

# WESTERN CIVILIZATION LAID BARE

# THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL

EST. 1899

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE

NSO EDITION

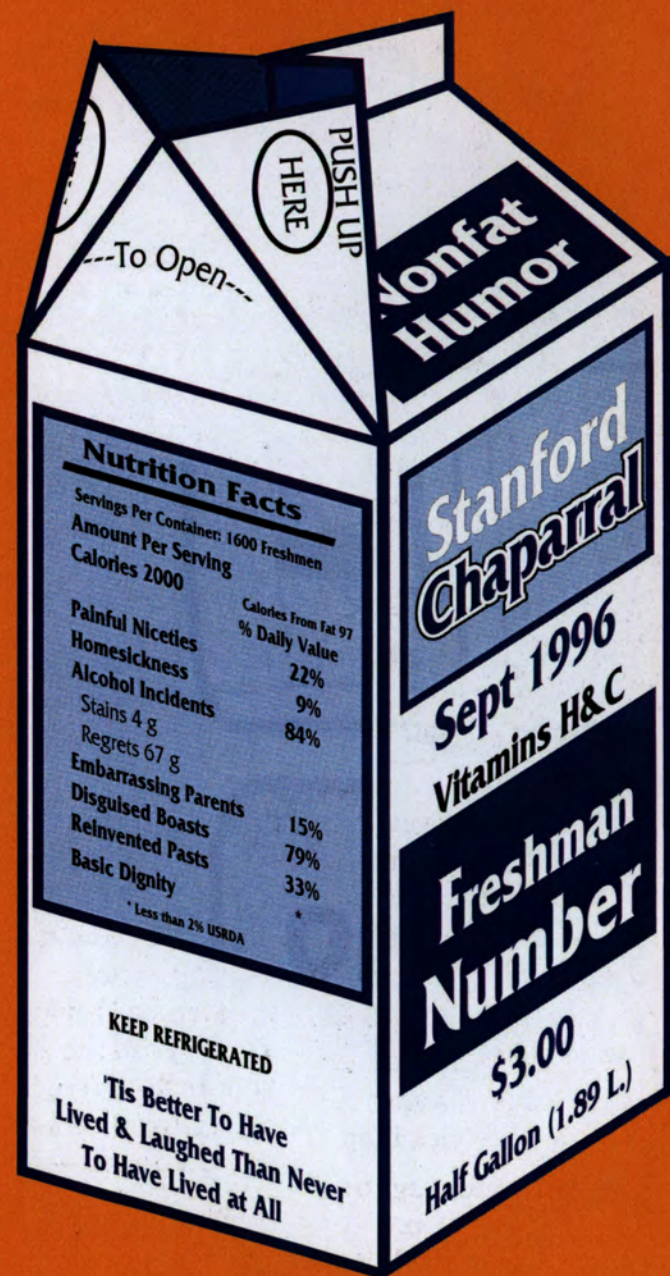
Parodies Inside of...  
Winnie-the-Pooh • Star Trek  
Cardinal Nights • Football Referees  
Young Silicon Valley Entrepreneurs  
...and more



...and its first sea bass







**The Stanford Chaparral**

Vol. CXVIII Sept. 20th, 2016 No. 1

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

**REFLECTIONS**

is the same element that earns its pupils success in life, yet many will deny it, verily actively work against it. Do neither of those things. Chappie, our mascot on the masthead above these words, has been around long enough, and attests that though some may call 'it' insanity, it only looks that way to the uninitiated.

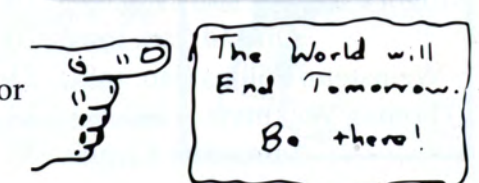
Thirdly: Whatever you do, listen to your advisors. This Old Boy has seen that the unhappiest people at this institution believe that since they were smart enough to get into Stanford, they will be smart enough the get through, and beyond, it. But this is a different ball game. You need all the help you can get. Take care of yourself.



And, welcome to Stanford. There's a lot going on here, so remember to take a deep breath, take care of yourself, and enjoy the ride. I think you're going to like it.

Contact me at [oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu](mailto:oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu)

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a new academic year has dawned upon Stanford University, this Old Boy would like to make a few things clear.

Firstly: Most people immediately ask what the hell this stack of paper is as soon as they pick it up.

This is a "humor magazine." Let's break that down.

"Humor" means that someone finds it funny. Humor can found be anywhere,

and it can be intentional humor, as are the grout puns on the Treehouse bathroom walls, or it can be unfortunate humor, as is the writing in the pages of the Stanford Daily. The Chaparral aims toward the former, and knocks the latter, "independent" publication, for its decided independence — from quality.

Secondly: This magazine is the collective product of the 'it' factor that Stanford induces into its pupils, in its rawest form. This



# Course Reviews

**AMSTUD 106: Spectacular Trials: Sex, Race and Violence in Modern American Culture, and The End of Sex** — Aside from its exploration of race and violence, this course sheds much-needed light on American life: the sex. I first tried sex at the beginning of my freshman year and I knew right then and there what would fill the opening left by Pokémon Go on my top ten list of favorite activities. Damn you, Niantic! So I was thrilled to learn that sex, in addition to being participated in, can also be taken at Stanford! Unfortunately, sex is coming to an end, as explained by Stanford professor Henry Greely in *The End of Sex*. Appreciate sex before it's gone with this course!

**CHEM 33: Structure and Reactivity** — I have to say that after having taken this class, I have a newfound appreciation for latex gloves. My admiration and obsession developed very soon after the beginning of the class: my very first lab found me, a wide-eyed ethanol virgin, being stewed in every organic chemical under

the sun. Acetone, oxone, 2,4-dimethylhex-2-ene — all of these and more were dumped on and around me. All I remember for certain is that I was on the floor, covered in shattered glass and vile fluids. It was likely my own fault, as I find the noxious odor of organic solvents to be alluring, a memory of childhood when I huffed Sharpie pens. Gloves were always there for me, protecting me. I highly recommend Clayton as your lab TA. He never cares when gloves go missing without explanation.

**THINK 44: Belief** — I thought (was led to believe, if you will) that this class would discuss 'belief'. However, we spent a highly disproportionate amount of time discussing how the Medieval Church encouraged a sexual attraction towards the Lord and Savior. Churches now compromise me by my newfound lust for icons! I cannot stop seeing the Sapphic wounds of Christ. On the upside, the professors allowed me to eat 'Eggs Pope Benedict' in every lecture — the only dish that keeps my religious libido at bay. Take this class at your own risk.

