

# THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL

EST. 1899

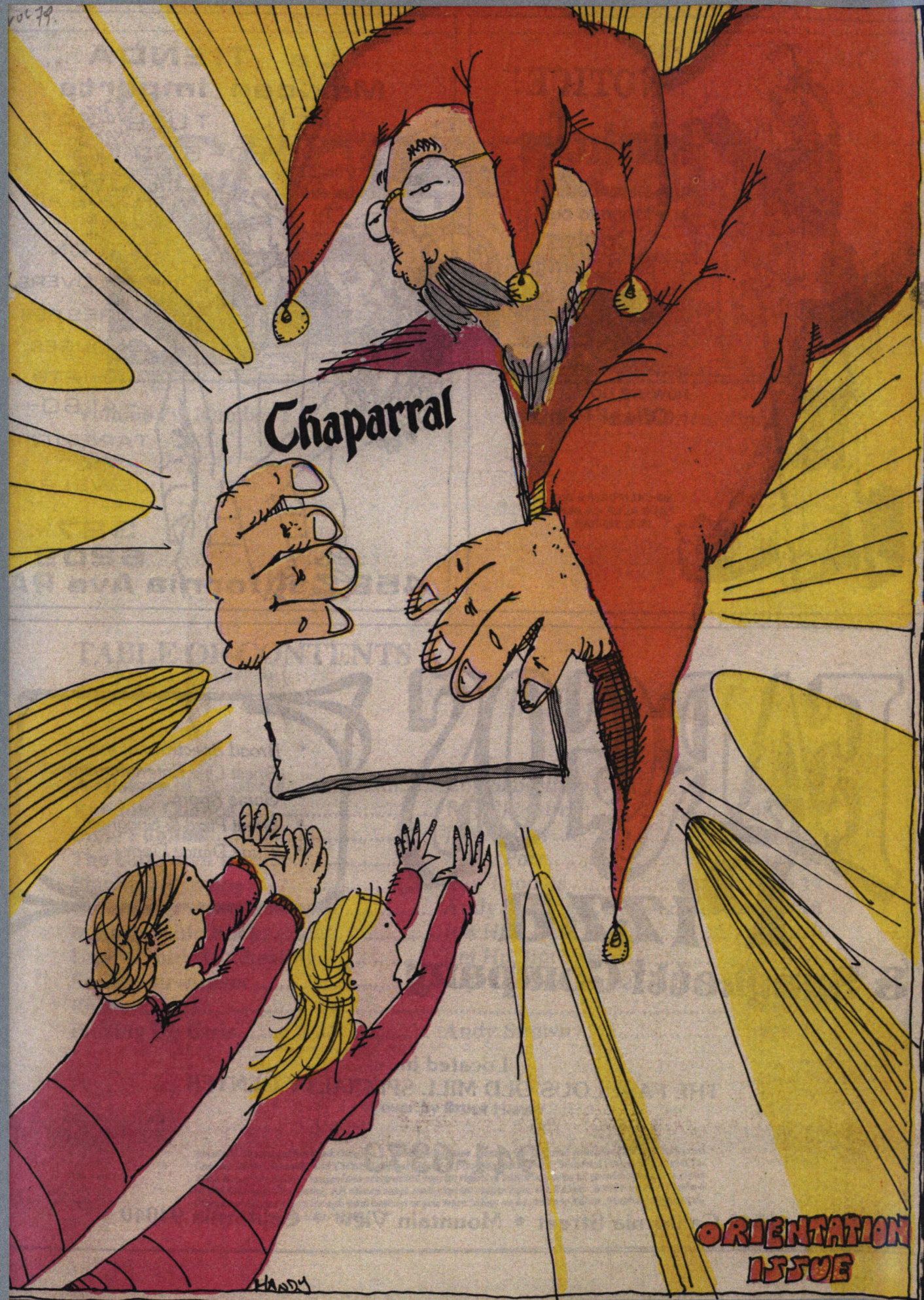
*LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT* P. 7

*9 TIPS ON BEING YOUR BEST SELF* P. 18

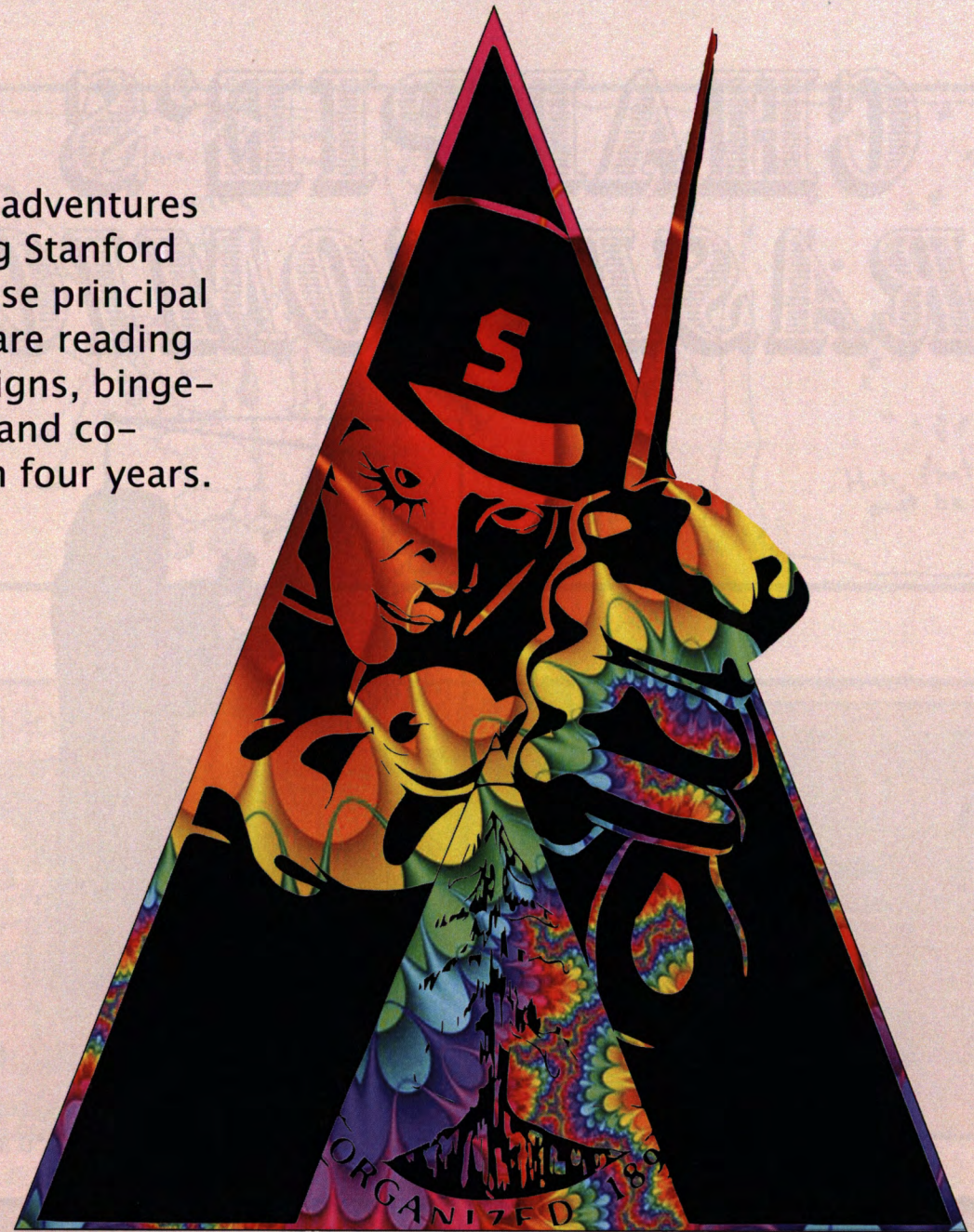
*DISNEY EDM ALBUM REVIEW* P. 22

**FREE!**

**THE HUMOR MAGAZINE**



Being the adventures of a young Stanford frosh whose principal interests are reading consent signs, binge-drinking, and co-termining in four years.

