

The Stanford Chaparral



Est. 1899
Vol CXVI No. II

the stanford Chaparral

40 CENTS



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The Stanford Chaparral

VOL. CXVI, NO. 2

FLESH

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"Meyer? Never liked the guy."

Stanford Chaparral founded October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams. Owned and Published by the Chaparral Chapter of the Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Society, founded at Stanford University, April 17 1906.

Staff

'15

Mike Gioia
Mihika Hemmady
Hershel Mehta
David Brown

'16

Krista Hardebeck
Soo Ji Lee
Margaret Tomaszczuk
Eric Hertz

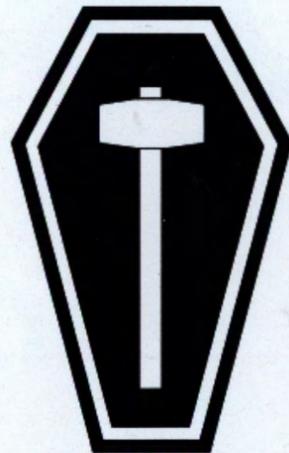
'17

Jordan Huelskamp
Jamie Searles
Daniel Silverman

'18

Tristan Navarro
Spencer Leroux
Victor Liu

Special Thanks
Prodigy Press



Vol. CXVI April 14th, 2015 No. 2

| | |
|--|--|
| GARRETT TAYLOR '15 Old Boy | CASSIDY ELWOOD '16 Old Boy |
| MASON STRICKLIN '16 Head Writer | |
| NICK HANSEN '16 Business Manager | ALEX TORRES '16 Distribution Manager |
| ALEX BAYER '15 Art Director | COLTON DEMPSEY '16 Office Manager |
| ANTHONY SO '15 Old Boy Emeritus | RYAN DE TABOADA '14 Old Boy Emeritus |

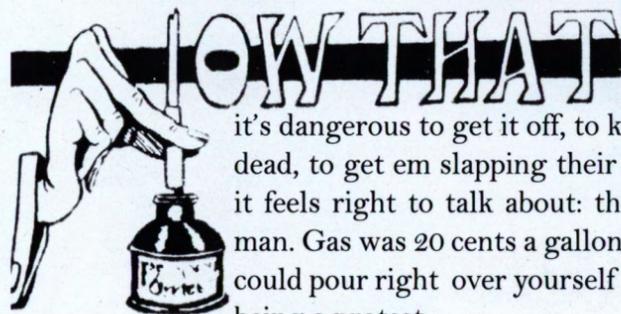
Hammer and Coffin Society

| | | |
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| CHUCK ARMSTRONG '04 | DOUG KENTER '07 | SIMONE PERRIN '11 |
| ANNE BENDER '02 | DAVE LAMPSON '00 | ADRIAN PERRY '03 |
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| CHRIS CRANE '00 | GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS '02 | MIKE PIHULIC '06 |
| SAM COGGESHALL '12 | JOHN LYMAN '11 | DAVID ROSENTHAL '12 |
| OWEN ELLICKSON '00 | PATRICK MAHER '09 | GEOFF SCHAEFFER '02 |
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| ALEX HERTZ '13 | JOSH MEISEL '12 | IAN SPIRO '04 |
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| | VICTOR ONUIGBO '13 | GARRET WERNER '10 |
| | EUGENE PARK '98 | ANNIE WYMAN '08 |
| | DUSTIN PERKINS '00 | STEVE YELDERMAN '04 |

ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

REFLECTIONS

IT'S BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.



it's dangerous to get it off, to knock em dead, to get em slapping their knees—it feels right to talk about: the fall of man. Gas was 20 cents a gallon and you could pour right over yourself without being a protest.

Some time and space later a tragically dandy man said: "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation" halfway through his pre-postmodern manifesto for the tragically dandy.

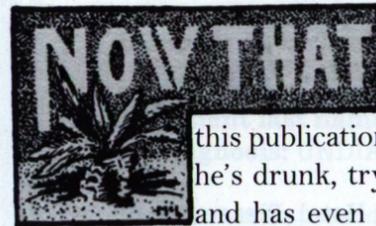
Again, years pass and now any bag of bones with the thirty seconds to throw up can e-mail that quote or a more lucrative quote to friends, family, strangers, acquaintances, co-workers, memberships, etc. *These day*, critics say, *leave a lot to be desired*. The

Published several times during the year under the auspices of the Hammer and Coffin Society. Subscriptions are eighteen dollars a year, single copies and back issues only four dollars. Make all checks payable to The Stanford Chaparral. Address all communications to: The Stanford Chaparral, P.O. Box #18916, Stanford, CA 94309. Email us at oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu. We also have some content online at chaparral.stanford.edu

The Chaparral is produced with Apple computers, cash, and just as quickly as I damn well please.

All material ©2015 The Stanford Chaparral

good news is that a heatdeath seems increasingly more likely than an icedeath; in the meantime we have all sorts of uppers, downers, benders, and twistors to render your grocery shopping an experience. With more efficient means of production the common man and you especially can afford new flavors of desperation. *The Chaparral* likes a lot of salt.

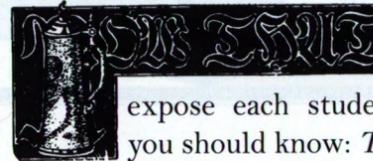


the immortal jester, chiefly a rusty furnace and loose metaphor for this publication, is nearly 116 years old, he's drunk, trying to shake your hand, and has even less to say: "Believe me, I don't *mean* anything by it." In truth the toned deaf jester can't tell the difference between white noise and the sound or the fury, but he can't get enough.

A good amount is being said, soberly and otherwise, about what can be done about the affliction of 'flesh'. Indeed, just peeling through a newspaper has this old Jester is overcome with thousands of emotions that all demand semicolons and rhetorical finesse to be justly represented. *What is there to say? Is this progress?* Generously, he declines to comment. Just for you, he keeps his hot air in bones and good nature in his fingertips.