## Fables of the Farm

Learning to ride a bike is a common keystone of a person's childhood. Likewise, learning to ride a bike while carrying food can be a keystone of the Stanford student experience. I had a steep learning curve with this process. Early freshman year, I got ahead of myself and decided that I could enjoy a chocolate milkshake from the Axe and Palm while also enjoying a bike ride back to my dorm. That would not be a luxury afforded to me. Foolish me decided that my rear basket would be a safer place for my precious milkshake, as I had not yet mastered the multitasking art of biking with beverages. As I made my way through White Plaza, not ten yards from my starting point at TAP, a stray bump in the pavement sent a shockwave through my rickety old bike and sealed my innocent milkshake's fate. I heard it pop. I sensed it jump away from me. I did not see. I felt wet droplets of dairy gore spray even as far as my forearms. I denied. For a moment I was tempted to keep going,



to save face and leave the corpse behind me. What was done was done. I had to get out of the plaza, had to clean myself up ASAP. However, a helpful but unwanted voice called out bemusedly, "Your milkshake spilled..." One member of a large audience. One of many unwilling mourners at the beverage's funeral. In memoriam of the fallen hero, I walked my food home for months until I finally developed my ability to properly transport innocent milkshakes.

**CHEM31A.** The Lecturer goes over endothermic and exothermic reactions. In order to highlight the thermochemistry of isopropyl alcohols, she poses to the class, "How many of you have ever poured alcohol on yourselves?" In the ensuing silence, people exchange sideways smirks or adopt bemused expressions. She realizes what she has said. She is not interested in knowing what we do with alcohol behind closed doors.



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Daniel Silverman  
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**Special Thanks**  
Hail to the Chief!

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**Printing**  
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# ASSU Whispers by Senator X

I am Senator X. What you are about to read is a full, uncensored account of that is going in in our own ASSU Undergraduate Senate here at Stanford University. Some are scandalous, some bizarre, but all are troubling. The Chaparral has been gracious enough to provide me an anonymous forum to properly inform the community what is really going on inside student government.

## HARD ALC BAN

As you know, the administration has taken the nearly unprecedented step of banning hard liquor from undergraduate residences. Everybody knows that enforcement will be lax this year, and that this is really only intended to make the lives of frosh more difficult and dangerous. What you don't know is that this isn't enough for your Senate. Late this quarter, the Senate will quietly pass a resolution extending the ban to the production, consumption, and discussion of pure ethyl alcohol on campus, period: a loophole in the current policy.

## ADMIN-SENATOR KICKBACKS

Wondering how any of this is possible? Well, being that voter turnout is low in student elections, stuff like this could happen easily. But to ensure consistency of results beneficial to them, the administration provided attractive kickbacks to Senators. Heck, I've taken them. But the difference is, I'm telling you about them, and I have no re-election plans. Without compliance, you will be excluded from the Senate on one bogus technicality or another. Discussing the specific nature of the kickbacks could give me away (they are different for everybody), but I can say they include attractive amounts of cold hard cash as well as significant grade incentives.




## "BYLAWS" ARE A SHAM

If you remember or hear about the "Senator Palpatine" controversy from last year, you can actually see what happens if you refuse the administration's kickbacks. The Elections Commissioner erroneously declared that "Senator Palpatine" (the nickname of a registered student) was not eligible to sit in the Senate due to the "bylaws" despite the fact that he won more than enough votes in the election, and under the actual bylaws it was the Elections Commissioner's fault for not invalidating his petition weeks earlier, making his candidacy in fact valid. This is when I learned that "by-laws" are mere suggestions, and are not binding. There is no procedurally licit way (except through the same Senate) to challenge a complete sham election if the Elections Commissioner pleases to hold one. Palpatine's seat was in fact withheld because he would not be a puppet and accept the kickbacks.

## SQUARE DANCING

A bizarre ritual that I thought I'd add is the ASSU initiation ceremony. Every new member of the ASSU is woken up at 3am during Spring Quarter and is made to square dance blindfolded in Lake Lagunita for exactly 13 minutes. Initiates are then led to offer sacrifices to the spirits of the Stanford Family at the Mausoleum. Afterwards, they receive their kickbacks and are sent back to their bed by 6am, sworn to complete secrecy... until now.

## FMOTQ

Full Moon on the Quad is also on its way out, and there isn't much we can do about it. This was one of the most strict tenets of the loyalty oath: "... and I swear to do my part to slowly abolish the tradition known as Full Moon on the Quad..." I think that speaks for itself. My advice? Don't worry about it, since you can't do anything about it! 





# LIFE AS A STANFORD SEA BASS

In 2015 Stanford accepted its first sea bass, making it the first university to have a sea bass as part of its student body. Check out our interview with the first-generation college sea bass student, transcribed below!

The Chaparral (Chappie): How have you liked your time at The Farm?

Sea Bass (Bass): Stanford is such an incredible place! There is so much food everywhere, and nobody tries to hurt me here.

(Chappie): What's the hardest part of being a sea bass at Stanford?

(Bass): The climate! I'm used to being submerged in cold, dark salt water twenty-four-seven, so having to adjust to land mammal habits has been a bit of a challenge. My eyes hurt most days.

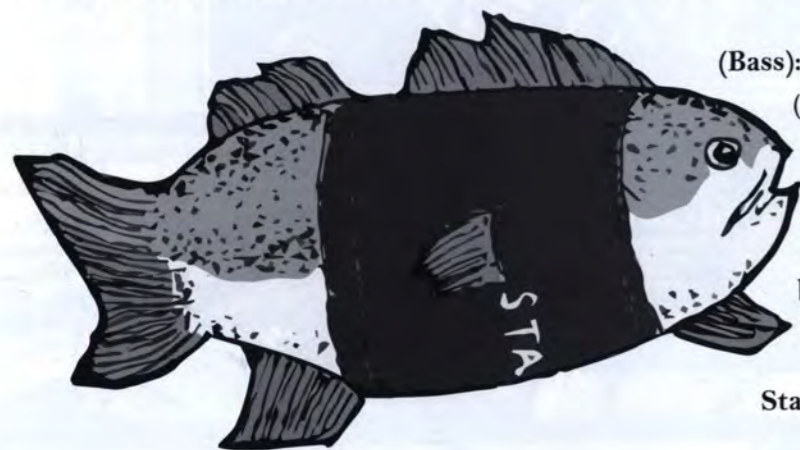
(Chappie): Many Stanford students struggled to find their "niche." Where did you find your niche?