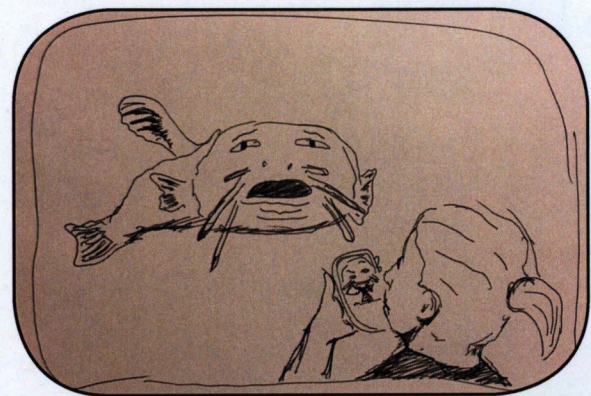


# CLOCKWORK CARDINAL

**Now Showing at Stanford Theater!**

A Stanford Chaparral Parody Production. "A CLOCKWORK CARDINAL" Starring Lonely, Confused Frosh • Creepy Grad Student • Dirty Rusher • Tour Guide • Daily Staffer (headless) • Techie • Fuzzie • Furry • Dance Marathon Rep • Ear-Cutting Prof • CS 106A TA • Produced and Directed by The Stanford Fund • Special Thanks to Wine & Cheese and Wolfram Alpha • Based on the Novel by Bristow Adams • Produced and Directed by the Hammer and Coffin Society • The Chaparral takes no responsibility for actual injury caused by movie.

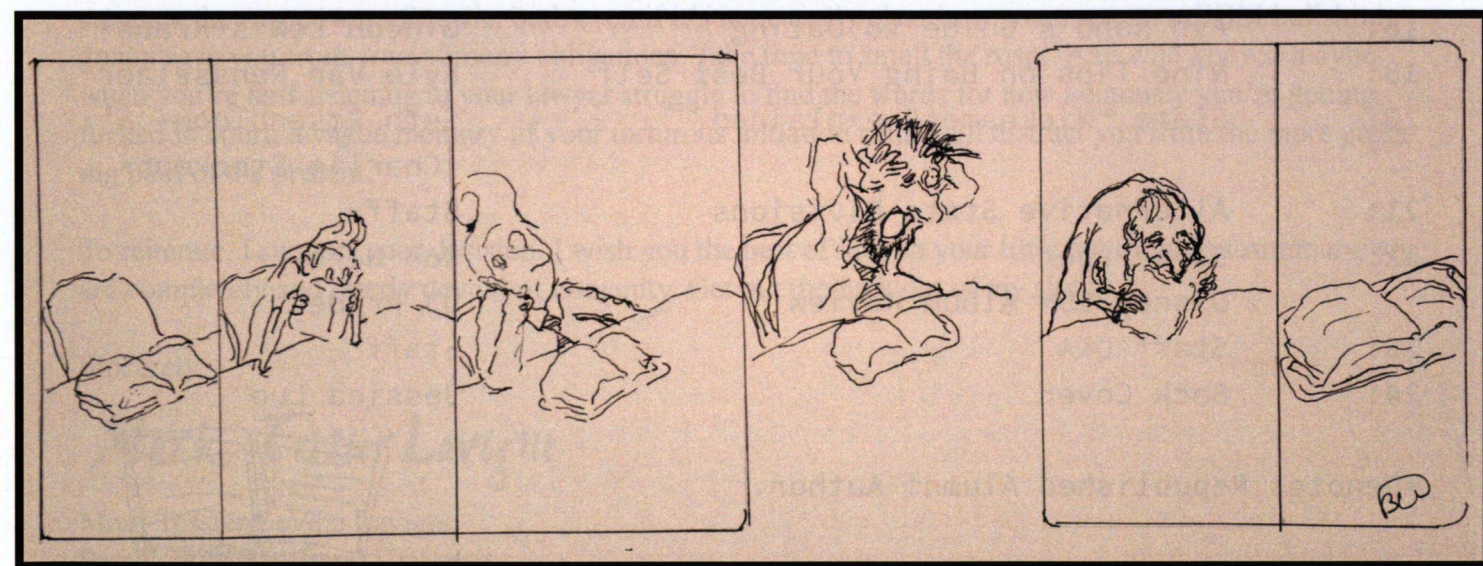
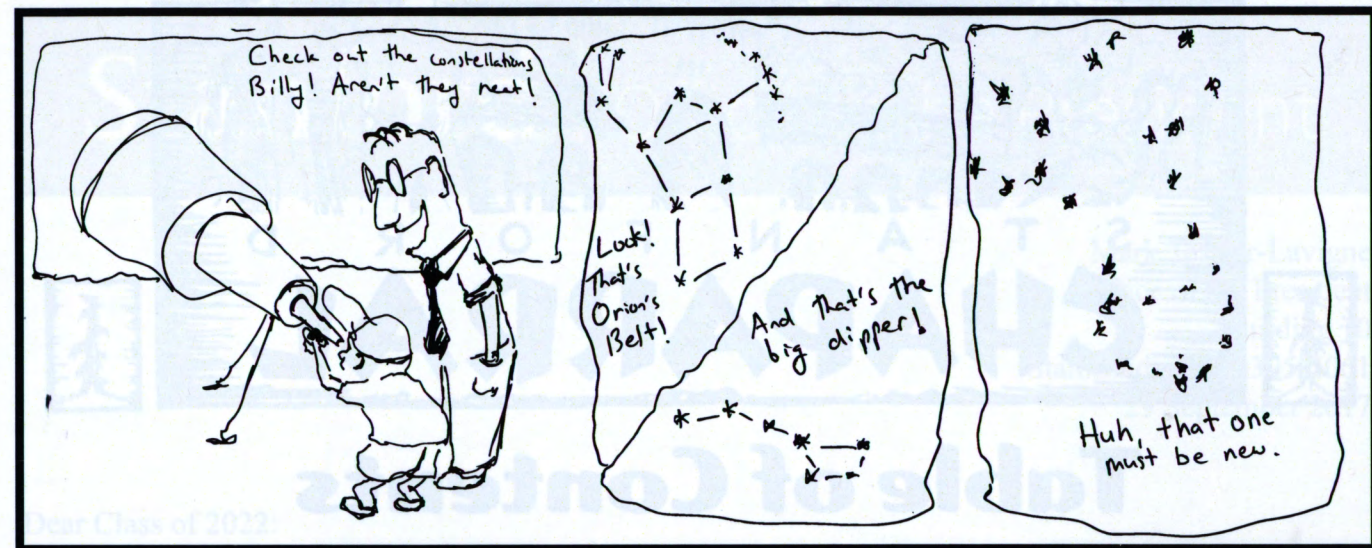
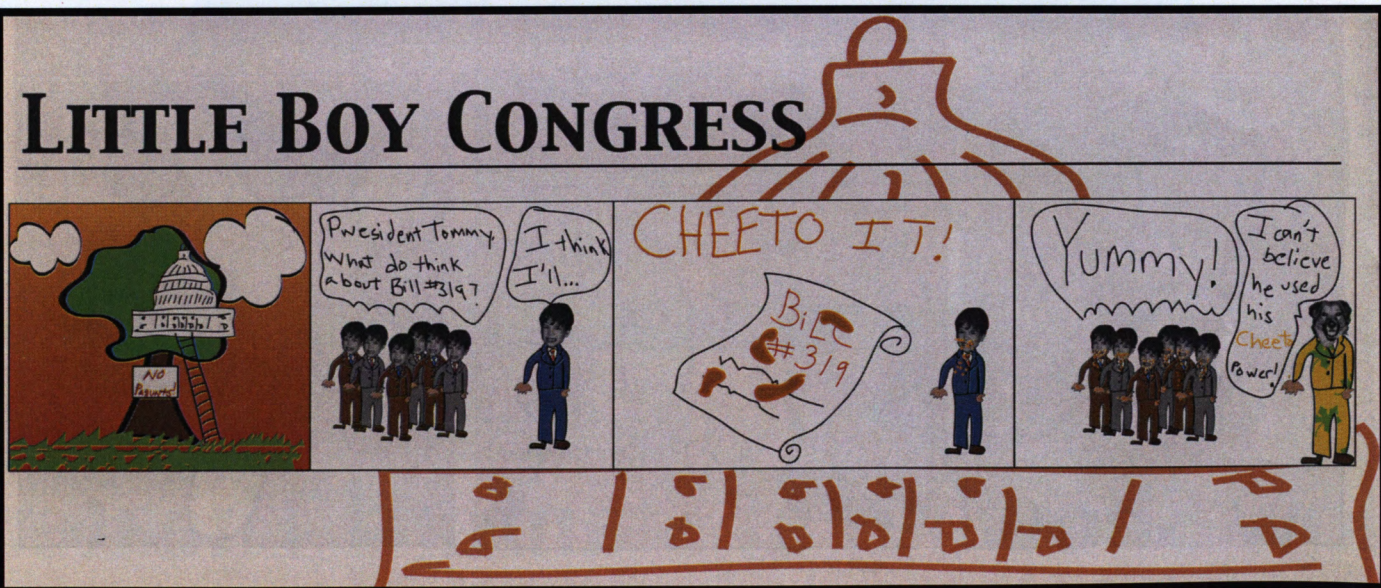
# CHAPPIE'S CRASH COMICS