What a treat it is to see so many *different* more or less orbs of flesh all tease out some order of seriousness about the world so gladly liable to be

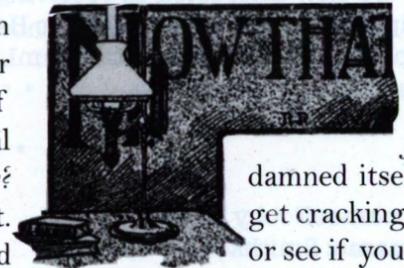
putsched, if just for a minute, by a good joke, by you. Concurrent hysterics in the chest and wringing of the brain are symptoms of what may be the last frontier: enduring in its lastness due to the law of supply and demand.



Stanford's dream diary is to go public and expose each student's expected fornicity, you should know: *The Chaparral* has a file on you, too. We couldn't resist. To save you the e-mail, here it is:

Student's Name: _____
SU ID: _____

Built to last. Excellent fuel economy, spacious; (SU ID) likely has airbags but is foreseeably 'risky'.



what is supposed to be a characterizing introduction to this issue themed *flesh* has long since damned itself to hell, why don't you get cracking on that PSET that's due, or see if you have any e-mails. You are a very accomplished person and reading magazines full of fruit juice and sawdust is only good to get you to wheeze, snort, laugh, etc.

The United States' 21st Century Self-Help Anthology features . . .

Accepting Singularity
by H.P. Lolo

Lolo guides the reader toward excellence with his unique use of 1's, 0's, and 'fractals.' A must read for anyone struggling with transcending.

The Dewey Decimal System: Explained and Exposed
by Rex Shepherd

First, learn to "wander" "generously" through our country's quietest institution, before reconciling these feelings with its political gamble. "After reading it I have finally decided to give back to my country," one reader commented. "But then, I am so embarrassed. Did we vote on this?"

Turning Right on Red
by Debby Senate.

Senate (author of *Rigging the Wishbone* and *Burying Your Assets: For Women*) takes a sledgehammer to anxiety in her itemized guide to overcoming impotency under legal uncertainty.

Eyecontact and Remaining Lucid
by Norman Walth

Through anecdotal evidences and real transcripts from brunch conversations with business analysts, Walth gives the reader all the tools necessary to maintain consciousness in the workplace.

DIAGNOSES
(BY DR. FARANGE)

Patient first name: Mangus
Patient last name: Belt
Diagnosis: YOU ARE A HEALTHY PROPHET

This Diagnosis has been made by North Ridgeridge County Hospital and Hotel. Please use information with caution: It has been made under the assumption that (as you indicated on the form) you are Not Interested in receiving bulk shipments of mouthguards. You responded: *No I am not interested in receiving bulk shipments of mouthguards.* If you would like to update this information please respond to this email. If you do not respond we will assume that you have changed your mind and are now interested in *receiving bulk shipments of mouthguards.* This month's mouthguard shipments are Magenta Metallic Hardcore Roof and Back-Tooth Protection and Doctor-Spice's Double-Tooth BlackSlab Ultra GumLiner. The latter was rated in the top 100 in this month's national mouthguard survey.

* * *

Patient first name: Nobby
Patient last name: Smithson
Diagnosis: DEATH BY FIRE

We suspect the diagnosis DEATH BY FIRE for a number of reasons. Diagnoses are complicated. They often depend on numerous factors such as: BODILY SYMPTOMS, LEVEL OF PSYCHIC DISTRESS, TEMPERATURE, and BODILY SYMPTOMS. In this case, we have diagnosed you, patient NOBBY SMITHSON with DEATH BY FIRE due to reasons of BODILY SYMPTOMS, CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, and DEATH.

This Diagnosis has been brought to you by private practitioner DONALD HAFF. If you would like to make another extra tax-free donation please send all cash and coins to 51 Hackleton Rd, Jetson NJ. We appreciate your ongoing commitment to your health and your inspiring loyalty to DONALD through even his more difficult years as a practitioner. We look forward to seeing you soon.

* * *

Patient first name: Harold
Patient last name: Bode
Diagnosis: BROKEN HEEL

X-ray showed distinct evidence of a medial fracture on the heel. When x-ray was touched, even lightly, patient shouted in pain. Patient has asked and paid for hundreds of extra copies, noting "That's my bone, it belongs to me." Patient has sent his wife and all six of his children in to get X-rays as well. When asked why he did this, he responded: "Confirmation."

Treatment: Three months with cast, physical therapy.

Patient first name: Chancellor
Patient last name:
Diagnosis: Schizophrenia

Chancellor is a classic case of a schizophrenic with delusions of grandeur. He claims to "rule all the lands, all of them, everywhere, everywhere," despite only being Chancellor.

Treatment: Not necessary.

* * *

Patient first name: Rich
Patient last name: Haverford
Diagnosis: UNDIAGNOSED

Patient has expressed pains "just behind the eyes and also just behind the nose." He noted that he thinks he has made a "great discovery" missed by "the whole of western science and philosophy," in which "thinking is accomplished by three 'parts' or 'nodes' or 'agents'" two of which he says are located "just behind the eyes," another "right behind the nose." Patient also suffers from intermittent nausea.

Treatment: Keep in hospital chamber under constant surveillance.

* * *

First name: Madalen
Last name: Store
Diagnosis: PSYCHOSIS

Patient came in reporting that she had "become very, very bored." When asked if she was suicidal, patient exhibited uncontrolled yawning. She answered, "No I don't think so," but continued to yawn whenever asked. This led to her being held overnight. At night, nurses observed her talking to herself. When we inquired into these apparent voices, she responded, "Yes, that is why I came to the hospital. I am plagued with very boring voices." When prompted further, she responded that these voices talked to her "about the benefits of seven-grain cereal, about different calendar pictures they had seen all of which involved smooths stones, and about how many different sources of vitamin C there are." When we inquired about the frequency of these psychotic attacks, she responded "They are pretty much always talking to me about something boring."

Treatment: Frontal Lobotomy

* * *

Patient first name: Worm
Patient last name: Michigan
Diagnosis: CONFUSION

Patient last seen pacing in circle in library. Patient was muttering "I got it" "I've got it" and even "I have gotten it." When asked what she had gotten, she responded "I got it." When asked again "What is it that you have gotten," she responded: "Getting it."