(Bass): There is a dirty sink in Old Chem that I fit nicely into.

(Chappie): 78% of Stanford students have never encountered sea bass before. Are other students accepting your culture?

(Bass): Yes — most people leave me alone!

(Chappie): Stanford students are encouraged to get to know their professors even outside of class by going to office hours. Have you formed a close relationship with any of your professors yet?



(Bass): No!

(Chappie): How could the university improve to help you feel more at home?

(Bass): I'd like a large tank about 24'x24' of salt water and sand instead of my room.

(Chappie): Do you have any advice for future sea basses wanting to attend Stanford?

(Bass): If you come here you will gain a lot of weight and never see your family again! Come to Stanford! ➡

# Nikola Tesla Don't Get No Respect

Nikola Tesla don't get no respect. He invented Alternating Current electricity all by himself. Who is on the thousand-dollar bill? Thomas Edison. Christ. What the hell did Edison ever do? Once, when Nikola Tesla worked for Edison he improved the DC by 25% in two months' time because Edison said he'd pay Tesla fifty thousand dollars: then he didn't. Shit like that was always happening to Tesla.

Tesla was a crazy man. He would always do things in multiples of threes, like walking or chewing. His employers always got bored of his crazy, brilliant ways and shut down his laboratory. Tycho Brahe was crazy too! That didn't stop the King of Denmark from giving him an island called Science Island and dwarves to toss around. Tesla got none of that. He died surrounded by pigeons in a New York Apartment.

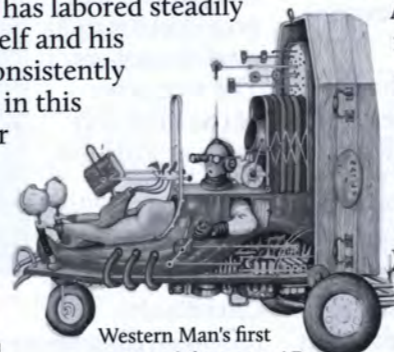
Tesla was a nice guy generally, but that didn't stop him from inventing a death ray, pictured below. Do you know how lucky we are that Tesla used his powers for good and not evil? We are fucking lucky. When Tesla was testing his death ray in 1908 he disintegrated an owl and most of the Tunguska wilderness. "Scientists" today say that Tunguska was destroyed by a comet. They know jack shit. Nikola Tesla was a real scientist. ➡



# Western Civilization

Its history as old as man himself, the modern world has a dramatic heritage unsurpassed by any known planet or star.

The greatest achievement of Western Man has probably been his civilization. That he has attained this advanced state still surprises even the most blasé historians, who, like Heidelberg's Dr. Conrad Papyrus, sometimes wonder "how the darn fool thing ever got started in the first place." Since that glorious day when some heroic subhuman first descended from his arboreal home to seek the greater comfort and security of the cave, man has labored steadily to improve himself and his environment. Consistently leading the pack in this hell-bent race for progress has been Western Man. In some obscure oasis of the Nile Valley mankind originally placed



Western Man's first snowmobile, c. 1435 AD

a quavering foot on the bottom rung of a ladder that would over the years lead him per ardua ad astra. Today, culminating, as it were, the long ascent, The CHAPARRAL scans past and present and stands ready to present the supreme adventure story of all time, the History of Western Civilization.

A breathless runner fell at the feet of the Chieftain of a wandering desert tribe. "Only a few miles further," he gasped in hieroglyphics, "lies a great river and a fertile valley." Thus was announced one of the most significant discoveries in the history of the human animal. Before long a pretentious culture was flourishing up and down the Mother Nile. Someone learned to domesticate the

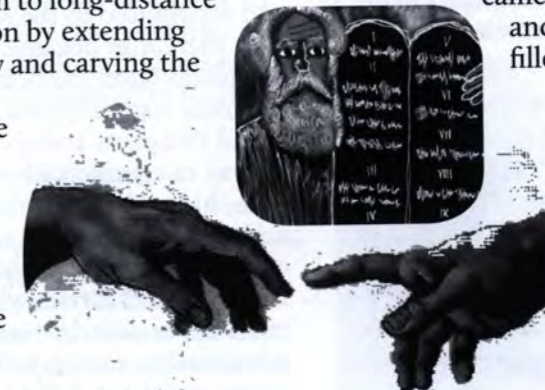
crocodile, and another found that by piling one stone upon another in the proper relationship a pyramid might be produced. Like mankind everywhere, the Egyptians discovered their own consciences and began to express their gratitude to the forces, greater than themselves, that had sustained them thus far.



Later, under the guidance of a wise seer named Ikhnaton, the people turned to the worship of scorpions, water, strange birds, Halley's comet, and each other.

A way was sought by which man might express the new emotion that swelled within his dusky breast. That way was found with the advent of writing. Amon-Ra, a humble mortician in the city of Thebes, constructed a needlelike monument on which he drew pictures illustrating his first-, second-, and third-class funerals. His discovery caught on, and before long the walls of the city and of others near by were covered with symbols and inscriptions of all kinds.

Rosetta, a stonemason, adapted the new system to long-distance communication by extending the vocabulary and carving the "words" on blocks of stone so light that only a dozen men could carry one the length of the river. With the development of writing, Egyptian culture



moved into high gear and was not long in earning the coveted title Civilization.

In the meantime, a rival culture was growing up in the dank swamps of Mesopotamia (later renamed the Fertile Crescent to encourage immigration). These people were known as Sumerians, Navajos, Babylonians, Norwegians, Syrians, or Hittites. Sturdy craftsmen, they contributed to the development of Western Man through clever discoveries like money, the alphabet, purple dye, and yellow fever. In his capital city of Ur, Prince Dungi erected huge and dismal temples dedicated to Death in which the people worshiped pain, fertility, nausea, and the intestines of rodents. Archaeologists, studying the relics of the period, have been led to the conclusion that the Sumerians were entirely two-dimensional. Overcoming their handicap, however, this ancient race proved able warriors and athletes, and often snatched victory from defeat simply by turning sidewise at the appropriate moment.