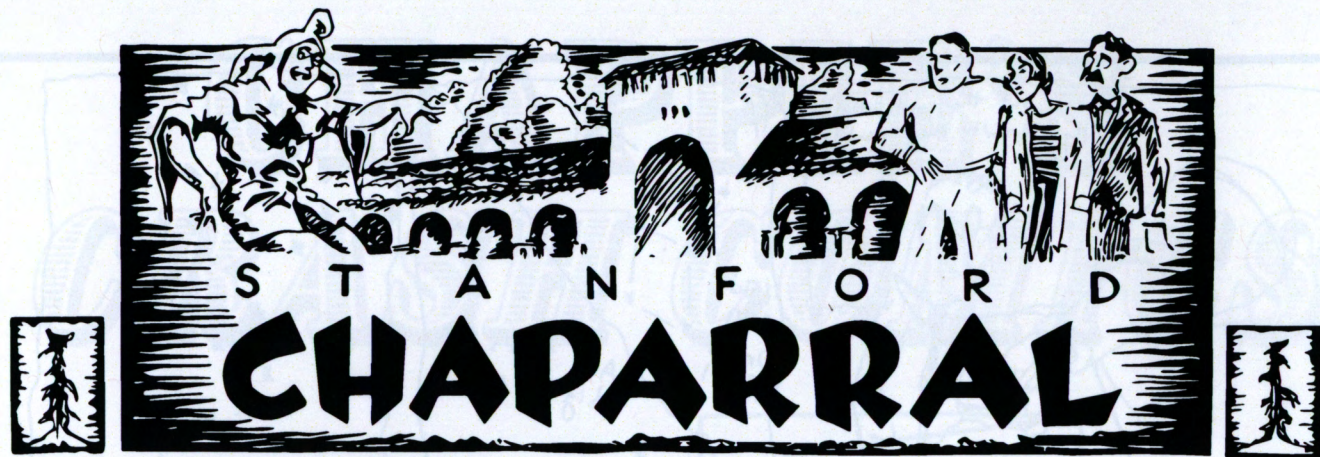


"Not again...."



"I just need a signature. I only came from a signature. All I need's a signature. Only here for a signature."

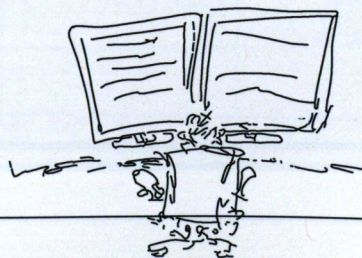




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\*Denotes Republished Alumni Author.



# Stanford | Office of the President

Mark Tessier-Lavigne  
Office of the President  
Building 10  
Stanfraud, CA 94305-2061  
29 September 2017

Dear Class of 2022:

What's that, lil' frosh? You wanna join a fraternity? Well, joining cults was never personally my thing, but I guess I can't stop you from indulging in what is most certainly the greatest use of a \$200,000+ education: to throw wild parties and drink until the enveloping narcosis numbs you from the nausea of your hedonistic life choices.

Yeah, you're gonna have one hell of a time, alright. Just don't let them haze you too hard. I know it's fun voluntarily becoming a bitch-boy for someone simply because they're a few months older than you. You gotta make sacrifices if you wanna be in the Kool Kids Klub.

They "metaphorically" shove a broomstick up your ass and make you scream out your deepest darkest fears while Top 40 tunes blare in the background — and if that doesn't make for a college experience, then I don't know what does. Nothing like Drake vocalizing his feelings about being a living God in his own personal playground-world while you gnash your teeth and choke back tears in front of your bros.

Even better will be looking back on frat-life 20 years from now in your 40s. Just remember: when the divorce is getting messy and life is utter garbage, just kick back and listen to some tunes. Never underestimate the raw power of music, bud, even if it's not exactly clear how some screamo-EDM bullshit is gonna save you from your alimony obligations. Take time to smell the roses. And who knows, maybe when you're half-listening to your lawyer struggle to find the words for how heinously you're getting fucked in court, a vague memory of your torturous initiation ritual will distract you from the more pressing pain of the present.

To reiterate, I support your decision. I wish you the best of luck in your little boys club. In summary, you are completely and utterly devoid of humanity. Get out the fuck out of my sight.

Sincerely,

*Mark Tessier-Lavigne*

Mark Tessier-Lavigne  
President of Stanfraud University

PARODY



Volume CIXX NSO: September 21 2017 No. 1

**Tristan Navarro**  
Old Boy

**Scott Mutchnik**  
Old Boy

**Samantha Kargilis**  
Chappie Mom

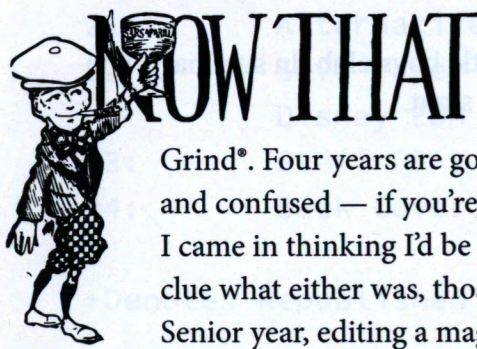
**Kyle Van Rensselaer**  
Business Manager

**Bora Uyumazturk**  
Art Director

**Ian Scott Knight**  
Publicity

**Hammer Coffin**

CHRIS ONSTAD '97	IAN SPIRO '04	BILLY KEMPER '11
EUGENE PARK '98	MATT HENICK '05	JOHN LYMAN '11
CHRIS CRANE '00	CARRIE KEMPER '06	SIMONE PERRIN '11
DAVE LAMPSON '00	MIKE PIHULIC '06	DAVID ROSENTHAL '12
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OWEN ELLICKSON '00	ALLAN PHILLIPS '07	SAM COGGESHALL '12
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	MEGHAN MCCURDY '09	GARRET TAYLOR '15
	PATRICK MAHER '09	MASON STRICKLIN '16
	GARRET WERNER '10	CASSIDY ELWOOD '16



**NOW THAT** you've discovered *The Chaparral*, this magazine, I encourage you to go discover yourself. ... OK! Enough time! You see, Stanford is all about The Grind®. Four years are going to come and go, and you'll just end up tired and confused — if you're doing it right, that is. Take it from this Old Boy: I came in thinking I'd be a Linguistics or Symbolic Systems major (had no clue what either was, those just sounded the coolest), and here I am, in my Senior year, editing a magazine, majoring in Religious Studies. No, I 'don't-know-what-I'm-going-to-do-with-that' but I'm 'getting-closer-every-day,' thanks for asking. And no. I can't give you legitimate spiritual advice (though I can try,

and I *can* legally officiate your wedding, as I am an ordained minister). Instead, as Old Boy, I can just let you in on a few secrets; that's what the Old Boy will try to do in this column this year, and if you listen, you might be empowered to make *better* mistakes than I and many of my fellow students have made. Can't save ya tho'. *NOW THAT's* over, time to start telling you something interesting: *NOW THAT* you're a student, you have probably noticed that Stanford wants your money. You'll have to get used to that for the rest of your life, but you'll only be obliged for the next four years (loans are a different story. After 4 years you'll wish Stanford was still demanding, not just asking for money). This is why they say there is no such thing as a free lunch. Anything free here, you paid for. Even if you weren't invited. So, see some event? Help yourself... *NOW THAT* you have gorged yourself on that third - *wait that's your fourth?* - creme brule, I will tell you that you gotta laugh. A lot. Or else you're gonna cry, simple as that. That's what I'm here for,

what this magazine is trying to do, simple as that. If you want to fix things here or beyond, right a wrong, bring justice to the world, go ahead and try. But when you need to just chill for a bit, and you'll need to, just do it.