Treatment: N.A (Undeclared, considering Poli Sci)

United States of America - Citizenship Test - Extra Credit

1. Who freed the slaves? (trick question) (5 pts)

2. Who "freed" the slaves? (4 pts)

3. Which president had the most secrets? (What are they?) (15 pts)

President: _____
Secrets: 1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____
4. _____ 5. _____ 6. _____

4. On which date will half of New Mexico join Mexico and the other half become the state "New"? (5 pts)

Month: _____ Day: _____ Year: _____

5. Who told you? Name: _____ Relation: _____

6. Who was the meanest (choleric) Founding Father? (5 pts)

7. The downfall of Robert E. Lee was because of which bug (insect), and why? (2 pts)

8. List the major mountain ranges in order of spookiness: (8 pts)

9. Circle one: (5 pts)

(a)



(b)



(c)



Patient first name: Hammle
Patient last name: Jordanson
Diagnosis: Philosopher

Patient was seen bloated and attempting to vomit under the Northfield Bridge. Symptoms include swollen cheeks, jaundice, and red eyes. Patient often opens his mouth and then closes it. Additionally, he constantly mutters uncontrollably, saying things like "These things take time to sort out. I'm sorting it out. I'm sorting it out. I'm sorting that out." He often refers to these "round-ish objects," and potential means of categorizing them "in heaps, piles, and even lumps. There's a stack there's a pouch there's even a bin."

Treatment: Primarily digestive aids. Also moderate doses of antibiotics, music therapy, and fear.

Patient first name: Horace
Patient last name: Ken
Diagnosis: Murderer

Patient murdered three men in broad daylight, October 6th, with a gun. Patient was found guilty in the Florida State Court and is being convicted of first degree murder. When asked if he committed the crime, he responded, "Yes, unfortunately."

Treatment: Advil, when needed for pain. Death, perhaps

Patient first name: Crag
Patient last name: Stool
Diagnosis: JUST EYES

Patient exhibits consistently high temperature of around 100 degree but is otherwise symptomless. Brown eyes. 20/20 vision. Normal blinking frequency. Eyes seem to work regardless.

Treatment: Keep them clean.

Patient first name: Don
Patient last name: Dodd
Diagnosis: Sea sick

Whenever patient is on a boat, he experiences persistent hiccuping and full-body rash. Recently, even being near the sea is enough to produce symptoms.

Treatment: Psychoanalysis. Patient's mother was a pirate and he was born on a boat. He never left the ocean until he was twenty six and was never taught how to speak.

IT ALL:
THE BRIEF, OR TRUE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
KIRKLAND
Signature

My English was treacherous when I had first read about the American dream on the back imported but polite chewing gum. Nevertheless, I understood the dream to first invalidate my own idea of an unparalleled lifestyle by hinting that there is more to living than owning the means of production, have children more talented than other children, and lining the guest-mattress with paper money. Rather, I learned it is better to exist, indeed, everywhere—On every shelf, table, flat surface; in every glove box, refrigerator, bag, solvent, receptacle; with an aesthetic of comparable and enduring quality, perhaps thought of as the only ghoul haunting every person's cerebral cortex that can name a price, forever—that is how to live.

A boy born with eyes, ears, and the fear of God, my teachers praised be for being so readily disturbed by their lessons: Most relevantly, I learned in school that Leonardo da Vinci died believing he was a failure despite being one of the most accomplished men most of us can think of.

“To exist...everywhere”

This idea of dying a failure is certainly within the first 9 layers of conscious, but being normally distributed this fear almost surely broods in layers 3-6 of most moments inside of most people. Recent studies show that layers 3-6 is enough to convince you (not me) to wash regularly and hold down a job ± best efforts and empathy. Owing to dumb luck, I was and am always keenly aware of dying a failure. This fear was my chief inspiration for starting my own line of product, where I produce and put my name on it all.

Frequently my opponents mistake my surreptitiousness as insidiousness. Certainly I know that to be as large and containing as many multitudes as I do, I am doomed to dogged misunderstanding. Speaking candidly, this is my biggest regret. To my knowledge this has never been written down anywhere before now: Do not mistake a surreptitious man for an insidious one. I would like this to be a *theme* of my autobi-

ography, among other things. However, my editor is convinced you readers will have a difficult time empathizing with my character: You should know that I am often sad.

“You should know that I am often sad”

It is true that at the beginning of my career (by then fluent in English) I revisited the electrifying anecdote on the back of the gumball wrapper (kept in my wallet all those years) and was surprised to find its ethics not to be what I had taken to heart, indeed, I found its content to be quite novel:

Franklin Grief, an American, was born with a twinkle in his eye and the American Dream on his to-do list. With time, hard-work, and a knack for being found whenever he was needed, Franklin now owns the only family run chewing gum factory on the Colorado River. Nowadays, he will tell you that he has it all. Franklin and his family produce 1,000 packs of gum every day—Each piece handwrapped individually by Franklin himself, or one of his eleven children.

FRANKLIN GRIEF,
CEO GRIEF GUM

But it was too late—By then I had made half a million dollars and was no longer certain that dreams, theories, or principles were at all interesting. I stopped asking myself: How can my time best be spent? And instead started to ask: How many batteries can I convince a mother of four to buy?

Ubiquitous men such as myself are not worried so much with getting by day-to-day as getting by paradigm-shift-to-paradigm-shift. This is my latest project. You would not believe the number of people, places, objects, and things under the sun that threaten your immortality.

While I am not at all certain (though I have created a spreadsheet of hunches) what the world will look like, I anticipate being ‘alive’ (the future’s definition of ‘alive’): I sell so many, many batteries because I buy so many of them myself, for my own personal use—motivated by an honest curiosity as to what immortality feels like.

**UNDER
THE
INFLUENCE**

Not only was he not sober, but he also drew a self-portrait of himself while under the influence of these fruits each day.



