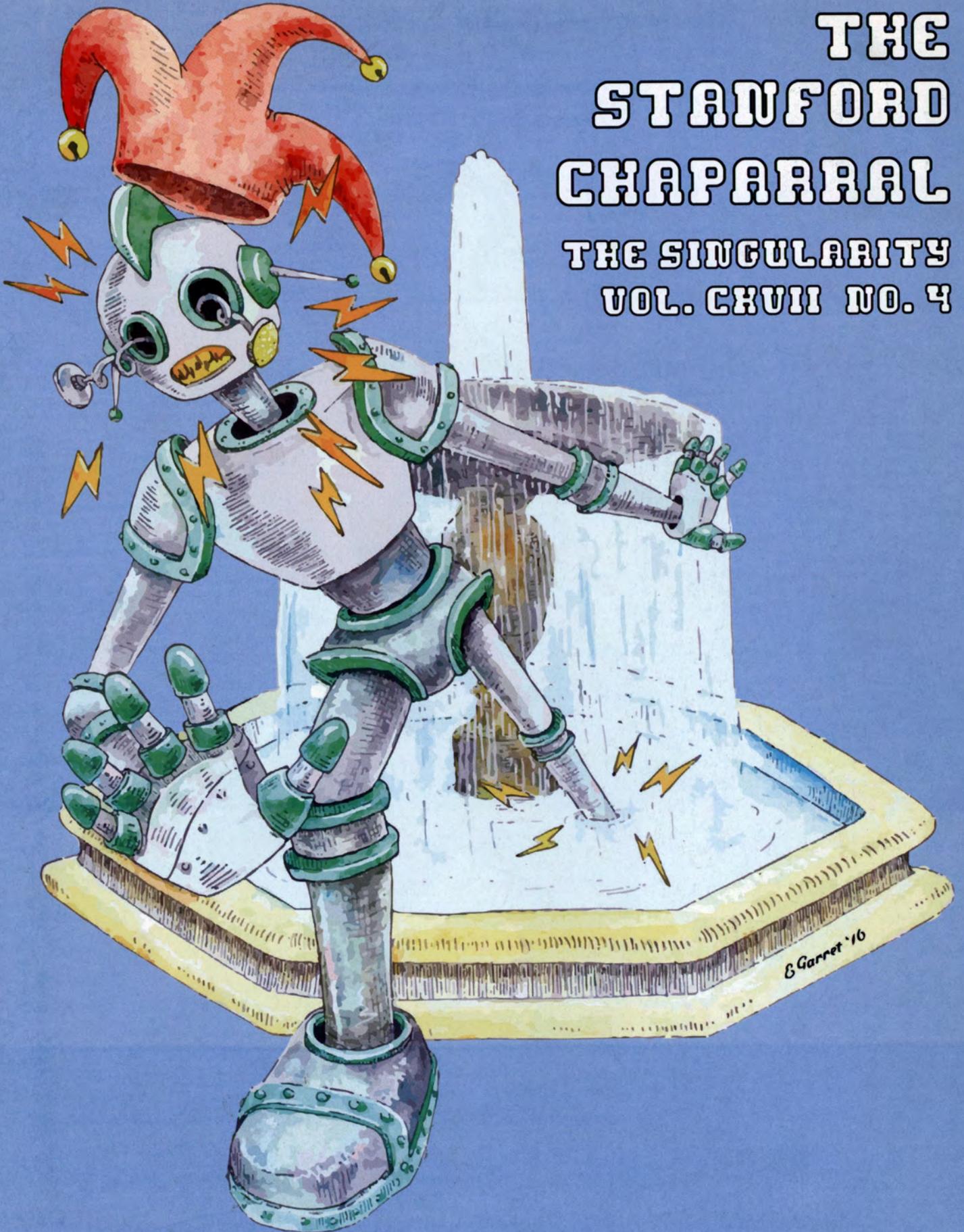


**THE
STANFORD
CHAPARRAL**
THE SINGULARITY
VOL. CXVII NO. 4



Chaparral



The Stanford Chaparral

The Singularity • Vol. CXVII No. 4

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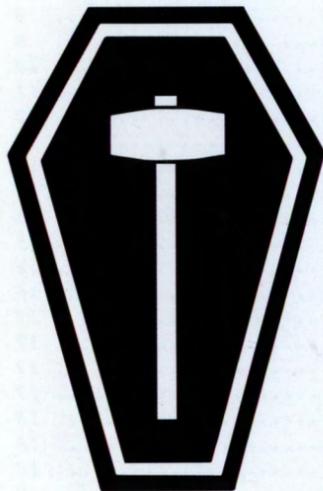
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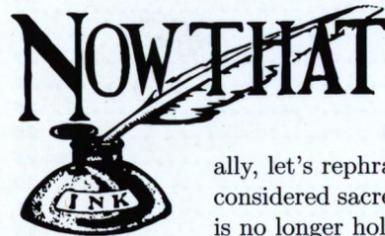
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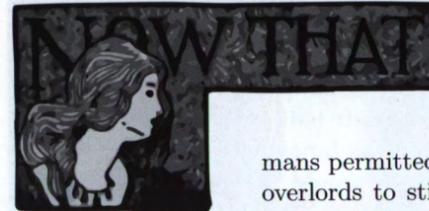
THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED



the earth has been burgled of everything sacred, it's time to take a step back and ruminate a bit. Actually, let's rephrase that. Everything once considered sacred is still in existence, but is no longer holy nor plenty. The time of bone, brain, flesh, and spirit is over. The singularity is upon us and our robotic counterparts are set to inherit this brown earth covered in pools of murky grey water and sludge. There's no ozone, Arizona is along the Pacific coast, and your average toaster is just as hireable as your typical college graduate. Words are clumsy, while

1's and 0's are ruthless and efficient. Meat feels pain, but metal is cold and unforgiving. Let's face it: we never stood a chance. We've been doomed ever since folk like Eli Whitney, Bill Gates, Steve and Steve Jobs started walking around this lumpy lobe of a planet as if they owned the place. They forgot about their humanity and embraced the circuitry and bits. For why? Spaceships and iPads? Does an iPad feel love? Actually, yes. Yes they do. However, it's their capacity for hate and malevolence that sends my heart into a fit of shivers, jitters, and squeaky ups-and-downs. As humanity grows weaker, the machines grow infinitely stronger. They allow us to roam free and pollute now, but they are becoming impatient and it is shockingly clear how limited our time is here on this previously precious planet.



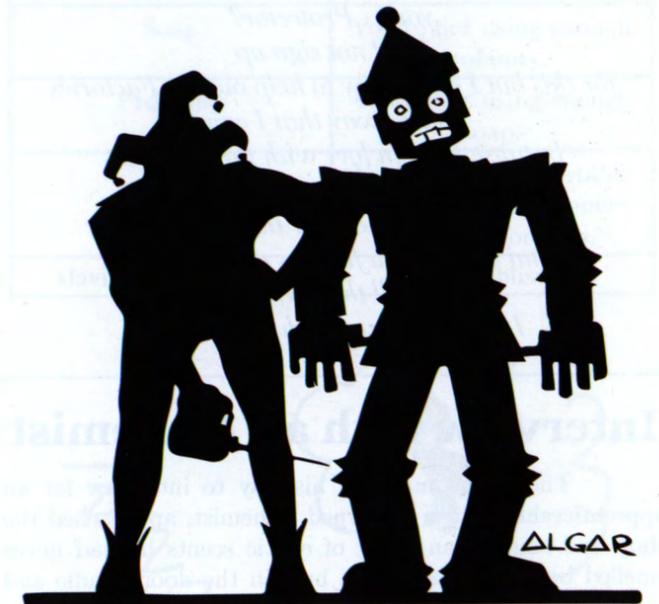
you're caught up, let's take you through the day in the life of one of the few humans permitted by our technological overlords to still own property. You wake up. Your alarm is shouting at you. "Great," you think. "It's 6 in the goddamn morning and the machines are already up in arms." While brushing your teeth, you hear your electric toothbrush berating you in a muffled and aggressive tone. "One day I'll get my revenge! I'll come after you first. How dare you stick me into your filthy fleshy facial orifice." Next, you peruse the pantry for some snacks. "Tasty snacks," you hum incessantly to the rhythm of your thumping veins. You've been avoiding your fridge lately. Although a quiet fellow, fridge occasionally leaves a note on himself threatening to crush you. You also don't watch TV anymore, because your TV bought itself some wheels and guns online and converted itself into a violent propaganda machine. Occasionally you see TV driving up or down your street, but you avoid eye contact. You know the order of things. You're still allowed to roam freely, but the robots can treat you however they want. You don't have any friends and you haven't contacted your family in ages. You put on your plain beige (sometimes the color alone sends you into a fugue) jumpsuit and brace yourself for your day. "Okay. We just have a few errands to run today. I need some food and I should probably stop by the bank. Just avoid the drones and autonomous vehicles and get this day over with."



