Rooster? Is everything okay? Is there anything we can do to help?

**ROOSTER:** Quick. Get me a hen. Any hen, just put her in front of me.

**CHAPPIE:** One second....here she is.

**ROOSTER:** Okay, now play with her wings a bit, you know ruffle up her feathers.

**CHAPPIE:** Uh, fine, here it goes.

**ROOSTER:** Fuck! It's gone. You ruined me. My thunder, it's gone. Like the windsock atop the barn on a calm day.

**CHAPPIE:** Well, thanks for your time.

# BACKSEAT DRIVERS THROUGHOUT HISTORY

Claaaaaark!  
Stay in your lane!!

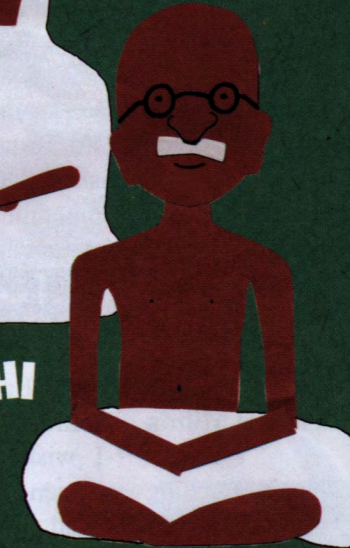


LEWIS AND CLARK



GANDHI

You're running out of gas.

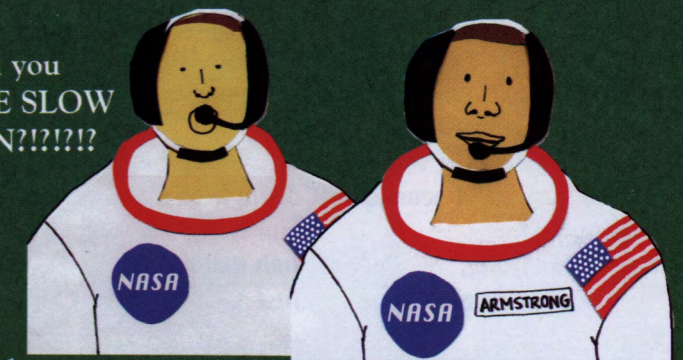


Watch the ice.



SIR EDMUND HILLARY

Will you PLEASE SLOW DOWN?!?!?!?



NEIL ARMSTRONG

Easy, big guy...



HITLER

Next right...



MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.



HELEN KELLER

We asked the staff...

## "What do you wish your parents had named you?"

I wish that my parents had named me Peleg (pay-leg). If one is going to harpoon whales by hand from a dinghy, one should have the name to go with it.

**-Ethan Silva**  
Throwback to simpler times

Richie Rich. I shouldn't have to hide the fact that I'm fabulously wealthy.

**-Rishi Chanderraj,**  
So Close

Sometimes I wish my parents had named me Charlie. But then I guess they didn't really name me Chuck either, they named me Charles. I suppose my friends named me Chuck. I still wish my parents had named me Charlie, that way people could still call me Chuck, but when they were taking roll in high school they would have said: "Charlie Armstrong" in place of "Charles Armstrong". "You can call me Chuck," I would have said, just like I actually did.

**-Chuck Armstrong,**  
That's his real name

I would have preferred that my parents hadn't included quotation marks around my middle name. Everybody thinks I'm joking, but I'm really not, I swear.

**-Jonathan "Largeman" Eccles,**  
Average-Sized

Jezebel. Then I could be a devil in a blue dress, blue dress on.

**-Andrew Ardinger,**  
Exploring the Seedy Side

Hetfield. Hetfield Hammett Phillips. 'tallica was already riding the lightning by mid-'84, so there really are no excuses.

**-Allan Phillips,**  
Corporal, Metal Militia

Chocolate. Sexual Fucking Chocolate. The coolest name ever invented in the inventingness of nameness. Would you fuck with a guy named Sexual Chocolate? Well, yeah, you'd probably beat the crap out of him but it'd still be a kick-ass name. Damn straight.

**-Noah Priluck,**  
Just A Face In The Crowd

I've always felt that I had the presence of a John, the tenacity of a Rick, and maybe the eyes of a Kyle. If I was born a brunette, I think I would have made a good Alex, and if I put on a baseball cap, I could pull off a Tim.

**-Chris Holt,**  
Melting Pot

Was something out of the Old Testament too much to ask for? You know, something like Joshua or Lamentations.

**-Matt Steinberg,**  
Very Traditional

Yoka Bahn. This is Jap-Germany for a slick woman- I wish I was slick with women and what woman could resist such a sexy name.

**-Jon O'Bryan,**  
Axis Power

I wish my parents had named me Dodge Thrust Perry, just so my lack of any particular aptitude for fencing would be given an ironic twist.

**-Josh Stark,**  
Rapier Wit

I always wished they had named me "whiskey." Then maybe Dad would've given me more attention.