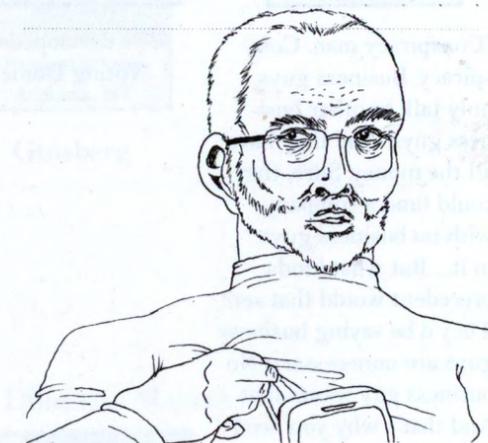
15mg papaya (snorted)



1/2 L orange juice



5 nectarines



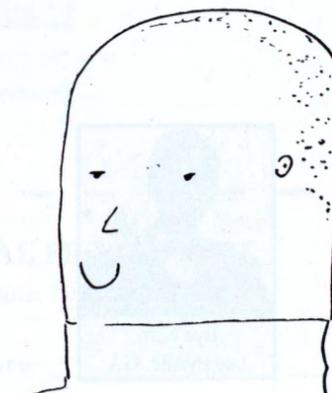
150000mg grapes



1 good banana



2 bottles lemon juice



1 ‘bump’ pure mango

Class of 2018 Freshman Facebook

The Startup

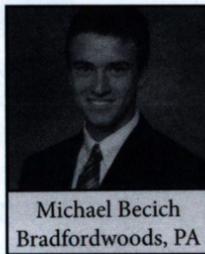
THE CFO



Michael Straka
Toledo, OH

"Conspiracy man. Conspiracy. Business guys only talk to other business guys. And they have all the money. Sure, they could fund a company with no business guys in it... But what kinda precedent would that set? They'd be saying business guys are unnecessary. No business guy wants that. And that's why you need a business guy in your company."

THE CEO



Michael Becich
Bradfordwoods, PA

"We developed the Voting Dome"

THE HACKER



Jan Sokol
Germany

"Hella HTML, bro"

BUT IT WAS ALL
HIS IDEA....



Benjamin Thomson
Seattle, WA

"I got all the furniture in the lawsuit!"

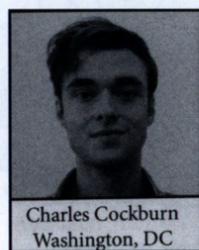
THE GENIUS



Jestin Ma
Alhambra, CA

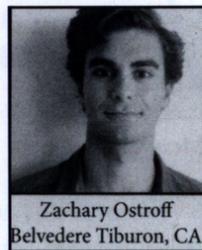
"Just as I suspected..."

Jury says...



Charles Cockburn
Washington, DC

Innocent



Zachary Ostroff
Belvedere Tiburon, CA

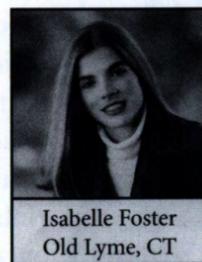
Guilty

What keeps you going?!



Ilya Kim
Loganville, GA

"Beauty"



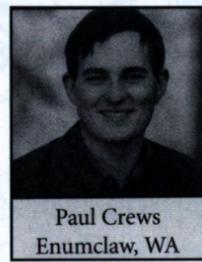
Isabelle Foster
Old Lyme, CT

"The search for the next clue..."



Isabel Goronzy
Palo Alto, CA

"Like a shark, if I stop moving I can't breathe"



Paul Crews
Enumclaw, WA

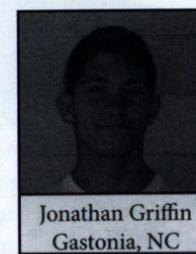
"Speed"

Your Supreme Court



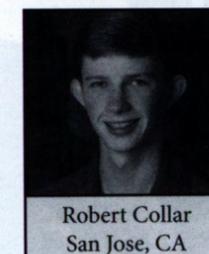
Parimarjan Negi
India

Scalia



Jonathan Griffin
Gastonia, NC

Roberts



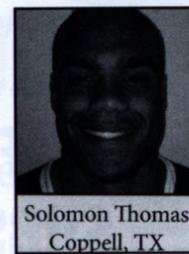
Robert Collar
San Jose, CA

Breyer



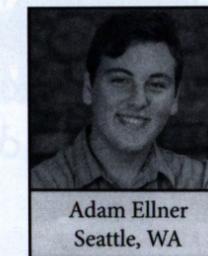
Lysha Matsunobu
Kailua Kona, HI

Sotomayer



Solomon Thomas
Coppell, TX

Thomas



Adam Ellner
Seattle, WA

Kagan

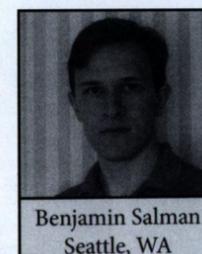


Benjamin Spar
Armonk, NY

Ginsberg

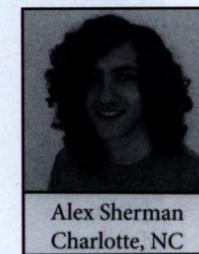
In the Man Cave

THE DUNGEON MASTER



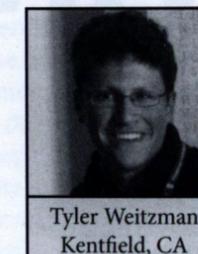
Benjamin Salman
Seattle, WA

"No thanks, I just ate...
Is it *Sargento*?"



Alex Sherman
Charlotte, NC

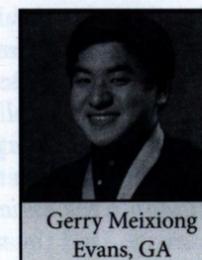
"Hey, we should jam
sometime"



Tyler Weitzman
Kentfield, CA

"These guys won't tell you
but: I'm undefeated"

1st Place



Gerry Meixiong
Evans, GA

OFFICIAL FROSH FORM

"Order now, before the rush!"