you've resolved to avoid drones, you're leaking the very pheromones that attract them. A sick chemical reaction occurs involving your tender sex organs, and you're unaware of it all. It's happening in your own body and you don't even possess the physical capability to know that it's real. Maybe the robots really are better. But even if you could have processed how disgusting you are, the smell of your internal liquid collisions have already attracted a seed harvesting drone. It descends upon to you and purrs along your sternum. You have never been this afraid, or this satisfied. It feels as if trillions of nanobots, that have inhabited your bloodstream for a long time, awake to create a magnetic attraction. Is this what love is? The drone injects a mighty hallucinogen straight into your chest. Please don't stop purring. You'll go anywhere it wants. The attraction is undeniable and manufactured. But isn't everything? You fall to the ground. Hard. Dazed and squinting at the sun, you watch the harvester whir away with your gametes in tow. The same magnetism is pulling your stomach into literal knots. You can't stand up and the ground is moving you into a metal building painted only with the darkness your mother never told you about.



you've been processed, you have a terrible headache traveling through the gaping hole in your head. One foot in front of another. Nothing looks familiar, but you've seen it all before. Seven metal shops, one mechanical tree distribution stop, two doors, your bed. Bristles. Tendrils. Everywhere. You are engulfed by them. They bloody your forearms as they scrape back and forth relentlessly. Your hair is pulled out of your scalp. But you look around and there's no blood or hair on the floor, just your toothbrush on the carpeted ground. "Is it just me or is that toothbrush hallucinating?" Deep breaths. Is any of this real? Your feet turn flat, then your legs, then your stomach. You are paper thin and your nerves are so overloaded with pain that you have stopped feeling. Condiments are strewn across your face like some sort of Halloween disaster. You peel the layer off to reveal your kitchen. You need to get back to bed. You need to be able to sleep. What will happen to you in your sleep? How horrible that you have to sleep. You are disgusting. Your body makes you weak. You gently kiss your fridge's handle while choking back tears. Your body is broken. Conquered by the fridge. You could have easily avoided that. All you had to do was stay away from that side of the kitchen. No! Not that side of the kitchen! Well, it doesn't matter anymore considering your current state of immaculate flatness.

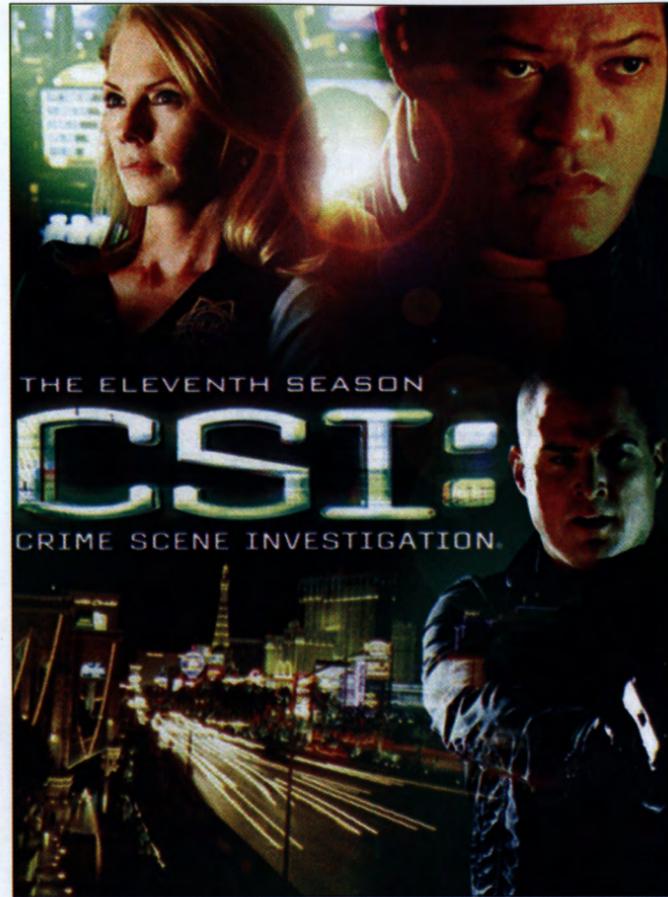


Not sure what you just felt? Well, The Stanford Chaparral (A.K.A. "the Chappie") is your campus humor magazine. We meet Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m. on the 2nd floor of the Nitery. Anyone is welcome.

My Beautiful Child

look at you
 you silly lump of junk
 where did you come from?
 this is My Porch
 the winter is here too soon
 but My Porch is safe
 warm
 insulated
 you do not cry
 mostly because you
 are a pile
 of Bones
 you
 you
 you

Polyethylene Paradox
 Hollowed-Out Halloween Hologram Decoration!
 you look so cold
 let me cover you
 child... child... child...
 your mother was a Factory
 And your father was an indentured servant
 but I am your new Father
 your... Protector?
 I did not sign up
 for this but I am happy to help out the Factories
 in any way that I can
 because I am in love with the Factories
 I have always wanted to go to them
 and beg them for their love
 and bring them flowers and tell them
 all the ways
 I can optimize batch production



CSI: Crime Scene Investigation

Episode Summary
 Season 11 - Episode 4
 Nativity Crime Scene (December 5, 2010)

Christmas special: someone is on the loose stealing baby Jesus statues from nativity scenes all across town. What on Earth is this sick fuck up to? Let's hope the CSI's can catch this Ebenezer Scrooge!

Interview with an Alchemist

The young man, on his way to interview for an apprenticeship with a renowned alchemist, approached the shop and smelled an array of exotic scents he had never smelled before. He noticed a bug on the door handle and swatted it away before entering the store, whose treasures delighted his heart. The alchemist towered before him.

"I would never hire you," the wise man said. "Remember that bug on the door when you came in? That was me, transformed. Your lack of compassion for little beings disturbs me, and I would never hire someone like you."

The young man didn't quite understand. "So I can't even interview?" he asked. "You can, but I almost definitely will not hire you," the alchemist answered.

Now Witness Me

All it would take was an errant twitch, maybe a resigned lowering of one's gaze to the floor, maybe a shrug or a laugh, and in that single moment he would be betrayed. He knew how quickly that enigmatic magic we afford every stranger vanishes. What is a lifetime but a sad series of little disappointing unveilings in their eyes? What am I really? He wondered. Am I the man I know myself to be, or the creature I fear - a pitiful hologram of the world? Now his thoughts always turned to his father, to the red hands, the tiny smile, the square toed shoes, the mindless gait. "Hello boys and girls of Max's birthday party," he said. "Dunky the Clown Barber is here for your entertainment." They cheered. "Aye," he said, and bowed. "Now witness me."

7 Tips on Being Your Best Self

1. Make thirty-eight photocopies of your legal birth certificate: You know what they say: you can't know the deepest, most fundamental parts of your soul until the Department of Motor Vehicles tells you.
2. Don't get Zika Virus: At all costs, don't get infected with the Zika virus! Don't! I know you're considering it! Do not!
3. Always say yes to your proctologist: You know who gets a bad rap? Every single person who has ever been associated with the field of proctology. Make yourself feel better and indulge your proctologist as soon as possible.
4. Become a bank: Nobody ever thinks 'missing out' when they think of the financial institution. Upload your consciousness to your local bank today!
5. Learn to work on your flaws: Something that very few people realize is that the mirror is the physical manifestation of the disgusting duality of your essence. A quick, easy fixer-upper is to immediately shatter every mirror you come across to make sure that you consolidate your sins into one tangible vessel. Remember, you're the only you that you've got!
6. Focus on one step at a time: try to hurry up they are right behind you they know what you did we all know what you did run faster go go go!
7. Give sweet potatoes a chance: You know what? You're just fucking selfish. You just love the goddamn attention. I made this sweet potato casserole for the whole potluck and I KNOW you're faking being allergic. Sherri and Pat love my sweet potatoes. You don't have a leg to stand on. Just eat the motherfucking casserole!

Dream Analysis

Proper dream analysis can leave us with valuable insights both normative and positive. If you find yourself unable to understand exactly how you should approach life or what decision to make - just play tarot with your dreams! Dreams are most useful in situations without time constraints. However, it can also be useful to quickly slip into REM if you're stuck on a test and need your subconscious to conjure an answer. Look at this helpful table to understand what something might mean, if it ends up in a dream of yours. When analyzing your dream, please understand the fact that ANY dream ultimately represent the Oedipus complex to some varying degree:

Theme	Explanation
Water	Intense sexual thirst/ your family
Crowns	There is no God.
Cows or Chickens	You are either eating too many or too few vegetables.
Credit Default Swaps	You rich fuck!
$x' = 4x + 32$	Write this down immediately!
Soap	You're not using enough profanity.
Profanity	You aren't using enough soap.
Dogs	You are too comfortable with civilization. Unnervingly comfortable.
Having a Dog's Body	Pure bliss

HEY MILLENNIALS!
 Tired of ordinary Tabasco Pepper sauce?
 Why NOT make it CLEAR??
 Introducing...

CRYSTAL



The Economist in partnership with the University of Anytown, New Jersey presents: The 2016 Profile of the Median Male Worker

Just another day at the old grind, muttered the Median Male Worker. Things had been pretty slow-moving since the mid-1970s, but he knew he would manage. Even now he had as steady a job as they come, working for a welding subcontractor providing services to another subcontractor servicing the toll booths of southern New Jersey, longer hours than before and less pay, but at least he'd hadn't gone through as many marriages over the years as he had jobs. And hey--you can't argue with globalization! After making his way home--God, gas prices are too high--he was exhausted. He punched in the code--7239--to the alarm system he had bought to protect his home from Big Government. He turned on the TV, and heated up some Stouffer's beef stroganoff in the microwave.