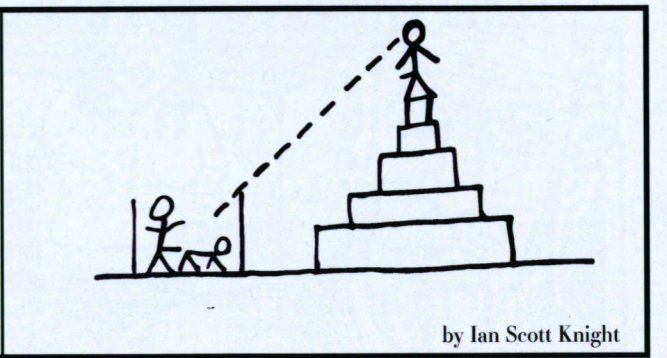
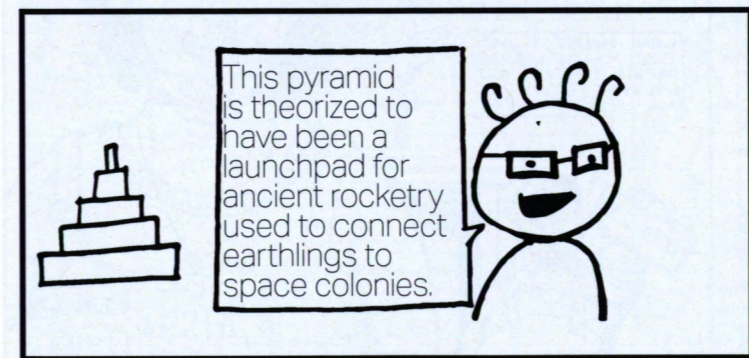
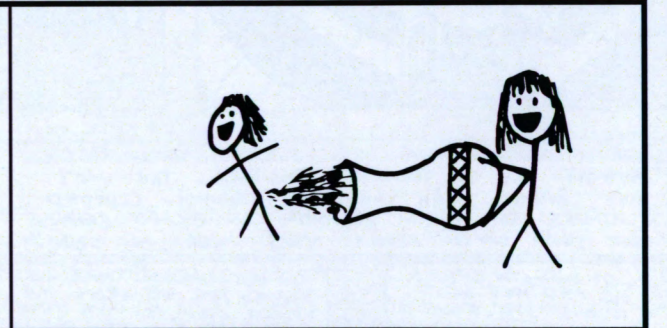
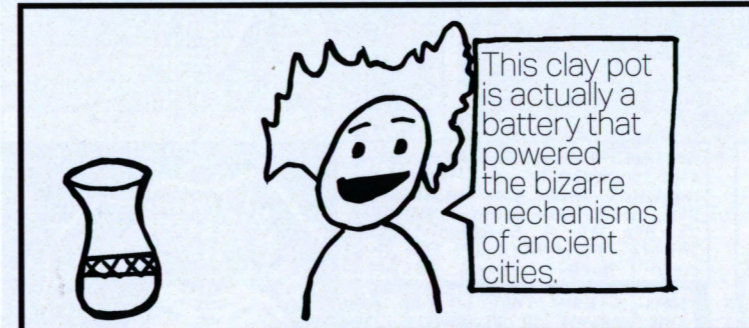
my space is almost up, and indeed my own time at Stanford is almost up, remember something cool: it's not up for you. You have plenty of time. Have some fun, and remember the saying: *Dulce et decorum est pro almae matri mori, sed dulcius pro almae matri dormire, et dulcissimum pro almae matri bibere. Ergo, bibamus pro salute almae matri!*

**Everybody Loves New Free Thing**

ANYTOWN (AP) — Happyland Corporation of America has introduced a new free thing to the shelves and vending boxes of our nation's retail stores, and consumers are just loving to, experts say. "According to recent studies, people just love this free thing. Not only is it new, mind you, it is also FREE!" effused a normally sedate expert. This valuable item is being given away free of charge, with no ulterior motive: true altruism. Get yours today!



# THEORY vs. REALITY



by Ian Scott Knight

GREETINGS DISTINGUISHED READERS! HAVING HAILED FROM THE MIDWEST, I WISH TO AFFORD YOU A HARROWING GUMPSPE OF A WORLD WHICH MAY BE ALL-TOGETHER ALIEN TO MANY OF YOU. PLEASE, JOIN ALONG AS WE VOYAGE TO A SMALL TOWN DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF...

**Art & Story: Scott Gagner**

# Rural America

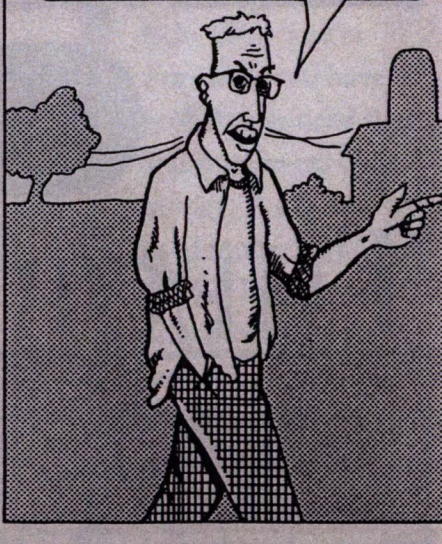
EVERY YEAR THAT I GO BACK TO VISIT, IT'S AS THOUGH I'M BEING TELEPORTED TO AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE WHERE LAWS OF TIME AND SPACE DON'T NECESSARILY APPLY....



... AND WHERE EVOLUTION HAS RECENTLY SLOWED DOWN TO A CRAWL.



PERHAPS THAT'S WHY EVERYTHING THAT I HATE CAN BE FOUND HERE. C'MON, LET ME SHOW YOU SOME EXAMPLES.



FIRST OF ALL, EVERYONE GETS MARRIED WHEN THEY'RE SEVENTEEN DUE TO TEENAGE PREGNANCY. THE UNITY THEN BECOMES AN ABUSIVE ALCOHOL CLOUDED NIGHTMARE FROM WHICH NEITHER CAN ESCAPE BECAUSE "DEEP DOWN WE'RE REALLY VERY MUCH IN LOVE."

... OH SURE, YOU BETCHA... ME AND HER GET ALONG JUST FINE.

YOU BET DARLIN! THESE HERE BRUISES ARE JUST FROM ME FALLIN' DOWN ALL THE TIME. I SURE AM A CLUTZ! HEH-HEH.



ANOTHER THING I HATE ABOUT THE "HEARTLAND" IS CHRISTIAN IDEALISTS AND BORN-AGAINS WHO USE THEIR MINDLESS DEVOTION TO GOD AS A SAFEGUARD FROM TAKING RESPONSIBILITY FOR THEIR OWN SORRY LIVES. GRRRR...

WELL, I KNOW THAT WE LOST THE HARVEST TO DROUGHT FOR THE 12<sup>TH</sup> STRAIGHT YEAR NOW, BUT WE JUST KEEP ON PRAYING TO JESUS CHRIST ALMIGHTY AND WAITING FOR HIM TO SEND US A SIGN!