Name & Quantity: _____

Page No.: _____

Name of Fraternity/Sorority
to be billed: _____

IN THIS ISSUE: Iggy Pop, The Field Mice and Neil Young, Eagles reissues on SACD

SCORES

We came to kill Disco

Britain's only weekly celebrating truly independent artists and their music since 1978

FUNDED BY SUBSCRIBERS

Volume XI, Wednesday, September 20, 1989

One Pound

MORE FROM OUR 1970S CONCERT SERIES:

MEETING THE BEAST

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW OF IGGY POP AND THE STOOGES AT THE NJ MUDFLATS SUMMER CONCERT SERIES 1974 by Duane Sheik

The first time I interviewed Iggy Pop, I thought he was an animal. And I don't mean that I thought—admirably, as some people for some reason do—that he was an *animal*, “man.” In fact, I didn't know at first that I had conducted the interview that had dragged me to those *godforsaken* shit fields—if I had known I would have left immediately—because *I thought that Iggy Pop was a rabid stray animal* who for some reason had been allowed to wander the motley crowd, which, goodness knows, was indeed motley enough to comfortably allow that sort of company. Watching Iggy's



Pop and Bianca Jagger, 1974

set shortly thereafter, I suddenly realized that the barking wolfman I had inexplicably run afoul of earlier was now performing as the lead singer of a band called “The Stooges”. (I remember a particularly good rendition of “TV Eye” that night, in the score of which the helplessly mad composer must have written, “*Screech and howl like a tormented beast horribly and unnaturally given the power of reflective thought and language.*”) Let me tell you that I was about to walk out and save myself, *damn the article*, when a curious memory thronged in too virile. Had the wolfman—or was I suffering from some sort of post-traumatic stress response—actually introduced himself as James Newell Osterberg Jr., or with some other such charming denomination? Was the wolfman in fact *a man*, and that man one and the same as

MEETING THE BEAST (*continued*) the “vocalist” with the current offering on stage? I pushed closer to the unholy detonation, through the stench of sweat and of horrible cheap beer and of poverty, fighting not to be sucked down into the noxious Jersey quicksand, until I was within a quarter-mile of the stage, and lo! I recognized my wolfman, screaming and brazenly flaunting his half-humanhood for his adoring sympathizers. I stayed all night. Well, since then, *of course*, James has married my lovely sister, and become a partner in my brother's lucrative law practice in Midtown. **Five stars.**

MODERN SHIT

Cum-Covered Drum

Machine:
Emma's House/
I'm In Love by
The Field Mice
(7"/Sarah)

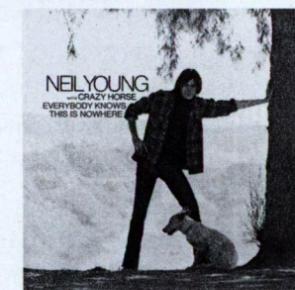


By James Sheppard

You're a *precocious* caucasian boy living with your loving but slightly constraining parents in a small coastal English town. You have *extremely serious* problems—some girl doesn't love you. Lying on your bed in early evening you reminiscence on your boring, self-indulgent day; you listen to a 7-inch that suddenly *gets* you; you jerk off (but not dispassionately: you are young and after all in love with yourself) and fall asleep. Have you done all that? Yes? Congratulations!—because you have just saved yourself the infuriating trouble of actually listening to “Emma's House,” from the expertly and enragingly christened The Field Mice, and “I'm In Love With A Girl Who Doesn't Know I Exist” from Another Sunny Day—two of the most talked-about recent singles from ‘indie’ sympathy factory Sarah Records. With the first inept, wavering phrase that dribbles from lead singer Robbie Wratten's lips, “Emma's House” immerses the listener in the frighteningly self-obsessed world of the “sensitive” white boy, and thence to that of all ‘indie’ rock and roll—one of outsize dreams and little ambition to match (a dearth reflected in Wratten's obvious lack of ambition towards basic musical proficiency). “I'm In Love” employs a jangling riff that conjures Morrissey and so automatically flavors the whole with an impotent and self-righteous narcissism. So exactly capturing such a nauseating *Weltanschauung* is impressive, especially when it is so absolutely worthless to represent. **Three stars.**

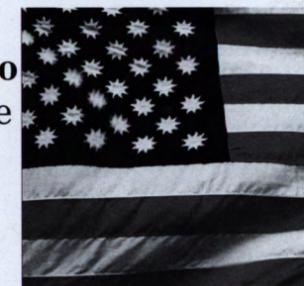
REISSUES

Everybody knows this man is going places: Mr. Young, at it again (*Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere*, 1969, Reprise)



I don't pretend to be a cowboy—okay, just sometimes—but boy! if “The Losing End,” from Neil Young's latest, doesn't make me wish I was a lovesick gaucho on the dust-swept range of a century past. Straight out of the Great American Loser's Songbook, this loping jaunt alone is enough to make the record a buy. “Down By The River” I can take or leave; the repugnant content destroys its ample chance at transcendence. **Four stars.**

Everything I like is nice, that's why I try to have it twice: Sly Stone & His Drum Machine (*There's a Riot Goin' On*, 1971, Epic)



Right at the end of “Time,” there's a brief moment where the hiss in the background of the track swells above the other instruments. Nevermind the rumours of Sly having groupies dub background vocals, bedding them, and erasing the tapes before using them on the record. Or Sly's copious intake of phencyclidine. There's a warmth here that would wither and die in the recent molasses that's slowly pouring out of American R&B radio. **Five stars.**

If one considers “classic rock radio” a legitimate format, can he even speak sincerely about it? Eagles (*Eagles*, 1972, Asylum)



If you're like me, then you too probably think that Glenn Frey's voice ran its course by the end of the second verse on “Chug All Night” or that this record represents the birth of what would neuter American rock radio for the foreseeable future. The only true saving grace comes in the form of Bernie Leadon's harmony vocals midway into “Peaceful Easy Feeling.” Everything in moderation. **Two and a half stars.**

Today was the day Mrs. Carol Whimm was going to die.

Carol lived in a very old, very cheap apartment, that was in a very bad part of town. She rather enjoyed this, as she was able to call her children (who were now quite grown-up, and had children of their own) and complain to them about how she went to sleep to the sound of gunshots every night. Her children always felt an irrepressible sense of dread whenever they heard the song "Love Me Tender," as their mother had insisted it be her ringtone on each of their phones.