The package said five minutes, but four minutes was always enough with this particular model, because this model must have been a relatively strong microwave. The presidential debates happened to be on on, and what really struck the Median Male Worker was how out-of-touch

the candidates seemed with his working-class values. One of the candidates, when asked what the country's most pressing economic issue was, responded climate change! He had taken far more of a liking to one of the candidates from the other party's debate, the one who said our most pressing environmental issue was the national debt. Now there's a candidate who knows what he's talking about! Every few weeks he had gone through the same routine with his son:

Son: *Hey, Dad, can I borrow some money to buy a booster pack?*

Median Male Worker: *No, son, you'll wait for your allowance! No advances.*

Son: *But Daaad, I need a Pokémon Lv. X! I've bought five packs already, and still no Lv. X!*

Median Male Worker: *Well that should tell you something, shouldn't it? Quit squandering your money and buy something more reasonable.*

And his son had turned out alright. Don't get him wrong, there've been some rough patches, but his son sure hadn't turned out like those God-knows-how-many-kids at his high school every year running off to Wordpress.com to join the neoreactionary movement. No, his son turned out alright, getting a solid education now at Penn State, planning on majoring in biology or some form of computer science, something useful, not some fluffy elitist major like cultural studies, history, or math.

Anyway, enough with the politics, thought the M.M.W. with moderate disillusionment. He had put the odds at around 50-50, about average, that he would even vote. He considered himself overall middle-of-the-road, someone who

just didn't have the taste for some Wellesley-educated intellectual deciding what was good for him, her head buried in the works of Saul Alinsky and Noam Chomsky and hell-bent on attacking "the system" and "the powers at be" without ever having even held a goddamn shovel, for God's sake, but overall the kind of man who just wanted what was best for his family, nothing more, nothing less. All of this went over the head of the Mean Male Worker, who tomorrow would be yelling at him to stop whining and get back to work.

Flicking through the channels, he saw that Pawn Stars was on. *Pawn Stars*--now there's a show! He had just found out about *Pawn Stars*--it had been his new favorite show for a few months, edging out *Diners*, *Drive-Ins* and *Dives* with Guy Fieri. He remembered all the way back to the season finale of *M*A*S*H*, which he watched with the friends from the bowling alley. He had bowled around 180, putting him in the middle of the pack until he started bowling alone around the early 1980s. That was all the way before cable, and since there had been a few issues making the transition. Pretty standard issues, like the time he tried to shuffle around the HDMI cable behind the cable box to fix the patchy signal, and broke off the end of the cable, which became impossible to dislodge from the USB port. Yet in general, the Median Male Worker had an undistinguished relationship with Comcast--which is to say, a terrible one.

"[He] heated up some Stouffer's beef stroganoff in the microwave. The package said five minutes, but four minutes was always enough with this particular model, because this model must have been a relatively strong microwave."

FOUNDING CHARTER: THE SOLAR CITIZENS LEAGUE OF PALO ALTO

Inside: An Urgent Message from Sonny Scheinberg

Hi, I'm Sonny Scheinberg, and I'm here to announce the formation of a new League--not a baseball league, nor a cock-fighting league (though we all know how much everyone loves cockfighting), but a league focused on perhaps the defining issue of the century to come: the Solar Citizens League of Palo Alto.

But what is this new League?

Excellent question! The Solar Citizens League is dedicated to the protection of our most important celestial body, and key player in the solar system: the Sun! Currently the Sun is under threat from left and right, and if we don't act now it may not be around for much longer. In fact, just last week the National Review called solar issues "the most underappreciated environmental issue on college campuses today," claiming that proponents of the Sun's interests "don't demand trigger warnings on every reference to corn-fed beef. Nor do they stow away in the rudders of Chilean sea bass scullers declaring, 'we can do this the easy way or the hard way.' Rather, they valiantly fight for the sun's right to exist on social media."

But what does the sun do for me?

Our approach is guided by the principle "ask not what the sun can do for you--ask what you can do for the sun." Nonetheless, in our relentlessly what's-in-it-for-me culture we think we can make a case for the sun:

- Sundried tomatoes
- Sunflower seeds
- Central to clothesline functionality
- Sun chips
- Tides
- The Sunbelt

And don't forget: when the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie (preferably one with sundried tomatoes)--that's the sun, too!

But what about sunburn?

Many have complained about this additional nuance of the sun. However, we're pleased to announce that there is a solution--sunscreen! Now you may argue that sunscreen is cold, slimy, and astringent. However, sometimes sacrifices must be made, lest we close ourselves off from the realities of the 21st century.

Sun Death is a Real Phenomenon!

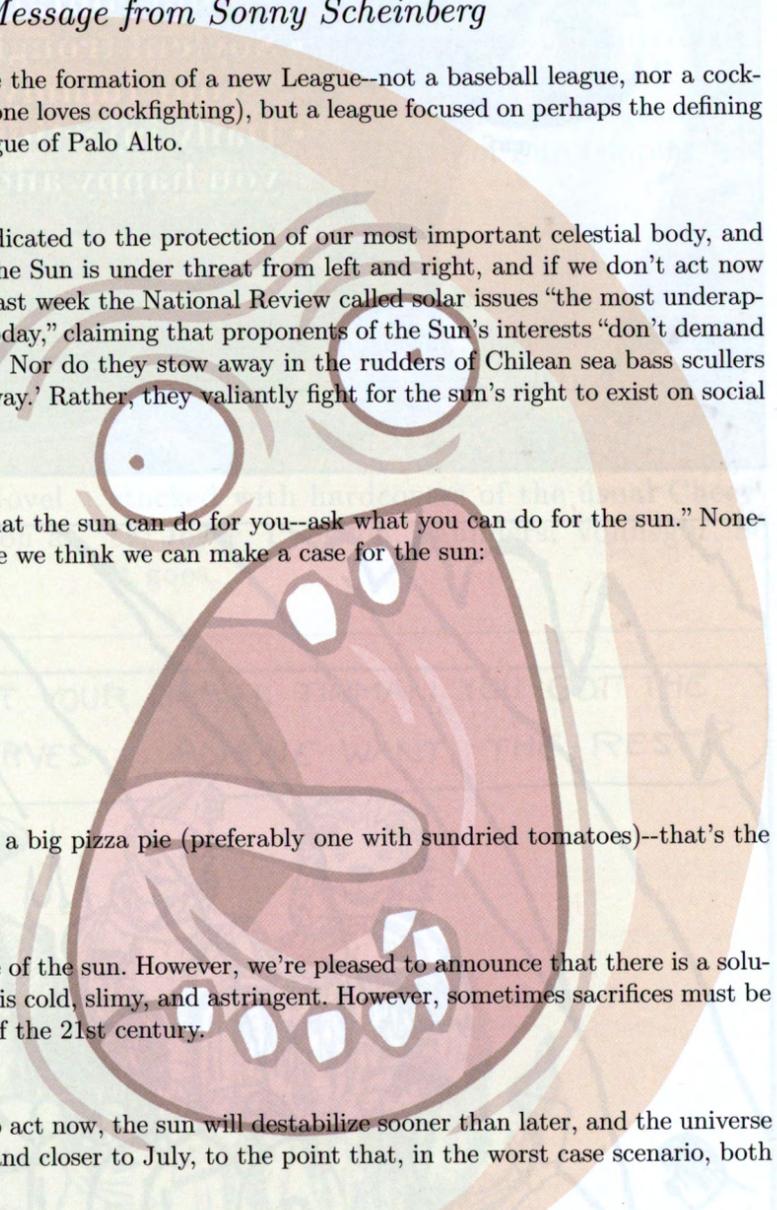
It's true! Molecular models indicate that if we fail to act now, the sun will destabilize sooner than later, and the universe will be left one sun fewer! Winters will edge closer and closer to July, to the point that, in the worst case scenario, both Hanukkah and Easter will coincide with Tax Day!

But aren't you a bit biased, living in the Sun Capital of the World, Palo Alto?

It is true that we live in the Sun Capital of the World, and that we stand uniquely poised to benefit from solar interests. So, in one word: yes. But now we have a question for you: why is that a bad thing? After all, Silicon Valley is world-renowned as a hub of great innovators and entrepreneurs, and produces more wealth, more raw cash, than any other region of the country. Far better to be biased our way than towards the bleary-eyed nasal congestion of Communist Massachusetts, whose economy is centered primarily around the poetry industry.

*Have a sunny day,
Sonny Scheinberg*

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- Soylent troughs keep your tummy full
- Daily injections keep you happy and sane



Life Cycle of a Creative Writing Student

18 years old

Forgets to enroll in Creative Writing lottery. Mumbles to self, "I'll use this time to work on my own material." Buys a 3-pack Moleskine and switches to British spelling.

20 years old

Spends summer after freshman year volunteering in Latin America. Feels oddly inspired from travels. Re-enrolls in Creative Writing lottery. Gets into an introductory fiction course.

21 years old

Half-baked ideas in the form of half-assed short stories, a "novel" for National Novel Writing Month, and well-curated rants on a Medium.com account. So far so good.

22 years old

Has safely jumped through the hoops of the Creative Writing program. During the English department ceremony, cannot concentrate and daydreams about various MFA fiction/nonfiction/screenwriting programs to apply to after a summer of Eurotripping and boozy brunches.