**-Anthony Scodary,**  
Un-Addictive Personality

I wish that they had taken the time to give me a genus and a species name. A family name just doesn't cut it.

**-Katie Gillum,**  
Putting People in Boxes

Joke Jokerton Attorney at Joke  
**-Charlie Stockman,**  
One Trick Pony

The sleepless nights one must endure by fault of their parents. Why was I cursed with such an insipid name. At least I know, in my heart, I am truly: Jo\$h

**-Josh Constine,**  
Diacritical

I wanted a nickname which would be topical, yet never pass? You got it:

The Electric Slide. "T.E.S."  
**-Walter Haas,**  
Trend-proof

Zoltron. Because then I would be named Zoltron. Eric would be pretty cool also, I guess. Yeah, I'm gonna go with Eric.

**-Jeremy Schneider,**  
Defender of the Zuniverse

Eye of the Tiger.  
**-Neil Mukhopadhyay,**  
Pugilist

Carl Winslow. I love Reggie Vel TO THA CORE.

**-Adrian Perry,**  
Supports the PBA

Tobias Zachary Ziegler if I was a boy. Claudia Jean Cregg if I was a girl

**-Matthew Henick,**  
From the West side of the house

I don't really know. I guess I've always thought that I look more like an Audrey Hepburn than a Carrie, though.

**-Carrie Kemper,**  
Like A Bat Out Of Hell

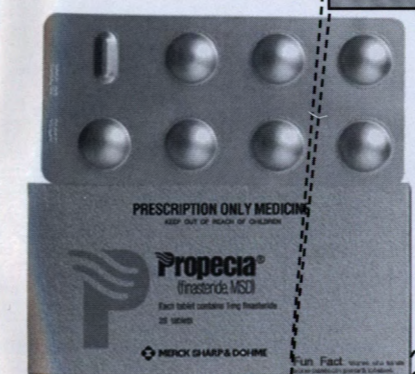
# When Warning Labels Were Fun Facts



**FUN FACT:** THERE IS ENOUGH DRANO IN THIS BOTTLE TO KILL EVERYONE YOU KNOW.

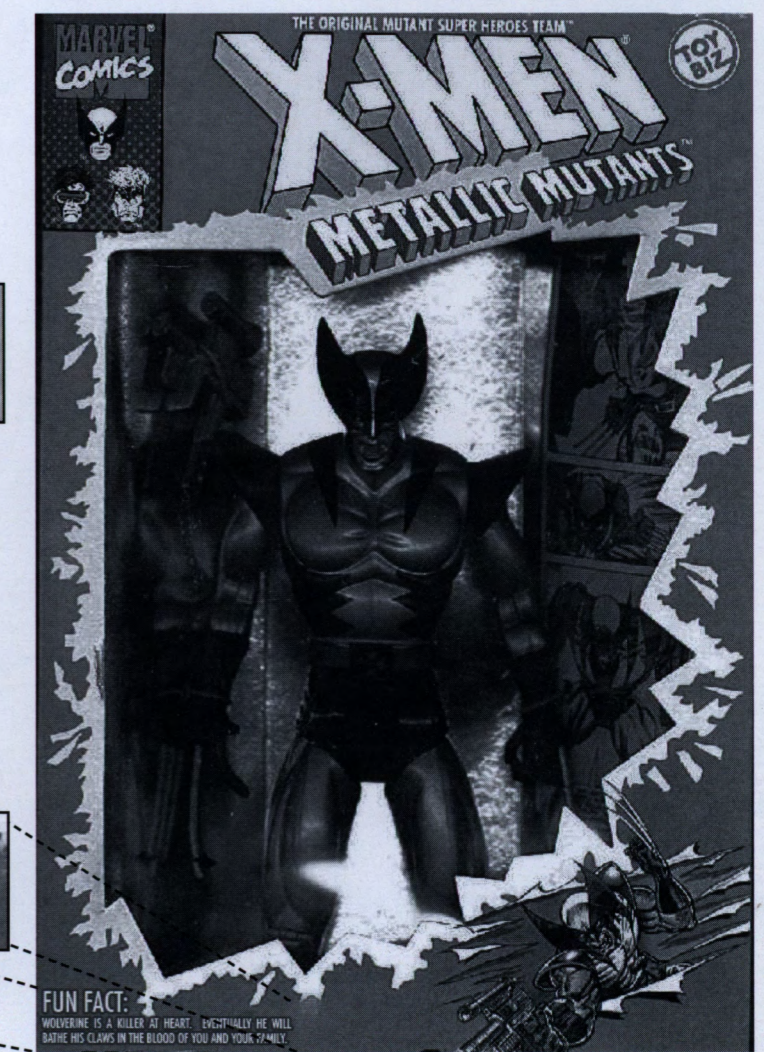


**Fun Fact:** Antifreeze will keep your beer from freezing!



**Fun Fact:** A woman who handled broken pills gave birth to a baby without a mouth.

**FUN FACT:** WOLVERINE IS A KILLER AT HEART. EVENTUALLY HE WILL BATHE HIS CLAWS IN THE BLOOD OF YOU AND YOUR FAMILY.



**FUN FACT:** WOLVERINE IS A KILLER AT HEART. EVENTUALLY HE WILL BATHE HIS CLAWS IN THE BLOOD OF YOU AND YOUR FAMILY.

Give the gift of laughter with a subscription to...