She had a strong sense of pride in the fact that her apartment was undoubtedly furnished more nicely than the apartments of her neighbors, and frequently invited them to come visit (although they infrequently came). She had brightly colored kitchen appliances and large comfortable chairs with cushions that enveloped you whenever you sat, and a small television with two antennae reaching out towards the ceiling. One of the only disconcerting aspects of her apartment (besides her extensive collection of ceramic cherubs) was the constant popping sound—that's the closest word to describe it, although it was more of a rip—that was extremely obvious when one first walked in but was soon easy to tune out. By this point, Carol was so accustomed to the sound that most other places seemed unnaturally quiet to her. Indeed, she was only truly comfortable in her little home eight flights above the rest of the world. She adored watching the late night news—always full of recent crime sprees and natural disasters—with a cup of over-steeped tea and a feeling of immense self-satisfaction.

Nearly everything that had been in her apartment before she had taken residence had been replaced, perhaps with the main exception being the wallpaper. This was a little odd as it was quite old and peeling off the walls, and Carol regularly resolved to replace it the next chance she got. Yet in this of all things, Carol always failed to live up to her internal commitment. Whenever she made a move to start pulling down the wallpaper, she was always overcome with the feeling that it was a task better left for another day. Thus the wallpaper stayed, quite out of place in the otherwise grandmotherly apartment.

It was one of her favorite nights—when the news was particularly gruesome and hard to watch—

when she looked away from the television briefly and noticed a small hole in her wall. There it was, peeking out from underneath a piece of peeling wallpaper, taunting her with its suddenly unbearable conspicuousness. Brows creased into a familiar expression of distaste, Carol set down her tea on the antique footstool next to her immense chair and rose slowly—not for dramatic effect, but rather because her joints weren't all what they used to be. She shuffled over to the hole and saw it went quite deeply into the wall, and with her usual sense of conviction Carol decided that the problem must be resolved immediately. So with some effort she made her way to and from her bathroom to retrieve the crusty tube of toothpaste kept therein, and replaced herself in front of the hole. As she filled in the hole with toothpaste, she noticed another similarly sized hole nearby to the original, and decided with an unwarranted sense of relief that the previous tenants must have stapled something to the wall. But as she filled in and leveled that hole with the toothpaste, she noticed another that was slightly covered by the wallpaper. Upon pulling back the wallpaper to reveal that hole, she noticed tightly gathered clusters of other holes, repeating in patterns. Disturbed, she ripped off further shreds of decrepit wallpaper to find that these holes were everywhere, in the same evenly spaced pattern. With mounting terror Carol soon had her entire living room bare of wallpaper, and reeled as she took in the holes. She limped as fast as a woman of eighty-two could into her kitchen and began tearing down the paper there, and found the same holes—exactly symmetrical, never off by a centimeter. Kitchen and bathroom were soon stripped bare, but as she ripped off a large section of peeling wallpaper in her bedroom she saw with a start that the pattern stopped. But then—as she knelt down at the place where the pattern had appeared to finally disappear, she saw another hole appear with that regular ripping pop that she had learned to forget. Before her eyes, another cluster of holes was being created. And when she leaned in close, and truly looked into the little holes, she saw in the newest one what was unmistakably a little eye.



I rely on the *Report* ... to stay informed about what's harming and killing Americans **today**.

Marius Ougaard,
Laborer



MMWR
Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report



Top 10 Food Trends for 2015

Staying on top of culinary snobbery is difficult in a world with new fringe health organization reports every year telling you what's healthy and what's not. Every year, it's more difficult to stay morally superior and disapproving of your fellow diner. Gluten objections often times only allow one to disdain half of the dinner table. Whether you want to be ethically superior, pretend you're healthier, or just be plain difficult for dinner plans, 2015 will be a different year than 2014.

The Chaparral is here to help with the newest food trends.

What to avoid:

1. Red-state cucumbers:

Don't be chauvinistic and support big-money cucumber.

2. Any Cola:

Too closely aligned with the coal industry.

3. Water Allergy:

Dare anyone to top you. You will enjoy approximately 2-3 days of unrivaled snobbery, closely followed by hallucinations, then death.



What to eat:

1. Ethically Harvested Organic food: Studies show that when an insect eats a plant, a chemical distress call is emitted that warns nearby plants of the danger. This vegetable sentience raises the question: *"How was that carrot killed?"*

2. Inorganic Only Diet: It's tough to get enough protein when you only eat rocks and dirt, but fiber is easy!

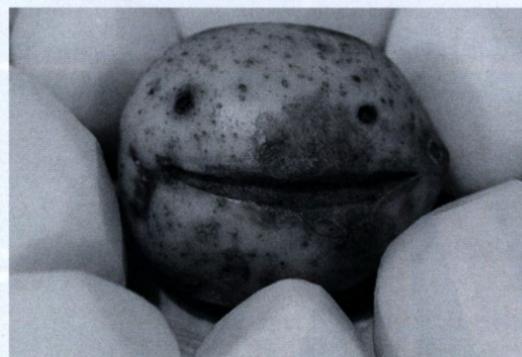
3. Vegetarian Cannibalism: "I eat other humans, but only vegetarians. It's disgusting any other way, who knows what they might have eaten before the roofie."

4. Voluntary Meat: It's unethical to eat an animal that didn't offer itself. So be sure your fork only touches animals who committed suicide.

5. Sub-atomic Dining: Why stop at molecular dining? Straight from the Swiss Superconductor to your plate.

6. Mormon Martinis: One shot tap water, two shots bottled water, pour over ice, serve straight up with olive. Optional: add twist of lemon for spice.

7. Free-range potatoes: "They are allowed to go anywhere they want."



Name _____
Date _____
Period _____

MR. RICHARDS' PRE-CALCULUS FINAL EXAM

45 MIN, 50 POINTS

SHOW ALL WORK FOR CREDIT

1. Mr. Smithards has decided to design an insulated rectangular container to store what is left of his possessions. It is important to Mr. Smithards that his possessions are never, ever found in by anyone but himself, and so the total surface area must be minimized. Find the interior dimensions of the container with volume 66.5 L that has minimum surface area. Round to the nearest tenth of a centimetre.