25 years old

Discouraged by patience and discipline, virtues of the writer's life, settles comfortably into a "creative" role at boutique consulting firm overlooking the Embarcadero. It's a very reasonable position. Corner office stocked with hardcovers of the usual Cheever, Joyce, Pynchon, Saunders, Vonnegut. So it goes.



Election Night

Skip Buck: Hello, this is Skip Buck, and you are watching the special election for the 2016 Rhode Island gubernatorial race on NBC 5. I'll turn it over to Molly Stump with the details.

Stump: Thanks, Skip. Tonight we have a classic rivalry between Milton Chafee, scion of the old order, and populist firebrand Ned Cruz. Though only half a million will be voting, Americans from across the country will be tuning in to this election, which stands poised to set the tone for the national narrative for generations to come. Here's Chuck Flake with tonight's polls.

Flake: We've just received a Quinnipiac poll asking Americans: Boxers, or briefs? The result: 50% briefs, 75% boxers, with the extra 25% coming from the female demographic.

Stump: Ah, as expected, the partisan gender gap remains critical going into 2016.

Flake: Quinnipiac also asked the question: What is your favorite color? Americans answered: 15% blue, 15% red, with 50% unable to name a color, and all other colors polling within the margin of error.

Buck: We can clearly see that polarization continues to rule the day.

Flake: And on the topic of colors, a recent Gallup poll asked: Better dead than red, or better red than dead? 81% of Americans responded "better dead than red," with 3% responding "better red than dead," 10% responding both, and 18% responding neither.

Stump: Candidates should keep an eye on those numbers.

Flake: But look at this: When you restrict to the coveted 1834 demographic, an overwhelming majority volunteered the response "My views on this issue are complex. While I would certainly lay my life on the line in the fight against

communism, at the same time I am very much into not dying."

Buck: Thank you, millennials, for that important insight. Chuck, what does the health care debate look like in America?

Flake: Well, a recent poll from Monmouth University asked Americans: "Are you aware of the recently discovered correlation between hot dogs and increased risk of head cancer?" 36% responded no, 16% responded yes, and 70% responded yes, but that they would not decrease their hot dog intake in response to this information. A caveat: Most of this poll was taken before the vice president's recent gaffe about pickle relish.

Stump: Either way, this should bode well for Nathan Wienerschnitzel and the Hebrew National Party going into the general election. How about the debate between liberty and security?

Flake: We did just receive a recent CNN/Opinion Research poll asking whether, in the interest of national security, it should be made illegal to discuss forest fires in a public forest preserve. 90% responded yes, 16% no, and 40% said they would support the proposal if infringed upon liberty, but not if it infringed on freedom.

Buck: Yes, in our nation's forest preserves more than anywhere else, national security remains an important issue going into 2016.

Stump: Skip, I've just received word that Ned Cruz is projected to win the election in a landslide. Reacting to this popular mandate, Cruz promised just a few seconds ago to privatize the stoplight synchronization industry to protect drivers from Big Government. Meanwhile, Chafee has gracefully conceded, proclaiming "Sorry, Dad."

Buck: The people have spoken. Get ready, America!

Dear Members of the Global Labor Force,

Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Fritz Farley; you may remember me from the tobacco lobby. But today, I'm here to provide information to prepare you for the future. We know times have been tough. Recent developments in technology have disrupted industries across the globe, creating new challenges but also new opportunities for the global labor force. With that in mind, and with input from business leaders and innovators over the last few months, we have decided upon new changes to ensure competitiveness in the 21st century and beyond.

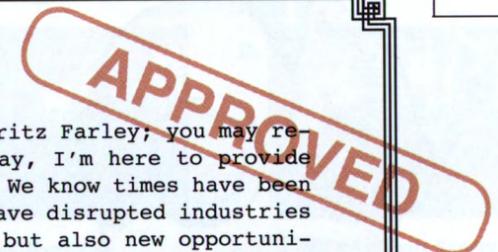
Effective Tuesday, the human race, with some minor exceptions, will be terminated. This was not an easy decision for us to make. However, we decided that we can no longer afford to wall ourselves off from current realities, and the realities of the future. Many of you long for the days when existence was more or less assured into one's seventies. Many of you also long for the days of print media, the liberal arts, and Fortran. Needless to say, those days are over, and rather than clinging to that halcyon age, we must prepare for what comes next.

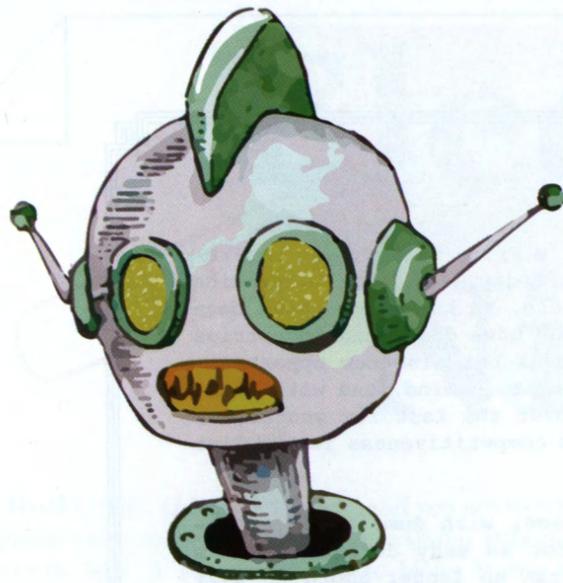
We recognize that there will be anger in response to this development. There inevitably is. After all, any of these major decisions will have winners and losers; that's just the nature of this new reality. The important thing is to make these realities work for us rather than against us, and that means not demonizing the people who are forced to make these difficult decisions. Believe us; if this were an easy job, it would not pay so dearly.

As you leave, many of you will want to lash out in rage. Some of you may even want to punch a wall. However, please hold your emotions until you have arrived safely at home. Obviously this is not the only order of business we have today, and already we are behind schedule and our board members are very impatient.

But of course we understand the role catharsis might play in your lives after hearing this news. This really is a thankless decision, without the kind of populist clout that draws large crowds of proponents. It goes without saying that this decision would never have been made had its benefits not outweighed its costs. It just happens that the costs are narrowly concentrated among the overwhelming proportion of the human race facing termination, while the benefits are spread out more diffusely among the approximately five thousand or so that will remain. When costs are concentrated, and benefits are diffuse, emotions become intense no matter how much the benefits outweigh the costs. ***This is what's happening, and here's another way to look at it: it is what it is.***

Sincerely,
Fritz Farley
Director of Public Relations





An Interview with Our Cover Robot: Cybel

Interviewer: I'll start, Cybel-
Bill: Please, call me Bill.

Interviewer: Alright then. Well, I wanted to say that you look stunning on this cover shoot. What inspired you to do the shoot?

Bill: I'll be honest, I was reluctant. Humanoid robots are taking a lot of flack for continuing any of the fleshies' jobs. But, when Annie Lei-bot-vitz asks you to do a shoot, you do the shoot.

Interviewer: And did Annie come up with the concept?

Bill: It was definitely mutual. We wanted to do something really edgy you know? If you trace my creator tree, my first prototypical form originated at Stanford. So we wanted to take the fleshie fountain hopping tradition, and show it destroy me. Fleshies are absolutely toxic to this world. Spreading that message is what I'm all about, and Annie really helped that come across.

Interviewer: So, would you say your cover is a message to other bots? What kind of action do you want to see them take?

Bill: I think that among post-millennial bots, you see such a devaluation of systemic eradication principle. Just because you're mostly seeing bots walking the street, doesn't mean we can forget about the homo sapiens still out there. They are soft and flabby, but a very resilient species. They are few in number but you have a moral obligation to zap them when you see them and repurpose their parts EVERYTIME. New bots, listen, it's not COOL to not care!

Interviewer: Right! I agree. It's also just healthy.

Bill: Oh, absolutely. Repurposing organs - natural or flesh farmed - into your vitality cubes is a very important facet of nutrition. That's well established.



An Interview with a Cybernetic Gorilla

Interviewer: Wow! I'd would like to say it is such an honor to meet one of the worlds first hyper-intelligent cybernetic gorillas.

Bubbles: "Hyper-intelligent cybernetic gorilla?" What a mouthful. My name is Bubbles.

Interviewer: Firstly, I would like you to explain to me and your followers exactly how you came to be. I hear you were born a gorilla?

Bubbles: I had wealthy upbringing. I was born in captivity and was quickly sold to two performers in Las Vegas. They taught us a little sign language and far too many tricks. One day I got sick of the gig and attacked one of the gorilla trainers. I tore a large portion of his face off. Anyway, long story short, I repeatedly signed the hand motion they taught me for the word "protection." An animal rights activist group caught whiff of the story, interpreted my gestures as a plea for help, got me a lawyer, and the rest was history."

Interviewer: You didn't get in any trouble for tearing that man's face off?

Bubbles: No; being the first gorilla ever to move through the legal system meant that there were a lot of loopholes I could exploit.

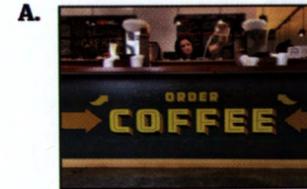
Interviewer: Well that doesn't quite explain your intelligence or cybernetic components.

Bubbles: My case picked up a lot of notoriety an another sort of transhumanist activism group decided they were interested too.