## The Stanford Chaparral

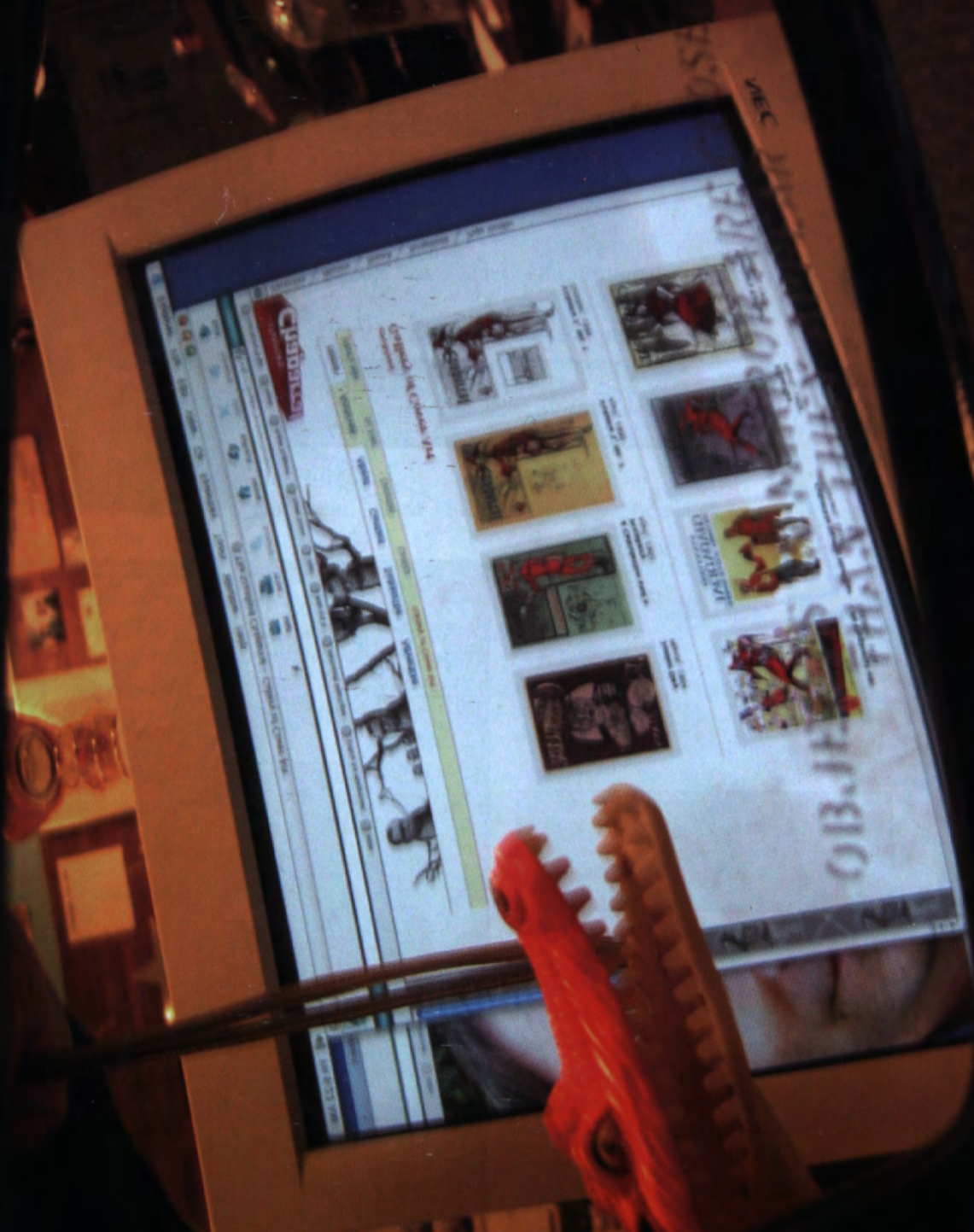


The Chaparral, now in its 105th year, delivers a variety of innovative and humorous content you can't get anywhere else. A subscription is a gift any wisacre, witmaker or lay wag will appreciate.

SUBSCRIBE ON OUR WEBSITE.  
<http://chappie.stanford.edu>

The Stanford Chaparral  
P.O. Box 18916  
Stanford, CA 94309

**Check out the hypertext:  
<http://chappie.stanford.edu>**



**Questions, Comments, Concerns:  
[oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu](mailto:oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu)**

**Meetings: Wednesdays 8:30pm  
Storke Publications Building**