2. Mr. Richerson also has some possessions that need to be enclosed with a fence. He has 24 feet of rusted chain-link material. Fortunately, there is an untraversable ravine on one side of the wilderness space that won't need any fencing. Determine the dimensions of wilderness that will enclose the largest area for his important belongings. How might this problem change if Mr. Richerson bought a hound? A better lawyer?

3. Circle whether each statement is TRUE or FALSE:

- | | | | |
|----|---|------|-------|
| a. | A function relates an output to an input: | TRUE | FALSE |
| b. | You suspect you are also being watched: | TRUE | FALSE |
| c. | The codomain is not part of the definition of the function: | TRUE | FALSE |
| d. | You wouldn't think to dig a ditch in the woods to find it: | TRUE | FALSE |
| e. | A man has got to have secrets: | TRUE | FALSE |

4. Graph in the space below:

(Hint: Remember, me, Mr. Richards)

$$x = 16\sin^3(t),$$

$$y = 13\cos t - 5\cos(2t) - 2\cos(3t) - \cos(4t)$$

Sir Martin (the knight)

Sir Martin glided his fingers over the cold steel at his hip. The round balls of his eyes floated buoyantly in the white light of the overcast sky, and fit nicely in the strong white bones of his sockets. As his fingertips ran over a clump of recently dried blood on the blade, his fingernails picked at it nervously as if they were done doing time on the fingers. But Sir Martin knew nothing of this theoretical betrayal. He was occupied with more conscious things of the mind, more important things. *What is it exactly that sticks the fingernails to the fingers? What sort of divine glue hold these pieces of death tight to these stumps of life?* These were the sorts of things Sir Martin thought about when he walked silently across the battlefields of the kingdom. He felt his fingernails with his thumb. Are fingernails explicitly just for picking at things? Their very existence implies that God must have contemplated the fingernail and contemplated the act of picking.

Sir Martin coughed. A flake of blood landed on the tip of a browned blade of grass that caught the dead blood with a sigh. An ant enjoyed its shade for a second or two, then walked in some direction that wasn't the direction of home.

With his thick, hardened fingers, Sir Martin tapped a funky-medieval beat on the center of the sword. The rhythm fit gloriously with the ongoing melody in his head. Always some tune or another was lodged in between his ears during battle, animating the puppet of the body to glory in the field. They already told stories about Sir Martin and his song—everyone in the kingdom knew him, just by the look of his armor and the hum of his sweet mouth. But,

he maintained with a beautiful and humble-looking smile—it was the vicious parasite of music that swung his sword, not the mere gentle and thoughtful personality known as Sir Martin.

Underneath Sir Martin's thinking body, a dying man died on the grassy curve of the earth. His last sight was the bent reflection of his face in the shine of Sir Martin's shiny shins. His last thought was the sound of the letter *n*.

Sir Martin clicked his heels together and twirled as he jumped over him. His thighs were a little sore, but Sir Martin was known for his legendary endurance and graceful arobatics. He winked a subtle, handsome wink to nobody.

As he arrived at the door, Sir Martin slowly stretched out his thighs by pulling up his foot behind him, and both forearms by tugging back his finger tips. He twisted his neck around and yawned. He blinked. Martin entered the building and sat down in the room designated for waiting.

A fat man stroking his beard was reclined in one of the many blue chairs. The man looked through the *Glamour* magazine, lingered his sight on the oiled up six pack of a young hot soul on the third page. The fat poor man regretted that his soul was inside of his body—ahh, to be a real man, a warrior-man like this one and to wear the soul on the outside! He took a bite of his stale loaf of bread and swung his sneakers beneath his sweaty seat. He fingered the last cigarette in his pocket, spilling some of its contents.

"Harold Sandel," the voice



called at the desk in a monotonous grumble. Sir Martin watched as the fat man waddled up to the desk. It would take some time to replace the driver's license he had lost earlier. As Harold and the DMV lady chatted on and on for what seemed like centuries, appearing to Sir Martin to talk like scissors with annoying cartoon voice-overs clicking on in white endless eternity, Sir Martin closed his eyes. He liked to gently follow the sound of his breath. As the other thoughts faded like dead bones into the dirt, like bubbles into the ocean, Sir Martin would fade with them into the nothingness from which he came.

Eternity was interrupted by the sound of a beeper on Sir Martin's hip. It flashed in green lights the words:

BATTLE: CAVALRY REPORT TO FIELD

He grunted and saw Harold still chatting away at the desk. Sir Martin hated the DMV.

Martin nodded his head good day to the DMV lady, took a deep breath, and pushed the DMV door slowly open. For a moment he stared at a green and drooping blade of grass. Reality kept going. He then slid his helmet over his eyes and walked into the fighting, humming that same tune. The sun glowed on his armor, reflected back into the distance of the plain. He felt the gaze of the peasants upon him as he strode out into battle.

He looked good today, in his armor, he thought. He looked fucking good.



WANDA'S CERTIFIED USED BOOKS



ALL OF OUR BOOKS ARE BOUGHT LOCAL AND GUARANTEED:
SOPPING, BURNED, LOUSY, GARBAGE, EMBARRASSING, OR UNACCEPTABLE

....WHO KNOWS WHO COULD HAVE READ THEM??...



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10% OFF WITH YOUR OWN DUSTJACKET

We asked our staff...

Are you kids done horsing around?

"I know it might look really bad right now, but it's for a group project."

**Soo Ji Lee,
Gets As**

"You know I don't like it when you call it that."

**Anthony So,
Knows We Know**

"I guess I got a little carried away."

**Kian Ameli,
Exceeds Expectations**

"Are you asking me a gross question? I can't tell if you mean to be gross. I only ask because you're all a bunch of sickos."

**Alex Torres,
Allegedly Not A Sicko**

"You'll have to lower your expectations."

**Cassidy Elwood,
Libertine**

"No... I guess not. But to be honest I *really* don't want to keep going."

**Ryan de Taboada,
Possibly Sick**

"Yeah, just about."

**Daniel Silverman,
Drenched**

"Horsing around is what I do best."

**Mason Stricklin,
A Rustic Man**

"What do you mean— You asked me to do this!"

**Mike Gioia,
Nice and New**

"Give me one good reason why I should stop."

**David Brown,
Political**

"No! My therapist told me to try new things!"