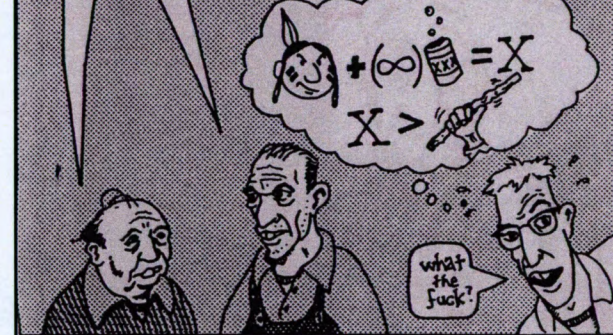
LOOK MONEY, I USED THE MONEY WE WERE SAVING TO BUY NEW LICENSE PLATES FOR THE TRACTOR.



THREE OTHER THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR... STONE AGE COLLOQUIALISMS.

HEY LARS, I HEAR THEY THREW YOUR SON IN JAIL FOR DRUNK DRIVING AGAIN. I GUESS HE ALWAYS WAS THE INDIAN OF THE FAMILY! HEH, HEH.. SAY, HOW MANY TIMES IS THAT NOW?

MORE THAN YOU CAN SHAKE A STICK AT.



... AND IT'S NOT GETTING ANY BETTER. JUST LOOK AT THE YOUTH OF RURAL AMERICA.

WHATCHA DOIN'?

SHOOTIN' AT THAT STOP SIGN.



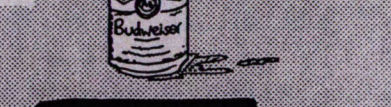
WHAT FER'?

I DOWN'.



POPULAR CULTURE.

A. BEER



B. TELEVISION



C. THE STATE FAIR

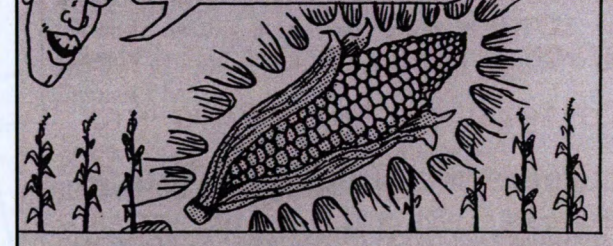


RURAL AMERICAN MULTIETHNICITY.

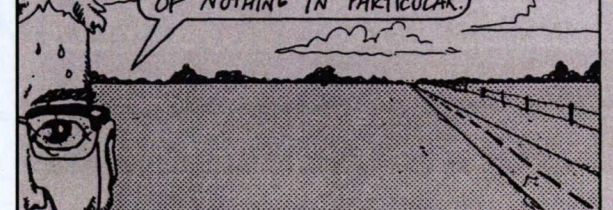
HEY, HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE WHOLE MEXICAN FOOD CRAZE? THIS HERE IS A "TACK-ON." IT'S GOT WHITE BREAD, WALLEYE FILLET AND MAYONNAISE. IT'S PRETTY SPICY....



BUT HEY, IT'S NOT ALL BAD. THERE ARE A FEW GOOD THINGS LIKE... CORN!!

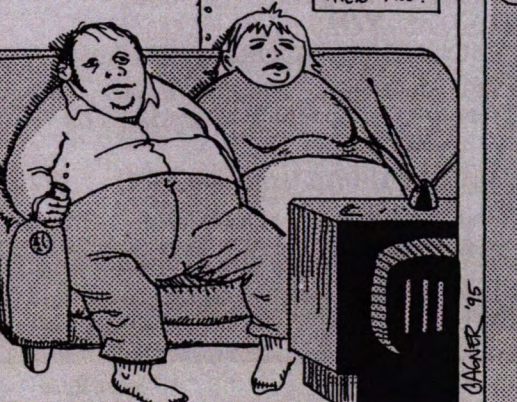


... AND VAST OPEN EXPANSES OF NOTHING IN PARTICULAR.

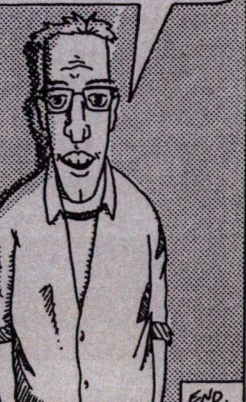


BUT PERHAPS THE BEST THING ABOUT IT IS COMPLETE SECLUSION FROM THE WORLD OF UPTIGHT DO-GOODERS AND UPWARDLY MOBILE BACK-STABBERS.

NO UPWARD MOBILITY WITH THESE TWO!



...WHICH ACTUALLY BRINGS ME TO ONE LAST THING I HATE. EVERY NOW AND THEN YOU'LL COME ACROSS SOME HOT-SHOT MISANTHROPE WHO DOESN'T REALIZE THAT THEY ARE GONNA END UP THE SAME AS... AS... UH, WAIT. NEVERMIND.



# 'Tern! 'Tern! 'Tern!

He's the Intern:  
'Tern! 'Tern! 'Tern!  
There is a season  
'Tern! 'Tern! 'Tern!  
And \$8 rosé on Thursdays,  
before seven.

A time to get in,  
A time to get by,  
A time to sigh,  
A time to say "hi,"  
A time to say "by",  
A time to reply,  
A time to make a conference call,

For every In-  
'Tern! 'Tern! 'Tern!  
There is a season,  
'Tern! 'Tern! 'Tern!  
We're late for our brunch reservation.  
It's okay.

A time to network,  
A time to branch out,  
A time to brainstorm,  
A time to work out,  
I'll get to that this afternoon,  
A time to go bathroom, and think,

I am an In-  
'Tern! 'Tern! Tern!  
There is a season,  
'Tern! 'Tern! 'Tern!  
Wait I haven't seen the last season.  
Never mind.

A time to give,  
A time to take,  
A time to copy,  
A time to paste,  
A time to cut to the chase,  
A time to feel like you can make mistakes,

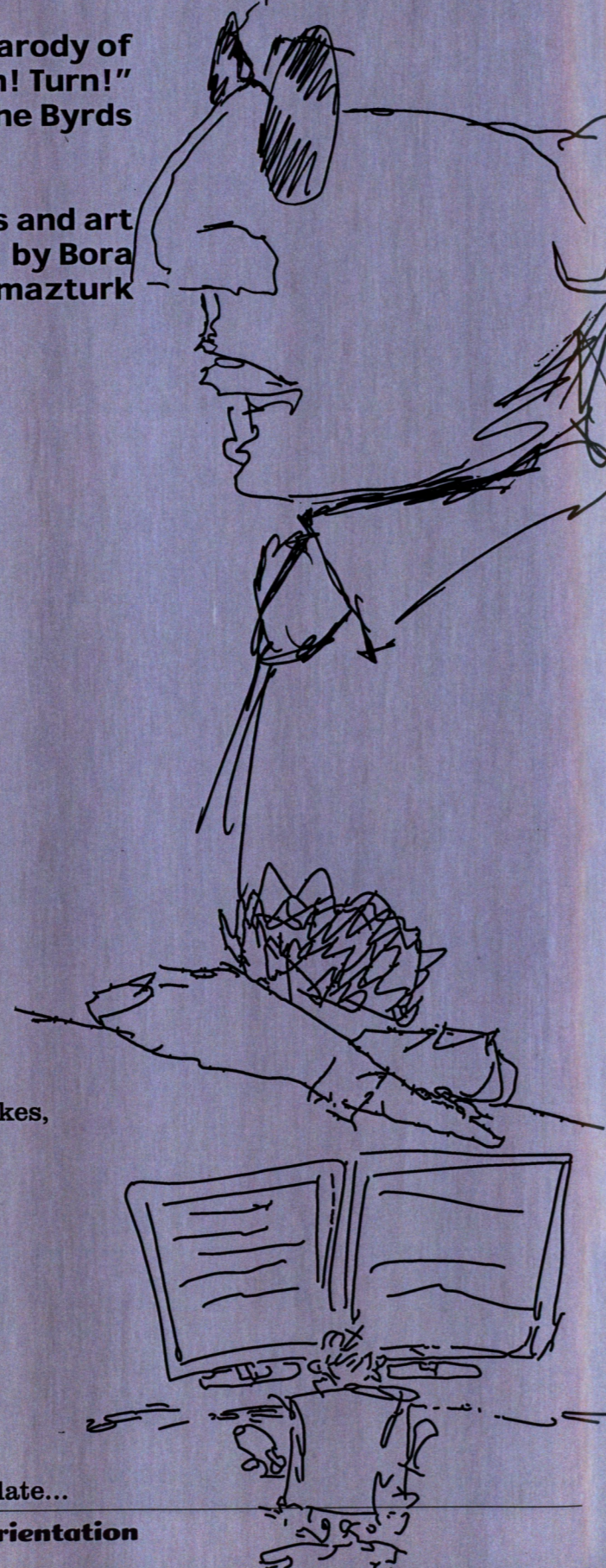
[Musical Interlude]

To everything,  
'Tern! 'Tern! 'Tern!  
There is a season,  
'Tern! 'Tern! 'Tern!  
It was a good learning experience.  
How about you?