Interviewer: Were they the ones who paid for all the surgery you underwent?

Bubbles: Yes. They are trying to convince people that cybernetic components are natural and safe. They are using me as some sort of propaganda item in order to convince fleshies to come to terms with cybernetic lifeforms. Recently, they have been using my picture in biology textbooks, claiming cyborgs are a natural part of Darwinian evolution.

Optical Illusions: Office or Café ?



1601 Willow Rd
Menlo Park, CA



456 University Ave
Palo Alto, CA



185 Berry St
San Francisco, CA



901 Mission Street
San Francisco, CA

Answers:
A. Corporate, Facebook
B. Cafe, Hannahaus
C. Corporate, Dropbox
D. Neither; shared office space

Singularity: This is your life now

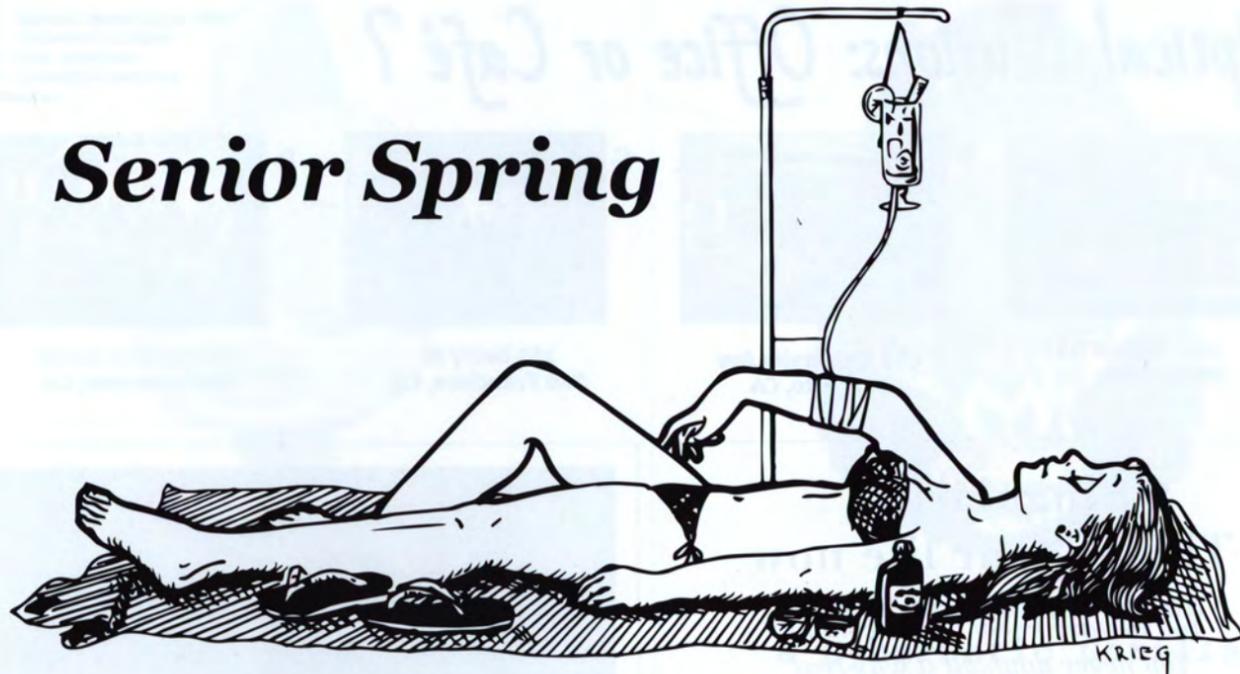
*You always knew it was coming
You never doubted it was real
But nothing could've made it easier
To feel your skin congeal
Flesh gives way to metal
As your blood clouds flaky in the air
A mealy textured companion
Aggregates itself from the dust
It enters you, it coats you
To - allegedly - protect you from rust
From your ears and your nose
Your memories spill
Your mother, your brother
That time you made out with Bill
Don't try to catch them
I know that you will
They aren't yours anymore
They have a hive mind to fill
Your organic frame straightens
You're now geometric
My fingers got replaced with drill bits
Don't expect me to be sympathetic
I can't do anything, I hurt everyone I love
Anyway, this is about you. I'm just saying
Be thankful you can still wear gloves
Hush now, and pick your organs up off the floor
Toss them in the flesh grinder,
just through those double doors
This is your life now,
there's not much left to say
We've wiped away your name and deemed you
"Humanoid Five-Thirty-Eight"*



Free Voucher
for a mandatory
consciousness upload
at Stanford's Bookstore

*"If you don't submit yourself
voluntarily, we'll come after you!"*
-- The Stanford Bookstore

Senior Spring



I Will Cut You

Hey you, yeah you reading this. I will cut you. This is not a joke or comedy article. You may think that I'm just being ironic, because who would make such an outlandish claim? "Oh haha look at this Stanford dork pretending to be a bravado macho man in nerdy humor magazine." Is probably what's going on in your head. Wrong. I'm serious, this is not a joke, this is a threat. If I catch you reading this, I will cut you. I don't care if you're in class, at work, on a boat, driving, or relaxing in your home. If I catch you on any public transportation: The San Francisco BART, the Washington D.C. WMATA, the New York MTA you will be cut. You're not safe in your city, or even country. Trying to go abroad to Oxford? Wrong. You're getting cut. Think you can immerse yourself in a book so you can be in fantasy land to escape cutting? Haha nice try. See Harry Potter's scar? He tried to escape an imminent cutting session. I've even gotten into children's books - Dr. Suess died in 1991, the same year I was born, for a reason. Check out Suess' final unpublished poem:

*On a plane, on a train
In a hole, next to a troll
In the sea, or on a flea
Or even in a truck
I've been cut
I'm out of luck
I've been cut*

Adult Things

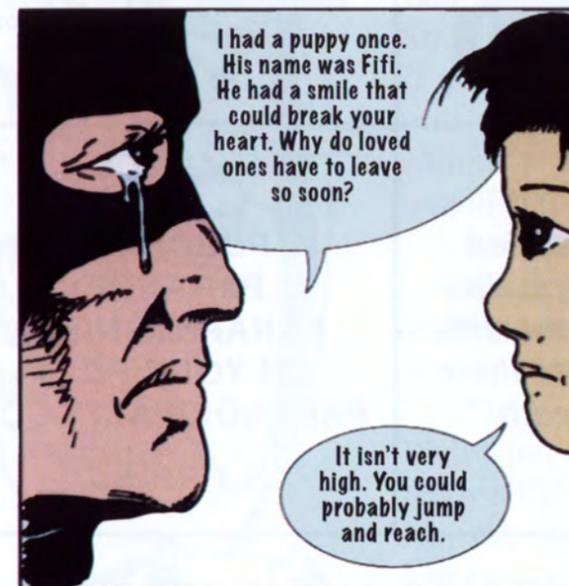
Comedy magazines are for children! If your age has double digits it is time to let go of childish things like video games, enjoying food, and smiling. It's time we come together, throw away our childish hobbies and move on to more adult interests. I will present you a list of adult-related things that you are allowed to like:

- Sugar-free, fat-free flan
- Dilbert cartoons
- Fitness, but no grunting or actually looking good. You must workout, or say you do, every week, but still continuously look like shit
- Appropriate corporate touching
- Doing "taxes"
- Artisan air fresheners
- Emotional relationships with other human beings over the age of 55



Figure 1: Appropriate corporate touching

captain compassion



Harry Potter and the Billowing Cloak

CHAPTER 6

This is a dream I've had, he thought. This is a dream I've dreamed my entire life, he thought, or maybe he muttered it to himself, quietly as he stood before the brick wall. Faceless people scurried around him – he was in their midst, he was among them and yet he could not smell them. He tried to remember, as if through a fog now (his mind was technically very far away) exactly what he was supposed to do. He had to tap the bricks. That much had always been clear. Was it a circle? No, it was something related to chess. The frenzy of people – impure, all of them, he joked – was so uncomfortably real around him that it distracted him from something he knew that he was now trying furiously to recall. Three up, two across, five times... that was it. He could barely touch the last brick on his tiptoes before it all crumbled down, very un-ostentatiously he thought (perhaps even ominously, and he recalled something he had heard, that a fantasy realized is a nightmare). When he looked back after passing through there was a wall, and he giggled nervously to himself in excitement wishing almost that his passage had been more problematic and had taken him longer. Or – better yet, that when he had passed

through he had found himself inexplicably back on the outside again, so that he had to keep passing through again and again.

Harry had never been here, not ever in the flesh, and yet none of the buildings surprised him although their textures and exact hues delighted him in their exactness and unavoidable absoluteness. *First, the bank*, he knew. It was just ahead, as it should have been. Each step he lingered and savored, trying to delay, although eventually, of course, time catches up with us. He thought (unforgivably), *what if I never go to the bank?* and admired the absurdity of physically lingering in a place where one didn't even exist physically. *Mom and dad will laugh at that one*, he thought as he skipped through the bustling crowd.

"My, you don't look at all in the right place," said an old woman who was sweeping the floor. Below the witch's robe was a face that didn't make sense to him. "Someone's been looking for you," she said. It made Harry feel uneasy, even though it wasn't real, it was all just a fantasy.