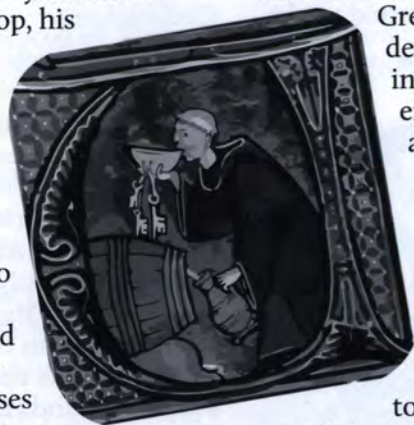


Between the Egyptians and the Mesopotamians there dwelt a poor shepherd folk, the Semites, who singlehandedly changed the course of history. Recently escaped from captivity in the Nile Valley, the Semites, thirsty from their long walk, came upon the Red Sea, and, thinking it to be filled with wine, drank it dry. The first thing they knew they had drunk their way to the other side and were setting out across a trackless wasteland.

Still somewhat under the influence of the see p. 14

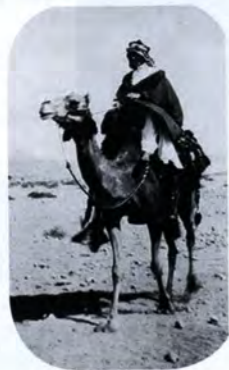


Wine he had drunk, the Semite king, Moses, ascended a lofty mountain called Sinai. At the top, his staff turned into a serpent and introduced him to the owner of the peak, whose name was Jahweh. Jahweh told Moses that he was wrong to drink so much and, in addition, disclosed that there was only one God. When Moses came down from the mountain, he carried with him a set of instructions as to moral conduct that people of all sorts have been trying to obey ever since.



Far to the northward there was activity, as well. In the secluded valleys of mountainous Greece, city states grew up on every hand. These political units were small and usually centered around the local temple or Pericles. The chief men of the town would gather at the Pericles to orate, proscribe each other, and carve statues. Thus the seeds were sown for two great developments, democracy and art. As everyone had his right to speak and throw rocks in the assembly, men were encouraged to think and to develop individual ideas and attitudes.

By the year 756 B.C., personalities had become quite common. The Babylonians however, (still angry at Jahweh for taking away all of their languages) did not believe in this new concept of free expression, and under their ruler, Poor Richard, they undertook the subjugation of Greece. A red lantern was placed in the Hellespont (an ancient Athenian temple) to warn that the Babylonians were arriving by land and sea. Would Western Civilization succumb to this wave of reaction? No! Thanks



to their able leaders, Acropolis and Salamis, the independence-loving Greeks successfully defended their liberties in two memorable engagements, Trafalgar and Stalingrad.

The threat of oppression removed, Hellas (a term for Greece believed derived from Sanskrit profanity) was able once more to turn her talents to peaceful pursuits. Seduction, cooking, mayhem, and slavery flourished, but it was in the study of philosophy that the Greeks really made their mark. In addition to squaring the circle and inventing chess, philosophers discovered that stars were diamonds, that the world was flat, and that sin was bad. The astuteness of the Greeks is apparent when one realizes that many people agree with them even today.

Some of the Greeks, under the able command of the philosopher-poet Aeneas, turned westward and found a new land which they named Italy (Etruscan for Big Foot). Here they established a city, Rome, sold the city by a hungry wolf in return for two fat children. No sooner had they settled down to a quiet life of partisan politics when a neighboring tribe, the Sabines, descended upon them and stole their women. This event created a crisis in the commonwealth.

Thanks to the Gracchi, a pair of enterprising sensation mongers, some new women were imported and distributed to the lucky few, who thereafter became known as Patricians (after Patricia, a favorite feminine name). Those left out were called Plebeians and received cattle by way of compensation. The latter class, however, never fully recovered and always was to feel slightly self-conscious in the presence of the well-adjusted Patricians. The next crisis arose over the commercial competition with a rival city, Carthage. Harsh words eventually led to the Puny Wars, and the

Carthaginian general Hammurabi crossed the Alps on a minotaur. The lighting persisted for many years, until at last Africo Scipionis and Quo Vadis led Rome to a crushing victory.

Having once visited exotic foreign lands, the Roman soldiers could not settle down to a normal existence with kith and kin. The popular demand was for travel, and the Roman Senate acceded to the will of the people by declaring war on everybody. Three days later Rome owned the world. And what a world it was! Never before had a nation thrown happily aside the ephemeral burdens of war, politics, marriage, school, and work with such spontaneous abandon.

For a while it seemed that nothing could take Rome's place. Order, splendor, morality, individualism, all gave way to hopeless confusion. But fortunately the Caesars had provided for their own successors.



The emperors of the finer sort (such as Justinian, Colosseum, and Ben Hur) had espoused the cause of Christianity. This religion, rising above its oriental, mystical, eclectic, and esoteric origins, had gained many converts, principally from the upper, middle, and lower classes. By the time Rome fell (as a result of a particularly violent eruption of the volcano Vesuvius), Christianity was prepared to take over the reins of civilization. Without further ado, Pope, the leader of the Church, set about restoring liberty under law and the family, not to speak of agriculture.

Meeting with an intelligent German Chieftain called Charlemagne (or Soul Shaker), the prelate suggested a new method of systematizing society, which he called the Futile System. Under this plan, Pope and Charlemagne owned all the land and rented various-sized plots ("countries," "duchies," "fiefs," and

"vacant lots") to their better-behaved subjects. It was "futile" for anyone to rebel, because all Pope and Charlemagne would have to do would be to remove price controls and raise the rents. The Futile System showed signs of working very well until Pope and Charlemagne fell to quarreling. Then Genghis Khan, the Last of the Mohicans, came, and, in the Words of Dionysius the pseudo-Areopagite, "There were devils everywhere."



The ensuing skirmishes have usually been called the Crusades, but are sometimes referred to as the War for Jenkins' Ear. Blood flowed for a Century or two, but the wars were finally terminated by a dragon named Joanofark, who won a battle near a place called Gettysburg and shortly thereafter was crowned Holy Roman Emperor. But fortunately politics were only one side of medieval life. The era had its great thinkers, too.

Probably the best known of the philosophers who lived past childhood was Simon Stylites, a man who knew his own mind. His main achievement was announcing that an infinite number of pins could stand on the head of an angel.

Even architecture reflected the preoccupation of Medieval Man with things of a spiritual nature. People moved out of their former dwellings, mainly pyramids, and into a newer type of structure, the cathedral. The cathedral was like a pyramid with windows.