A time to lunch,  
A time for the check,  
A time to catch,  
A time to regret,  
A time to reformat my resumé,  
A time to send it - I swear it's not too late...

A Parody of  
"Turn! Turn! Turn!"  
by The Byrds

lyrics and art  
by Bora  
Uyumazturk



# FINDING REMO: THE QUEST FOR A NEW TOMORROW

by Scott Mutchnik

"You got them deets?" shouted Aux Cord from across the couch cushion.

"Be patient," replied Russian Nesting Doll, ¾ from Interior, Bottom Half, a sullen look on his face. A gray malaise fell over the room as a billowing cumulonimbus eclipsed the ray of sunlight emanating through the window. A chill consumed the air, persisting. Fifty-seven degrees. There were more pillows on the left side of the couch than on the right side of the couch. "We gotta meet with Viagra Ballpoint, P. I. [too racy?] He's, let's just say, a bit of a 'hard-boiled egg.' The kind of hard-boiled egg that you haven't lived until you've eaten off of the floor of a gas station next to a WAL-MART in Stockton. But a real hard-boiled egg. A real S.O.B. A real--"

"Wait." Aux Cord paused to take in the gravity of the moment. His friend, loyal companion to Slavic Embedded Figurine, ⅝ from Exterior, Lower Portion, bastard son of Clock Radio and Computer Mouse, though a bastard in only the highest of senses, but above all, entertainer and servant to their Creator, to Man and Woman. For while at Yale, Man is said to have left God, it would only have been to return to his roots in the suburbs of the Midwest, where Humankind has become God, master of all it surveys.

And to this master, who could have been a more fitting servant than Remo, especially when you consider all the possible alternatives. Those alternatives being sitting close to the television and

pushing those buttons which, it bears repeating, likely rely on a unary system, swiveling up one channel, down another, far more inefficient than the decimal approach favored by *actual goddamn civilization*. Or, even more inconveniently, making that arduous expedition to the tube every time Bill Maher comes on the air in front your friends who are just too irrational to handle the musings of that fine logician.

But if you can't be bothered to remain volcel as concerns the idiot box, nor to deal with the calisthenics of trekking to the telly, you should at least not be forced to suffer that creeping affliction that comes with that light, that good ol' L. E. D. or L. C. D. in them newer models, boring straight into your eyes point-blank, slowly chipping away at the back of your skull. That slow, silent death, the redheaded stepchild of that quick and dirty death that comes from



Cont. on p. 14

viewing a solar eclipse. In short, if you're going to stare at the tube, do it responsibly. Do it with protection. Do it with Remo.

"Come on. We are at the place. We are at the location. We're here, to talk to him about the subject," Aux Cord heard suddenly, as he was awakened from his navel-gazing by a certain well-known layered action figure, an emigrant from Muscovy, five out of eight from the outer verge and south of the equator. The incandescent light of the lamp illuminated the area. The lamp had a small knob on it. It was not the kind of lamp that was operated using a small chain.

Enter the P. I. "Name's Viagra Ballpoint," said Viagra Ballpoint. "Whaddaya want?"

"We are here," replied the NSFW end of the quinoctavary matryoshka, counting outward, "about Remo."

"I see," nodded Mr. Ballpoint, P. I., in response. "You see, this sort of incident happens often. From the intelligence I've

gathered over the years, when someone in the business of providing the services that Remo does goes missing, it's usually within the crevasses of the couch. In other words, he's wedged between the couch cushions. But there's one caveat. Sometimes, it's not between the couch cushions. Sometimes it is. But other times, it's somewhere else."

"Anything else you can tell us?" asked

Aux Cord.

"You look like a good guy, so I won't lie to you. This is not... the full extent of the available intelligence. But you'd better be careful. They're onto us, we gotta make it quick," replied Viagra. "This can't last four

hours. It's just not a risk we oughta take. But I can tell you this: the rest of the information isn't with me. One thing you learn in the intelligence biz is you need to maintain a distributed information network. I don't usually do this but you're a nice guy so I'll tell you how this works. I get all the facts I need, write them all on index cards, shuffle them real good, then give the top half to my confederate, keep the bottom for myself, get absolutely

shitfaced on Malört, forget everything, and wake up the next day unable to read my own scribbles. Must have been an M.D. in a past life. [Rimshot.] But anyway, you're looking for a Package. An Oscar M. Package. Meet him at a spot, a bit off the grid, called The Refrigerator. But be warned--it's a bit of a dive."

So off they went, until they reached

"There were more pillows on the left side of the couch than on the right side of the couch."

the gates of the Refrigerator, ready and waiting just for them. "This must be it," offered the facsimile-ception from the Motherland, situated relative to the inner core of its cohort, as the subordinate two corners of our own native Time Cube are to good Apollo, to indomitable Malakbel, to all-knowing Nanahuatl. "We're going in."

As soon as Aux Cord made the first leap, a weighty uneasiness fell over him as the door slammed shut, separating him from his comrade. Too shaken not to ignore the object of his fear, he pressed forth, spotting someone who looked like an Oscar Mayer Package and telling him, "Ballpoint sent us."

"Ah, yes, Viagra Ballpoint. You're in very good hands. He knows what he's doing," replied Mr. Package. "After all," he continued, rushing as always to be biggest credentialist in the room, "he's an Ivy man. His alma mater... is Penn."

"Okay, so what have you got on Remo?"

"Not, much, but what you need to know is, he's not in the couch cushions. They never end up in the couch cushions. When you're sitting down to watch the tube, you always make sure not to leave it in the couch cushions. It's your own way of pretending that's the extent of your own stupidity, leaving it between the couch cushions. When really, your stupidity will just manifest itself in other ways, and not just the ways that will result in you losing the ol' idiot stick. Ways that might, I'll just say, result in you sitting down to stare at the damn thing in the first place. By the way, did I mention I don't have a television?"

It's worth noting here that Oscar M. Package does not have a television. Aux Cord, unable to countenance this sacrilege against his Creator, swallowed the worst of

his words, replying only, "I think you're full of... baloney."

Just as terror was about to set in for Aux Cord, he heard murmurs from on high. "Maybe I actually want the honey mustard," mumbled the Creator, as the door swung open, reuniting him with Section 3B of that statuette-within-a-statuette straight outta the land of America's godless Bolshevik enemy.

Back on the countertop, Aux Cord gazed out pensively at the scenic vista as the cool breeze from the fan migrated across the room. The cable box was positioned asymmetrically relative to the television.