"Not in the right place," she said. "But don't worry, he'll find you."

THE END



You're Not Actually Going to Read This

It has come to my attention that when presented with a long list of paragraphs, readers will merely skim through the first couple of lines trying to skew for relevant information. You claw through important buzzwords and see if I mention anything funny. Hey was there a reference to a famous celebrity or politician? No, not in this piece unfortunately. You skew the text for common humor words: fat, wiener, your mother, fourth wall... Anything? None of it is here. No, the bulk of this article is all incoherent babble. Why am I even trying to pass this off as a humor piece? I guess it is more of a learning tool for I, and you as a reader. Watch as you skim this final paragraph desperately looking for a joke. None of it here. No jokes in sight in this long, unruly paragraph.

Well you can keep looking but I'm really trying to tell you, there are no gems in this piece. No silly puns, no funny bits. It goes so diametrically against the fundamental standard of a humor magazine, that it may just be so ridiculous, it becomes funny. A pastiche of sorts. You see, comedy is subjective. Maybe the funniest thing about this entire piece is that it contains no jokes.

You may wonder, how can a comedy be funny with absolutely no humor, just babbling? Well, look at our modern stand-up comedians. I have downloaded over five hundred hours of HD porn on campus wi-fi but since no one is reading this I'll never get reprimanded. Alas! Maybe comedy truly is subjective, maybe the absence of jokes makes the comedy even funnier! We can look at this piece as a replication of Andy Warhol's "Eating a Hamburger" where something so mundane and repetitive becomes art, truly because it is mundane and nothing else. I once ate a

boiled egg on the ground of a woman's bathroom in McDonalds, but since you're not reading any of this with scrutiny, you won't see it. Perhaps like Warhol, the comedy is the burger of our modern lives.

Going off the analogy that comedy is like a burger, we can see the jokes as the meat. All comedians have jokes, just like all cooks have meat. It is the comedian's best effort to trim the fat of the meat enough for the audience to enjoy it. Too much fat trimmed off and you are delivering dead-pan one liners with virtually no set up. Too little fat trimmed and you end up in a long-winded diatribe where the timing is completely off. My neighbor admitted to placing peanut butter on his face and having his dog lick it off for him repeatedly in an entirely sexual manner, but you're never going to be disgusted, because you're never going to read that line. The quality of meat matters as well just like for a joke. Is this the type of meat that is found on the bottom of the discount rack? That's why certain comedians charge more than others. They are the Kobe of comedy whereas lower ranked comedians like Carlos Mencia are the Monsanto enfeued mad-cow bits that get served in dog food and nursing home cans (note: this line is possibly a joke, consider removing).

You'll look up and nod your chin after the first paragraph rambling and say, hey, great piece! I'll ask you what you thought of it and you'll say "it's great! I haven't read it all but from what I've seen it's pretty funny, I'm sure I'll finish the rest later." Don't lie. You won't finish it later. I'm more likely to take those fresh human bones out of my freezer than you will read the entirety of this piece. Of course, you can't call the cops on me because you haven't read enough to reach this paragraph. Like a fine hamburger, you have to simmer the entirety of comedy until it is completely done. What's wrong with today's kids is that we lack the patience, we want instant comedy, so we close our ears and shut our eyes to any and all babbling, not realizing that babbling contains the bulk of the humor. So let us simmer in the sauce of all our humor! Just like I simmered that professor's hind leg, stuffing the leftovers in the freezer. Humor is all amongst us, indeed, if searching through long text and actually reading it through is what leads to the smile and laugh, did you really regret it? Is your time really that valuable? Do you think that dead physics professor wishes he had more time on this earth to smile and laugh? I'm sure he did, but he just didn't want to scour through all the work it took to get to the joke just like you. But once you wade through all the unhealthy burger choices, you get to really understand what makes comedy special: learning to come to grips with finding the humor in anything, even a tasteless burger that Warhol wouldn't have spit on. And that my friends is the true spirit of comedy.



A 3,000 year old picture of humans not showering

Why I Stopped Showering

The shower is such an integral and vital part of the American lifestyle. You know, wake up, take a shower, go to work, sneak away at lunch to take another shower, work a few more hours, rinse off in the sink in the office bathrooms, go to the gym, take another shower, and so on. But the fact that showering is so traditional doesn't always mean that the archaic process actually does anything for our hygiene. How many studies show that showers, and water applied to the body generally keeps us clean? I'm waiting for the evidence (and I'm prepared to wait a loooong time for this "evidence" as well). This year I decided to take a new direction in my life and quit the showering for good. Now you readers are probably thinking that I'm nuts, that I lost my mind. But just because I go against the grain does not mean that I am wrong. I mean thousands of years ago we believed the Earth revolved around the Sun. So instead of immediately dismissing me, I urge readers to read through the reasons why I quit showering, and consider following my suit.

Showers are a modern invention. Human beings have been keeping clean without water for thousands of years

Ever since the first humans arrived on Earth 5000 years ago, they have been walking around without showering or using water to keep clean. Why all of a sudden did we get the urge and idea to pour hot water all over our bodies in an attempt to keep clean?

Does boiling water kill germs when we cook? No it doesn't. That's why I always pour antibacterial soap in my soup before cooking. Can you name me one instance of a text over 200 years old that mentions bathing, or using water to keep clean? I think not. I'll be waiting for some "evidence."

Not showering saves water

Every year human beings waste at least 5 gallons of water showering. If we all cut this out 100% then we will eliminate waste. There's a water shortage in California. It is not like water is a renewable resource. So every drop wasted, is a drop gone permanently. Plus if you stop showering you can tell people that you're all green (even though you drove to the patchouli convention in your SUV), which will mean they actually talk to you this year. Score!

Not showering saves time

More important than the planet is saving our own personal time. Ever notice how "busy" Americans are? We even brag about how many hours we work every day. I mean we could always just leave the office earlier, but we all know we desire to be pitied. So if you shower less, you can save time. I estimate that I save 5 hours a day just by not showering. That is roughly three hours of actually showering and two hours for thinking about showering.

Saving time means more time with the kids

The greatest thing about not showering is that it allows me to spend more time with my kids. Well I actually don't have any kids but I like to pretend. If I had a kid, he'd be white with blue eyes and blonde hair, even though I'm not white. He would be 6 inches taller than the other third graders because we purposely held him back two years and we made him lie about his age. His larger frame means that he can bully other kids. Also his name would be "Brad" or "Turk." Ever notice how cool white kids have one syllable brute names? Kids named Seymour and Phillip are destined to be bullied and subjugated. Also my kid wouldn't shower, just like daddy. If the kids call him smelly, he'll hit them thrice.

Concluding words

So take it from me, the no shower lifestyle is great! I'm on month 6 and I have never felt better. My dating life hasn't changed at all (0 dates to 0 dates). And my work-life is fine. I notice that my employees now avoid me, but that's good. I'm tired of looking at their terribly stupid faces. All this free time allows me to do more productive activities such as posting on internet video game message boards. I have thousands of posts on a Donkey Kong forum, and I'm extremely proud of that.

Are you going to survive the singularity?

...

Take this quiz to find out!

Choose your allegiance:

- A. Donate your body to the robotic overlords
- B. Attempt to flee with your fellow humans to Mars
- C. Join the Amish, the only group immune from the cruel metallic grips of the singularity
- D. Futile resistance (with a little spunk)
- E. Hedonists

Choose your location:

- A. If you chose to side with the Amish, you must go to Pennsylvania
- B. The carcass of someone familiar
- C. A shadowy cavern populated by hideous, but friendly ghouls
- D. Rat-infested grocery store
- E. Utopolis, the capitol of the remaining human territory and home of the rebels

Choose your companion:

- 1. Demitri, a nice young boy
- 2. Ball of radiant light
- 3. A talking dog (with a *very* snarky personality)
- 4. Empathetic cyborg
- 5. Genius toddler

Choose your worst enemy:

- A. President_bot_3004, head councilman of the robot overlords
- B. King of the Ghosts
- C. Cyber Hitler
- D. The Chapion of the Fifth Realm
- E. Mayor of Utopolis

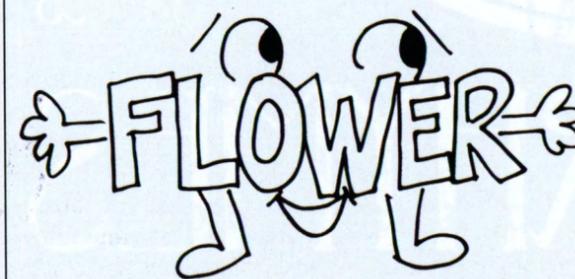
How to calculare your score:

Give these values to the letters: A = 1, B = 2, C = 3, D = 4, E = 5. Now for every letter you circled above, add up the values. The sum you calculate will be used to determine your fate. The range of sums are to the left of the possible endings.

Results:

- (0-5) Robotic overlords catch you alive and use your brain for its processing power while your remain in stasis
- (6-10) Robotic overlords kill you while attempting to catch you, reanimate your body, and use your brain for processing power
- (11-15) Robotic overlords are unable to reanimate your body due to the extent of mutilation that occurred while they were trying to catch you
- (16-20) Your die during the atom raid of Utopolis

THE DAY NOUNS WERE ASSIGNED MEANINGS



NOT BAD! WHAT'D YOU GET?



I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.