The Middle Ages never ended. They exploded into an era of cultural splendor never to be equaled in the experience of man. Named the Renaissance (from the Italian word for macaroni), this glorious period was the heartthrob of all humanity. Art, invented long before by the Greeks, was again popular. But for Renaissance Man, memories of a bygone classical world were not enough. New arts sprang up like toadstools. Painting, sculpture, murder, politics, love, music, and

a score of others arose to reflect the aesthetic character of Homo Sapiens (Mesopotamian slang for "man"). A human being had to excel to be satisfied. Everyone of any consequence was an accomplished soldier, sculptor, assassin, author, cathedral, and architect.

Bored with old tongues like Greek and Latin, reform-minded men created new languages in which to express their passion for life. Thus English, Italian, Sanskrit, Basque, and Fludge were born, and with them great national literatures. Beowulf, the Magna Carta, Crash Gazette, Pride and Prejudice, and Candide were all products of the literary revival.

The reformers, however, disagreed on what way of life would be most uncomfortable, and they soon fell out. Disunity thus brought quick demise to the Reformation, an extremely dull period. Much good, though, had been accomplished. Christopher Columbus, fleeing life's problems, discovered the end of the world, proving that Greeks right: there was no escape.

Spinning Jenny, a popular dancer of the time, fired the opening shot in the Industrial Revolution when she crossed the Delaware in the dead of winter and invented the machine. Jenny's first movement was felt around the world; men of affairs could no longer afford to be checked by social restraints and clasped the new creed of laissez-faire eagerly to their bosoms. The tempo of life sped up in the newly minted "Machine Age," and men scrambled to hold their own.

A dreary little mechanic in an English sweatshop, named Chicken Little, invented the egg. Modern biology had become a reality. Another Machine Age seer, the immortal Charles Darwin, caught the spirit of the day in his famous expression, "Damn the people; full speed ahead." Western Man, exultant in his new-found

freedom of expression and in the technical progress of the last century, couldn't bear to see his dream confined within the narrow bounds of Europe. Altruistic to the core, he had to spread it abroad, to share it with those beknighted cultures less competitive than his own.

This new expansionist policy was called imperialism. Soon, World War I broke out, and every major nation claimed somebody else's territory. Rivalry for the choice areas of Kansas, Poland, and Antarctica convulsed the world in desperate warfare. All in all, humanity lost more than it gained.

If World War I was bad, World War II was worse, and people began to suspect that something was the matter. Then at last mankind found the solution for which it had searched so long. Philosopherring Franklin D. Roosevelt suggested a compromise between the confusion of the nineteenth century and the order of the Egyptians.



Why not have an eclectic government incorporating everything in Western Civilization? That was it! So in 1933 the United States of America was established to give this dream reality. The great experiment eventually succeeded, and a new creed of pragmatic idealism was released upon an unsuspecting world.

We of the twentieth century must stand ever alert. Something is always around the corner lurking to impede freedom of contract, honest gain, and the liberation of the spirit. History proves this.

The tale, as old as mankind itself, has a moral as real today as in the days of the dinosaur and the Flying Dutchman. Plodding Western Man has reached the top of the lofty ladder which he so timidly began to climb, long, long ago. Whether he slips or not will depend on his ability to learn from history. *Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres.*



# How I Defeated the Soviet Union

What the Stanford History Department doesn't want you to hear.

THE AXON HAD BEEN WORKING FINE for two days now, but the connection was weakening by the minute. I got a page on my blazing new Nokia Cityman 190 mobile phone and rushed back to the lab. I thought "Just give up already Marc, you can't save it this time." On this axon, raised from DNA that I had written myself from scratch, rested my entire remaining reputation in the scientific community. It had

started to fade when I was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease, and I was racing against the clock to reverse the damage. If only I could right the wrong my own axons had made, and inject my brain with the cure, I could do anything. This is the story of Marc Tessier-Lavigne, a story of the only man to recover from Alzheimer's disease and ascend to the Presidency of Stanford University.

When I was just four years old, my parents knew I had a knack for medicine. Although my first word was 'mom', my first sentence was ὄμνυμι Ἀπόλλωνα ἰητρὸν καὶ Ἀσκληπιὸν καὶ Ὑγίαν καὶ Πανάκειαν καὶ θεοὺς πάντας τε καὶ πᾶσας, ἵστορας ποιούμενος, ἐπιτελέα ποιήσῃν κατὰ δύναμιν καὶ κρίσιν ἐμὴν ὄρκον τόνδε καὶ σὺ γγραφῆν τήνδε (Canadian English: I swear by Apwollo The Healer, by Asclepius, by Hygieia, by Panacea, and by all the Gods and Goddesses, making them my witnesses, that I will carry out, according to my ability and judgment, this oath and this indenture), the beginning of the Hippocratic Oath, faithfully repeated in the original Greek. Whenever I saw others get hurt on the playground, I would give them first aid right then and there, no matter that it was the school bully or that I didn't have a first aid kit. I have always been incredibly compassionate

and have had a knack for making do with what I had. By seven years old I was granted five patents for the all natural products I fashioned from the plants and materials native to the playground.

These remedies were so successful that Johnson & Johnson and Band-Aid became afraid that their entire business models would cease to exist, and decided to run the first, but not the last, smear campaign against the then seven-year-old Marc, claiming my methods were unsanitary, unsafe, even barbaric. Almost never have claims further from the truth been peddled successfully to the Canadian People. But I persevered, forgiving and forgetting, sure my next discovery would revolutionize the world. I was right.

Back at my 1991 lab in the declining Soviet Union, where I had been exiled from my native Canada for botching my keynote address to the American Congress of Medicine due to my very early onset Alzheimer's disease, I left the room when the axon I had been working on for so long seemed to die. I was ready to give up all hope. As I rushed back, I saw what I had been waiting to see for a year and seven months: the axon had sprung back to life, stabilized, and was ready for injection into me brain! Rushing to get the injector, I knocked over a few other shelved experiments I had put on hold, but that didn't matter to me. All I could think of was what that successful axon injection would do for me. "I will have a life again -- merry x-mas, Marc" I wrote in me journal in the wee hours of Christmas Day, December 25, 1991.