*Is this really the way this is supposed to work? thought Aux Cord. This was supposed to be a story about People looking for their remote control, about the work of the Creator, and somehow it turned into this? And I mean this not as a crude Calvinist, smugly disabused as to the efficacy of good works, but as a loyal adherent to the theory of the Nicene Creed, and the practice of the Benedictine Rule, who has just realized he has unduly puffed himself up, elevated himself to the work that can only be the work of the Creator, of Woman, of Man, of Humankind. The work of... finding Remo. And all that, when really I am beneath not just the Creator, but far, far lower. Who am I kidding. I've always been an extra, a third wheel, a sidekick. Forever condemned to remain... Auxiliary.*

And so it was that, just as the two set out on a quest to Remo and, in doing so, to find truth, justice, and themselves in their relationship with their Lord and the lord of the manor, discovered a truth they could never have expected. The cold, hard, unspeakable truth that you can go out to find your remote, and end up losing everything. •



AS YOU, THE STRONG OBJECTIVIST, strive to make yourself into a monument to yourself and your unbridled courage and your defiant, unremitting Will, you might find yourself desiring the company of the opposite sex. Your first inclination might be to try to stifle these urges. This response is only natural, for a romantic companion does draw some time and energy away from your calling — that epic struggle to catapult yourself high over the bungling throngs of undifferentiated humanity, the masses drowning in the stench of their own feces, cowardice, and "fecal cowardice." But, if you're careful, you can find ways to become romantically involved while wasting little to none of the precious energy and Will that we would all prefer to use for unflagging self-glorification. (cont on next page)

1) Do NOT open doors for your date, and do not hold the door as they proceed ahead of you. To those filthy lily-livers that do so, we must ask you this question: what do you fear lies on the other side of that door, you tinywilled poltroon, that you send your date ahead of you to scout for danger? You alarmist pig, do you fear that some great Dragon, some bland Society, lies in wait, ready to pounce upon those that enter and feed off of the blood of their dissent? Cast off the shackles of your effeminacy; open the door yourself and thrust yourself through, proudly preparing to countenance and destroy the villain lying inside, that insidious vampire lusting to conquer your proud disavowal of the unthinking Herd.

2) NEVER allow your date to have sexual intercourse with you. Only the most womanly milksop allows a vagina to surround and then disarm his thrusting symbol of indomitable prowess, that pulsating sword he inherited from the great Hectors of his patrilineage. That vagina represents the seething banality of Society as it tries to consume your heroic member, your Obelisk of manly Noncompliance. That vagina represents those Procrustean demons who tried to tamper with the genius of that high-plumed architect

in that heroic book I penned. The Fountainhead. Do you want some filthy strumpet to contain your individuality the way they contained Howard Roark's buildings? No, you vibrating dynamo of an Overman, you do not — as Roark blew up his buildings rather than see them built as tainted monuments to the feeble and urine-soaked Masses, so should you explode your powerful rod before you let it sink into that quagmire of feminine venom.

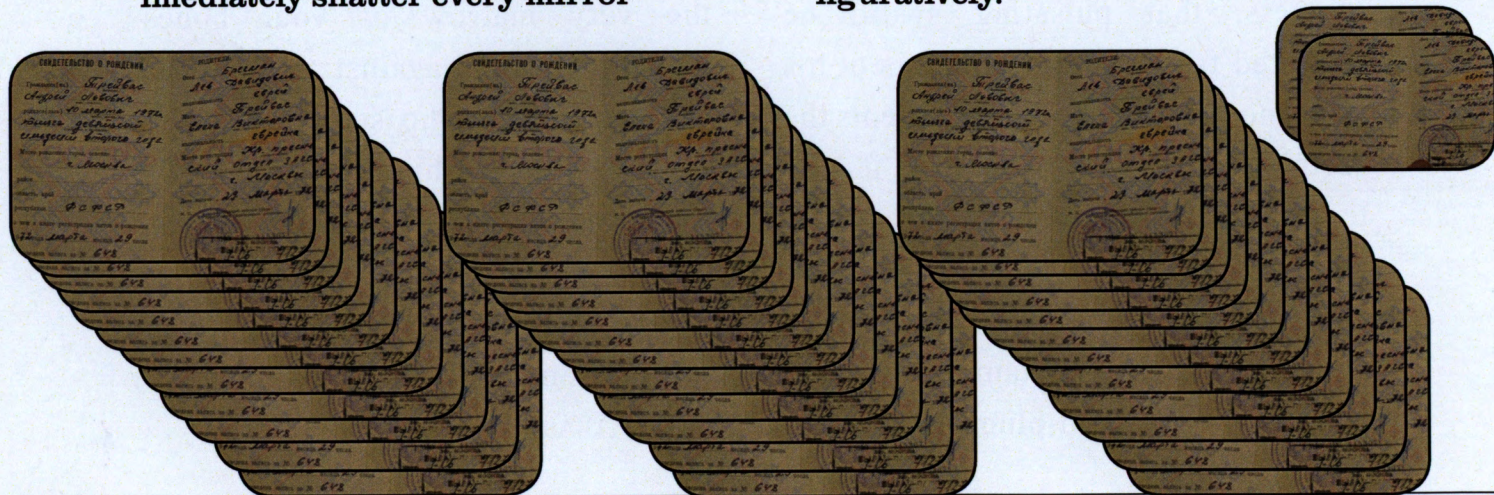
3) UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES should you "go steady" with anyone. "Go steady" is one more euphemism designed to mask that gruesome Medusa of commitment and responsibility to others. How, you skulking dunghill cock, you spiritless and weak-hearted feather-man, will you be able to summon all of your strength into one powerful surge of protest against the pabulum of the rabble when your parasite of a companion is sucking you dry, stealing the very marrow of your bones? Defend yourself against those felons and miscreants who seek attachment, for they want nothing more than your total and complete submission to a society that loathes your independent mind. This all happens in my other brilliant and heroic monument to my Self, ATLAS SHRUGGED. •

# 9 Tips on Being Your Best Self

by Kyle Van Rensselaer

Stanford Students are always trying to improve. Let me share a few bits of advice that have got me through Stanford so far!

1. **MAKE THIRTY-EIGHT PHOTOCOPIES OF YOUR LEGAL DRIVER'S LICENCE:** 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 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 instituion. 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 imediately shatter every mirror
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 run faster go go
7. **TAKE A FEW MINUTES EVERY DAY TO SIT BACK AND READ THE COMICS SECTION:** Who knew Garfield got up to so much during the week? And we all thought he slept through Mondays. What an inspiration!
8. **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. Sherry and Pat love my sweet potatoes. This is so like you, Becky. Just eat the motherfucking casserole!
9. **TAKE UP YOGA:** If you can't stick your entire head up your ass literally, you have your head up your ass figuratively.



# HAVE YOU LAUGHED TODAY?



## THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL Is Your HUMOR MAGAZINE

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HUMOR - ART - LIFE - LAUGHTER

**Alaska**  
"The Last Frontier"

Alaska was called "The Final Frontier" until a successful lawsuit was brought by Space in the late seventies.

**Kentucky**  
"The Bluegrass State"

This one is just sad. I mean, c'mon Kentucky, grass is green. Next time, try to come up with a nickname that conceals the secret of your shameful, broken eyes.

**Michigan**  
"The Wolverine State"

Michigan holds this nickname in honor of Thomas W. Percival, who was the state's extremely popular governor from 1860-1892 before an impeachment proceeding revealed that he was a large, carnivorous rodent.

**Indiana**  
"The Hoosier State"

"The Hoosier State" The inspiration for this nickname was the Hoosiers, a basketball team in the greatest sports movie ever made, *Hoosiers*. *Hoosiers* stars Gene Hackman as a coach with a checkered past who leads a high school basketball team to the state championship.

**California**  
"The Golden State"

The state draws its nickname from a popular NBA team. The "Golden State Warriors State" was also briefly considered.

**Montana**  
"The Treasure State"

This senseless nickname is merely a cruel trick to lure pirates and leprechauns to a sparsely populated and boring state.

**Arizona**  
"The Grand Canyon State"

Historians are unable to explain the origins of this bizarre nickname.

**State "Nicknames" Explained**

## ALTERNATIVE WAYS OF DIVIDING THE U.S. INTO STATES

**Alaska**  
**Rhode Island**

**Minnesota**  
**New Jersey**

**Coke**  
**Pepsi**

**Round**  
**Top**  
**Flank**  
**Mutton**  
**Chuck**  
**Hind**

**Central America**

**Italia**

**Elephant**

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13



# Disney EDM

ALBUM REVIEW

BY UJ PRIDES

Electronic Dance Music (EDM) has escaped the days of 90's obscurity; nowadays it seeps into every aspect of culture: television, films, commercials. When a relatively obscure genre of music jumps to the mainstream, every hipster will utter the phrase: "I knew it *before* it was popular." Regardless of one's interpretation of when a genre dies, the population at large can agree that death occurs when Disney attempts to capitalize on it through a compilation album.