**Alex Bayer,
A Rolling Stone**

"Oh my god, you could see me the whole time, couldn't you!"

**Tristan Navarro,
Still Ambitious**

"I'm just hoping you're not here to tell me there is a better way to spend my time."

**Colton Dempsey,
Knee Deep**

"I've thought about it a lot, and I don't think I could stop even if I wanted to."

**Daniel Koning,
Star-Crossed**

"Well, I mean, it's not really fair to call this 'horsing around', right? Isn't it more like 'ditch digging' or 'team building'?"

**Marge Tomaszczuk,
Never Settles**

"In one sense of the word yes, but in the other, no."

**Jordan Huelskamp,
Surreptitious or Confused**

"Uhm, we're in the middle of a meeting. I actually have this space reserved until 1:30."

**Jamison Searles,
Caustic**

"Do you know what you're asking me?"

**Nick Hansen,
International**

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ARTISTS,

HANDSHAKERS,

PROPHETS, ETC.

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A NETFLIX ORIGINAL



2015 NR 59 minutes

A team of journalists track down the man responsible for killing all the bees. Later, they confront him inside his garage and refuse to let him leave, even to attend to his human necessities. [More info](#)

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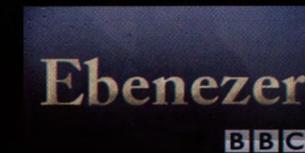


2009-2015 TV-MA 5 Seasons

Jo-Nathanne Turlock-Rice-Wych is living the big-city typographer's dream – until the President commissions her to create a font that controls the reader's mind. [More info](#)

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A NETFLIX ORIGINAL SERIES



2015 TV-MA 1 Season

Isn't a child singing a Christmas carol the loveliest thing in the world? Not to Ebenezer Scrooge it isn't – because it obscures the sound of the falling snow! [More info](#)

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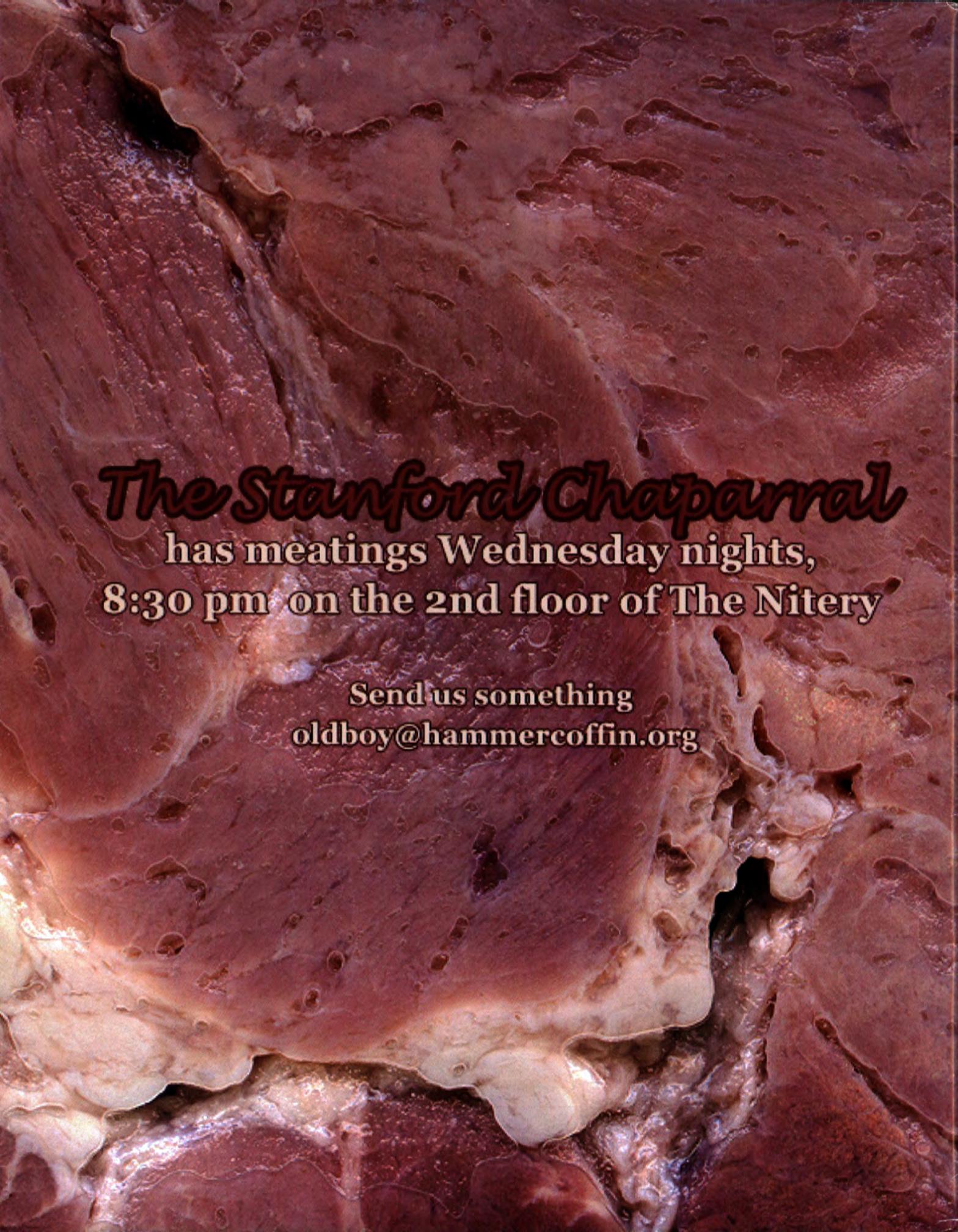


2015 NR 3 Episodes

A journey through the revolutionary sounds of 20th-century popular music, experienced via iTunes® no-less-revolutionary "Jelly" visualizer. [More info](#)

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Jimi Hendrix
"I Dream of a Gay Guitarist"
Hear Him in Electric
Reprise Record



The Stanford Chaparral
has meetings Wednesday nights,
8:30 pm on the 2nd floor of The Nitery

Send us something
oldboy@hammercoffin.org