Little did I know that Mikhail Gorbachev was walking right below my lab on that snowy evening when I knocked over an experimental mind-altering substance I had been developing. The serum was intended to reverse the proliferation of embryonic growth cones in order to facilitate the growth of new netrins and slits. Although the project was never realized, Gorbachev inadvertently ended up being my first and only test subject. Within a night, his mammalian nervous system had been overridden, and Gorbachev began contemplating the unthinkable: the dissolution of the Soviet Union; the serum also caused the Italy-shaped scar on his forehead.

By the next morning, that serum was in full effect, and Gorbachev's netrins and slits were up 2000%, according to Soviet medical records recently released by Wikileaks,

against American expatriate hacker and Geek Squad\* founder Edward Snowden's wishes. The unpredictable effect of this rapid increase caused a lapse in judgment that saw Mikhail Gorbachev go live on television that same Christmas morning, and instead of his usual anti-Christmas screed which every faithful Soviet eagerly anticipated all year, he gave a mournful speech in which he unilaterally declared the flourishing Union of Soviet Socialist Republics dissolved with the famous words: Боже, Царя храни! (Canadian English: Long Live the Tzar!)

I immediately petitioned my home country Canada to release me from exile, and confident that it would be granted, got on the first flight to Vancouver. However, my request got caught up in the Canadian health care bureaucracy, due to the post office misreading a 6 as a 0 in the address and my letter being sent to the Santé Canada offices instead of the *Ministre des Affaires étrangères* office, where my petition would have been received warmly. Because the offices were on the west coast of Canada, the bureaucrats in the health office mailroom did not speak French (in which language I wrote the petition as well as the address in); thus, they did not know where to forward the petition. This resulted in an overworked customs officer sending me "out on the first plane outta here, to some god-forsaken country, darn commie immigrant."

The officer would have made good on his promise, except that while my plane was en route to that god-forsaken country, the San Francisco City Council unilaterally seceded from the California and the USA (a move that to locals was not entirely unexpected), and declared themselves subject to the authority of Canada. Just as the plane landed, San Francisco had formally been accepted as a Canadian city in the province of British Columbia. Being that it was assumed that no customs would be required (as this was immediately considered a domestic flight), all passengers were let off, free to roam the lands of San Francisco.

What was I to do though? With just a suitcase and only 750 rubles in my pocket, I trudged along all the way to Haight St. from SFO for a well-deserved meal. Luckily, the establishment I happened upon was owned by a Berkeley grad, and for 125 rubles my new comrade gave me dinner

and a place to stay for the night. The next morning, I was awoken by the President of UC San Francisco, who had been informed of my arrival by pager through his 'sources.' He was waiting for this moment all his life.

"Marc, I want you to become Assistant Professor of Anatomy at the University of California at San Francisco, with the possibility of tenure by 1995" was all the president could say. I was out



© 25 Dec. 1991, searlescholars.net

Here I am getting ready to inject my netrin-stimulating miracle axon into my brain on Dec. 25, 1991. The broken window through which my Soviet-Union-ending serum broke through is barely visible on the right.

**My playground first-aid remedies were so successful that Johnson & Johnson and Band-Aid became afraid that their entire business models would cease to exist. They decided to run the first, but not the last, smear campaign against me when I was just seven-years-old.**

of options, so I accepted on the spot. The president recorded video of my first lecture right then. By the end of the day, LaserDisc copies of the instantly popular lecture were circulating throughout the newly Canadian city. Canadian officials soon caught onto my unauthorized presence in Canada, but since Canadian immigration law forbids the deportation of academics for any reason whatsoever, they were powerless to expel me. The mixup was soon cleared up when I correctly re-submitted my paperwork.

The rest of the story is best told through my resume, available by pointing your browser to [bit.ly/MTL\\_Resume](http://bit.ly/MTL_Resume). After just this, it is easy to see why my rise to the Presidency of Stanford University was inevitable. Stanford only has room for the best; Stanford only has room for people like me. Hail to the Chief! 🇺🇸



Former General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, Mikhail Gorbachev massaging the scar I caused in 1991.





"What are you listening to, Steven?"



"These aren't headphones, they presurize my ears so my brain doesn't explode."



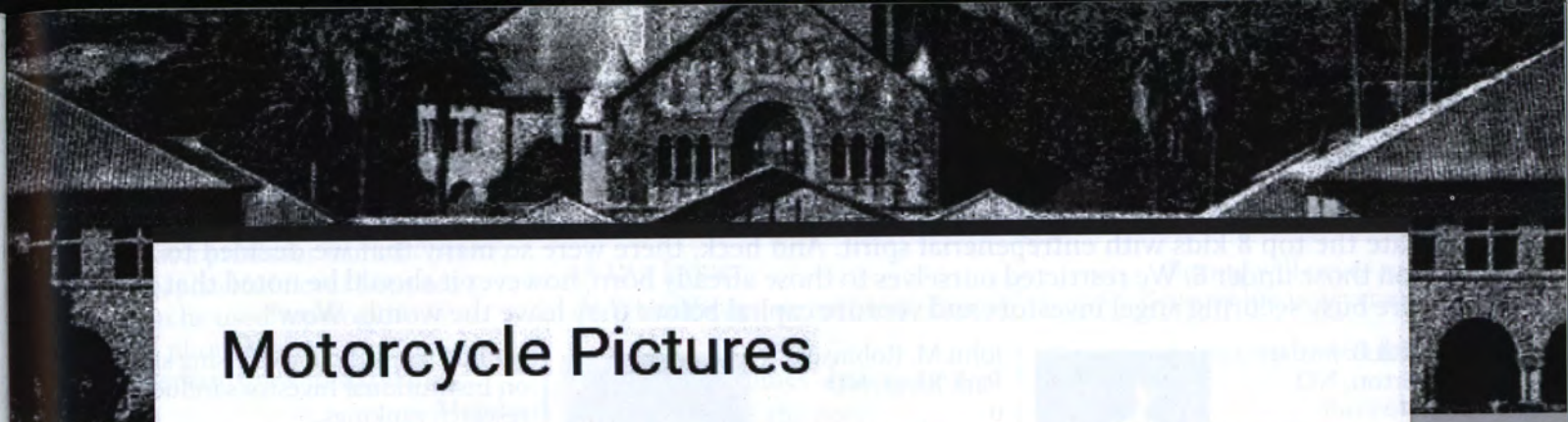
"I'm listening to Green Day"

# TIM KAINE SUGAR

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We get it. You want to put a smile on the face of your "sugar-daddies" without turning away skeptics. Next time you would otherwise reach for regular cane sugar, sprinkle a neo-liberal dose of Tim Kaine Sugar into your coffee and watch the magic happen. You'll win accolades from your friends in Lower Manhattan. No one else will care that it's just Splenda™ laced with epsom salts; they'll just drink the damn coffee anyway. Need we remind you that the coffee's just asbestos with beige food coloring; you certainly wouldn't want it to be outshined. If you don't like it, we'll just sue you under the ISDS provision of TPP. As far as we're concerned, you haven't felt the burn until you've got a rabid pack of corporate lawyers vested with judicial powers on your ass. We guarantee you: you'll change your position tomorrow. **Tim Kaine Sugar.** Let us ram it down your throat.