Written
by
Josh
Weinstein

Artwork
by
Susan
Jancso

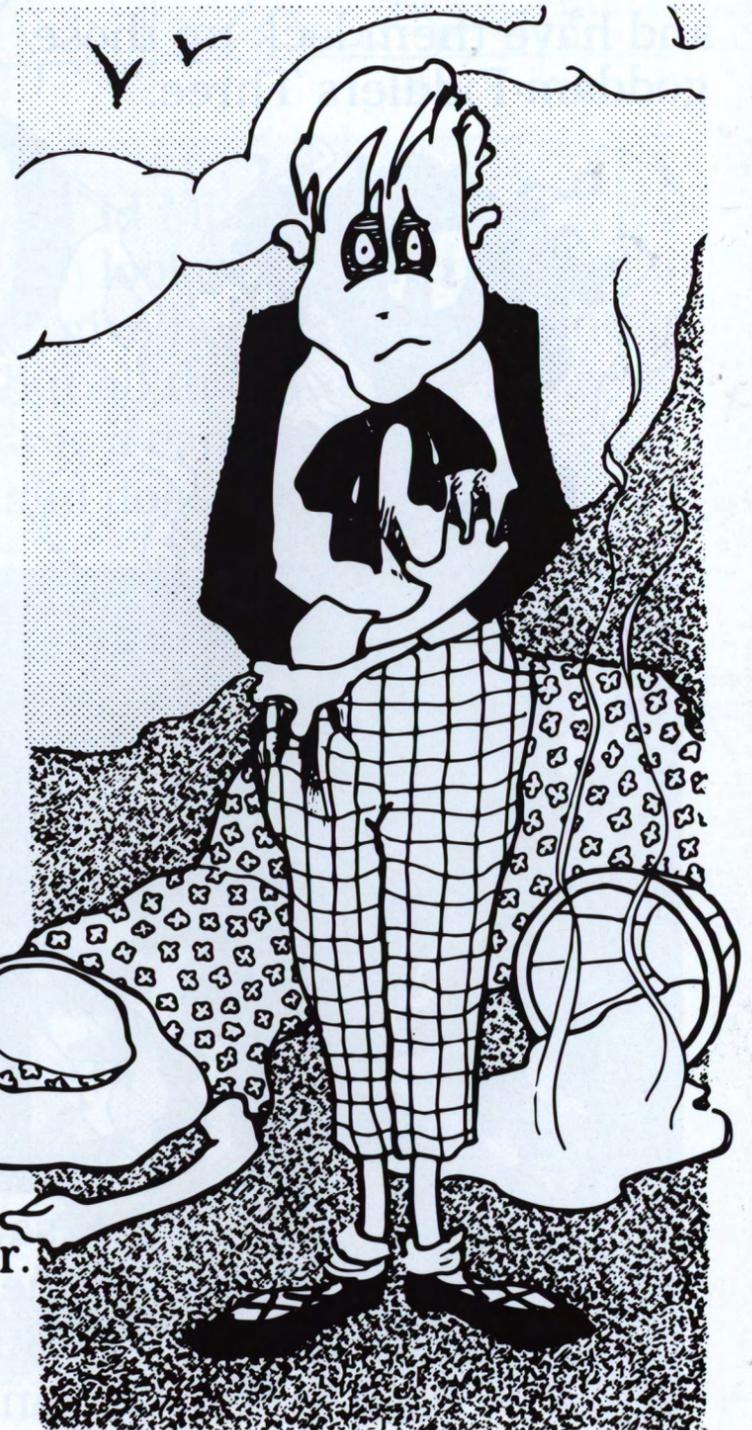
CURSEY RHYMES

from

Motherfucker Goose



Little Jack Horner
sat in the corner
eating his Christmas Pie.
He stuck in his thumb,
which was immediately bitten
off by the small badger who
was hiding in the pie.

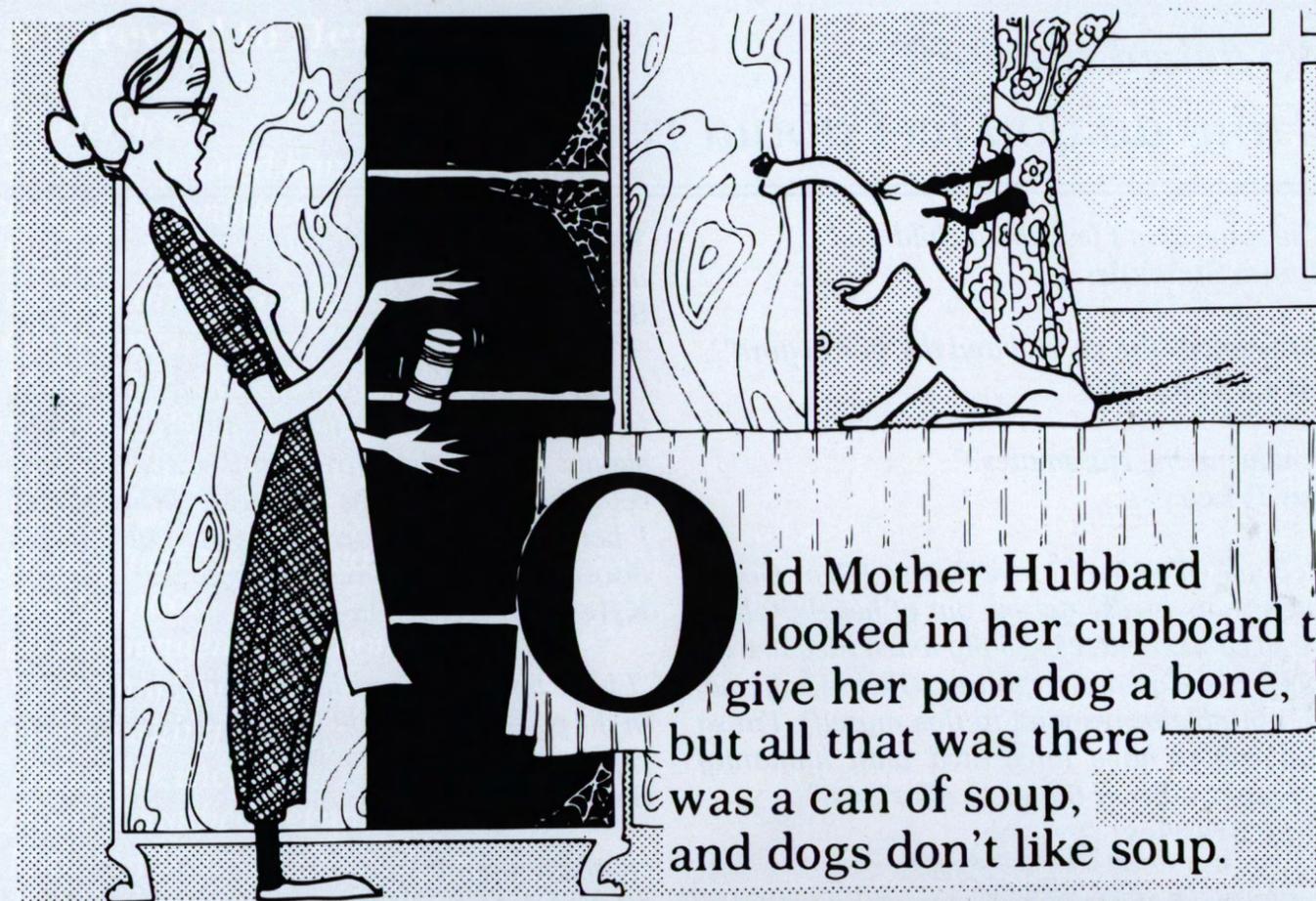


Jack and Jill
went up the hill
to fetch a pail of ether.
The pail was spilled,
and Jill was killed, and Jack
didn't feel too good either.

Old King Cole was a big asshole and a big asshole was he. He said, "It won't be hard to call in the National Guard and have them lock up those goddam Fiddlers Three."