*D-CONSTRUCTED*, Disney's attempt to profit off of EDM's popularity was bred out of pure corporate greed. It sounds as if they searched Google for "Top 20 EDM artists 2014" to find who to pay fat stacks upon stacks to remix "Circle of Life."

Mat Zo's remix of "The Circle of Life" begins with a smooth melody for the first minute, almost identically mimicking the original song with a rolling drum pattern and a few sound effects. At the 1:05 mark, the song takes a nose dive, revving up the lyrics with a garbage dispenser sounder synthesizer carrying the beat straight down the toilet. The song takes nostalgia and flushes it down the toilet, as it repeats the exact same vocals and garbage dispenser synth over and over again for two minutes straight with no variations, no peaks, and no musical talent at all.

Don't even get me started on the rendition of "You've Got a Friend in Me." I can't even review it anymore. This album is trash. 0/10

# WE ASKED THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL STAFF... EST. 1899

**"If you could become anything, what would you become?"**

Like Jesus, but I can turn water into Viniq instead of wine.  
-Scott Mutchnik  
skipped John 3:16

I would become a majestic eagle, unburdened by the curse of humanity, soaring through the sky towards a boundless horizon, on a mission to go steal somebody's corndog or whatever.

Could you repeat the question?  
-forgot their own name

-Kyle Van Rensselaer  
On a power trip

A clever licence plate.  
-Bora Uyumazturk  
8008135

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## If you're worried about cigarettes

## May we confuse you with some facts?



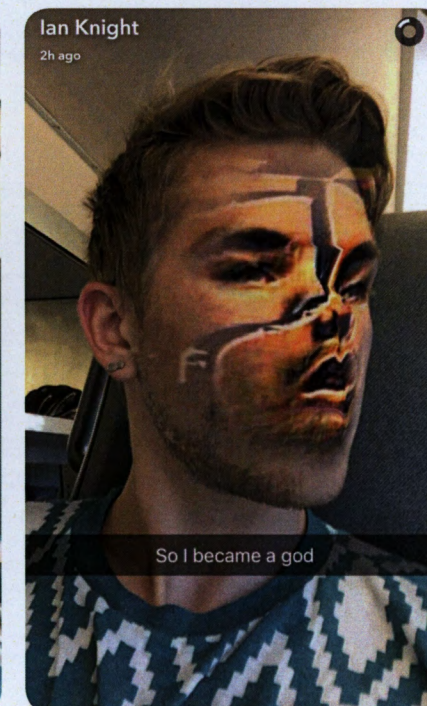
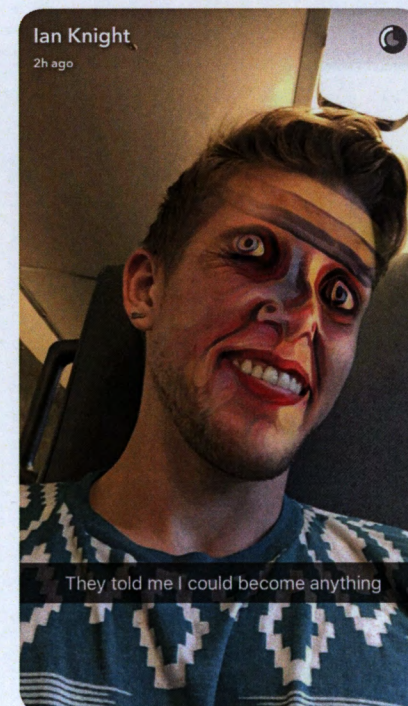
Send for "The Cigarette Controversy." It tells the truth. It's free. Write:

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Stanford, CA 94305

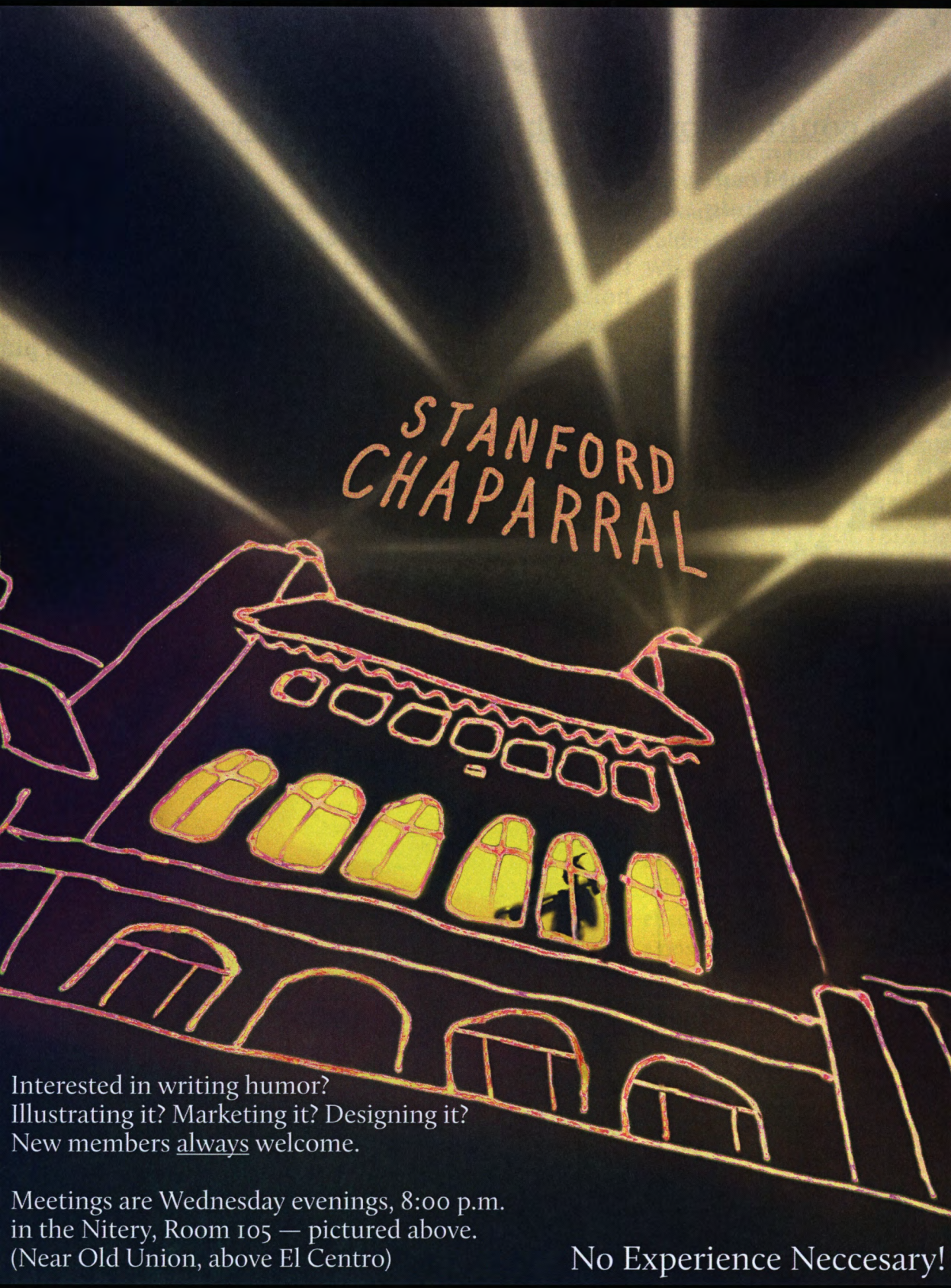


← this guy... probably gets free cigarettes for life! On second thought... how long did he live again?  
-Tristan Navarro  
likes the *taste* of tobacco...

JWAY!  
-Samantha Kargilis



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