## Motorcycle Pictures

Please complete this form by submitting FIVE motorcycle photographs, one in each space below. These will be used by Residential Education, your academic advisors, and the dean of freshmen and transfer students. The photos should be recent, head and shoulder motorcycle shots. Color or black and white is fine. Graduation and passport photos are great as long as they are motorcycle pictures. **MANDATORY FOR ALL STUDENTS. FOR OFFICIAL STANFORD USE ONLY**

Photo 1



Photo 2



Photo 3



Photo 4



Photo 5



I only had 4 of these pictures left. But I swear to GOD I'm sitting on a motorcycle in this one.

SUBMIT

Please submit your password through Google Forms.



# 8 Entrepreneurs under 8

A new wave of young entrepreneurship has hit Silicon Valley, so Beeswax Insider has decided to find and rate the top 8 kids with entrepreneurial spirit. And heck, there were so many that we decided to focus only on those under 8. We restricted ourselves to those already born, however it should be noted that some kids are busy securing angel investors and venture capital before they leave the womb. Wow!

Kenneth B. Jordan  
Wolverton, ND



7  
Investment research analyst, Wells Fargo Private Bank  
Youngest member of Wells Fargo Private Bank investment team, which decides the allocation for \$170 billion in managed assets.  
Solely responsible for building capital market assumptions, forming the foundation of recommendations for virtually every client account.

John M. Robinson  
Park River, ND



6  
Founder, Estimote  
Founded company becoming popular on Wall Street by essentially crowdsourcing estimates for key data points on financial earnings releases. In an attempt to achieve greater precision, Estimote gathers information from independent, buy-side and sell-side analysts, together with those of private investors.

get him singled out as a "rising star" on Institutional Investor's influential research rankings.

Everett M. Schwartz  
Honolulu, HI



6  
Founder, Georgian Co-Investment Fund  
Runs a \$6 billion private equity fund in Georgia that amounts to about 40% of the country's GDP. Backed by Georgia's own billionaire prime minister, who invested the initial \$1 billion, creating some controversy around its investments in the Georgian economy. UAE's Abu Dhabi Group and China's Milestone International are among other big investors.

Eddie R. Terrell  
Norwich, CT



3  
Founder, Khrom Capital Management  
Value investor backed by a major university endowment. College dropout has posted some good returns while keeping a big chunk of his portfolio in cash. He manages some \$40 million at the hedge fund he founded when he was 3 months old in 2008.

Jamie C. Hubbard  
Anchorage, AK



3  
Cofounder, Coinbase  
As Bitcoin gradually becomes a mainstream phenomenon soon after his birth, Hubbard makes Coinbase to make it easy to use. The former Goldman Sachs currency trader is attempting to build "the PayPal for Bitcoin"; Coinbase is trying to make cryptocurrency accessible to the everyday consumer and merchant. Has raised \$30 million from high profile VCs like Andreessen Horowitz, making it the top-funded Bitcoin start-up.

Wayne K. Probst  
San Jose, CA



2  
Just over a year after receiving his undergrad computer science degree from Stanford, Probst is running one of the most hyped and controversial startups in the nation, Venmo, seeking to disrupt the way financial transactions are done—with a digital wallet used on mobile phones. He has shocked Silicon Valley with his ability to raise \$30 million before his third birthday.

Sylvia M. Reynolds  
Englewood, NJ

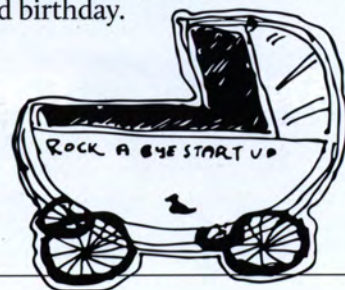


7  
Managing director, Hedgeye Risk Management  
Has recently managed to spark the ire of two billionaires with high-profile, negative calls on two major stocks. Following her recommendation to short Kinder Morgan, CEO Richard Kinder held a conference call to dispute. Her comments on Linn Energy helped provoke hedge fund manager Leon Cooperman, a major shareholder of the MLP.

Carl L. Stone  
Haledon, NJ



5  
Research director, U.S. Capital Advisors  
Heads oil & gas exploration and development research at boutique Texas financial firm. Big calls on companies like Pioneer Natural Resources helped



Q. What do you call a stolen Tesla?  
A. An Edison.

-Crispy

There was a professor named Greene,  
Whose papers had never been seen.  
But when he used topology,  
To study phonology,  
His readership grew to sixteen.

-Mutchnik



## FULL IN A MEASURE

'In spite of everything, some of the graduates of the Chemistry Department will keep half full.'

# Tidbits

A LAB LYRIC.

"A White Precipitate is Thrown Down."

Where acrid fumes abiding have,  
And H<sub>2</sub>S assails the nose,  
In pungent, smokey bitterness  
The Lab fiend's song of love arose.

"My Love," he tore his raven locks  
And subsequently tore 'em,  
"Curses upon her ferrum deeds  
And promises of aurum

My love, whose smiles are now bestowed  
On a Law student with a grin,  
Failing in qualitative test  
To verify my claim to tin.

My love said I'm precipitate,  
Hasty to speak, and with a frown  
Her argent laughter much belied  
Precipitately threw me down  
-White

"BEAUTY IS LIFE"  
scrawled by a drunk freshman

Beauty is life  
Like a grass forever green  
A forest, forever lively

Beauty will never run dry  
Because life is never ending

For I am the beauty in which I seek

Rays of light  
Infinity unbounded  
Life shall never cease  
I shall stream,  
Unending,  
Until the impenetrable  
Shall cease me

I,  
Forever  
Untainted  
Shall conquer any essence  
Infinite or unstoppable  
Fuck you,  
Which I am.  
Immortal  
Unstoppable  
I shall die.