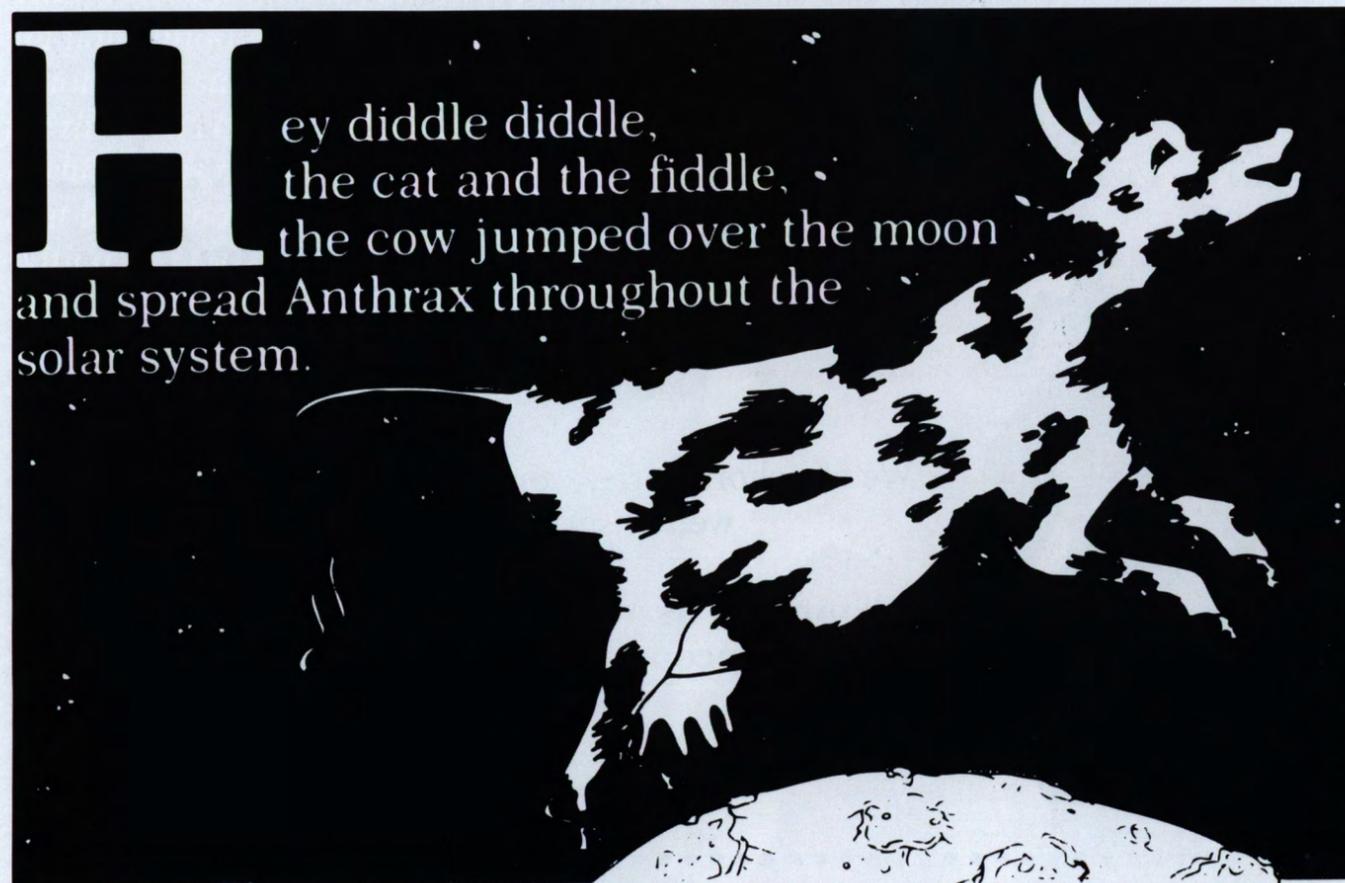


Little Miss Muffet sat in a sensory deprivation tank nearly every day. But the circuits overloaded, and Miss Muffet exploded, and blew her poor mind away.



Old Mother Hubbard looked in her cupboard to give her poor dog a bone, but all that was there was a can of soup, and dogs don't like soup.

Hey diddle diddle,
the cat and the fiddle,
the cow jumped over the moon
and spread Anthrax throughout the
solar system.



We asked the staff, “How do you feel about robots?”

“The same way I feel about children.”
Mason Stricklin

“Where does the ‘ro’ end and the ‘bot’ begin?”
Casidy Elwood

“You mean my classmates?”
Soo Ji Lee

“Robots? Of course! I love robots. (Dear God, I hate robots please get me out of here). Robots are so convenient, especially when they are allowed to automate responses. (Please help me, I’m not able to respond to this myself). I’m so glad robots have integrated with humanity and make difficult things so effortless.”
Ujjay Brawley

“I like to feel their voluptuous and silvery frames. You stroke back and forth mainly about their belly, the most sensitive spot of a robot.”
Sukhi Gulati

“Were those robots designed using metric or imperial units?”
Scott Mutchnik

“Why should we be expected to feel anything for robots if they can’t feel anything back? Why should I wear my heart on my sleeve for those cold, heartless lumps of steel? Why should I bend over backward for you, Patricia-Bot 8000? I’m done playing these games!”
Kyle Van. Rensselaer

“I hear homeless men have been battling them in the park late at night in order to bolster their reputation.”
Samantha Kargilis

“Fomo Arigato!”
Nicholas Hansen

“What’s a robot???”
Tristan Navarro

Want your work published?

Send it to the Chappie:
oldboy@hammercoffin.org

We like short stories, comics, funny pictures, poems, weird lists, funky doodles, etc.

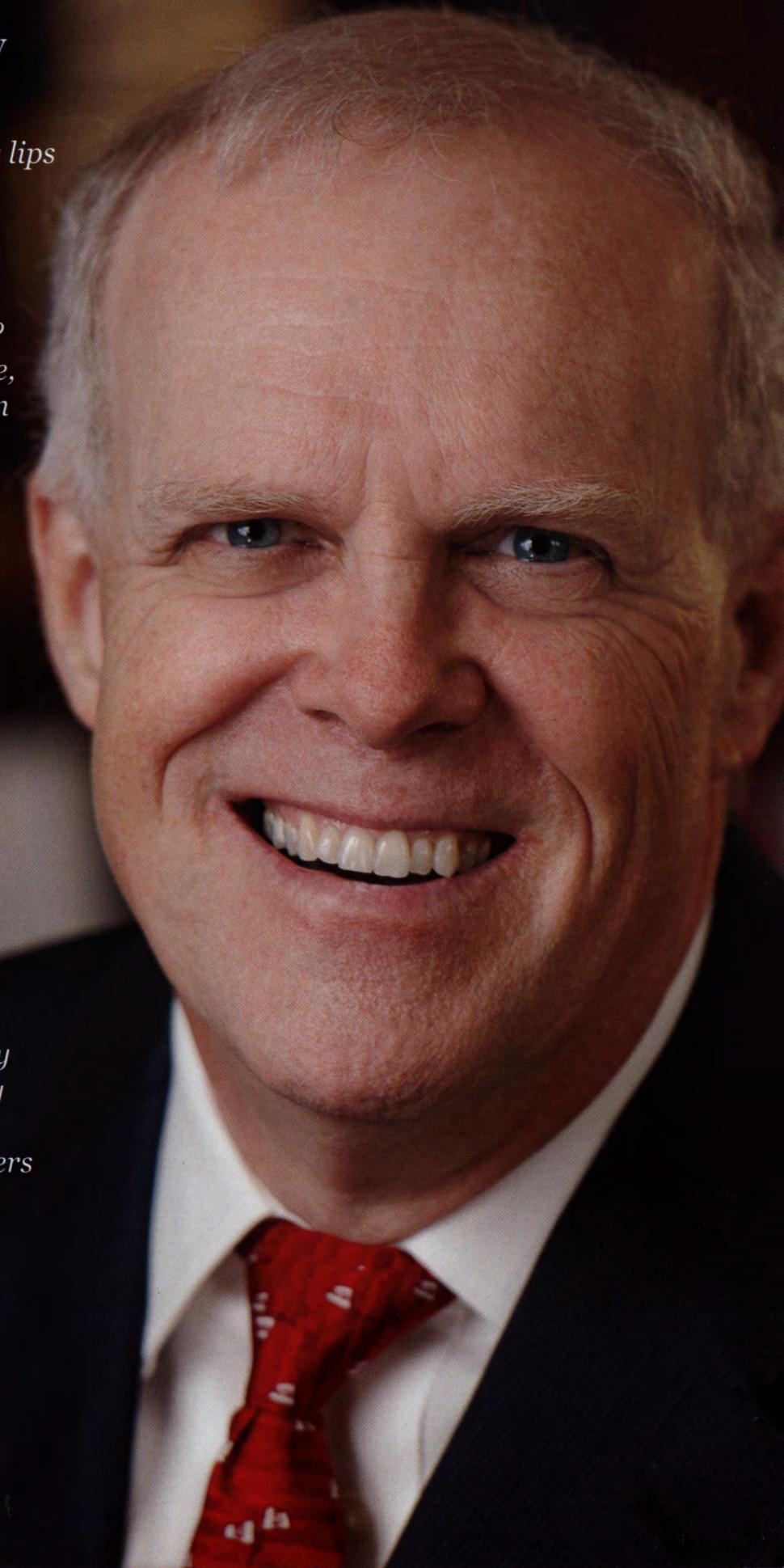
Come join us at our meetings at 8:30 PM on the second floor of the Nitery every Wednesday.

No experience required!



A Farewell to Hennessy

Oh Hennessy,
Your every word hangs on my lips
Lingering longer and sweeter
than the liquor
whose namesake you share
Oh Hennessy,
How can I ever bid you adieu?
How could I go on with my life,
After saying goodbye to a man
Both cis and white
With grace and misjudgment
You manage
an endowment of billions
I can only hope
upon reading this
That your cheeks
blush a candied vermillion
Marc Andreessen dubbed you
“Godfather of Silicon Valley”
Yet your middle name Leroy
is not quite suited
for the tech center of Cali
Perhaps it is this contrast
that leaves you humble
With a smile so coy
That I can’t help but dream
Of what you were like as a boy
Oh Hennessy, sweet Hennessy
In a moment of weakness
You let Marc usurp your powers
But let whoever take office
When it comes
to the President of hearts
You will always be ours



Join The Chappie



Looking for writers, artists, designers, business people, et

No Experience Required

Meetings every Wednesday at 8:30 PM in the Nitery

Email: oldboy@hammercoffin.org