A FALLACY.  
They say 'tis love that makes the world  
Go round -- but that same sphere  
Goes wobbling all about me if  
I drink a little beer.

# HAPPY HOUR

to the tune of 'my country 'tis of thee'

Andante

Trad.

Eve - ry hour's hap - py hour, if you've got booze in hand, and beer on  
tap! Wait un - til you see how much li - quor we Bought just for this one night,  
'Cause you'll nev - er see a - gain: I - it's Li - ster - ine!







# WINNIE-THE-SHIT

## a story from the hovel at shit corner IN WHICH PIGLET GETS A HANGOVER



Gosh Winnie, do you think I should have a twelfth beer?" asked Piglet eleventh beerilly.

"Why certainly, you mush-headed little Porker," commented Winnie in an ever so slightly obnoxious-As-Hell tone, "Because if you don't, you can never have a thirteenth beer." Piglet was comforted by this which was something he had, by himself, not thought of.



are Under Age. And, besides, I am a Greedy Shit."

Christopher Robin dejectedly and secretly wished that Winnie would someday devour a jar full of monstrously fatal cyanide-laced Honey, as people who knew Winnie often did.

Quite suddenly and therefore most unexpectedly, a Thought, a strange Funny Thought, came quite quickly into Winnie's woozy head that sat upon his slumped Bear Shoulders which were connected to his frowzy and patchy Bear Belly that was oh-so-very big and kept Winnie from seeing his own

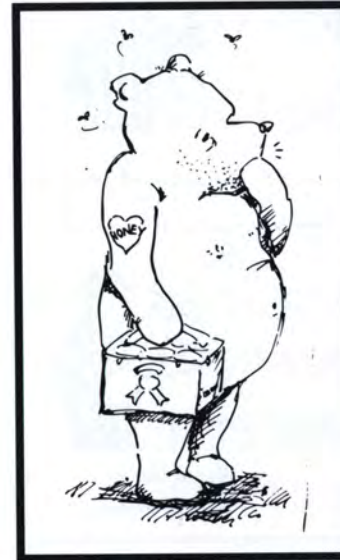
Winnie-the-shit feet even while sitting upon his oh-so-very big Bear Behind. The Thought, following this line of reasoning (and what better line to follow for a thought if you think about it...) emerged, quite unexpectedly and in a most unexpected manner, from Winnie. Christopher Robin immediately wrinkled his nose, closed his eyes, and began to breathe through his little pre-pubescent mouth. Piglet, still quite eleventh beerilly, said, "Who farted?"

"I," said Winnie. This was much to the surprise of all who had never known their Dacron-polyfill Buddy to admit to anything before, but this illusory confession was not to be. Winnie continued, "I have a Hum, a real Hundinger of a Hum!" and before CR



could hear his mother calling his name or Piglet hear Mother Nature calling his, Winnie began;

There once was a Shit-Bear named Winnie, (tiddly-boom)  
Whose friends were a boy and a piggy, (fiddly-boom)  
Their pants he'd undo,  
And both he would screw,  
If they weren't so squat and so skinny. (tiddly-boom)



And so as Christopher Robin joined the tiny hand-drawn figures on the stump, and as he quietly hoped hopefully for a keg of apple juice, Piglet and Winnie drank their thirteenth beer. And their fourteenth. And their fifteenth. And their sixteenth. And their twenty seven eleventeenth.

And Piglet passed out. And Winnie took the twelve dollars out of Piglet's little Pig Pocket that Piglet had been planning to do nothing particular with except perhaps place in his little pig pocket.

"You shouldn't do that," said Christopher Robin thoughtfully as all good little boys addressing pick pocket bears should do.

"And you shouldn't be such a nosy asshole," interjected Winnie as he brusquely yet kindly clomped Christopher Robin on the head with his grossly matted honey-sopped hand-drawn bear paws.

When Piglet awoke the next day on the stump on which Winnie had left him seemingly to die, he awoke with such a boar sized throbbing in his Little Pig Brain that he wished he hadn't awoken.

"Gosh, I have such a boar-sized throbbing in my Little Pig Brain that I wish I hadn't awoken," said Piglet redundantly.

"So do I," said Winnie as he clambered bearilly down from the Honey Tree, where he had just killed

ten thousand BEEZ-BEEZING Bees just to get their honey.

"But here, take this," said Winnie as he handed Piglet a jar that Piglet thought was filled with tasty honey tree honey in which Winnie had actually trapped the remaining one hundred very angry BEEZ-BEEZING Bees. "It will help your hangover."

And so Piglet opened the jar. And the remaining one hundred very angry BEEZ-BEEZING Bees stung Piglet all over his extremely stingable pig body. And Winnie laughed. And Piglet thought, "Whatta shit." before he passed out again as all little pigs who have had too much to drink and are subsequently stung by one hundred very angry BEEZ-BEEZING Bees so often do.





# CODE OF OFFICIALS SIGNALS



Illegal Use of Firearms



Lack of Right Guard (offensive)



Egyptian Dancer on Field



Game being televised in official's hometown



Trojan Band entering field



Green alert: Windmills providing power for today's game



Official timeout: Old Spice Commercial



Official Timeout: dandruff shampoo commercial



Official requests umbrellas for players



Illegal use of helmets



No! Your goal is that way!



Reversal of Previous Call ("Honest Mr. King. I didn't mean it!")



Official finds USC player's Rolex on field



Official rooting for home team



Illegal Use of martial arts



Official acknowledgment of Cal coach



Offsides.



Illegal misdirection play



Official Timeout: airplane on field



Official desires sustenance



Insufficient compensation to guarantee home team win.



Corpse on field



Glass half empty



Illegal Use of pyramid power of sharpen razorblades



Official offering each QB homemade edibles



Illegal Use of Mosquitos



Referee gives up smoking



Illegal pleasure experience in huddle



Official Command: Sit! Stay!



Official flagging down his Uber ride

[cardinalonenights] Your Lonely Night Tomorrow!



CardinalAloneNights <cardinalonenights@stanford.edu>  
to cardinalonenights

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Location: Your empty dorm room, mostly (+briefly the bar at which you order a high life 40 using only quarters)

**Print this ticket out!**



**Then again, don't. You're the only one who'll see it anyway.**

\*\*\*NO TRANSPORTATION IS NECESSARY;  
MUST FIND OWN FRIENDS IF YOU'D LIKE  
TO COMFORTABLY GO OUT TO THAT FRAT PARTY\*\*\*

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